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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by

GEORGE HARVEY

Ninety-sixth year JANUARY, 1911 Vol. 193: No. 1

Will the Democratic Party Commit Suicide? . The Editor
A Government of Law or a Government of Men? Associate Justice HORACE H. LURTON
John Brown After Fifty Years. . . . W. D. HOWELLS
An Abortive Hero . . . . . HENRY WATTERSON
The Music of Loeffler . . . . . LAWRENCE GILMAN
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A Crusade for the Child . . OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR
The British Elections . . . . . BRITANNICUS
The Panama Canal *vs.* American Shipping, A. G. McLELLAN
Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy . Archbishop IRELAND
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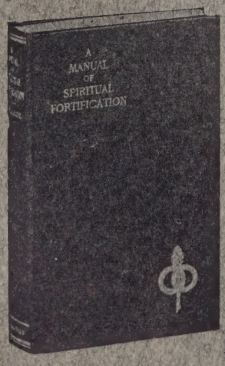

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NO. DCLXII

JANUARY, 1911

WILL THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY COMMIT SUICIDE?

BY THE EDITOR

However great may have been the surprise of Santa Claus when, upon emerging from the spacious chimney of the Republican mansion on Christmas eve, he found Dissension and Depression gazing mournfully into the ashes of defeat, it could not have equalled his amazement at the sight of Exultance and Confidence enthroned by the fireside in the barren hut of Democracy. After all, the presence of the former was not unaccountable: he had found them there before at rare intervals for brief periods; but the appearance of the latter in so unaccustomed a place could have been verified only by Vision, since Reason could not testify. How the saintly philosopher must have smiled when he beheld those prattling babes—offspring of Faith and Fatuity!

Democratic rejoicing fills the air. We read of noble banquets, of vainglorious toastings, of grandiloquent speechmaking, of succulent anticipating of yet greater joys assured. Victory they celebrate when not even Opportunity was won. Examine the facts.

Did the Democrats carry Congress? No. The robber tariff won stern rebuke. Did the Democrats carry New York? Far from it. They did not even poll their full vote. Dix received fewer votes than Chanler. Republicans deliberately defeated their candidate and his sponsor by remaining at home. Did the Democrats carry Ohio? Not at all. Harmon's vote was 477,000; Bryan's was 502,000.

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Did the Democrats carry New Jersey? No. Wilson, the independent, the progressive, the eloquent, achieved his own election and with it a Legislature by a small majority. Did the Democrats carry Connecticut or Massachusetts? Neither. Baldwin barely won by the aid of Roosevelt, Foss by sheer audacity; both States return Republican Senators. In Indiana, regular Republicans defeated the insurgent Beveridge; in Maine, Hale, by emulating Achilles, chose a Democrat as his successor; in Nebraska, Bryan, maintaining unbroken his peerless record of helping the enemy, defeated the Democratic candidate for Governor.

The Democrats as a party achieved not a single victory. Their success, which now is celebrated, was forced upon them; the opportunity in which they revel was presented, not hopefully, but grudgingly, by a discontented and resentful people.

And yet, despite causes, the condition remains. And the portents are favorable. History points unerringly. In 1874 the Democrats carried the House of Representatives. Two years later Tilden was elected. Again in 1882 the Democrats swept the country. Two years later Cleveland won the Presidency. In 1890 the people repudiated an inordinate tariff and returned a majority of Democratic Representatives. Two years later Cleveland carried the country a second time and the Democrats won the Congress. Invariably the result of an intermediate election has presaged success of the winning party in the succeeding contest. Two short years do not afford sufficient time for the swinging back of the political pendulum. Popular waves, even of resentment, recede slowly. The present condition parallels that of 1874, of 1882 and notably of 1890, when the overpowering National issue was, as it was in 1910, excessive and discriminating protection of favored interests.

There is, moreover, additional hope for the Democracy in the fact that the opposition, hitherto united and solid, is now irremediably divided. So far from welding the antagonistic elements into a phalanx for unified defence and self-preservation, defeat has served only to widen the breach. Scars abound. Churlishness prevails. Lust of internecine vengeance dominates. The Appalachian range is the deadline of the Republicans. Those of the East hold their former brethren of the West in derision and are met with defiance. Only the most consummate political sagacity, utilized by

a politician as pre-eminent as Lincoln, could encompass so much as a truce. And Mr. Taft not only lacks the capacity of successful leadership himself, but finds little or none among his advisers. The party call to arms anticipated at the opening of Congress was not sounded. Peace, peace, was the plaintive cry, when there was and could be no peace, except in response to virile and appealing demand. The break continues between faction and faction, between regularity and insurgency, between President and ex-President. If another election were to be held to-morrow, every Aldrich would connive at the defeat of every Beveridge, every Cummins would pray for the downfall of every Kean —and each and every one would be gratified by the sharp responses of an indignant people. The ingratiating words of the President are as futile as an impassioned appeal from his predecessor would prove innocuous. Doubt of the directive abilities of the one is no less fatal to essential achievement than distrust of the sincerity of the other. For the time both Taft and Roosevelt are broken reeds—and there is no other.

Who, then, can prevent the election of a Democrat as President? The answer is swift and certain. Only the Democrats themselves. They, too, lack cohesion and their leaders, experience. It is not, perhaps, their fault. How could they have been expected to develop recognized authority among their men while virtually ostracized from public consideration? Doubtless as much native talent lives in the heads of one of the halves of our citizens as in the other, but it has either slept or sought expression and found stimulation in the professions, in pedagogy, in business, in finance. A solitary demagogue has held the partisan millions in the hollow of his hand for nearly two decades and even now threatens to palsy the prospects of success. Happily, his immeasurable folly in robbing himself of his vaunted " regularity "—his only remaining claim to recognition —has restricted his influence to communities where it cannot affect results, but it is still active, still baneful and still reckoned by the timorous as worthy of conciliatory regard.

On the other hand, *mirabile dictu*, out of the ruck have shot up strong and vivid personalities. Men have arisen, real men, men of force, of conviction, of understanding, of ideals—the rugged and successful Harmon, the picturesque, though uncertain, Gaynor, the firm but cautious Dix, the

virtuously homely Marshall, the erudite Baldwin, the winning Plaistead, the flamboyant Foss, and, finally, like a meteor in the sky, the bold and sentient Wilson. Truly, a goodly few; but yet—a few.

In Congress: Clark, the one commanding figure, big as of the West, resolute though amiable, careful yet courageous, broad, thoughtful and, above all, in his place at this time, experienced. His chief aides in tariff-making: Underwood, James, Sherley, Harrison, capable, high-minded and industrious men, whose talents have yet to win wide recognition.

In the Senate: Bailey, Rayner, Money, Tillman, Hughes, Bacon, Culberson, Martin, Read, Kern and three of the utmost political importance yet to be chosen by New York and New Jersey and Ohio. These—in common with the Governors within their own jurisdictions—are the men who must formulate the policies upon which their party will stand or fall in November of the ensuing year.

The issues! Paramount stands the tariff—the bane of timid statesmen, the bugaboo of politicians. The Republican policy is fixed and irrevocable. Piecemeal revision under the guidance of the new Commission is the programme, promulgated by Taft and endorsed by Roosevelt. Though viewed askance by the insurgents, it will stand as the proposal of the next Republican Convention. What, then, will be the sifting from a multitude of Democratic counsels? What has been? So far only fright. One need but mention the subject at a gathering of Democrats to change a feast into a funeral. But it cannot be ignored; it cannot be evaded; it cannot be compromised, as in 1894, when the passage of the ill-fated Wilson bill presaged certain disaster. The situation must be met squarely and courageously by the Sixty-second Congress, and the Democratic party must abide by the result of the action of its authorized representatives.

Is the problem so very difficult, after all? The Democratic policy is traditional. It was established eighty years ago and has varied since only in degree and in unimportant phrasing. It never comprehended free trade. It stands now as then for *a tariff primarily for revenue and incidentally for protection.*

"While the chief object of duties should be revenue," said President Jackson in his second inaugural message,

"they may be so adjusted as to encourage manufactures. In this adjustment, however, it is the duty of the Government to be guided by the general good. Objects of National importance alone ought to be protected."

Again he declared, in words no less pertinent then than now:

"The general rule to be applied in graduating the duties upon articles of foreign growth or manufacture is that which will place our own in fair competition with those of other countries. . . . When we reflect upon the difficulty and delicacy of this operation, it is important that it should never be attempted but with the utmost caution. Frequent legislation in regard to any branch of industry, affecting its value, and by which its capital may be transferred to new channels, must always be productive of hazardous speculation and loss. . . . All attempts to connect these questions with the party conflicts of the day are necessarily injurious and should be discountenanced. Our action upon them should be under the control of higher and purer motives."

Referring to the "few statesmen" whose minds had conceived "a tariff of high duties designed for perpetual protection," he said:

"The most they have anticipated is a temporary and generally incidental protection, which they maintain has the effect to reduce the price by domestic competition below that of the foreign article. Experience, however, makes it doubtful whether the advantages of this system are not counterbalanced by many evils, and whether it does not tend to beget in the minds of a large portion of our countrymen a spirit of discontent and jealousy dangerous to the stability of the Union.

"What, then, shall be done? Large interests have grown up under the implied pledge of our National legislation, which it would seem a violation of public faith suddenly to abandon. Nothing could justify it but the public safety, which is the supreme law. But those who have invested their capital in manufacturing establishments cannot expect that the people will continue permanently to pay high taxes for their benefit when the money is not required for any legitimate purpose in the administration of the Government."

He therefore recommended that—

"If upon investigation it shall be found, as it is believed it will be, that the legislative protection granted to any particular interest is greater than is indispensably requisite, it be gradually diminished and the whole scheme of duties be reduced to the revenue standard as soon as a just regard to the faith of the Government and to the preservation of the large capital invested in establishments of domestic industry will permit."

The tariff of 1833 was constructed upon this recommendation. It provided that where *ad valorem* duties exceeded twenty per cent., one-tenth of the excess should be remitted after December 30th, 1833; one-tenth thereafter on each alternate year till December 31st, 1841, when half of the

remaining duty was to be remitted; and after June, 1842, all duties were to be reduced to twenty per cent. on a home valuation.

So the tariff was revised downwards by degrees, covering a period of nine years, without disturbing business or upsetting a single industry. Manufacturers were given ample time to readjust their affairs to meet the changes fixed by law, and a feeling of certainty superseded constant apprehension.

So the tariff can and should be revised by the Sixty-second Congress.

True, the industries of the country have multiplied so enormously, and the expenditures of the Government have increased so unduly, that percentages of reduction applicable from 1833 to 1842 would not be practicable from 1911 to 1920, but the *principle* of gradual change might well be restated as the definite Democratic policy. Nor, in fixing such percentages, should the direct bearing of the present woful extravagance be overlooked. It is as true to-day, as it was when President Jackson testified, that taxes "have been cheerfully borne because they were thought to be necessary to the support of the Government. But," he asked, as the new Congress may well inquire, "have we a right to calculate on the same cheerful acquiescence when it is known that the necessity for their continuance would cease were it not for irregular, improvident and unequal appropriations of public funds?"

President Polk upheld the true Democratic policy as defined by Jackson with notable lucidity. His statement of the conditions which grew out of the tariff of 1842 is an accurate presentation of those which now exist as a consequence of the tariff legislation of last year. Could the present situation be depicted more clearly than in the following words addressed to the Congress in 1845:

"Many of the oppressive duties range from one per cent. to more than two hundred per cent. They are prohibitory on some articles and partially so on others and bear most heavily on articles of common necessity and but lightly on articles of luxury. It is so framed that much the greatest burden which it imposes is thrown on labor and the poorer classes, who are least able to bear it, while it protects capital and exempts the rich from paying their just proportion of the taxation required for the support of the Government. While it protects the capital of the wealthy manufacturer and increases his profits, it does not benefit the operatives or laborers in his employment whose wages have not been increased by it. . . .

It imposes heavy and unjust burdens on the farmer, the planter, the commercial man, and those of all other pursuits except the capitalist who has made his investment in manufactures."

And yet, he declared, firmly:

"I am far from entertaining opinions unfriendly to the manufacturers. On the contrary, I desire to see them prosperous as far as they can be so without imposing unequal burdens on other interests. The advantage under any system of indirect taxation, *even within the revenue standard,* must be in favor of the manufacturing interest, and of this no other interest will complain."

Pleading for a stable policy, he said:

"High protective duties, from their unjust operation upon the masses of the people, cannot fail to give use to extensive dissatisfaction and complaint and to constant efforts to change or repeal them, *rendering all investments in manufactures precarious and uncertain.* Lower and more permanent rates of duty, at the same time that they will yield to the manufacturer fair and remunerative profits, will secure him against the danger of frequent changes in the system, which cannot fail to ruinously affect his interests."

These views were codified by Secretary-of-the-Treasury Robert J. Walker thus:

"In suggesting improvements in the revenue laws, the following principles have been adopted:

"1. That no more money should be collected than is necesary for the wants of the Government economically administered.

"2. That no duty be imposed on any article above the lowest rate which will yield the largest amount of revenue.

"3. That, below such rate, discrimination may be made or the article may be placed in the list of those free from all duty.

"4. That the maximum rate of duty should be imposed on luxuries.

"5. That all specific duties should be abolished and *ad valorem* duties substituted in their place.

"6. That the duty should be so imposed as to operate as equally as possible throughout the Union, discriminating neither for nor against any class or section."

Such is the Democratic creed, enunciated by Jackson, amplified by Polk and reiterated by Tilden and Cleveland. It is the policy, not merely of the party, but of the whole people. Whenever it has been adhered to in practice, the party has been successful and the country has prospered. Whenever it has been disregarded, the party has gone down to defeat and favored interests have come into complete control of the Government. The Democracy had its opportunity in 1893 and broke faith with the people. After eighteen years another has been offered as an accompaniment of popular vengeance, and this, unless availed of, should and probably will be the last. To revise the tariff

downwards in such a manner as to prevent disturbance of legitimate business—that is the plain mandate of the people. It can be done by heeding the fundamental principles enunciated by Walker in 1846 and by adopting the method of gradual reductions effected by Jackson in 1833.

Nothing else and nothing less will suffice. Talk of revision, schedule by schedule, differs in no material respect from the Republican piecemeal plan. Like that, it is evasive and dilatory. Like that, it is designed to palliate and deceive. The Democratic Representatives in Congress will be culpable of the grossest dereliction of duty, to put it mildly, if they shall fail to have a complete tariff measure, grounded upon established Democratic policy, ready for presentation at the opening of the Sixty-second Congress in December of the present year. And the time to begin the construction of such a measure is *now*. The country requires to be convinced of the intelligence no less than of the fidelity of the discredited and distrusted Democracy.

Be it clearly understood: The country has no love for the Democratic party. Its superb services in the initial period of the Republic have been neutralized by its vagaries of recent years. It has ceased to attract young men, who alone can sustain the vitality of an organization. Its chief purpose has been and seems to be now rather to win than to deserve authority. Antiquated methods, effective only in dealing with a somnolent public, are still relied upon to hold an awakened people. Old hands continue to finger purse-strings and old feet to wear shoes of gum.

All this must change or all is lost. The call is for a New Democracy, enlightened, progressive, upholding ideals, unafraid of the sunlight of publicity, eager and ready at all times to cross swords with the enemy in the forum of public judgment—a Democracy striving to profit less from the mistakes of its antagonist and more from its own affirmative deeds wrought in the common interest for the common weal.

Let the new Congress write into the statutes the one great law demanded by the people and let the new Governors invigorate the laws that will raise new Stateism high above new Nationalism as an effective force and the regenerated party of the past will again become the handmaid of the Republic. To look backwards or to hesitate is only to invite the Almighty to transform a revivified corpse into a pillar of salt.

Which, gentlemen, shall it be? THE EDITOR.

A GOVERNMENT OF LAW OR A GOVERNMENT OF MEN?

BY HORACE H. LURTON, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

WHICH shall it be, a government of law or a government of men?

As the alternative to a government of law is a despotism, whether the despots be many or one, benevolent or malignant, the question admits of but one answer. But are we not more or less conscious of a restless tugging against the bonds of the law and the yoke of the Constitution? Is there not a growing disposition to disregard the limitations which we have placed upon those in authority and a tendency to applaud the doing of things which we wish done, regardless of whether lawful or unlawful? If one in power does things which displease us, we are swift to inquire into his authority; but is that so if the thing done meets with our approval?

The tendency to throw off the obligation of a rigid Constitution has attracted the attention of so wise and intelligent an observer as Mr. James Bryce, now British Ambassador to the United States, who, in a forceful essay on Flexible and Rigid Constitutions, when referring to the protection afforded by rigid constitutions to the minority as a leading argument for their continuance, says:

"A change of view has, however, become noticeable within the last few years. In the new democracies of the United States . . . the multitude no longer fear abuse of power by its rulers. It is itself the ruler, accustomed to be coaxed and flattered. It feels no need for the protection which rigid constitutions give. And in the United States it chafes under these restrictions of legislative power embodied in the Federal Constitution or State Constitutions (as the case may be) which have surrounded the rights of property and the obligation of subsisting contracts with safeguards obnoxious not only to the party called 'Socialists,' but to reformers of other type. As these safeguards are sometimes thought to prevent the application of needed remedies and to secure impunity for abuses which have become intrenched behind them, the aforesaid constitutional provisions

have incurred criticism and censure from various sections, and many attempts have been made by State Legislatures . . . to disregard or evade these restrictions. These attempts are usually defeated by the action of Courts, when it happens that both the Federal Constitution and the functions of the Judiciary are often attacked in the country which was so extravagantly proud of both institutions a half-century ago. This strife between the bench as the defenders of old-fashioned doctrines, embodied in the provisions of a rigid constitution (Federal or State) and of State Legislatures acting at the bidding of a large section of voters, is a remarkable feature of contemporary America."

Has this disinterested and most wise observer overdrawn the dangers which threaten our institutions? Has he mistaken the direction in which we are drifting, or the magnitude of the factors which are undermining our fundamental law, National and State?

Is the obligation to support and uphold the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof dependent upon whether the legislative body, the executive or the judge shall think the public welfare will be best promoted by its enforcement or its disregard? May a legislative body disregard a plain constitutional limitation merely because it may think the public welfare thereby promoted? May a Court disregard a plain law constitutionally passed merely because it may think it unjust or unwise? May one charged with the enforcement or execution of the law decline to execute it as written and modify it if it deems the public good thereby advanced?

One may read and hear upon every hand such sentiments as this: "The law is a means, not an end; a means to be used for the public good, to be modified for the public good and to be interpreted for the public good." Neither do the outcries against constitutional restraints come only from those who find in them barriers against assaults upon property and contract rights, but from the very class who are supposed to be sheltered from popular legislation by the safeguards which a large section of voters wish to sweep away. There is a widely circulated address by one of the ablest of our business men, the head of one of the most important of our great business corporations, complaining of the restraints and inconveniences due to the authority exercised by the States and by limitations upon Federal power, wherein he says:

"Cries for Federal control are the growing-pains of a great people. Let Senator Root and all others who are leaders make no mistake. The

people of the country are not afraid of themselves, and they are no more doubtful of their power as citizens of the United States than they are of their power as citizens of the States. They see their opportunity and they will not try to run away from it. On the contrary, they will crowd every opportunity. Having a given thing to do in common, no one can persuade them that they cannot do it better by doing it once for all than by doing it forty-six times."

Despairing of relief by amending the Federal Constitution from the fate of effort in that direction in the past, he points out that the needful enlargement of Federal power will arise from the action of the Supreme Court, saying:

"But the Constitution has been changed, nevertheless, and it will be changed again. Whatever the demands of the nation's growth and of the nation's welfare may be, whatever new and strange governmental problems may arise, the unwritten Constitution and the Supreme Court will be equal to them."

In the same line, a great journal, representing a large conservative class, lately referred to the Supreme Court as a "Continuous Constitutional Convention."

These views, taken from opposite poles of opinion, concur in establishing the existence of a great and impressive body of criticism of the very fundamentals upon which our American constitutional system rests. The seriousness of the matter lies not so much in that relaxation is desired with reference to restraint upon legislative power, Federal and State, as in the fact that such change is largely anticipated through an exercise of legislative power by the Courts in expanding or modifying the Federal Constitution, under guise of constitutional construction, and in obedience to the bidding of an apparent majority public sentiment, as to obviate the necessity of amendment in the manner required by the instrument itself.

I do not propose to touch upon the merits of the ends which either class of opinion seek to advance by a letting down of the constitutional bars which stand in the way of assaults upon contract or property rights nor upon the advantages which are supposed to result to the "business interests" of the country by the unification of legislation affecting them. The thought to which I address myself is the effect upon our institutions if the time shall come when the judiciary shall cease to regard the line which separates judicial and legislative functions by either abdicating their authority as the expounders and defenders of constitutional restraint or by arrogating to themselves the right to destroy

or modify a plain expression of legislative will when constitutionally expounded. The appeal to and criticism of the Courts is one which concerns the State Courts no less than the Courts of the Union, for the tendency is to obliterate the line which divides the legislative and judicial powers as well as the obligation which rests upon every Court to apply and enforce the law of the Constitution whenever it conflicts with the inferior law of ordinary legislation. The contention that the obligation of a Constitution is to be disregarded if it stands in the way of that which is deemed of public advantage, or that a valid law, under the Constitution, is to be interpreted or modified so as to accomplish that which the executive administering it, or a Court called upon to enforce it, shall deem to the public advantage, is destructive of the whole theory upon which our American Commonwealths have been founded, to say nothing of the constitutional relation of the Union and the States to each other. It is a substitution of a government of men for a government of law. It is against this that I warn.

Two political dogmas were of universal acceptance among the generation which converted thirteen dependent colonies into thirteen independent sovereign States, and which later converted these States into an indissoluble union of indissoluble States. These dogmas were: first, that all power resides in the people and that they might institute such government as they saw fit, and that authority conferred by the organic instrument creating such governments was a delegated authority limited by the creative act of the people; and, second, that the best security against usurpation of power would be found in a distribution of the functions of government between independent departments.

In passing, it may be observed that the idea of an absolute democracy found no favor whatever. However valuable or desirable direct popular legislation may be in a small community of intelligent and conservative citizens, the notion was universally regarded as absolutely unworkable upon any large scale. Hence the model upon which the State and Federal Governments were constituted was that of a representative constitutional democracy, and the guarantee to each State of a republican form of government found in the Federal Constitution refers obviously to the character of republican governments which then existed, a form inconsistent with a pure or absolute democracy.

The thought to which I particularly wish to direct attention concerns the distribution of the powers of government.

Nearly a half-century before our Federal Constitution emerged, Montesquieu formulated and defended upon unanswerable philosophical and historical considerations the dogma that neither public nor private liberty could be maintained without a division of the legislative, executive and judicial functions of government. His great treatise upon the Spirit of Laws had then been long translated into the language of every civilized country; was well known to the thoughtful and educated of every nation and had acquired a prodigious influence throughout Europe and America. Concerning the influence of Montesquieu upon the men who made or brought about the adoption of our Federal Constitution, Mr. Bryce, the most discerning and capable of those foreigners who have written of our institutions, in his "American Commonwealth," says:

"No general principle of politics laid such hold on the Constitution-makers and statesmen of America as the dogma that the separation of these three functions is essential to freedom. It had already been made the groundwork of several State Constitutions. It is always reappearing in their writings; it was never absent from their thoughts."

After a comparison of the condition of the people of Continental Europe with that of the English and a consideration of the governments which then existed, Montesquieu thus states his conclusion in respect to the wisdom of such a division of power:

"There is no liberty, if the judiciary power be not separated from the legislative and executive. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary control; for the judge would then be the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with violence and oppression. Then would be an end of everything, were the same men or the same body to exercise these three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing them and of trying the cases of individuals."

Fundamental as such a separation has come to be regarded by all who love liberty regulated by law, it was almost a novel conception when developed by Montesquieu. The government of England afforded the nearest approach to such a system, and from a comparison of the operation of the English plan and of the English people and their institutions with the governments and condition of the people of Continental States, he deduced the dogma as one of necessary application in every free State. The colonies as they

converted themselves into States took care to embody this separation dogma in their Bill of Rights, a method of putting the matter upon an even higher authority than the Constitution itself, if that were possible. Thus Virginia wrote into her Bill of Rights of June 12th, 1776, that the legislative and executive powers of the State should be separate and distinct from the judiciary. Maryland inserted in her Bill of Rights of November 11th, 1776, the statement:

"That the legislative, executive and judicial powers of government ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other."

The declaration in the Massachusetts Bill of Rights is particularly emphatic. It reads:

"In the government of this commonwealth, the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers, or either of them; the executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers, or either of them; the judiciary shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers, or either of them; to the end it may be a government of laws and not men."

It followed from the settled practice of the States in the organization of their respective State governments that when, many years later, the formation of the present Federal Constitution was begun the same separation of powers to be exercised by the Union was made the corner-stone of the structure. Thus by Section 1, Article 1, it is provided that:

"All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and a House of Representatives."

By Section 1, of Article 2, it is declared that the executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America, and by Section 1, of Article 3, it is said that:

"The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish."

In the organization of the States the same plan is adopted, and the judicial power is vested in the Courts created by the State in much the same definite terms.

That the exercise of power vested in one branch by another would be a usurpation, and as such null and void, is too plain to need argument.

Thus, to take the case of Congress, it is vested with the entire legislative power delegated by the Constitution. By necessary implication no other department can constitution-

ally exercise any power which is legislative. Neither can the Congress exercise any power which is either executive or judicial, for the very obvious reason that no such power has been granted to it, and also for the reason that whatever the executive power of the United States is, it has been exclusively vested in the President. So with the judicial power of the United States—that power, whatever it is, is, by the Constitution, vested only in the Courts of the United States, and may, therefore, be exerted only by the Courts.

What is the security against a usurpation of power by one department which belongs to another?

There is, of course, the force of public opinion. So long as there is entertained by any decided majority of the people a serious and earnest conviction that the encroachment of one branch of the government upon the domain of another must be resisted at every cost, the boundary line is not likely to be wilfully overstepped. Then there is the solemn obligation of the oath which presumptively binds the conscience of every legislator, executive and judge, that he will respect and obey the organic law, which includes this distribution of powers. These are the only sanctions possessed by the people of any other land for the maintenance of any limitation upon the legislative power. But if these prove unavailing, as they have proven many times, and the executive undertakes to exercise legislative or judicial power, or the legislative body shall assume to combine the functions which pertain to either of the other departments, how shall such usurpation of power be resisted, or the executive trespass be restrained, or the legislative enactment be nullified? Other nations have endeavored, by organic popular legislation called constitutions, to restrain the power of the executive and legislative authority, but the only security provided against the violation of the boundaries thus set consisted in public opinion and the sanctity of an oath. Neither has proven effective. Having an unlimited power to interpret and apply such restrictions, the legislative power has in France, where there has been a succession of constitutions, been found unrestrainable by any such barriers.

"The limitations imposed by French constitutions are not [says Dicey in his Law of the Constitution] in reality laws, since they are not rules which in the last resort will be enforced by the Courts. Their true character is that of maxims of political morality, which derive whatever strength they have from being formally placed in the Constitution and from the resulting force of public opinion."

But under our American system of constitutional government, the power which the Courts have to determine the invalidity of a legislative or executive act as in excess of delegated constitutional power extends also to acts which are in violation of the distribution of governmental functions made by the organic law. While the executive power may not be restrained from the exercise of any executive duty, imperative or discretionary, yet if an official undertake to do an act clearly unauthorized he is but a trespasser and may not resist the restraints of the Courts by holding up as a shield either the office which he holds, if he has exceeded his lawful power, or a statute which is no law because in excess of legislative power. It follows, of course, that rights cannot be enforced which wholly depend upon either a void executive or legislative foundation. The principle that the acts of an executive in excess of his lawful authority are void and restrainable is a well-settled principle of English law. "The principle," says Mr. Bryce in his "American Commonwealth," "is a corner-stone of English liberty."

In the one case as in the other the question can only arise for judicial determination in a justiciable matter involving rights of persons or property affected by the act of usurpation. Unless, therefore, the encroachment by one department upon the domain of the other becomes involved in a case justiciable in character, there is no way by which the separation of the functions of government may be made effective through the Courts.

Much of the popular opinion concerning the scope of the power of the Courts grows out of a misconception of the authority under which Courts assume to declare a legislative enactment void if found repugnant to the organic law of a constitution. From the beginning it has been claimed by American Courts as a proper function of the Courts under our American constitutional system. It is a doctrine which originated in the Courts of the States long before the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Professor Thayer, in his Constitutional Cases, refers to no less than five decisions by State Courts prior to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, in which it was held that the power of State legislation was limited by constitutional restrictions, and that it was the duty of the judicial power to declare legislation repugnant to such superior law void and unenforceable whenever necessary to determine the rights of parties

in pending cases. The earliest of reported cases is that of Commonwealth *v.* Caton, decided by the Virginia Court of Appeals in 1782. Neither that case, nor either of the decisions I refer to, are cited by Chief-Justice Marshall in Marbury *v.* Madison, although they afforded a body of opinion of commanding influence which one cannot suppose the great Chief Justice to have been ignorant of, especially as one of them was from his own State.

This doctrine was challenged by many extreme Republicans, and the principle was asserted by no less a statesman than Mr. Jefferson that a Legislature was itself the judge of the meaning and scope of a State Constitution, and that the Courts had no authority superior to the Legislature in applying the Constitution. The doctrine, however, was generally accepted, and at this time is regarded as a proper judicial function by an overwhelming majority of public opinion. But of late, with the great influx of an enormous mass of immigrants unaccustomed to democratic government and wholly unfamiliar with the American constitutional idea, there has been a great increase in the number of those voters who object to any restraint upon the will of the majority as voiced in either Congress or the State legislative assemblies, and therefore consider this power to annul a law as the usurpation of legislative authority.

That the power thus exercised in doing these things is not legislative, but judicial, will be plainly evident if we do but stop to consider the nature of an American Constitution. If those instruments are merely accepted declarations of moral and political principles to which the people have given their assent and which officials are pledged to uphold, as is the case with a political party platform, then it is a flagrant act of usurpation and a defiance of the legislative will when the Courts refuse to give effect to legislation, even though it may violate so-called constitutional principles. The very corner-stone of American constitutional law is, that the instruments under which the State governments were organized, and the same is true of the Federal Constitution, were acts of organic sovereign legislation, defining and limiting the scope of the governments organized thereunder. It is, therefore, a profound fact that both State and Federal governments are governments exercising delegated, and therefore limited, powers. *There is no deposit of unlimited power in any government organized under the American*

system of constitutional governments. It follows, therefore, that neither State nor Congressional legislation which is in excess of delegated power may be enacted or enforced without a disregard of the supreme will of the people as expressed in the underlying legislation contained in the constating instruments enacted by them.

From these conceptions result two kinds of law differing in authority:

(*a*) The organic underlying law, which we call a constitution, being law enacted by the people in their collective capacity as the source of authority and whereby they defined the powers delegated to each of the great governmental departments created by such primary enactments.

(*b*) Secondary law—that is, enactments by the legislative bodies organized under the primary and superior law contained in the Constitution.

But when the union of States was organized under the present Constitution, whereby there was delegated to the central government the powers therein enumerated, there arose another body of law superior to the primary law found in the State Constitutions. Thenceforward the legislation of a State Legislature was subject to comparison with three higher and superior kinds of law, and it was valid only: first, if it did not conflict with the Constitution of the State; second, if it did not conflict with a valid law of Congress; and, third, if it did not conflict with the Constitution of the United States.

The enactments of Congress were also subject to comparison with the Constitution of the United States, for if they conflicted therewith they were invalid as in excess of the granted powers of Congress.

As a result of these limitations upon the lawmaking power, Federal and State, the judicial power, when a case arose which required for its determination an application of the existing law, if there appeared to be a conflict between two applicable laws, is required to decide which was the law of higher obligation. There was nothing novel in the exercise of this authority. It was a function similar in character to that which the Courts had from all time been exercising when a conflict between two laws appeared. In such case, whether the conflict was between two sections of the same statute, or two statutes passed by the same legislative authority, the judge was compelled to say which was the

law which it was his duty to enforce. If a conflict arose between a legislative enactment and a constitutional provision, it must follow that the law of higher obligation must be enforced and the conflicting law declared of no force because its enactment was in excess of the power of the enacting body. The authority exercised is no assumption of political or legislative power, but an application of the elementary rule that the acts of an agent in excess of his authority do not bind his principal. The clear obligation of the judge is to enforce the Constitution as the law of highest obligation. If the exercise of that duty require him to declare that an enactment in the form of law is no law, because repugnant to the law of primary obligation, he is obviously obeying the supreme expression of the popular will as found in a law directly enacted by the sovereign authority of the people. That this function should not be understood by the millions who have come among us from lands where constitutional limitations are either unknown or are unenforceable for lack of any definite means of compelling obedience, and therefore regarded as an exercise of legislative power, is not strange. The American dogma that all power resides in the people, and that public officials of every class are but agents executing the power delegated to them through the direct legislation, which constitutes what we call a constitution, is the very root principle upon which we have organized our Federal as well as our State Governments. When this is understood there is no mystery to be explained, no usurpation to be defended when the judge declares that he must follow the superior rather than the inferior law.

That no English judge would venture to declare a statute void which had been in due course passed by the English Parliament is due to conditions fundamentally different from those which confront an American judge.

The so-called Constitution of that country consists only in a body of ancient usages, practices, understandings and statutes declaratory of the principles upon which the government is supposed to be administered. But none of the precedents or statutes have any authority higher than the Parliament itself, and hence do not stand in the way of any legislation whatever, although the effect be to repeal or alter the most fundamental of the principles upon which the government is supposed to be administered. Of these practices, usages or understandings constituting the English Consti-

tution, the one least challenged or questioned is that the Parliament stands for and speaks with the voice of the whole British people. Its enactments stand, therefore, upon the same plane and are entitled to the same authority as the extraordinary legislation embodied in an American Constitution. So long as the English people are content to regard the voice of the English Parliament as the voice of the English people, and its enactments uncontrollable except by and through a subsequent Parliament, the English judge has no function to exercise which corresponds with that of an American judge when he declares a legislative act void as in conflict with a superior law of obligation. The constitutional duty of the English judge is to apply the enactments of Parliament as the law of highest obligation, there being under English institutions no superior law with which he may compare it, and hence no repugnancy to render it void and no excess of authority in its enactment.

The primary purpose of every such organic instrument of government is to limit the power and control the conduct of the legislative authority by an overruling Constitution, an instrument amendable or repealable only by the people in the manner of its enactment, or as provided by the instrument itself. In the course of events exigencies have arisen and may again arise where constitutional impediments prevent the attainment of ends through ordinary legislation which a temporary majority, or an impatient executive officer, may deem necessary in the public interest. Every such occasion operates as a strain upon the fundamental structure of our government. Whether the general interests will be best subserved by a disregard of constitutional barriers or by obedience to the slow processes for constitutional amendments is a question which goes to the very fundamentals of our institutions. To override constitutional methods spells revolution and tends to the destruction of a government of law. To yield to the clamor of a temporary majority upon the pretence that otherwise popular government is prevented is but to overthrow the barriers which the people themselves, under great deliberation, have erected against their own impulsive majorities. These impediments to hasty action are intended not only as bulwarks for the defence of minorities, but as defences against hotfooted action by temporary majorities in supposed exigencies.

The American scheme of limiting and controlling not only

executive but legislative power by express constitutional limitations enforceable through the Courts was the single unique improvement in the art and science of government made by the generation which first embodied the idea in their several State Constitutions and then in that of the Union.

Speculative jurists have suggested that if legislation should be found absolutely unreasonable or opposed to a universal idea of natural justice that a Court might refuse to enforce or apply it, and here and there may be found a dictum to that effect. But Sir William Blackstone regarded the legislative power as so uncontrollable that no Court might justify a refusal to enforce it as law for any reason. Thus he says:

"If the Parliament will positively enact a thing to be done which is unreasonable, I know of no power which can control it . . . for that were to set the judicial power above that of the legislative, which would be subversive of all government."

But he adds:

"if some collateral matter arises out of the general words and happens to be unreasonable, then the judges are in decency to conclude that this consequence was not foreseen by the Parliament, and therefore they are at liberty to expound the statute by equity and only *quoad hoc* disregard it. Thus if an act of Parliament give a man power to try all causes that may arise in his manor; yet if a cause should arise in which he himself is a party, the act is construed not to mean that, because it is unreasonable that any man should determine his own quarrel."

But this would not be to disregard or reject the act at all, but to enforce it according to the intent and purpose of the lawmakers, which, if the words be doubtful, is not to be regarded as intending that which would be unreasonable or contrary to natural justice. But Sir William Blackstone lays down in a very positive way that if the legislative power be unqualified, " no Court has the power to defeat the intent of the Legislature, when couched in such evident and express words as leave no doubt whether it was the intent of the Legislature or no."

In Calder *v.* Bull, 3 Dallas, 388, this question of whether it is within the scope of judicial power to refuse to give effect to a plain legislative enactment, which is not repugnant to the Constitution merely because the statute seems to be absurd and unreasonable, was discussed, and Mr. Justice Chase lays down one limitation which is of far-reaching importance—namely, that " the nature and ends of

legislative power will limit the exercise of it." Mr. Justice Iredell in the same case seems to concur with Sir William Blackstone in the view that it is not for the Courts to set up their judgment against that of the lawmaking power as to the reasonableness or justice of a statute if its meaning be plain and the intent of the law unobscure.

The Constitution of the United States includes a specific enumeration of the subjects in respect to which the Congress may legislate. This is not true of most, if true of any, of our State Constitutions. There is usually a grant of legislative power limited by specific reservations. Referring to this, Judge Raney, in Cincinnati, etc., R. Co. *v.* Commission, 1, Ohio State, 77, 86, said, in reference to the extent of the legislative power under such grant, that "this must therefore always be determined from the nature of the power exercised. If it is found to fall within the general terms of the grant, we can only look to other parts of the Constitution for limitations upon it; if none are found none exist. He adds:

"But as the General Assembly, like the other departments of government, exercises only a delegated authority, it cannot be doubted that any act passed by it not falling fairly within the scope of legislative power is as clearly void as though expressly prohibited."

In Loan Association *v.* Topeka, 20 Wall, 655, Mr. Justice Miller, referring to the implied limitations upon the legislative power, said:

"There are limitations on such power which grow out of the essential nature of all free governments,"

and that legislation under the guise of taxation might, if the purpose was not public,

"none the less be robbery because it is done under the form of law and is called taxation. This is not legislation. It is a decree under legislative form."

When a legislative enactment goes so far as to infringe upon the fundamental maxims of a free government and disregard rights of person or property which it is the declared object of our governments, State and National, to secure, it will be generally found that every such act conflicts with some positive provision of both State and National organic law, and that it will not be necessary to resort to general maxims and unexpressed restraints dependent upon implied limitations.

Montesquieu has been cited as entertaining the notion that the judges have no power of construing or interpreting any constitutional or statute law. He says:

"In republics the very nature of the constitution requires the judges to follow the letter of the law; otherwise the law might be explained to the prejudice of citizens in cases where their honor, property or life is concerned."

This is a narrow view of his meaning. What he obviously meant was that the function of a judge does not include any alteration, modification or amendment of any authoritative enactment of the legislative body, and that a judge may not explain it away if he happens to think it a bad or unwise law. Thus construed, the statement is sound and is the accepted rule laid down with little or no variation by our Courts, National and State.

The duty of interpretation can only arise in a judicial proceeding when words of doubtful meaning are used, or the structure of the law is ungrammatical or the meaning confused. Neither constitutions nor statutes can escape scrutiny for the purpose of ascertaining their meaning and the intent of the lawmaker. No function can be less subject to the accusation of usurpation than that of endeavoring to carry out a law according to the intent and purpose of the lawmaking department of government.

In this indisputable function of interpreting and construing applicable constitutional or statutory law to the case in hand there lurks, however, an immeasurable power, which is all the more dangerous to the public welfare because under its cover it is possible for a bad or ignorant judge to defeat the legislative purpose. There are doubtless instances where, through ignorance and mistake, a legislative purpose has been misconstrued, and doubtless there are rare instances where judges have conceived it within the scope of the interpreting function to so shape and mould a statute, or even a constitutional provision, as to minimize the effect of a law deemed unwise, as to render it harmless or capable of subserving some genuine public good. That there is a large and intelligent body of public opinion which regards this trimming down or modifying function as quite within the scope of the judicial power and which looks to the Courts with confidence for relief against what they regard as bad and dangerous legislation must be confessed by all who have observed the public press. This is another mani-

festation of the decay of respect for the limitations imposed by our fundamental law and of the yearning for a government of men rather than a government of laws. If we have outgrown the institutions which have made us the greatest people of the earth, let us change them by direct rather than by indirect means. If our Constitution is too rigid and the restraints upon the legislative power too great, let us amend the Constitution. The theory that the law is only a means to an end is truth. But who is to alter, modify or annul a constitutionally valid law? The executive, who has no function but to execute the law as he finds it; the judge, who has no lawmaking power and whose single duty is to apply the law as he finds it to an existing case? The best means of securing the alteration or repeal of a vicious law is to enforce it.

Any such contention is totally subversive of our institutions and involves a willingness to accept a government of men rather than a government of laws. Neither a Constitution nor a statute is to be treated by either the executive or the judiciary as if it were a "nose of wax," to be twisted and moulded according to the fancy of the occasion. It is against this most dangerous notion of judicial power that I most earnestly protest. There is nothing in the past history of either the National or State judiciary which gives sanction to any such abuse of power or supports an expectation that the function of interpreting will be tortured into an exercise of legislative power. The rules of construction are plain and simple of application. They are in substance identical, whether the instrument for interpretation be a statute or a contract. The Courts possess neither the power of taxation nor that of the sword. They are dependent upon the legislative power for their existence and upon the executive for the force needful to enforce their judgments. Set in the place of an arbiter between the branches among which the functions of government have been parcelled, they constitute the balance-wheel in our unique and splendid governmental system. They are the guardians of the fundamental law which conducts and controls the otherwise uncontrollable legislative power. Their dominating authority is moral. They will continue to retain the authority necessary to their free action so long only as they shall respect their own limitations, scrupulously avoiding the exercise of powers which they have not and fearlessly exercising those

which they have. But this duty of keeping within the limits of the organic law is one which does not rest upon the judicial branch with any greater force than it rests upon the co-ordinate departments of government. The lawmaker no less than the judge exercises his office under the same solemn obligation to support and uphold the limitations of the organic law. Why shall that oath rest more lightly upon one than the other? In the forum of conscience may the legislator say, as he too often does, "I will not consider that side of the matter—that I will turn over to the Courts." Yet, as we all know, this is not an unusual attitude for a legislator who finds questionable legislation desirable if valid. This is not honest, nor is it expedient.

An important rule of constitutional construction is that legislation shall not be annulled for antagonism to the organic law unless its invalidity is clear. This has its genesis, first, in a proper respect for the Legislature, and, second, upon an assumption that the legislator has himself acted under the obligation of the same oath which forbids his assent to any law which contravenes the Constitution.

The forces which from opposite poles are endeavoring to break down the restraints which safeguard us against the despotic power of an uncontrollable legislative or executive power are not the progressive, but the retrogressive element of our people. The mightiest advance against despotism was made when our fathers devised and put into operation a government of law for a government of men. We read in Holy Writ of one of the prophets who in his despair went a day's journey into the wilderness and laid himself down under a juniper-tree and prayed, "Now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." Let us rather rejoice that in standing by the institutions which have for more than a century made us the most law-abiding people of the earth, that we are walking in the footsteps of our fathers when we maintain in letter and spirit that division of the great functions of government which the men of Massachusetts, and the men of Virginia and the men of Maryland declared with Montesquieu to be the best security for a government of laws and the only safeguard against a return to a government of men.

HORACE H. LURTON.

JOHN BROWN AFTER FIFTY YEARS*

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THERE are two men in the history of our States whose lives are of such a lasting spell that wherever you see their names in print you must stay and read what is said of them. To the end of imaginable time, mankind will be bound by an irresistible fascination when men write or speak of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln. So different as they were in their lives in their deaths they are not divided, because they both died by the power of slavery: slavery in its supremacy, slavery in its extremity. There will be new biographies of them in each new generation, for each new generation will wish to have its own light turned upon them, but so far as concerns John Brown, it is scarcely to be denied that Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has given us a biography which must remain the storehouse of the significant and the insignificant facts for every biographer hereafter. In its masses and details of accumulation we must regard it as materials of history rather than history, but if we consider it more carefully and examine its tempered and moralized judgments, we cannot well refuse it the acceptance due to history, though its make and its manner are the make and the manner of that contemporaneous history called journalism than rather the more literary sort.

The first great striking effect of the book is that it forces us who lived through the John Brown time, in love and honor of him, to question our unqualified reverence and affection, and allow that if he was greatly sinned against he also greatly sinned. It will not avail us to say to ourselves that in doing the murders on the Pottawatomie he acted from a high sense of duty and in the belief that he was obeying a sort of divine instruction or was stemming greater blood-

* JOHN BROWN. 1800-1859. A Biography Fifty Years After. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910.

shed by shedding blood. What he was really doing by his word if not his hand was taking men from their beds, and because of their opinions cutting their throats and lopping their limbs in the night and leaving their dead bodies for their widowed and orphaned families to find in the morning. This is the pitiless truth of the facts which this biography now supplies, but which Brown so disguised to his own conscience and shuffled out of the public knowledge that he never openly regretted or repented them, and that almost all who revered him as a martyr to the cause of the slave remained ignorant of the wicked deed which had made it also the cause of the homicide. On the ground which he held Cromwell could justify himself to us for his slaughter of the Irish; De Montfort, leading his crusade against the Albigenses, could persuade us that he was right in his indiscriminate butchery of Catholic and Heretic because he believed that "God would know His own."

Like these two men, Brown was a Puritan, for both the ruthless Crusader and the ruthless Parliamentarian were Puritans. But it was Brown's fate to be born out of his time and so near a time when his faith in his divine authorization cannot justify an action which is now for the first time, after fifty years, submitted to the world in all its deformity. If any of us truly believe peace is right and war is wrong; that no good end can justify bad means; that though without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, it is the blood shed by the martyr and not by the murderer which shall save us—then we must condemn Brown for what he did in the night on the Pottawatomie, or worse yet, made others do for him. The deed haunts the story of his whole life thereafter and his life theretofore; it throws its malign gleam forward upon the hero of the scaffold at Charlestown and backward on the father in his simple Ohio home bidding his sons kneel round him and share his oath never to cease warring upon slavery.

A prime virtue of Mr. Villard's book is that it realizes to you the wonderful unity of Brown's life, the "continual purpose" that ran through his life from the hour when he began to think to the hour when he ceased to breathe. If to dwell perpetually upon one idea is monomania, then John Brown was a monomaniac; yet he was not quite a monomaniac, for concurrently with his relentless hostilities of will and deed against slavery ran the purposes and business ac-

tivities of the ordinary man. He was not only a hero at heart, but in head and hand he was an average farmer, an excellent tanner and an enterprising wool merchant, as well as an eager litigant. It was partly the exigencies of industry and commerce in a new country which made him a wanderer; but no doubt it was also the restlessness of the appointed spirit which drove him from Ohio to Massachusetts and from Massachusetts to the North Woods in New York. When the Border Ruffian war in Kansas broke out its flame lighted his way to the opportunity of his strenuous soul, and the making of a name which cannot fade till it is forgotten that there was ever an American democracy based half upon slavery and half upon liberty, and that through him more than through any other man it ceased to be divided against itself.

To such readers of this life of John Brown as lived through the days and years of Bleeding Kansas, it will seem the biography of their own emotions and impulses, if not experiences, and will have an appeal which none later born can feel. These can hardly imagine the intensity of sympathy in the non-combatant witnesses on both sides, or the frenzy of anxiety and resentment with which they followed the small events of the mighty struggle between liberty and slavery as it raged " in that naked country." But here it all lives again, and the ageing reader can see himself as in a glass darkly on every page of this curiously fascinating book. The repeal of that compromise between the North and South by which both sections had long agreed that slavery should not be carried beyond a certain line and the opening of the new territory to it; the instant rush of the Free State men and the Slave State men into the new territory; the nefarious support of the proslavery side by the national Government; the holding of the antagonistic conventions to frame constitutions establishing or forbidding slavery; the succession of Governors Presidentially appointed to aid the Slave State politicians; the successive conversion of these Governors into friends of freedom; the fighting that began as soon as the inimical factions met; the open murder, the ruthless pillage and outrage which went on from bad to worse from the first; the disorder bred in men by the habit of slavery catching to the men bred to order by the habit of liberty; the invited immigrations from both sections; the subsidized resistance to the forms

of law where there was no law but that of the stronger arm: these were the events and the facts which reported themselves with electrical shocks to the nervous centres of the whole country on either side of Mason and Dixon's Line. Then, out of the distant indefinite tumult rose a strange personality, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, which yet most men in the East had no clear sense of or could well distinguish from other figures which seemed of equal significance and importance.

This figure was John Brown, but no one fitly sized it till suddenly, after fading almost mystically from Kansas, it suddenly flashed out, gigantic, colossal, and filled the sky at Harper's Ferry. Some thought it a myth, some a joke, some a miracle; but as it resolved itself into a reality and began to reveal itself in its full material absurdity, its spiritual magnificence, every detail of the man's personality lent it an increasing impressiveness, an increasing persuasiveness. It seemed then as if the thing Brown had attempted were feasible and practicable, and very doubtful means consecrated the end and hallowed it. It appeared through the constantly repeated and often unauthorized interrogations of the wounded prisoner that his simple plan was to rouse the slaves to an attempt at escape from bondage and to arm them for defence and resistance and so render slavery through the whole South anxious and insecure until it must involuntarily abolish itself. He intended no such thing as a servile insurrection in the sense which the South had always dreaded, and from which it was really always so safe through the ignorance and the fear of the slaves. He said what he had meant, at first with something of the shuffling by which he had hid his complicity in the Pottawatomie murders, but with increasing distinctness till he convinced of his truth those who wished most to believe in his falsehood.

If the witnesses of the struggle in distant Kansas had thrilled and shuddered, now they were possessed with little less than delirium by the preposterous, the terrible event at Harper's Ferry. To the readers of this generation Mr. Villard's book will give a clear and just idea of the situation; to the readers of that generation it will seem ablaze with the fires that raged in every breast. Only, in its unvarying and admirable justice it will be to the Southern survivor his fire as to the Northern survivor it will be his

fire. I do not think one could praise it too much for its frankness and impartiality, though it would be easier for the partisan of Brown to praise it more if it had been less frank and less impartial. Yet I think such a partisan, if he will look carefully and calmly at the result, will own that this impartiality, which sometimes seems grudging, is the medium through which Brown appears grandest and finest. His perfect behavior after the failure of his attempt up to the very moment of his death has confused history a little as to the real nature of his attempt; something of the uncertainty of his means has involved the character of the fact. But this nature and this character can be made clear to the present generation of Mr. Villard's readers if we will suppose Brown to be now living amidst the actual conditions.

There is a large and largely increasing number of conscientious Americans who regard the prevalent system of capitalism with the abhorrence that Brown felt for the system of Southern slavery. They regard it as industrial slavery, and it seems to them as abominably unjustifiable as chattel slavery seemed to him. To their minds, nothing can be said in defence of it, and tacitly or explicitly their souls are vowed to its destruction. Tacitly or explicitly, they accuse it of all the economic misery of the world, of all the forms of poverty and depravity. It is not necessary to determine whether they are right or wrong in their view of capitalism; it is sufficient that they hold it and that the system is conscious of its insecurity for this reason. If, then, we imagine one of these men, these Americans, so far out of date as to be imbued with the Puritanic spirit of John Brown, and vowed explicitly to the destruction of capitalism by any and every means, and ready to act against it at the first opportunity, we shall have some notion of the John Brown of fifty years ago in his enmity to slavery. To him slavery meant the slaveholder, as to the John Brown of to-day capitalism means the capitalist. Then he could not conceive of a slaveholder as a good man, as now he could not conceive of a capitalist as a good man, though we all know that there were once many slaveholders who would gladly have been rid of slavery, and there are now many capitalists who are not at rest in capitalism; or who, at least, seem anxious to get rid of the money made by it, as many slaveholders seem to have been anxious to get rid of their slaves.

But supposing our latter-day John Brown to have taken part in those conflicts against capitalism which we constantly witness in the strikes of one form of labor or another, and to have seen violence prevail in certain of those conflicts, and capitalism forced to yield at this point or that, we have him of a mood to go, say, to Pittsburg, as the John Brown of fifty years ago went to Harper's Ferry. In his raid upon that capitalistic centre he could hardly have formed plans more vague and provisional than the old John Brown had formed in his raid upon Virginia. It would not matter whether he lurked in the uplands of the vicinity with a small band of devoted followers and a store of pikes for arming the revolting proletariat; it would not matter whether he kidnapped a few millionaires until he could perfect some scheme for reaching the heart of capitalism and at least striking a mortal terror into it. What would matter for the sake of our parallel would be that he should have had such a Puritanic conscience that he would be willing to die for the cause he was vowed to, and that he should be as ready to spill the blood of others as his own blood.

Does any one believe that if his band were taken with arms in their hands, and the captive millionaires in their keeping, they would have had as dispassionate and even scrupulous a trial as the Virginians gave John Brown and his men? The Chicago anarchists might answer this if they were alive to speak. Seven of them were tried together and in a lump sentenced to die for a crime perpetrated by a man never yet identified. All but one of them was absent from the scene and several were miles away. The only one present when the deadly bomb was thrown by the still unknown assassin was there with his wife and children at a meeting which the police were dispersing. He with three or four others was put to death on evidence purely circumstantial, and his fellow conspirators were sent to prison for life or long years. Such was the fate of men who meditated or intended the beginning of the end of the order called capitalism. Surely, in view of the facts, it is time for us who once believed that John Brown and his comrades were unjustly hurried to their death to recognize the different behavior of the order called slavery when it was assailed under circumstances of incomparably greater violence. These men were taken with arms in their hands after they had shed the blood of peaceful people about them, and

while they held in captivity the unarmed neighbors whom they had surprised by night in their homes and carried with them for their own greater security. They had possessed themselves of Government property, and they were making a Government arsenal their fortress against United States troops and the astonished and outraged citizens of the little town and the country round about it.

The Virginian authorities behaved with ridiculous pomp and circumstance enough; they were astounded and bewildered too, and we young journalists at the safe distance of Ohio and elsewhere found them immensely amusing. We had our fun out of the whole affair, which indeed appeared of a wildly exaggerated impossibility. But now, after a lapse of fifty years and our witness of the equally ludicrous spectacle of Chicago frighted from her propriety by the Haymarket incident, we ought to acknowledge, we young journalists and all the others who survive in the youth of the John Brown time, that in the retrospect the Virginians seem to have behaved well. Of course it was inevitable that they should put John Brown and his men to death; that was a foregone conclusion to which all the facts of the case tended. But the accused were allowed to sever; they were not tried and sentenced in a lump; they were given able counsel by the State and volunteer attorneys from the North were allowed to act for them. They were all treated by the court with respect, and as time went on Brown was treated with something like reverence.

His whole attitude was one to inspire reverence. After those first moments of something like shuffling away from the curiosity of the eagles who gathered rather like geese where his bleeding carcase was in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, and he could pull himself together and look his inevitable fate in the face, he confronted it without flinching and with absolute truth. From his perfect courage he discouraged in others every hope of his escape. He realized and he said, with his homely sublimity, that he was worth more to hang than anything else, and while he did not seek the scaffold he did nothing to shun it. At last he was fulfilling his vow; he was doing his utmost against slavery. He was dealing it from his bonds and prison the deadliest blow it remained for him to deliver and a far deadlier blow than any freest agency could give. Once before, by a deed which all his friends and lovers must deplore, he flung the forces of

liberty and slavery in conflict together, and now again his prophet soul divined that in giving his own life he was doing infinitely more than he did in taking the lives of others. Then he planned the collision of a few scattered foes in the empty West; now from the oldest and densest populations of the continent his mighty arms were to draw the factors of a struggle unmatched in history and embattle them against one another in a war of principles: not alone the principles of liberty and slavery, but also the principles of provinciality and nationality; and his wild deed was to evoke from the elemental materials of our life the being of the mightiest republic under the sun. Nothing of all this in its ultimation, its definition, did he forecast; he only knew, he only felt that his destructiveness had been created in him; and that out of his lifelong enmity to slavery, concentrated and precipitated in a single blow, wandering and misdirected, had come the end of slavery.

In his fine last chapter, which he aptly calls "Yet shall he live," Mr. Villard has risen to the occasion with an adequacy not always to have been predicated of him. Here he has drawn together the threads of his logic, which is the logic of events, in the high conclusion that Brown triumphed in what he suffered rather than in what he did. Here again he enforces the divine truth that if without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, it is by the shedding of one's own blood and not by the shedding of others' blood. It is self-sacrifice which makes the sinner over from a hero into a martyr. Not by smiting off the ear of the high priest's servant in his wrath at Jerusalem, but by dying for his faith at Rome, did Peter become the Rock on which Christ founded His church. The lesson of all wars is peace: when will the nations learn it? The lesson of the holiest war, if ever carnage can be hallowed, is no other than that of the wickedest war. John Brown was ready all his life to die for freedom; the great pity and the great sin was that he was ready to make others die for it: against it preferably, but in defence of it if need be. He lived in a dreadful time, a time when it seemed that there would never be an end of buying and selling men and women and little children, of scourging them to unpaid tasks, and of chasing them with bloodhounds when they tried to escape from their hell. He lived when the soul of the North had been insulted by the Fugitive Slave Law, and men were forbidden,

under heavy pains, to feed or shelter the wretch fleeing from bondage. He lived when the South broke its sacred promise to respect a Northern limit of slavery and used the whole strength of the Government to desecrate free territory with human bondage. It is now an almost incredible time, and what wonder if in such a time it should be incredible that there were any good men trammelled in slaveholding or that slaveholders were not all alike willing and wicked and equally worthy of death through the aggressions of slavery? John Brown belonged to that time, but he belonged also by his iron faith to an earlier time, and he believed in the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, as Cromwell did, and far more is the pity, as Milton did. This life of him makes us realize his error while we realize the sublimity of his death and own him, if no saint, always a hero and martyr.

W. D. Howells.

AN ABORTIVE HERO

BY HENRY WATTERSON

I

The latter-day attempt to idealize the character and to deify the memory of "Old John Brown," as in his day and generation he was called, sporadic and occasional hitherto from time to time, gains a kind of concert by the "Fifty Years After" of Oswald Garrison Villard and the eulogy pronounced as a prefix to his New Nationalism by Theodore Roosevelt at Osawatomie.

Close upon the time when John Brown was being hanged Theodore Roosevelt was being born. Mr. Villard came into the world many years after. Neither, therefore, had contemporary knowledge of the man and the events they now deal with. Each looks backward through the haze of time and the smoke of battle—taking much for granted and seeing through a glass darkly—to reach a conclusion singularly at variance with the facts of history and the spirit equally of true patriotism and vital Christianity; because their hero was a robber and a murderer, for whose deeds of blood and terror insanity is the only defence that can be reasonably set up.

John Brown had no more to do with inspiring or hastening the War of Sections than Hicks, the Pirate, the next most celebrated malefactor of those times. He was a Border Ruffian pure and simple. Quantrell, who came later along, was hardly worse. The chief difference between John Brown and Jesse James, who also came later along, and had a following and found defenders not belonging to the criminal classes, lay in the single circumstance that Jesse James rifled banks and held up railway trains for the sake

of "gainful pillage," from the lust for excitement and the love of adventure, whilst John Brown professed to obey a call from God and to serve the cause of freedom and humanity, each being, as Grady said of Sherman, "careless with fire," both indiscriminate and reckless of life and property.

That a young enthusiast like Oswald Garrison Villard, the scion of a revolutionary German house on the one side and the grandson of William Lloyd Garrison on the other, inheriting his inspiration and perhaps filled with the idea of a mission, should seek to beatify a character like that of John Brown, is not unnatural. Though regrettable, it is forgivable. But that an ex-President of the United States, sprung on the maternal side from the women and children whom the crazy old fanatic had marked for slaughter, should come to the front to proclaim him a "representative of the men who bore aloft the banner of the Union," in the great Sectional War, to whom "a great debt is owed," at once "an embodiment of his generation" and an apotheosis of "fierce fidelity to high ideals," furnishes another example of, may I not say without offence, his impulsive rhetoric and disregard of the restraints of historic fidelity and proportion, a common fault with polemists who have acquired the habit of partisan writing and speaking.

It seems to me not unfitting, nor untimely, that some one who "grew up with the case," who had intimate and concurrent knowledge of the people and the facts, and who, representing the Southern side, yet was exceeded by nobody in his detestation of Slavery and all its works and ways, should undertake to challenge a movement to pervert history in the interest of zealotry; to set up and promulgate a false standard of Nationalism; to widen Sectional misunderstanding and increase Sectional prejudice, which had never any rational basis for their existence, but—though they brought untoward havoc—were the accretions of gigantic error on both sides. If the future is to learn anything of the past, and to profit by experience, the people of the North and South must come mutually to comprehend and to concede that each was partly right and partly wrong, that each would have done as the other did had their situations been reversed, and that, except for the obtrusion first of commercial and then of political interests—confused on one side by a passionate overflow of human sympathy and

on the other side by stubborn resistance to aggression and invasion—the Union might have been preserved and slavery extinguished without a resort to arms.

II

The invention of the cotton-gin, a contrivance of New England origin, did more to fasten the grip of Slavery upon the Gulf States of the American Union than all other agencies. It was the beginning of the delusion that "Cotton is King," which, with its twin error, that "slave labor is indispensable to the profitable cultivation of cotton," laid the foundations for the Southern Confederacy. "When munny cums in at the dore," the good Billings tells us, "morality flys out ov the winder."

The reader of history needs not to be told that opposition to the institution of African slavery was in the beginning more pronounced at the South than at the North. "The North was not so much excited against it as the South," said Webster in his famous 7th of March speech, referring to the formative period between the close of the War of the Revolution and the installation of the Government under the Constitution, "for the reason that there was much less of it at the North, and the people did not see, or think they saw, the evils so prominently as they were seen, or thought to be seen, at the South."

By 1850 the Slavery and Anti-Slavery discussions had risen on either side to a very high pitch of intolerance. The prophetic reach of William Ellery Channing, expressed in a letter under date of the 14th of May, 1828, had been verified. "My fear is," wrote the great Unitarian, "in regard to our efforts against Slavery, that we shall make the case worse by arousing sectional pride and passion for its support, and that we shall only break the country into two great parties, which may shake the foundations of government."

Thirty years of controversy, laid on the one hand in benevolence that cost nothing and on the other hand in undisputed property rights—of controversy which increased in bitterness as it passed beyond the limit of religion and humanity into the domain of political agitation—the trend of modern thought all one way—the pride of birthright and the sense of wrongful invasion, none the less resentful and

resistant—had at last come in 1860 to a parting of the ways. Yet it was not Slavery which either side confessed as the real issue of the War of Sections. Lincoln knew very well that an army could never be mustered on anti-slavery lines. The leaders of the Confederacy, for all their preachments of "peaceful secession," knew very well that "blood must be sprinkled in the faces of the people" to draw the Border States after the Gulf States and to save the disunion cause and movement from death by inanition.

So little actual progress had been made by Abolitionism that, outside of New England, it could boast no considerable following. Seward and Lincoln alike disavowed any purpose to interfere with Slavery where it existed. The Republican party was prompt to repudiate the John Brown raid. "Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon," said Lincoln, "and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry were in their philosophy precisely the same."

Let me repeat, therefore, and urge with proper emphasis, that the notion that the Abolition raider "fired the Northern heart," or quickened the Sectional conflict a day or an hour, is a belated and distorted creation of the very partisan or the uninformed. To many it is the merest echo of a song which owed more to its rhythmic music than its expression of sentiment, for thousands sang it and marched to it who would have quit the ranks if assured that the War for the Union was an Abolition War. Nothing is surer than that, if John Brown had never lived, if Brooks had never made the attack on Sumner, if "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had never been written, the geographic conditions which had built up two opposing systems at once of doing and thinking would in the end have severed the Union. They were sown by God and Nature alike in the soil and climate of the North and the South. They were provided for by the failure of the framers of the Constitution to fix the exact relation of the several States to the Federal Government. Agitation did undoubtedly inflame the Sectional friction. The separation might have come about with less of sacrifice. But they were right who declared that there was "an irrepressible conflict between free labor and slave labor." With the warring elements such as they were, the split was bound to come. John Brown had nothing to do with it.

Outside a group of New England Abolitionists, most of whom at the critical moment denied their agent, the Har-

per's Ferry foray was regarded as a bloody invocation to the passions of the ignorant and semi-barbarous blacks to rise by night and without discrimination to slay the whites. If it had succeeded, this would have been the result. That there was any large contemporary sentiment behind it is an afterthought. It is the afterthought of a clump of inconsiderate but would-be sharers in a dramatic episode which has lost some of its horror and seems to have gained somewhat of glory through the untoward events that followed. Yet, stripped of surplusage and reduced to the simple facts, no episode of history is more indefensible, for it can only be classed in wanton and barbaric conception with the Murder of the Innocents and St. Bartholomew's Massacre.

III

In order to make a hero of John Brown, we must blind our eyes and minds and hearts to everything except the closing scenes at Harper's Ferry and accept these as complete atonement for a life of cruelty and wrong. Referring to an observation of Dr. James Ford Rhodes that "a century may perchance pass before an historical estimate acceptable to all lovers of liberty and justice can be made of John Brown," John T. Morse, Jr., a New-Englander of the highest standing, ventures the present judgment that "for Brown's apotheosis much must be forgotten and even more must be forgiven. Upon the platform of the gallows he still stood responsible for Pottawatomie. Up to the time when he was taken prisoner one must have the temperament of an enthusiast to admire him."

Mr. Villard is one kind of enthusiast. Mr. Roosevelt is another. Yet both in differing ways repeat the rhapsody of Mr. F. B. Sanborn, the friend and comrade and biographer of John Brown, who is old enough now to know better: "From the crucifixion at Jerusalem a light sprang forth that was reflected back without obstruction from the ugly gallows of Virginia—John Brown took up his cross and followed the Lord, and it was enough for this servant that he was as his Master." Taking such a profanation for his cue, Mr. Roosevelt has the temerity to say:

"John Brown stands now as representing the men and the generation who rendered the greatest service ever rendered this country. He stood for heroic valor, grim energy, fierce fidelity to high ideals. A great debt

is owed to John Brown because he is one of the most striking figures in the mighty struggle which was to keep us forever a free and united nation, which was to secure the continuance of the most tremendous democratic experiment ever tried. He did much in his life and more in his death; he embodied the inspiration of the men of his generation. . . . John Brown's work was brought to completion by the men who bore aloft the banner of the Union during the four terrible years which intervened between Sumter and Appomattox."

Mr. Villard is somewhat more guarded. But contradicting Dr. Rhodes's aphorism and not waiting the hundred years to pass, he is quite as decided in his apotheosis as Mr. Roosevelt. Here is his " last word ":

" Not often in history is there recorded such a rise to spiritual greatness of one whose hands were so stained with blood, whose judgment was ever so faulty, whose public career was so brief. John Brown is and must remain a great and lasting figure in American history. Not, however, because he strove to undo one wrong by committing another; not because he took human lives in a vain effort to end the sacrifice of other lives and souls entailed by slavery. Judged by the ordinary legal and moral standards, John Brown's life was forfeit after Harper's Ferry. The methods by which he essayed to achieve reforms are never to be justified until two wrongs make a right. It was the weapon of the spirit by which he finally conquered. In its power lies not only the secret of his influence and his immortality, but the finest ethical teachings of a life, which, for all its faults, inculcates many an enduring lesson and will forever make its appeal to the imagination. . . . And so, wherever there is battling against injustice and oppression, the Charlestown gallows that became a cross will help men to live and die. The story of John Brown will ever confront the spirit of despotism, when men are struggling to throw off the shackles of social or political or physical slavery. His own country, while admitting his mistakes without undue palliation or excuse, will forever acknowledge the divine that was in him by the side of what was human and faulty and blind and wrong. It will cherish the memory of the prisoner of Charlestown in 1859 as at once a sacred, a solemn and an inspiring American heritage."

This of a man of whom Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., nowise a prejudiced judge, following though abridging Mr. Villard's full and fair record, recalls that " he with four of his sons and three other persons, enticed at night five unarmed pro-slavery men from their homes and hacked them to death with cutlasses. Brown led the band, commanded the killing, but himself probably did none of it." . . . " Even in the Kansas of 1856 and among Free-State men," Mr. Morse continues, " such a slaughter was received with horror; and to-day there is no price which would not be

gladly paid by Brown's admirers if thereby the foul deed could be blotted forever from the memories of men. It has, therefore, always been matter of special interest to know what each successive biographer would say of this—may not some one, some day, arise to excuse it? Unfortunately there is more in the case than even the brutal killing. There is the shock of seeing Brown, with that stern paternal authority for which he was noted, bid his sons do the hideous slashing. Moreover, though there was little chivalry mingled with Kansas courage, the odium of cowardliness clings about the deed. For further humiliation Brown always alleged that he had not raised his hand against any man that night. Reports of his phraseology indicate that his words were carefully chosen to be true in the letter and false in the spirit, and certainly they long deceived his Eastern friends into a belief that the blood-stain was not upon him. It would have been better if he had himself struck down his victims; better if he had then availed himself of the ordinary privilege of a criminal to give a simple conventional denial, instead of sneaking behind a quibbling equivocation."

John Brown, according to all his biographers, was a ne'er-do-weel. He came of good Connecticut stock and did not lack for industry and enterprise. But they brought not grist to his mill. He was as a rolling stone that gathers no moss. The spirit of unrest ruled him. He was all things by turns and nothing long; farmer and sheep-raiser; cattle-dealer and land-surveyor; all-around merchant and speculator in real estate; now in Ohio and now in Pennsylvania, and now in the Adirondacks; finally in Kansas, levying predatory war.

It is characteristic of a writer sprung from such sources and come into the world as late as 1872 that Mr. Villard should say of such a man: "His destiny eventually resulted in the rousing of a nation to its smallest hamlet and beyond doubt precipitated the bloody Civil War which others beside John Brown clearly foresaw." Perusing the pages that follow, with the constant need of explanation and apology for their hero, it does not appear that John Brown saw anything very clearly or did anything very surely. Like the lunatic who pursues a false premise with logical precision and energy to set fire to a tenement, he raised a great commotion. But to say of this that it occasioned a subse-

quent conflagration is not only to magnify its importance beyond reason, but to misstate history. It is, indeed, purely fictional.

IV

In the foregoing I have sought briefly to sketch the case against John Brown with the purpose less of discussing the attitude of the ex-President and the grandson of William Lloyd Garrison toward their hero than of showing the fallacies of religion and patriotism underlying that attitude.

It is, to begin with, replete with inconsistency. "Judged by the ordinary legal and moral standards," says Mr. Villard, "John Brown's life was forfeit after Harper's Ferry." Was it not equally forfeit after Pottawatomie? And why should not John Brown be judged by the ordinary legal and moral standards? "It was the weapon of the spirit by which he finally conquered," says Mr. Villard; and then we are told that in the power of this figment of Mr. Villard's fancy "lies not only the secret of his influence and his immortality, but the finest ethical teachings of a life, which, for all its faults, inculcates many an enduring lesson."

I confess that I am unable to divine what ethical teaching and enduring lessons are to be deduced from rapine and murder, though perpetrated in the name of freedom, or understand why a hideous marauder should be glorified because the men who compelled him to pay in full the just measure of his crimes chanced to be slaveholders, or see wherein a relentless and cruel follower of the bloody instruction of the Old Testament in any wise resembled our blessed Lord the gentle Nazarene of the New.

The custodians of the law in the Old Dominion proceeded as the custodians of the law in the Old Bay State would have proceeded under the like circumstances. Nothing happened at Harper's Ferry which might not have happened at Dobbs's Ferry, or at Oyster Bay, succeeding such an invasion. The Virginians, though slaveholders, were American citizens. They were law-abiding American citizens. The institution of African Slavery, however illogical and indefensible, was woven into the national fabric by the act of the North no less than the South, and held and protected there by the Constitution and the laws of the land. As to the blacks, slavery was not an unmitigated evil. After five-

and-forty years of freedom the great body of them are unable to measure up to the higher standards of citizenship, or to stand alone and move forward without the sympathy and aid of the whites of the South, being regarded for the most part as " undesirable citizens " by the whites of the North.

In lieu of slavery, after all our sacrifices, we have a perplexing and unsolved racial problem. Idealists, like Mr. Villard, enthusiasts, like Mr. Roosevelt, strong in self-confidence and impatient of delay, seem to think that the world may be regenerated by some sort of philanthropic hocus-pocus and all at once, quite forgetting that reforms no more sail upon quicksilver than that revolutions are made of rose-water; those remedial measures that stick and stay, the offsprings of the slow process of education and evolution.

In public affairs, as in amatory affairs, it is well to be off with the old love before we are on with the new; that is, all government being more or less experimental, we should not undervalue stability nor be quick to quarrel with things existent, nor seek to change the established order, until we are sure of the shelter above us and the footing beneath. Nothing comes so easy to the political visionary and the ready writer as paper dreams of Utopia and " extra editions " that herald the approach of the millennium. If the archangels of Abolition were living now they would, I dare say, find as much to stir them in the prevailing state of the negro as they found fifty years ago, though he has made and is making excellent progress under the ministrations of the wise and good Booker Washington, supported by the best intelligence of the people of the South.

V

I reached Harper's Ferry about noon on Wednesday, the 18th of October, 1859, following the descent of the preceding Sunday night and Monday morning. I found there a good deal of suppressed feeling; not any tumult, or noise, or confusion. There had assembled quite a little army of us, newspaper reporters from the adjacent cities, but chiefly from Washington, whence the regular correspondents of the leading newspapers proceeded to the scene of what seemed a catastrophe, news of which fell upon the capital and the country like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky.

I saw and talked with John Brown. I was as much opposed to human slavery, as earnest a devotee of human freedom, as he was, and, therefore, I had no personal aversion to overcome. The horror I might have felt was deadened by the dramatic intensity of the moment. Colonel Lee was still there. Lieutenant Stuart, afterward the famous Confederate cavalry general, was my near friend and from his lips I learned all the details of what had happened. He uttered not a word of bitterness or reproach. "The old man is crazy," said he.

Six years later, at Nashville in October, 1865, Colonel Champ Ferguson, who, though he had surrendered like the rest of us, had been tried and convicted by a Military Court, was about to be hanged. No one of my comrades upon the newspaper which three of us had revived and were trying to set going, was willing to report the execution. At the last moment I took a carriage and drove out to the State Prison. When I entered his cell, Ferguson recognized me, said he was glad I had come and hoped I would stay with him to the end. This I did. Colonel (later along, in the Spanish war, General) Shafter was in charge of the proceedings.

Champ Ferguson was perhaps five-and-fifty years of age. He was clean-shaven and wore a suit of new homespun jeans cloth. He looked like a respectable and prosperous farmer. His family, poor mountain folk, quite heartbroken, were about him. It was pitiable and ghastly. I walked beside him through the long corridor to the prison yard and stood with him and Colonel Shafter whilst the latter read the dreadful counts in the bill of conviction—the verdict of the military tribunal—relating more than a hundred atrocious murders. Champ was the only unmoved person in the group upon and around the scaffold. Self-possession, quiet dignity, could go no further in the assertion and exhibition of courageous manhood. Colonel Shafter was visibly moved. Now and again, as he read the dire recital, Ferguson would nod his head in acquiescence. When he had concluded Colonel Shafter said: "Colonel Ferguson, you have heard the indictment of the law and you know its verdict. Have you anything to say why it should not be executed?"

With a firm, calm voice—a quiet, modulated, uncomplaining voice — Ferguson answered: "There are numbers of

things in the paper you have read, Colonel Shafter, that I never heard of."

"But," said Colonel Shafter, "you have assented to thirty-two of these counts, Colonel Ferguson."

With deliberation Champ answered: "I don't mean to deny anything I have ever done, Colonel Shafter, and I am ready, sir."

The cap was then adjusted and in a few seconds he was dead. Nothing which Mr. Villard relates of the last days and the death of John Brown reads so pathetically, or is more compelling, than these last hours of Champ Ferguson. Some four years covered the career of each. They were years of ruthless bloodshed; not darker in the one case than in the other. Of the two—there being but six years between them, I could and did consider them together—Champ Ferguson, in simple dignity and perfect tranquillity, made rather the finer figure. He appeared less insane than John Brown. That both were of unsound mind I have never doubted; but it would be just as easy for me to make a hero of Champ Ferguson, to find palliation for his deeds of atrocity and atonement in the circumstances of his final exit, as it has been for Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Villard to do in the case of John Brown.

Recurring to the century which Dr. Rhodes gives the world for reaching a just conclusion as to John Brown, I take leave to believe his place in history will be fixed long before its expiration as that of a brutal fanatic, possessed by the homicidal mania; nor that historians will further concern themselves about his follies and crimes.

There was nothing about him to stir the affection of those who knew him, or to invest his memory with popular interest.

Touching Robin Hood, who was doubtless an unseemly neighbor and an unwelcome visitor to the good folk about Nottingham, nothing shameful, nor bloody-minded has come down to us—on the contrary, much of prowess and humor—so that the very greeneries of Sherwood Forest exude a fragrance all their own. Old England long rejoiced and still rejoices in the merry legend. Even in the case of Goetz von Berlichingen we have in Rhenish heights and Baronial castles a *mise en scène* which lends a certain glamour to a story rather valorous than repulsive, appealing to much that yet remains in the German heart. But Brown; old John

Brown of Osawatomie; the assassin of Pottawatomie, the death-dealing invader of Harper's Ferry; not a gleam of human love, or pity for myriads of his own race, his countrymen who happened to have been born and to have lived south of the line of Mason and Dixon—not an act of magnanimity to his credit—who shall make a national hero of him except upon the premise that there are still, and will remain forever, irreconcilable differences of life and character separating the inhabitants of the Northern and Southern sections of the Union—that we are in point of fact a different people—whereas all that has happened, all that we know of one another, brings conclusive proof that throughout the ages and the universe we are the most homogeneous body of men and women occupying, or who ever occupied, territory so vast and widely diversified.

HENRY WATTERSON.

THE MUSIC OF LOEFFLER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is probably not realized by most music-lovers that, of the four or five living composers whose productions are indisputably important, one is a resident of the United States —a circumstance, it will perhaps be conceded, of more consequence to the future of musical art in this country than the fact that the composer who is meant was born, not in America, but in Alsace.

The ordinary composer, the composer as a type, is avid of publicity. It is the breath of his nostrils: without it, advancement, prosperity, success, are to him well-nigh inconceivable. He would dismiss as meaningless and absurd the lines of the poets of "Vagabondia":

> "Success is in the silences,
> Though fame be in the song."

Charles Martin Loeffler is a composer who is egregiously false to type. His indifference to publicity, to the promotion of his reputation, is extravagant. Whether his music be known or unknown, liked or misliked, praised or disparaged, is, to him, apparently a matter of very little moment. He has been slow to complete, reluctant to publish. The earliest of the pieces which he has seen fit to retain in the list of his works date back almost a quarter of a century; yet there are to-day less than half a hundred compositions which he cares to acknowledge; he has discarded almost as much as he has retained. And, as I have said, he has been loath to yield his manuscripts to the engraver. Of the forty-odd separate compositions which to-day represent his avowed production only one-half have as yet been published.

Thus it is almost in despite of himself that Loeffler has achieved the celebrity that is his. It is celebrity of an enviable kind, for he is known chiefly among those who

relish the finest and rarest that is done or attempted in the musical art of our time. In other words, he is most truly valued by epicures and connoisseurs; and that, assuredly, is a desirable and fortunate relation to bear to one's contemporary public.

Loeffler, though he was born at Mühlhausen, Alsace, in 1861, has lived and labored in America for thirty years as composer and violinist. His training as a music-maker was cosmopolitan; he studied his art in Berlin and in Paris, but his temperamental and intellectual sympathies have drawn him persistently toward France. Indeed, he might at one period of his career have been taken by the casual observer for a Frenchman *pur sang*. Almost all of the music which he composed between the years 1895 and 1901 was suggested by French texts; and in his "Quatre Mélodies," one of the works of that period, even the dedications are in French. His prepossessions are to-day less inalienably Gallic; but he still remains essentially a cosmopolite, though I believe he has been for some time a naturalized citizen of the United States.

Not long after he came to America, as a youth just entering his twenties, he joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as one of the violins, and he served for many years as second concert-master in that illustrious organization. He retired from the orchestra in 1903; and now, on his farm near Medfield, Massachusetts, devotes himself for the most part to composition.

His works include orchestral and choral pieces, chamber music and songs. Though his knowledge of the resources of the piano is comprehensive, and though he writes for it with extraordinary skill in conjunction with the voice and with other instruments, he has contributed nothing to its solo répertoire; nor has he as yet put forth anything in the field of dramatic music. For orchestra he has composed four tone-poems: "La Mort de Tintagiles" (after Maeterlinck), "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine), "La Villanelle du Diable" (after Maurice Rollinat), and "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil). His chamber music includes a quintet in one movement for three violins, viola and 'cello; an octet for two violins, viola, 'cello, double bass, two clarinets and harp; two rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano; and a sextet in one movement for two violins, two violas, two 'cellos, entitled "Le Passeur d'Eau." His songs com-

prise "Quatre Poëmes," for voice, viola and piano: "La Cloche Fêlée" (Baudelaire), "Dansons la Gigue!" "Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois," "Sérénade" (Verlaine); "Quatre Mélodies": "Timbres Oubliés," "Adieu pour Jamais," "Les Soirs d'Automne," "Les Paons" (all to words by Gustave Kahn); "Four Poems": "Sudden Light" (Rossetti), "Sonnet" (George Cabot Lodge), "A Dream within a Dream," "To Helen" (Poe); "The Wind among the Reeds": "The Hosting of the Sidhe," "The Host of the Air" (both to words by W. B. Yeats); "Le Flambeau Vivant" (Baudelaire); "Vereinsamt" (Nietzsche); "Der Kehraus" (Eichendorf); "Ton Souvenir est comme un livre bien aimé" (Albert Samain); and settings, as yet untitled, of two poems from Vol. I of Gustave Kahn's "Poésies." "By the Rivers of Babylon" is a setting of portions of the 126th and 137th Psalms for women's chorus, organ, harp, two flutes and 'cello; "L'Archet," text by Cros, is a ballad for mezzo-soprano, female chorus, piano and viola; there is an eight-part chorus for mixed vioces *a cappella,* "For One Who Fell in Battle," to words by T. W. Parsons; and there is a setting of "The Sermon on the Mount" for chorus, organ and strings. In addition to these, there are a number of works of early date which do not now satisfy the composer and which he does not intend to publish. Among these are a string quartet in A minor, a "Divertimento" in the same key for violin and orchestra, a "Fantastic Concerto" for 'cello and orchestra, a suite, "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine" (after Gogol), for orchestra and violin, a "Divertissement Espagnol" for orchestra and saxophone, a "Ballade Carnavalesque" for piano, flute, oboe, saxophone and bassoon, a setting for voice and piano of Baudelaire's "Harmonie du Soir," and a string sextet in three movements, the middle one of which, revised, is the "Passeur d'Eau" referred to above.*

* Although virtually all of these works have been performed, only one-half of them, as I have already observed, have been committed by their meticulous author to the printed page. In 1903 the "Quatre Mélodies" were published as opus 10. The "Quatre Poëmes" (opus 5) followed in 1904. To the following year belong the rhapsodies for oboe, viola, and piano (without opus number), "La Mort de Tintagiles" (opus 6), and "La Villanelle du Diable" (opus 9). The "Four Poems" (opus 15) were issued in 1906, "By the Rivers of Babylon" (opus 3) in 1907, "The Wind among the Reeds" (without opus number) in 1908, and "A Pagan Poem" (opus 14) in 1909. That, up to the present time, is the whole of his published output.

Loeffler's artistic *terrain* is not easily defined with exactitude. The literary inclinations of a modern composer are usually a trustworthy guide to his temperament, to the color of his thought, to his *principia.* But Loeffler's tastes range over a somewhat perplexingly wide and diversified territory. He has been moved to musical utterance by Poe and by Virgil, by Maeterlinck and by Nietzsche; he apprehends Baudelaire, Rollinat, Rossetti, Verlaine; he is an inquisitive delver in the literature and philosophy of alien peoples and forgotten civilizations; his intellectual curiosity is insatiable. Yet, on the whole, he has been most strongly disposed toward the literary *révoltés,* the mystics and visionaries, of our own time; he has manifested a natural kinship of thought and feeling with Verlaine, with Baudelaire, with Rollinat, with Gustave Kahn, with Maeterlinck, with Poe. He is far from being a mere recrudescent Romanticist. He has a love for the *macabre,* the fantastically sinister and tragical; but he indulges it in a manner wholly free from the excess and the attitudinizing that are an unmistakable index of the survival of the Romanticistic impulse. His sincerity and his instinct for proportion are constant and unfailing. He can set to music the poignant and terrible "Cloche Fêlée" of Baudelaire, and the music is a perfect reflex of the poem; yet it is impossible not to feel that it was written by one whose soul is very different from the soul of Baudelaire as exposed to us by Mr. James Huneker: a soul "patiently built up as a fabulous bird might build its nest—cascades of black stars, rags, leaves, rotten wood, corroding dreams, a spray of roses, arabesques of incense and verdigris. . . ." Even when Loeffler is most eloquently sinister, most disquietingly baleful, a rare tact, an unerring sense of measure and balance, a prophylactic humor, save him from extravagance and turgidity. His music permits us to ascribe to him a soul which could approximate the soul of Baudelaire at only a few points. He is capable of making us dream of black stars, and at times there is gall and wormwood in his music; but there is no decay and no squalor in it. With all his passion for the bizarre and the umbrageous and the grotesque, we are never in doubt as to the essential dignity, the essential purity and nobility of his spirit: he is one of the *âmes bien nées.*

Au fond he is a mystic, a dreamer, a visionary. A mystic: for Loeffler has the mystic's bias toward that which tran-

scends the immediate and the tangible phases of experience, his serene conviction of the reality of the extra-sensational. His imagination ranges most freely and familiarly in that psychic borderland where the emotions become indescribably rarefied and subtly heightened — where they become more the echo and reverberation of emotions than emotions themselves, yet gain rather than lose in intensity by the process of alembication. He is of the order of mystics whose thought, while it has the penetrative power of all mystical thought, is saturated with a quality of feeling that springs from an exquisite and supersensitive intuition of the human heart, rather than from sustained spiritual aspiration. That is to say, he is akin to Rossetti and Yeats and Maeterlinck rather than to Crashaw and Blake and Wordsworth.

Necessarily, therefore, he is both a visionary and a dreamer—a visionary whose thought is predominantly sombre and tragical; a dreamer oppressed by

> ". . . the burden of the mystery . . .
> Of all this unintelligible world."

His most characteristic music is that to which he has been moved by the imaginings of Verlaine, Rollinat, Poe, Maeterlinck, Baudelaire, in their autumnal moods, their disconsolate hours. He has seemed to be most congenially employed, as he has been most persistently engaged, in giving musical voice to thoughts of which he is reminded by the darker brooding of these masters of sorrowful speech. He is shaken by the unutterable sadness of human life, by the thought of " the great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world ": the *lacrymæ rerum* obsess his imagination, and he speaks his dolor again and again, in accents that are by turns mournful, anguished, despairing and resigned. His music is touched at its core with an ineffable melancholy. It is most typical when it issues from his imagination in slow

> ". . . swallow-flights of song that dip
> Their wings in tears. . . ."

He is at ease, not in Zion, but in the company of those who, grief-haunted and disillusioned, face the human pageant with the despair that cloaks itself in irony and bitterness. He is giving the truest account of his temperament when

he is translating into music some of the more grievous and sinister imaginings of Rollinat, or some poem by Verlaine or Baudelaire filled with brooding menace and immitigable grief; or in his symphonic poem suggested by that most piteous and terrible of Maeterlinck's plays, "La Mort de Tintagiles"; or, as in one of his latest songs, when he is setting wild and *macabre* verses by Eichendorf. It is true that he has responded to other emotional states. He has derived an orchestral song of rapturous lyric sweetness from the aubade which Verlaine addressed to his betrothed. The music that he wrote for Poe's "To Helen" is of a loveliness that might well fit it to serve as an apostrophe in illustration of the matchless lines of Wordsworth:

> ". . . and beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

His magnificent "Pagan Poem," provoked by the amorous incantation of the sorceress in Virgil's eighth eclogue, is largely and nobly rhapsodic. His *a cappella* chorus, "For One Who Fell in Battle," exhales a spirit of grief that is all transfiguring and uplifted tenderness rather than piercing and inconsolable regret. Latterly he dwelt for a time in Ildathach, the Many-colored Land of the Celtic imagination, bringing forth some music—haunting, fantastic, of insinuating charm—derived from poems by the Irishman Yeats. He has, too, repeatedly given evidence of the fact that the ritual of the Church has exerted a powerful effect upon his imagination. But he returns ever and again to the contemplation of those darker moods of the soul which seem chiefly to stimulate his inspiration, and which compel his distinguishing performances as a music-maker. It is beyond dispute that the general aspect of his art is not eupeptic. He makes us feel as if he had consecrated himself to what Goethe called "the worship of sorrow"; or we seem to hear him repeating the plaint of Sir Thomas Browne that "the whole creation is a mystery . . . a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics"; or we think of Leopardi and his insistence upon the *indegno mistero delle cose;* and at times we hear the very voice of Senancour: "Sensibility which no words can express, charm and torment of our vain years! vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable!" He sounds this note again and again. It

recurs insistently, a sombre undertone in his music, like the Dies Iræ whose characteristic progressions he introduces so often into the thematic structure of his pieces.

"Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears," said Blake; and since every personal revelation of life through art, so long as it be authentic and communicative, is infinitely precious, there can be no question of the value of such disclosures of temperament and experience as we get from Loeffler at his most typical. Certainly nothing could exceed the sincerity and the affecting eloquence of his art in whatever aspect he chooses to exhibit it; and he is never more sincere or more eloquent than when he gives sorrowful and responsive heed to

"Earth's old and weary cry."

Of the beauty and the importance of his music, *quâ* music, there is now, probably, no denial worth considering. After a quarter-century of curiously deliberate activity, of quiet devotion to what would have seemed to many an impossible ideal of perfection, he is at last coming into his own. He is recognized, among those whose sense of the best is surest, as one of that small group of living composers, to whom I referred at the start, whose deliverances are of prime artistic consequence. He shares with Strauss, with Debussy, with d'Indy, the distinction of pre-eminence over the lesser and varyingly admirable body of contemporary music-makers.

His artistic growth has been marked by eclecticism. His cosmopolitan training, his long years of orchestral service as an executant of other men's ideas, and an inexhaustible curiosity in all æsthetic and intellectual matters, have had their natural influence upon his music. He has absorbed a dozen musical temperaments, has known and betrayed their influence, has exhausted their power of stimulus, and has forgotten them; his own individuality has survived. It is possible to discern in his earlier work the impression made upon his sensitive psychic retina by Bach, by Wagner, by Berlioz, by Liszt, by Brahms; but he has finally wrought a style that is unmistakable and his own. There are pregnant moments, remarkable and original beauties, in his earlier work; but his speech has been wholly personal only in the music which he has produced within the last fifteen years. His "Quatre Poëmes," which were

composed a decade and a half ago,—though they were not published until 1904,—expose clearly his typical traits. His harmonic and melodic style, the full flavor of his personality, may here be savored for the first time. He has written nothing more completely characteristic than the second and third pages of "La Cloche Fêlée," the third and eighth pages of the "Sérénade" (the setting of the line, "Et ta douceur à me martyriser" is incomparable), the opening page of "Le son du cor," and the setting of

> "Je me souviens, je me souviens,
> Des heures et des entretiens,
> Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens."

It will be perceived by any receptive observer who examines or hears these songs that this is music quite solitary and apart, music which says new things in a peculiarly distinguished way.

His harmony is irrubrical, and it is highly individualized. It does not manifest Strauss's incorrigible audacity of procedure, his Olympian disdain of euphony, and it is free from the wanton and futile cacophony which mars some of that great master's most impressive conceptions. It is less fluid and prismatic than Debussy's, a good deal less acrid than d'Indy's. He uses freely effects derived from the ecclesiastical modes, though their influence upon him has not been so profound and continuous as it has been upon Debussy. His harmonic method is clearly the product of an exceptional feeling for rich and subtle combinations of tone, balanced by an instinctive reticence, a sense of form and balance, for which "classic" is the just word. And the note of his style as a harmonist is unmistakable. Such passages as his setting of "Et ta douceur à me martyriser," in the "Sérénade" (to which I have already referred), the last page of "Les Paons," the final measures of "To Helen," the first six measures, and the last page, of the "Sonnet," and those portions of "La Mort de Tintagiles" in which the viola d'amore participates, could have come from no other hand but Loeffler's.

I have instanced these passages chiefly because of the striking and individual quality of the harmonic idea underlying them. But, notable harmonist though he is, as a melodist Loeffler is still more remarkable. I am aware of no living melodist who combines, in equal measure, these quali-

ties: on the negative side, a spontaneous avoidance of sentimentalism, triviality, and commonplace; on the positive side, originality of conception, an incorruptible fineness of taste, and the mastery of a style at once broad and subtle, passionate and restrained. They are not possessed in like degree by any one of his contemporaries. Strauss's frequent commonness, d'Indy's limited emotional compass, Fauré's slightness of substance, Reger's aridity, rank them, as melodists, definitely below Loeffler, while Saint-Saëns and Goldmark, Mahler and Sibelius, Elgar and Rachmaninoff, are his inferiors at almost every point. As for Debussy, he is indeed an exquisite melodist, a creator of melodic thoughts that are incomparably lovely and of an unexampled rarity, thoughts that are as

"dreams of the wavering images of dreams."

But Debussy has not Loeffler's blend of subtlety and power, of largeness and intensity. He has written nothing so broad and fervent, so passionate and full-throated, as the superb theme in A flat which is heard from the violins in the *poco piu mosso* section near the beginning of the "Pagan Poem"; or the equally superb melody in A minor, sung by the 'cellos and violas against *arpeggios* for the piano, which follows the first distant call of the trumpets behind the scene. In fact, the whole of this extraordinary score is pressed down and overflowing with melodic ideas of enthralling eloquence and beauty—melodically considered, it is a masterwork of the first order. Examine also (to adduce at random) his song "Les Paons." I know of few more ravishing examples of pure lyric inspiration than the setting which he has given to the words,

"Nuit claire aux ramures d'accords,
Et la lassitude a bercé son corps
Au rythme odorant des pures musiques."

Consider, again, the song "To Helen," which is a continuous fabric of lovely melody (how inevitable and how splendid is the expression which the composer has found for "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"!). These are typical, not isolated, instances of his melodic power. As with his harmonic style, his melody is unmistakable in his accent. It is impossible to think of the passages which I have cited as issuing from any brain but

Loeffler's; or to ascribe to any other writer of music, living or dead, such equally typical things as the phrase marked "espressivo" in the piano part of "La Cloche Fêlée" just before the words "Qui, malgré sa vieillesse"; or the exceedingly characteristic melody in A major for the piano on the third page of "Adieu pour Jamais"; or the haunting phrase in triplets (*andante,* 12-8) which begins the second page of "La Cornemuse"; or the woful melody which opens "Le son du cor"; or the chief themes of "La Mort de Tintagiles." If these are not the product of an inventive and imaginative capacity of the first order, it is puzzling to know what the signs of that capacity may be.

His individual employment of harmony, his excelling gift as a melodist, are supported by a technique that is secure and resourceful, and, in its mature development, masterful. He controls his medium with ease, whether he is writing for piano, for the voice, or for orchestra. He is a daring and felicitous contrapuntalist, a fertile contriver of rhythms; and as a painter upon the orchestral canvas he has a manner and a power that are his alone. He does not spin the instrumental web so vaporously, so aerially, as the necromantic Debussy; he does not score with the overwhelming weight, sweep, and plangency of Strauss; but he has discovered hues and perspectives that are unknown to them. He employs a palette that can yield the barbaric splendors of the "Pagan Poem," the pure radiance of the morning-song after Verlaine, the sombre shadows that enwrap the tragedy of Tintagiles and the Dread Queen.

Always, in every exercise of his art, he displays a fineness, a scrupulousness, an exigent passion for perfection, that are unparalleled in the musical art of to-day. He has a more thoroughgoing detestation of the facile, the obvious, the inexpensive, than even the fastidious Debussy—I think he would be incapable of certain Massenet-like sentimentalities to which that singular genius seems to be prone now and again. It is not easy to imagine music more utterly free from the note of platitude and philistinism, or from deliberate concessions of any sort, than the music of Loeffler. He never employs those convenient æsthetic moulds which, as Henry James has said, "condemn us to an eternal repetition of a few familiar *clichés.*" His ideas are as fresh and unformularized as they are fine and sincere.

I have named Debussy in the course of certain contrasts

and comparisons. A good deal has been made, by critics who are either undiscerning or incompetent, of an alleged indebtedness to Debussy on the part of Loeffler. It is true that Loeffler's music has certain external traits which it shares with the music of Debussy, of d'Indy, of Fauré, and of other musicians native to the country with which, in a spiritual sense, Loeffler is allied. These men use in common various harmonic and melodic expedients which, superficially, relate them, but which no more indicate an essential kinship than did, for example, the use of chromatic progressions by Liszt and Wagner indicate the interdependence of those two masters—Wagner's obvious and unashamed thematic borrowings from his long-suffering friend are another matter. The important fact, in the case of Loeffler and Debussy, is that their habit of thought and their manner of utterance are fundamentally different. Their natures impinge at a few points; they are both dreamers, both visionaries, and they both have the mystical temper; but in their intellectual outlook, in their spiritual and emotional preoccupations, they differ *toto cælo*. It is as impossible to think of Debussy as the composer of "La Mort de Tintagiles," the "Pagan Poem," "La Cloche Fêlée," or "To Helen," as it is to think of Loeffler as the composer of "Poissons d'Or," or "Nuages," or "Sirènes," or "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." Their temperaments and their styles are irreconcilable. It is this elementary and indisputable fact which makes the suggestion of an obligation on Loeffler's part unworthy and inconsiderable.

In the case of so complex, various, and restless a spirit as Loeffler's—one which is fed by many obscure and mysterious streams of consciousness — all generalizations should be tentatively held and advanced. I think, though, that I may say of him that his distinguishing characteristic, certainly his distinguishing achievement, is his consummate mastery of sorrowful speech. His creative gift flowers most perfectly when he is voicing moods of grief and lamentation. I think that he is then not only most truly and movingly himself, but that in this—in his power of expressing a peculiar and distinctive quality of sadness: a sadness burdened with wondering despair and haunted by a sense of mystery and terror —he is unequalled. This peculiar *tristesse* underlies his art in almost all of its manifestations. It finds voice in the finale of the "Divertimento" for violin and orchestra; it

wails in the grievous tune imputed to the lamenting bagpipe-player who, in "La Cornemuse," is heard "near the cross-roads of the crucifix"; it pervades his inexpressibly doleful picture of the lonely, marsh-bordered pool under ominous skies; it sings in the sweet and plaintive voice of the doomed child Tintagiles; it is sardonic, embittered, and terrible in the "Villanelle du Diable"; wild and reckless, or tragically gay, in the "Sérénade" and "Dansons la Gigue"; unutterably mournful in "Le son du cor"; passionately rebellious in his song "Vereinsamt." This enduring melancholy is, moreover, peculiar to himself. It is a very different thing from the lucid pathos that speaks from certain songs of Schubert; from the uneasy and passionate brooding of Chopin; from the heart-shaking sorrow that fills up the third act of Wagner's "Tristan"; from the wistful self-communing of Schumann; from the black despair that tortured the soul of Tschaikovsky; from the tender and elegiacal regret which in Edward MacDowell finds a matchless declaration; from the passive, almost inarticulate sorrow, the "dim sadness" (in Milton's phrase), that inhabits certain wonderful pages of Debussy's "Pelléas." It is different from these—a sadness more subtle, more bitter, more tenacious, more deep-seated; it is an emotional nuance that Loeffler alone has felt and expressed.

Despite his occasional utterance of more serene and buoyant moods, he is evidently at heart one of "the children of sorrow"—one of that troubled and spiritually restless clan which has numbered among its members Leopardi and Heine, Poe and Rossetti and Mangan, Baudelaire and Verlaine, Chopin, Schumann, Tschaikovsky. The artist in whom sensibility and emotion predominate over aspiration comes inevitably to regard the world as a *via dolorosa* of defeated dreams. He sees that

> "The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
> Like any hill flower; and the noblest troth
> Dies here to dust."

He sees love, "beautiful like the autumn evening, dumb like the autumn evening, fading like the autumn evening." He sees beauty and desire, ardor and hope, wane with the inexorable march of the years; he sees the spreading of "the world's slow stain." So that he comes to ask himself: Whence springs that profound and inscrutable melancholy

which falls upon us at the moment when we are about to consummate some long-cherished and ardently envisaged dream? Of what origin are the vague, anonymous regrets, the nameless misgivings, the mysterious hesitancies, which beset us at such a time and stale the wine of our delight? Why is it that at the very instant when we behold our dream incarnate in the warm and living present, when we are at last face to face with it in all its glowing and longed-for actuality, we find ourselves afflicted with a sudden numbness, a palsy of the soul, so that happiness has passed us by and we have not felt its touch: has cheated us while in the act of seeming to appease? Is it ordained that our desires shall never flower for us in their perfection? Is there no sustenance for the dreaming heart and the dream-filled mind but Dead Sea fruit?—It would seem that this is so, when those dreams, those desires, are woven of that fabric which is dyed in the colors of mortality: that perishable vesture with which men seek to clothe themselves in happiness or peace. It would seem that the joy which cometh in the morning is no joy at all, but sorrow and emptiness, save when we send it up to God in songs or out to other hearts in selflessness. For it is given to any of us, miraculously enough, to achieve, if only for a brief unforgettable moment, the clarified and serene and infinitely joyous vision of which Plato tells us in the Phædo, whereby we may share the felicity of those who dwell among the immortals —"who see the moon and stars as they really are, and whose happiness in other matters is of a piece with this."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

IS WOMAN SUFFRAGE IMPORTANT?

BY MAX EASTMAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in a cautious reference to the movement for equal suffrage, recently delivered this opinion:

"We hear much about women's rights. Well, as to that, decent men should be thinking about women's rights all the time, and while the men are doing that—the women should be attending to their duties."*

As evading a political issue with a moral platitude, we might pass that statement by, were it not for what it reveals by implication. It reveals that Mr. Roosevelt, with probably most of the men of his profession, still regards the equal-suffrage movement as a clamor for rights. I believe that not one-fiftieth of the women engaged in that movement are actuated by a desire to get rights. Probably none of the men so engaged are actuated by a desire to give them rights. It may appear true to these men that if any adult woman, with the established qualifications, desires to vote, it is not their business why she desires to vote, it is unjust to deny her the opportunity. They may believe that as an ambitious republic we can ill afford, either for what we call practical reasons or for reasons of romantic sentiment, to deny a direct justice to a number of hundred thousand people who vehemently ask for it. They may be unable—even as politicians—to refrain from thinking about women's rights. But such thoughts are not the heart of their enthusiasm. The heart of their enthusiasm is not an acknowledgment that equal suffrage is abstractly right or just, but a conviction that it is important. In my opinion, it has an importance too far-reaching for the grasp of persons immersed in politics or business, and I shall try to set forth, in a brevity suitable to their leisure rather than to the subject, the nature of that importance. In so doing I can present no new

* From a speech at Poughkeepsie, September 30th, 1910, reported in the New York "World."

"arguments," for there are none, but I will try to show that among the old, two at least have at the present day a vital thrust in them.

To clear the field for those two, let me say, then, at the start that we do not look to women's votes for the purification and moral elevation of the body politic. That is a lovely hope, transmitted to us in its classic form, I believe, by George William Curtis. "I am asked," he exclaims, "would you drag women down into the mire of politics? No, sir, I would have them lift us out of it."

But we are not much stirred by the hope of such miracles in this day. We are more scientific than to judge women in general by the one we have in our romantic eye. We look round in the city and the country, and we see who the men are and who the women are; and we conclude that neither sex has exclusive hold of the reins, or spurs, of morality.

Indeed, it has been maintained in New York City, by persons with an eye to the private profits of politics, that woman suffrage would be a help to them in their business. Nor is it possible to deny—speaking from that city only—that this sudden extension of the franchise might furnish to the powers of corruption a temporary help. That is because, after the vote is granted to them, some time will elapse before a normal proportion of women acquire the habit of voting, a natural inertia will have to be overcome, and the powers of corruption have a better perfected system for overcoming the inertia of voters than the powers of reform. "The children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light." That is why nobody ever quite succeeds in the salvation of society.

That state of affairs, however, besides being local, will be temporary. Nothing will call out the votes of the better class of wives and mothers quicker than a striking ascendency of the corrupt powers. And when an equal proportion of all classes of the women's votes is called out, our educated and our American-born vote will be increased, and our uneducated and foreign-born vote decreased, in the final proportion.* Therefore, while we cannot look to women's votes for such an inundation of purity as certain chivalric

* In the year 1908-09 there were enrolled in the public high schools of the United States 475,761 girls and only 365,512 boys. And of the total number of immigrants to this country in the fiscal year 1909, 519,969 were males and only 231,817 females.

souls would love to think, we can assure ourselves of no deterioration, but on the contrary an increase through them of the average intellectual culture and acquaintance with American institutions in the electorate.

Moreover, we cannot ignore the fact that women, even when their opportunity and the demands we make of them are as great as they should be, will remain in certain ways normally different from men. Women are mothers, and men are not. When all psychic marvels and parlor nonsense are laid aside, that is the scientist's difference between men and women. Women inherit, with instinctive motherhood, a body of passionate interests that men only partially share. And when we say that those interests are needed in government, we but extend to the State as a whole a generalization already applied to every essential part of it. For we freely acknowledge, in the daily progress of our lives, that women's vital intuitive judgments tend often to recall us from our theoretical and commercial vagaries to the chief issue, the conservation of human resources. An extension of that tendency into the sphere of politics will appear less incongruous and more advisable with every year that the profession of politics continues to improve as it is now improving.

Governments are more and more approaching the real concerns of humanity. All those moral and social problems, the preservation of health and safety, the regulation of hours and conditions of labor, the guidance of competition, even the determination of wages and the cure of poverty —problems that used to be handled by a few supernormal individuals under the name of " charity "—are now creeping into the daily business of bureaus and legislatures. This civilizing of governments is a process which we must further with all our might, that ultimately even the greatest questions of democratic equality, which are still only agitated by a handful of noteworthy idealists, may become the substance of party platforms and the fighting-ground of practical politics.

Socialism in this country is a protest against the irrelevance of politics. That is what much of it is. The growth of the Socialist vote means that enthusiastic people believe that the best intellects of the nation ought to be concentrated in legislative debate upon the problem of securing to all its citizens an opportunity for economic well-being. Yet

there are many besides Socialists who urge and expect this change in the centre of governmental interest. Many besides Socialists are ready to do all in their power to focus political attention upon the true issues of advancing civilization. And, while we have not enough experimental evidence for a conclusion, we have the opinions of hundreds of good men in those States and nations where women vote, to support our reasonable expectation that their influence will favor this achievement.

Another hope we may cherish of the political effect, not of women's votes, but of the fact that they vote. The sexes are more idealistic in what they do together than in what they do apart. For this reason the coming of women—or the coming, let us say, of families—into politics, will perhaps bring a certain benefit other than what you might estimate by counting the wise or virtuous women's votes. It will make impossible, for instance, that state of conscience prevalent among male politicians, who go into the service of the State with the happy feeling that they have left their virtues at home in the safe-keeping of their wives and daughters. Men throw the innocence of their women folk as a sop to God, and go about the devil's business. But it may be doubted whether God or any one else was ever satisfied with innocence as a substitute for virtue active in the world. I could never see the value of preserved innocence. It is perfectly possible that our republic will be damned to moral destruction, men and women together, and it is possible that it will be saved to great usefulness, but certainly if it is saved it will be saved not because of the number of cloistered innocents it contains within its boundaries, but because of the number of effective human beings who save it. Any measure, therefore, will do well, which tends to reduce the number of those males who think that an ineffectual wife can do the being good for the whole family.

Especially it will do well if it reduces the number of such men in public affairs, where the lack of those high standards that we set for ourselves in our homes is lamentably apparent. "He is such a good man in his family!" we say of our disgraced representative. Perhaps if we do not waste our time trying to make him good outside his family, but allow his family and its acquaintance with him to extend into the sphere of his political activity, he will be good there too, or else nowhere, and there will be no doubt about it. He

will at least realize the importance of honor in public service, and no longer be able to return home and think he is better than his acts.

Such probabilities, however, with so brief experiments to test them, do not give political equality a pressing importance to the man of average interest in experimental progress. In considering the effect of women's votes upon politics, as in mentioning the question of abstract rights, I have but endeavored to clear the way for the arguments that strike us vitally. It should give us a certain hospitality toward those arguments to know that they are reinforced by the ancient ideals of being fair and minding our own business. And it should comfort our timidity to reflect that women's votes will not do harm to the body politic; they will increase the proportion of educated and American voters, they will somewhat encourage the tendency of our legislatures to direct their debates to the deep problems of developing life, and perhaps they will make political honor a little more compelling by bringing the business of politics nearer to the home. These considerations may assuage the shock that the idea of women's voting conveys to our romantic sentiments and prepare us to accept, if it can be proven, the vital importance of equal suffrage to the life of the people and the advance of civilization.

It is not justice as a theoretical ideal, nor feminine virtue as a cure for politics, but democratic government as the practical method of human happiness that compels our minds. The Anglo-Saxon race has progressed so far as it has, in intellectual and moral and material culture, largely because it has carried forth the great venture of popular government. We have learned to take it for granted, and so to forget, that civil liberty is the foundation of our good fortune, but we ought to remind ourselves of it every morning. We ought to remind ourselves that we are the van of a great exploit. Had we been alive when the daring plans were laid, we should remember. The greatest hypothesis in the history of moral and political science was set up in this laboratory, and our business is to try out the experiment until the last breath of hope is gone out of us.

The democratic hypothesis is that a State is good, not when it conforms to some general eternal ideal of what a State ought to be or do, as the Greeks thought, but when it conforms to the interests of particular concrete individuals—

namely, its citizens, all that are in mental and moral health; and that the way to find out their interests is not to sit on a throne or a bench and think about it, but go and ask them. Now to discriminate against an approximate half of the citizens—just because they have, as we say, such *different interests* from the rest—is to betray our hypothesis and destroy our experiment at its crucial point. For the whole point of it was that we would give up asking an expert political class of the people what the State *ought* to do, and go down and ask all the people, expert or not and political or not, what they are *interested* in having it do.

Not only have the thinkers of the world waked up to the fact that women are individuals and so to be counted under this theory of government, but the world itself has so changed that the practical necessity of applying the theory to them drives itself home. We need but open our minds to the facts. With the advance of industrial art the work of women has gone from the house to the factory and market. Women have followed it there, and there they must do it until this civilization perishes. In 1900, approximately one woman in every five in the United States was engaged in gainful employment, and the number was increasing. Most of these women have no choice as to whether they will work or not, and many of them are working in circumstances corruptive of health and motherhood. It is, therefore, a problem vital to the future of the race how to render the conditions of industry compatible with the physical and moral health of women. And to him who knows human nature and the deep wisdom of representative government, it is clear that the only first step in solution of that problem is to give to the women themselves the dignity and defence of political recognition.

Compared to the variety of their needs, and the subtlety of the disadvantages under which they enter a competitive system, it is a small thing to give them. But it is the first and manifest thing. It is the ancient antidote of that prejudice which everywhere opposes them, and its smallness not a reason for withholding, but for bestowing it. Give them that small thing for which Anglo-Saxon men have grovelled, and lied, and slaughtered, and perished, for a thousand years to win—namely, a little bit of the personal sacredness of sovereigns before their rulers and the law. A small thing, but their own, and an indispensable prerequisite and guar-

antee of every other privilege or opportunity you may hope to confer upon them.

Women have that guarantee in a male democracy, it is stated, through their husbands and fathers who represent them. And to an extent the statement is true. To an extent it is true, even when the husbands and fathers have none of that perfect loyalty which the statement assumes, for the habit of mind which democracy engenders in the governors involuntarily extends to their dealing with the unenfranchised.

But there is a time when it is not true, and a point where that habit of mind does not extend. And it is a crucial point for them—when as a class they, the unenfranchised workers, segregate themselves and dare to stand together for their special aims in a labor organization. Then they are severed in our mind, as they are in fact, from any voter who might represent them; and then, above all, they need the standing of units in a political system. For there are but two at all dependable guarantees of the effectiveness of an organization of people without wealth: one is gunpowder and the other is the ballot.

"Why, the ballot never helped the working-classes!" we hear it exclaimed. "*Organization* is their only hope!" But such ignorance of the history and significance of popular sovereignty is manifest in this exclamation, that one knows not with what kindergarten instruction to begin to answer it. He has read nothing or he has read in vain of nineteenth-century democracy who thinks that labor organizations of males could have arrived where they are, in the respect of men and the law, if they had been unable to compel consideration from the State. It is *because* organization is the sole hope of labor that labor must have its portion of the sovereignty. And it is especially because, when united together for their peculiar purposes, women lose even that second-hand sovereignty they are alleged to have—it is because of this, that they must have a first-hand sovereignty, a genuine guarantee that their wills shall be of consequence to the community they serve. Such certified consideration from the powers of law is both a symbol and a force indispensable to any group or person that either desires or is compelled by fortune to enter the competitive world.

Such is the argument from the ideal of democracy—theoretic, practical, and coercive in the concrete present. Yet,

in so far as we are believers in the progressive enrichment of life, we have something more to do than live up to our ideals. We have to illumine and improve them continually. The Athenian youths had a running-match in which they carried torches, and it was no victory to cross the tape with your torch gone out. Such is the race that is set before us. And we may well remember—we in America who scorn the contemplative life — that no amount of strenuousness with the legs will keep a flame burning while you run. You will have to take thought.

And it is out of a thoughtful endeavor, not merely to live up to an ideal of ours, but to develop it greatly, that the suffrage movement derives its chief force. I mean our ideal of woman and motherhood. It is not expected by the best advocates of this change that women will reform politics or purge society of evil, but it is expected, with reasoned and already proved certainty, that political knowledge and experience will develop women. Political responsibility, the character it demands and the recognition it receives, will alter the nature and function of women in society to the benefit of themselves, and their husbands, and their children, and their homes. Upon that ground they declare that it is of vital importance to the advance of civilized life, not only to give the ballot to those women who want it, but to rouse those women who do not yet know enough to want it, to a better appreciation of the great age in which they live.

The Industrial Era—for all the ill we say of it, we must say this great good, that it has made possible and inevitable the physical, and social, and moral, and intellectual liberation of women. The simplification of home life through invention and manufacture, the growth of large cities with their popular education, and above all the division of labor, have given her a free place in the active world. This fact is the distinctive feature of these ages. To a distant and universal historian—a historian who writes the lives of the people—that change in the position of women will appear, not only the most striking, but the most excellent achievement of ours. For we will never evolve a heroic race of people on the earth until we give them a twofold inheritance and tradition of active, intelligent virtue. That we have begun to do. And no act at the present time can more urge and certify this great step in the history of life than to give it a political expression and guarantee. Citizenship

will rouse and educate women, it will develop our ideal of them; therefore, it is a dominant necessity of advancing civilization that they have it.*

The relegating of women to a life of futile or neurotic sainthood, with exclusive charge of the goodness of the community and nothing to do with the community's behavior, has been a great foolishness at the bottom of our social habits. Of this ancient practice and the quite recent idealization of it, of the damage it has done to men and women and children, no history can give the account. Nor is it easy to establish a sense of it in an age which is permeated by the sentiments of a degenerate feudalism. It may awake the sane and the heroic in us, however, to recall the pagan ideal of Plato. He says, in the seventh book of the laws:

"The legislator ought to be whole and perfect, and not half a man only. He ought not to let the female sex live softly and waste money and have no order of life, while he takes the utmost care of the male sex, and leaves half of life only blessed with happiness when he might have made the whole state happy."

Two truths that will be news to many after two thousand years, are contained in that sentence. First, that it is just as important for women to be happy as for men; and, second, that true happiness for the best spirits of either sex, does not consist in living softly and wasting money and having no order of life, but in regulated purpose and achievement.

Compare that elevated utterance with the ideals of the age just behind us. Take a sentence from Martin Luther:

* I cannot refrain from saying a word here in apparent contradiction of my theme. It is addressed to those self-assured reformers who, with small sense for the real in history, find themselves in too fatuous agreement with that theme. There was scope for great character, and life's full experience, in the lot of woman long ago when many arts and industries and the business management of them, and of a household, fell to her. Spirited and splendidly intelligent women lived then. And they profited by opportunities for growth which are now gone. There are few places to be filled in the modern industrial world equal in variety and amplitude to the place of the "circumscribed" women of old. So that in gaining, through the development of industry, a great social freedom, women have lost in many cases a valuable breadth of experience. It is, however, lost irretrievably, and now we must replace it to what extent we can. We must replace that ample interest and stimulus to growth which women used to find in the home with interests beyond it, and chief among them—as being equally vital—the civic interest. Thus in so far as women are gaining freedom in this era, they demand citizenship as a guarantee of that freedom, and in so far as they are losing a certain breadth of life they require citizenship as a guarantee against narrowness.

"The woman's will, as God says, shall be subject to the man, and he shall be her master; that is, the woman shall not live according to her free will . . . and must neither begin nor complete anything without the man; where he is, there must she be, and bend before him as before her master, whom she shall fear, and to whom she shall be subject and obedient."

The same morbid tyranny appears, although without the offence of imputing it to God, in Jean Jacques Rousseau, a preacher of the native equality of men:

"The education of the women should be always relative to the men. To please, to be useful to us, to make us love and esteem them, to educate us when young, to take care of us when grown up, to advise, to console us, to render our lives easy and agreeable: these are the duties of women at all times and what they should be taught in their infancy."

In these quotations the ideal woman, although drained of intelligence and power, appears to retain a monopoly of the distinctly Christian virtues, while the man permits himself upon Biblical or other authority the bearing of a despot. If you add to these ethics a certain idealization of that powerless woman, a tendency to erect her enforced feebleness into a holy thing, and add also a sentimental subservience of the man to this enslaved queen in matters of no moment, you have the attitude of the leisure class of our own day, our inheritance of elite sentiment. It is expressed by Lyman Abbott in his recent book about the womanly woman:

"When the wedding-day comes she has no desire to omit from the service the promise to obey. . . . She wishes not to submit a reluctant will to his, but to make his will her own. She wishes a sovereign and is glad to have found him. . . . To give up her home, abandon her name, merge her personality in his keeping—this is her glad ambition, and it swallows up all other ambitions."

In this more modern example it is still tyrannically demanded of the woman that she confine herself to the virtues of passivity, but the demand is made in morbid idealism rather than mere brutal bigotry.

It ought to be necessary only to point away from these unnatural dogmas to the great judgment of Plato; it ought to be necessary only to recall the high attitude of Jesus.* It wants no argument to support the development of women, for a developed personality is a good that justifies itself. The purpose of life is that it be greatly lived, and it can

* His superiority to His age, and especially to Saint Paul, in wisdom upon this point, is shown negatively in all His recorded dealings with women, so far as I remember, but particularly in that interview at the well with a woman, and a Samaritan, which so astonished His followers.

be greatly lived only by great characters. Yet it can be shown, upon a practical demand, for what special purposes we need women of great spirit.

We need them, first, for the cultivation of a certain gentle humility and good sense in their husbands. Under the system outlined by Luther, husbands do not achieve the greatest spiritual growth. They acquire, in average cases, a daily tone of contented self-assertion, to balance which they retain a soft area of sentimentality wherewith, at certain temperatures, they subject themselves and worship that very feebleness which other times they overbear. To idolize that which is held inferior in power and wisdom, because it excels in innocence of the actual world, is to commit the characteristic folly of decadence. Surely if man as a lover of women is to become an equable union of the tender and heroic, he will need to be both subdued and elevated by his love. He will not be brought to such perfection by the constant purveyal of privileges to a supposedly inferior being; nor will he be brought there by the discipline of a woman who wields her privilege with cunning or thunder, and under a system of "female subjection" rules the household. No, he will come into that perfection, if at all, in the company of a woman so developed as naturally to believe that she will be treated as an equal.

That this political reform will have deeper effects than its effect upon politics is proven by the outcries that oppose it: "You are bringing dissension into our homes! You are striking a blow at the family, which is the corner-stone of society!"—Hysterical outcries, I think, from persons whose families are already tottering. Certain it is that many of these corner-stones of society are tottering. And why are they tottering? Because there dwell in them triviality and vacuity. It is these that prepare the way of the devil! Who can think that intellectual divergence, disagreement upon a great public question, could disrupt a family worth holding together? On the contrary, nothing save a community of great interests, agreeing and disagreeing, can revive a fading romance. When we have made matrimony synonymous with a high and equal comradeship, we shall have done the one thing that we can do to rescue those families which are the tottering corner-stones of society. And that we cannot do until men and women are both grown up.

A greater service of the developed woman, however, will

be her service in motherhood. For we are in extreme need of mothers that have the wisdom of experience. To hear the sacred office of motherhood advanced as a reason why women should not become public-spirited and active and effective, you would think we had no greater hope for our race and nation than to rear in innocence a generation of grown-up babies. Keep your mothers in a state of invalid remoteness from genuine life, and who is to arm the young with wise virtue? Are their mothers only to suckle them, and then for their education pass them over to some one who knows life? For to educate a child is to lead him out into the world of his experience; it is not to propel him with ignorant admonitions from the door. A million lives wrecked at the off-go can bear witness to the failure of that method. I think that the best thing you could add to the mothers of posterity is a little of the rough sagacity and humor of public affairs.

Such are the great reasons for making the sexes equal in politics; such have been the reasons ever since the question was broached in the age of Pericles. It is not an issue to be answered by an appeal to chivalry, which is but a perfection of manners among the people of noble leisure; the need is deeper and more universal than that. Nor is it at its best a demand for justice upon the part of citizens unrecognized. Nor is it a plan to prevent corrupt practices in politics, or instil into the people's representatives any virtue other than the virtue of representing the whole people. That is the aim of those who advocate that we extend the suffrage to women. It is an act demanded by the ideal principle to the proof of which our government is devoted. It is, moreover, a heroic step that we can take with nature in the evolution of a symmetrical race.

MAX EASTMAN.

THE DRAMA AND THE PLAY

BY ARTHUR COLTON

It is no great hardship to differ from most men. It may even be a gratification. The minority which includes Maurice Maeterlinck, Charles Lamb (*vide* "On the tragedies of Shakespeare considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation") and Dr. Johnson ("Many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted: 'Macbeth,' for instance") is a comfortable minority, holding the oppressed but fruitful faith that "poems die" when it is endeavored to make visible in the flesh what was conceived for the imagining eye of the mind.

"For is it not evident," M. Maeterlinck continues, "that the Macbeth or Hamlet whom we see on the stage does not resemble the Macbeth or Hamlet of the book; that he has visibly fallen in sublimity? Representation of a poem contradicts it. It drives the swans from the great lake and casts back the pearls into the deep. Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra cannot be represented, and it is dangerous to see them on the stage. Something of Hamlet is dead for us from the day when we have seen him die before our eyes. The spectre of an actor has dethroned him and we cannot put the usurper out of our dreams. I remember this death of Hamlet from my dreams. One evening I opened the door to the usurper. The actor was famous. He entered. A single one of his looks showed me he was not Hamlet. For three hours I watched him occupy himself with that lie."

It is not that Shakespeare's skill as a playwright under the conditions of his time need be debated, unless Mr. Bernard Shaw chooses to do so, who, being neither a sound playwright nor a sound critic, is yet a "chartered libertine" of whom nothing more specific need be asked to insure all men's satisfaction than that, like the man of "Man and Superman," he "go on talking."*

* Mr. Gilbert Chesterton has given a substantial reason, however, for a faith in Mr. Shaw's soundness: "Most people," Mr. Chesterton announces, "think they would agree with Bernard Shaw if they could understand him; I am the only one who understands Bernard Shaw, and

But there is no proof of Shakespeare's pre-eminence as a playwright under the conditions of his time. The theatrical world then, and for a generation or more after, did not think him pre-eminent; it divided its admiration between Shakespeare, Johnson and Fletcher. It is in literature, as a dramatist poet, and to the contemplation of ten generations of readers and their slowly accumulating comprehension of him, that he so overtops and diminishes other men. The greater part of him, and nearly all the wonder of him, is not actable and has never been acted. His pre-eminent place on the stage is the shadow and reflex of his status in literature. Only those who have never read and studied "Hamlet," or have done so to small inward result, now get only a fraction of "Hamlet." If an absolute "first-nighter," with a mind as unlettered as Partridge's toward Elizabethan drama, and yet a practised critic of new plays, is conceivable, and could be found, and various Elizabethan plays could be given and tested upon him, would he find the Shakespearian plays distinctly the best? I cannot help thinking that he would. Like the seventeenth-century playgoers, he might call Johnson a careful workman, and admire Fletcher's cleverness, and remark that Shakespeare, with all his carelessness, obscurities, subtleties that for stage results were worse than useless, occasional loose plots and hugger-mugger ending, nevertheless had a sort of Oh-by-the-way! knack of hitting close to the centre, which showed that he was of the "profession" and could "spot" stage values if he chose, and showed that to have been an actor was a better training for a playwright than a college education. Something of this kind was intended by the seventeenth-century critics, though they probably were clearer in mind as to what they meant by Johnson's "art" and Fletcher's "wit" than as to what they meant by Shake-

I disagree with him": . . . a substantial reason inasmuch as most people have underlying intuitions more solid than they have intelligence to explain; whereas Mr. Chesterton's intelligence is a dividing sword, but his fundamentals seem accidental, laid in the opportunities of controversy; even so that he manages to give his religious conservatism the air of a personally invented eccentricity. If, then, the popular faith leans to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton understands him, but most people do not understand Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Chesterton does, it would seem to follow that Mr. Shaw is a sensible but difficult writer. But it is possible that Mr. Chesterton understands Mr. Shaw better than he does "most people," and that "most people" in point of fact think they would disagree with Mr. Shaw if they knew how to do it.

speare's gifts of "nature," and were in part mistaken in what they thought it was, this "nature," which certainly was in part an actor-manager's better-trained sense of stage values.

But with the student and lifelong lingerer over Shakespeare, his impressions of Shakespeare on the stage are never purely theatrical. He has read them full of literature. To him, in the comments of the purely theatrical critic just imagined as uncorrupted of literature, there would seem to be astonishing omissions. To him the objection to seeing "Hamlet," "Macbeth" or "Lear" is where Lamb and Maeterlinck have placed it, namely, in that no actor can compete with—he can only outrage—the image and incorporeal vision already throned and regnant. If this image is weak, vague and half forgotten, an extraordinary actor may drive it out by sheer power and replace it by himself for the time being; which singular but successful assault was more than once committed on me by Edwin Booth. For the rest, having suffered much and often from the practice of a now-discarded theory, that one ought to enjoy seeing Shakespeare acted, and whether he keeps the stage or not has to me only the interest of a regret to know that good actors still waste themselves after that vanity, that to some extent it is under his wide ægis that men still talk of the "literary drama" in such terms that I know not what they mean, and darken the stage with plays in blank verse, and go their ways unrepentant, unappalled, guileless amid their iniquities.

If by a "drama" we always meant something to be read, and by a "play" always something to be presented and performed, with our terms so divided we might venture hopefully on the not very adventurous statement that no one ever "wrote a play." Men have written speeches, dialogues, stage directions, and so on, indicating the intended schemes, made these contributions to the eventual total of a play; but the play did not exist until it was played; or it might be said to exist beforehand partially in imagination, in reality only while it was being performed and only in memory afterward; even as a symphony does not exist, it is not alive, in the silent symbols of its score, but only while the air is thrilled with its passion or its peace.

The confusion is historic. It arises from the use of old formulas for changed conditions. Our discussion of verse

is vitiated by our terminology, which bears the mould of vanished conditions. A lyric to a Greek was a song, but a lyric to us is not a song, though we talk in our amiably muddled way as if it were. Most of the "Songs and Lyrics" in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" have never been set to music, never should be and never will be. No verse form is more unfit for actual singing than a sonnet. It is a "moment's monument," but it is as monumental as it is momentary, massive in petto, as structural as it is fluid, a thing to be not only taken runningly, but inspected with the mind's eye, like a carved gem or an etching. We all have an instinctive knowledge of what a lyric in literature really is, though few of us have so sure an instinct as Palgrave had, but our terminology does not tell what we know. It implies that a lyric has old association with song, which is true, but only passes the edges of an obscure subject. When the art of expression by means of words was wholly oral, there being no letters, there was no literature. Even what we call "Greek literature" was not literature to most of the Greeks, for they did not read it. They heard it, chaunted, declaimed, recited, by bard, orator and actor. They listened and looked and called it "musica." Writing was mainly for record and preservation, or for the use of the reciter, much as a musical score to-day is for record and the use of the performer. Every art implied a visual object or a visual and audible performance. But literature to-day does not imply a visual and audible performance. It means expression, not by the voice, but by conventional symbols of the alphabet, in combinations which convey directly that which they symbolize, and not by translation through imagined sound.

Every art has its own conditions, and these conditions determine its right practice. The conditions of creative literary art are to-day a printed page and two imagining minds. The physical sense through which it finds passage is the eye. It always carries with it associations of sound, but it is not necessarily, nor usually, translated through an imagined sound; the printed word is the direct and immediate conveyer of the thought for which it stands. Further, literature is a stationary art to the extent that it will stand still to be considered, examined and reviewed at any point and for any length of time, and in that respect and to

that extent resembles painting or architecture. The printed drama is a form of creative literature and is so governed. On the other hand, the stage play is an art in which many imaginations are involved, of writers, hearers, actors and those who plan, produce and arrange the setting. The physical senses through which it finds passage are both eye and ear. The words are spoken, and all that which from the stage goes through the eye in literature does not exist except as imaginative inferences. Finally the playwright's is an art in uninterrupted motion, and in this respect resembles not painting or literature, but music.

The phrase "literary drama" either means a drama to be read; or the adjective implies the commendatory addition that the piece has literary value as being well written; or, if applied to a stage play, it is either a phrase misused, or it has the derogatory meaning of a drama put to a use for which it is unfit; or, finally, it involves the opinion that two birds may be killed with one stone. In the derogatory sense, if a playwright says of a play (which he has not composed), "It is literary," it is as when a painter says of a painting (by some one else), "It is literary," and they both mean what a carpenter means, who (with a more adequate terminology, in more honest language, but less fit to print) criticises an apprentice for putting on shingles with cement, basing his criticism on the proposition that carpenters and masons practise two distinct arts.

Professor Matthews has lately called attention to Brunetière's "Law of the Drama," namely, that a dramatic subject is and must be human will in action. The struggle of a will against fate is tragedy, against social convention is melodrama. In tragedy sympathy goes out to a hero predestined to failure, in melodrama to a hero with the chances against him. Two equalized oppositions, or two wills against each other, compose comedy, and a will against an absurdity of custom is farce. The drama is distinguished from the novel by this law, inasmuch as the hero of a drama must be a force in himself while the hero of a novel may be a puppet of circumstance and the novel still be an effective story. The moving force in a novel may be the flow of events, its action the sequence and trend of incident, but action in the drama, according to Brunetière's "Law," is the assertion of a will.

Is it, then, so unapparent that the vital distinction lies

between the book and the stage, not between the novel and the drama which we read? Or why is it that so frequently one is at a loss to know what Brunetière and Professor Matthews mean by the "drama"? A drama in literature is a story told indirectly in dialogue, which may be assisted by voluminous prefaces, as is the practice of Mr. Bernard Shaw, or interspersed with narrative, as in George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy." It may grade into and be variously touched with narrative. A novel is a story told partly in narrative, partly in dialogue; it may be mainly conversation or mainly direct narrative; it may be interesting through its plot and incidents alone, though it probably would be more interesting if its characters were not puppets, but determining factors. Literature is catholic. A book may be interesting for any one of many reasons. It is true that a man's will against fate is more profoundly tragic than man's will against a social convention or another man's will, but this applies also to the *motifs* of a novel.

The tragedy of Antigone is the conflict between Antigone and a social convention; she is crushed between the two conventions, the duty of obedience to the king and the duty of reverently burying one's dead brethren. The tragedy of "Medea" is the conflict of the two wills of the fiery Medea and the cold-blooded Jason; or the two wills, which are the expression of two innate temperaments, may be taken to involve something of the hopelessness and doom of a conflict with destiny; or, if Mr. Gilbert Murray's comment on the case—that no marriage was possible between a Greek and a barbarian—is as correct as it is interesting, then "Medea" is, in a sense, a tragedy of the "color line," which may be interpreted, according to one's philosophy of the subject, as a conflict with destiny or with convention.

Brunetière's "law," then, is not a law to the extent that it will stand minute application, or division and subdivision, but it is a law to the extent that it points to a difference,—inherent and important, although only one out of many differences,—between the demands, persuasions and forbiddances of fiction represented on the stage, and fiction read in a book. Otherwise understood, would it not seem amazing that critics should attempt to dig profound trenches between two methods in literature of telling a story, which methods easily borrow from and blend with one another, and in the same breath talk of the "literary drama" as if

there were nothing noticeable between two sets of conditions respectively created when a book is opened and a curtain raised, between two arts so fundamentally apart as fiction in the silent symbols of print, and fiction enacted?

The so-called "laws" of any art are never statute law, but always common law; not the edicts of authority, but the essence of cases. They are significant statements of the methods found best for getting the desired results out of the given conditions. The danger of calling them "laws" is the temptation to forget that they are laws only for the conditions which created them, the temptation to lightly raise "canons" out of the incidents of custom.

Brunetière's "law," perhaps, amounts to no more than this: that human will as the moving force is demanded by fiction on the stage more imperatively than by fiction in literature, both because the visible and audible persons of the actors keep the imagination fixed in humanity, and because the greater condensation of a play asks more insistently for the choice of means by which the attention and sympathy can be seized with the most immediate force. A contest of two wills is not necessarily comedy, it may be bitterly serious; nor of a will with a social convention necessarily melodrama, it may be wholly amusing; but it does seem to be true in novel, or drama, or play, or wheresoever, not only that the note grows deeper as the struggle grows more hopeless, but that when the single human will is seen pitted against some overtopping power, some law of life, some massed and moving concourse of events, there enters what we may, if we choose, call the "tragic note," and we may, if we choose, mark the "tragic note" as that unmistakable bell tone which the soul gives forth whenever it is struck by the realization and answers to the reminder of its own essential loneliness in the night against which it lifts its little lamp of courage. "Our hands are little, but our hearts are great," and the long lapse of the tide drags seaward. Whenever this underlying basis of human melancholy is touched and gives back that low sonorous echo, we may recognize a distinct phenomenon and call it the "tragic note"; and if we resolve that we will mean that phenomenon by the phrase, and mean nothing else, we shall have added one more jewel to the priceless treasury of an accurate terminology, to which we may have already contributed in the resolution to say "drama" when we talk of a book, and

"play" when we talk of the stage; we shall have drawn nearer to the psychology of Aristotle's definition of tragedy as "an action great, grave and complete."

Every art has its own conventions, or assumptions, thought to be useful or necessary, and these conventions vary greatly from age to age and from people to people. The chorus and the soliloquy were stage conventions, which, when in general use, were acceptable; but the chorus, being long disused, is no longer a convention, hence is no longer acceptable, hence the introduction of it in a play would be bad art; and the soliloquy and "aside" are so generally discarded and hence are become so unfamiliar, as to be nearly as unacceptable. On the other hand, it is a convention now that two hours and the same stage may stand and are acceptable for any number of separated times and places. But this has not always been an accepted convention.

The rule of the unity of action is a principle rather than a convention. It is as near to a canon or natural law as such things can come; like the law of gravitation, it is always there, but constantly being modified in application. Some such rule, principle or phenomenon is found in all the arts, governing them in some degree, the principle of economy of attention, or that things can be better comprehended and held when their details are classified, made coherent, given some structural unity and organized relations. The scientist, in a sense, practises an art, and there is an art of science not only because he advances by successive hypotheses, which are acts of creative imagination, but because he classifies the facts which he has accumulated and makes them structural and coherent.

The unities of time and place were neither principles nor conventions, but the refusal of certain conventions, and a demand for a nearer approach to accuracy. The reason that these conventions, once refused, are now accepted is not so much the example of Shakespeare's impatience with that refusal as the introduction of the curtain; an innovation making this radical difference in the conditions of the art of the stage, that between the fall and rise of the curtain the imagination is set free of its bondage to the eyes, and can leap between acts over space and time with as little jolting as between the chapters of a novel. As the intro-

duction of printing has gradually made literature the most widely spread and perhaps the most important of the arts, and has run a line of distinction among them not as yet sufficiently recognized, so in the single art of the stage the introduction of the curtain, by gradually rendering a useful convention acceptable, has widened the scope and freedom of the playwright, which meanwhile has been narrowed by the loss of such conventions as the chorus and the soliloquy.

For as much as no art "holds the mirror up to nature," but does better than that, and does so by the aid of a convention, or set of conventions, upon which its illusion is based; so with the rise of the curtain a mutual good faith is pledged, a sweeping concession is made, whose nature and extent are largely governed by the place and time. It is not the Greek set of conventions or concessions, nor the Elizabethan, nor even the modern Parisian, but those current and acceptable to the imagination in America and at the present time. Trusting to this imaginative contract with illusion, we step out of ourselves into the play. The primary question is whether the play maintains this trust or betrays it, keeps this contract with the imagination or goes after strange gods and alien purposes or breaks down by weakness or miscalculation. If it keeps the faith it is a sound play, though it may be neither interesting nor important; if it betrays it, it is, to the extent of its bad faith, no play at all. The breach may arise from playwright, actor, manager or any source whatever, for the play is a unit and all suffer from the dispelled illusion and the lost faith. Or whether the fault is the play's or the playgoer's, the fault of either is the loss of both; the playgoer has lost his play, and the play has lost a vassal to its authority.

We may well agree with Dr. Johnson that, "It is false that any representation is mistaken for reality," for it is not mistaken, but assumed; we may agree with emphasis that "delusion, if delusion is admitted, has no certain limitation," though with emphasis on the "certain" and substituting *illusion* for "delusion"; but we cannot agree with him that the spectators merely come "to hear lines which relate to some action recited with just gesture and elegant modulation!" Here speaks the author of "Irene." "Lines which relate to some action!" "Just gesture and elegant modulation!" This is not a play! We do not go to hear

lines recited, but to step out of ourselves, imaginatively, into the play. The child who was threatened by a jocose farmer that he would put her through the corn-shucker and "shell her into corn" and explained her lamentations by, "I know he won't, but I'm afraid he will," drew correctly the line which Johnson missed between that belief and this imaginative belief.

Granted, then, that the "drama" and the "play" are of two distinct arts, still may not two birds be killed with one stone? Inasmuch as they have been, it seems that they may. And an umbrella may also serve as a walking-stick, and a walking-stick may also be used to drive off a dog, and a lap-dog may also serve as a burglar-alarm. Nevertheless, it is, in general, the wiser plan, if you wish to make a difficult shot, not to aim at two objects. If, however, you are determined to aim at two objects, it is further observable that a stone has a better chance of glancing up from a cellar door and hitting the house than of glancing off the house and hitting the cellar door; that, indeed, if it succeeds at all in the latter, it is apt to be the exhausted success of a stone that hits the house wall squarely and drops feebly on the cellar door; in fact, that there is a better chance of a fine play off the stage being a readable drama in a book than a fine drama out of a book being an actable play.

Literature is a wide and tolerant art. It is impossible to say what kind of thing is inadmissible to a book. The novel and book drama are catholic enough to welcome the moral symbolism of Hawthorne and the visions of Maeterlinck. But the stage is not so catholic. It will stand something, but it will not stand as much. The eyes see persons on the stage and the imagination is shackled to the eyes. The forms and habits of the drama in literature have been largely adopted from the stage, and such is the plasticity and tolerance of literature that there seems to be little objection to that alien influence. But a play is not plastic, nor tolerant of alien influence. Any breach of its contract, any miscalculation and cutting athwart, any misunderstanding of what it is, this current flowing over the footlights to the audience absorbed and expectant, any break in the electric connection, is paid for on the spot. If the face of the playwright is seen through the surface or web of the play the spell is instantly broken. In the performance of Ibsen's "Master Builder" the contract of the play with me was

broken where the symbolizing, growing more and more insistent and oppressive, finally broke through. After that there was to me no play. The hero was an allegorical puppet, and the natural and unique powers and values of the stage were gone. "Ghosts," "Rosmersholm" and "Hedda Gabler," however, seemed to me confident and firm. The playwrights who, in spite of all objections, we nevertheless might as well call of the school of Ibsen, are apt to pile on so much fuel that the draught will not draw, and even Ibsen's sense of stage values was uncertain. The playwrights, as they have been called, of the school of Scribe are apt to have not much fuel to put in and seldom pull much merchandise to market. But they are safer, in the settled and sound tradition of French play-writing, than those who are occupying our attention now in increasing numbers, who have grasped a larger vision of what the stage can do, but lack a stage tradition, and are appallingly cluttered with literary tradition.

The stage play is an engine of extraordinary power. In the sheer humanness of its appeal, in the home-going force of its stroke, it is a mode of expression altogether unequalled. It owes no tribute of humility to any other art, but it owes to itself the tribute of comprehension of its own conditions and of loyalty to those conditions.

ARTHUR COLTON.

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICAL FORCES

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

Now that the smoke from the electoral battle-field has nearly cleared away, now that the number of Representatives and Senators from each party in the Sixty-second Congress can be nearly calculated, now that the various Democratic Governors and Mayors are somewhat accustomed to the unwonted delight of being elected, it is time to consider what are the great personal and political forces which are going to work upon each other during the next two years.

The politicians have been zealous in trying to estimate the future vote of the various States and to see how far the sudden changes of party in the election of 1910 are permanent. It does not require any uncommon political sagacity to see that some of the results are accidental, or at least evanescent. Massachusetts, for instance, is visibly what it has been twice before in the last twenty years, a Republican State with a Democratic Governor. The Massachusetts Legislature is as likely to elect a Democratic Senator to Mr. Lodge's seat as the New York Legislature is to choose a Republican to fill that vacancy which Mr. Depew has created for nearly twelve years. Tennessee and Missouri can hardly be expected to remain Republican States. Even a tyro at vote-figuring can see that there is still practically a solid South for any strong and vigorous Democratic candidate, and a nearly solid Middle and Far West for a reasonably acceptable Republican candidate. As has happened in so many previous Presidential campaigns, the election of 1912 is likely to turn on Connecticut, New York and New Jersey.

The party issues of the next five years are also clearly revealed by the last election: it is written that no tariff act is sacred; Republicans who voted against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff and have denounced it ever since its passage may

still legally place "Rep." after their names in the Congressional Directory and may be counted alongside the Standpatters. Contrariwise, it must be supposed that there will be Democrats in full party standing who will not join the procession to move seven times around the walls of a high protective Jericho.

As for Conservation, that is not a party issue: everybody is a conservationist except Senator Carter of Montana, and perhaps he will accede, in the rather gloomy interval before he gets back to the Senate. Conservation is only a question of degree and method: some people are Pinchot conservationists, and some conserve Secretary Ballinger, and some are conservationists on their own responsibility. But no party, National or State, can safely set itself against two ideas which have struck deep roots in the mind of the ordinary voter: first, that the gifts of nature are meant to be used, but not to be wasted; and, second, and still more deeply rooted, that those gifts can be and must be used without continuing the practice of turning them over wholesale to people who take a heavy toll for superintending the diminution of the nation's stock of resources.

The third great field of discussion, the restriction of corporations, has gone so far that the Steel Corporation makes public the figures upon which it bases its corporation tax. It is clear that the shrewdest owners and managers of corporate property are now fighting, not for freedom from regulation, but for a minimum of regulation. They and their attorneys make every possible objection at every possible stage; but they see clearly that the great court of public opinion will find a verdict against them, and all they really hope for is a minimum of damages. It is difficult to make a distinct party issue on regulation of the railroads and other combinations of capital; hardly a member of the next Congress will dare to face his electorate as the avowed enemy of regulation of capital or the designated friend of "the interests."

A fourth issue, which in many ways is more serious and alarming than the other three, is that of labor; but it is clearly not a party question at present. The notion of the right, duty and probable success of labor combinations is as obstinate as that of capital combinations. The labor unions gain ground from year to year and have never been more insistent on the closed shop than in the last twelve months. In

America and in foreign countries the whole labor question is in a condition of violent ebullition. On labor and the rights of labor no issue between Republicans and Democrats has been raised: even so vital a question as the tariff divides the labor vote, and the belief that a high tariff raises wages is the strongest prop of the extreme protective system. It is difficult to see how either of the great parties can in any future contest take ground distinctly antagonistic to labor and the labor vote. President Taft has thought it prudent and just to yield a point on the question of labor injunctions.

Nevertheless, whatever the issues that may be raised in the next Presidential campaign, the Republicans cannot escape from the difficulty which invariably pursues a party which promises prosperity by statute. If the tariff makes the country prosperous, then whenever it is less prosperous it is reasonable to call the tariff-makers to account. If the tariff raises wages, it must not only raise the money wage, but the purchasing power of the wages; high wages ought not only to follow high prices, but to precede them. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how the Democratic party can make a much more searching declaration of radical principles than those of the Chicago platform of 1908. Mr. Bryan was thought extreme by his own party, but his doctrines were not too sweeping for the Republican party to adopt, formulate and set forth as campaign material.

This brief survey of the political conditions seems to show that just now the American people are much more affected by personalities than by platforms: Mr. Cannon is an example; he personifies to many voters a bad and despotic system of party management in Congress. To be sure, the responsible Speakership has in it elements of coherence and party efficiency which make it altogether likely that the powers of the Speaker will eventually be restored by the Democrats; but Cannon's dogmatism and arbitrary method of doing a right thing as well as a doubtful thing are understandable by plenty of people who do not at all comprehend the parliamentary law of the House of Representatives. Throughout the country, to a large degree, the fight in 1910 has been one of personalities: La Follette did not carry his Legislature as a Republican or even as a Progressive, but as Robert La Follette, a hammerer and a man hated of the bosses. The same thing is very clearly seen in the gubernatorial campaign in six belt-line States—

Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio: in every one of those States personality, positive or negative, was the point of attack, if not of decision. Apparently any respectable Democrat could have been elected in Massachusetts, but in Connecticut Judge Baldwin was chosen on his merits as a man and a campaigner. In New Jersey, by all accounts, Woodrow Wilson electrified the State with his conception of the Governor as the spokesman of the public interests and the leader of his own party. In Pennsylvania, Senator Penrose, who was the virtual candidate for chief of the State through his two dummies, Tener and Grim, triumphantly established his own unpopularity in the State which he controls. In Ohio the personal quality of Harmon greatly swelled, if it did not contribute, his remarkable majority of 100,000.

Throughout the country it has been shown over and over again that it is necessary to "pander to the moral sense of the community" by nominating candidates who stand for something in themselves. The astonishing success of the Insurgents in the West is a proof that the American people like positive men and will vote for them if they have the opportunity.

How is all this illustrated in New York and in the status of the most distinguished citizen of that State? First of all, it is clear that national issues which have been the fighting-ground through Congress for years were not the factors of the canvass. Except on the tariff, it was difficult to frame up any distinct general issue that aroused the voters; and on the tariff a large number of New York Republicans evidently disbelieved their own State platform, while the Democratic candidate was a protected manufacturer. The real interest of the New York campaign was heightened by the fact that both candidates were men of high standing and independent minds. For once the voters of New York had the cheering confidence that whoever was elected they would get a real Governor. And New York during the last four years has shown that it likes a real executive in the person of Governor Hughes.

Throughout the campaign the press, whose business it is to know what its readers find interesting, devoted much less attention to issues, or to the prospects in the various States, than to the one conspicuous individual who was not a candidate for any public office: Theodore Roosevelt, as is his

wont, forced the fighting, made an issue and propelled it into the campaign. That issue was the right of the Republican party to succeed, as standing for the interests of the people at large. He compelled his party in New York to popularize itself; East and West he held up the principle of popularization; he iterated and reiterated the trustworthiness of the Republican party, *if* the right influences could control it.

Many friends of the ex-President were sincerely grieved at the tone which he adopted on the stump. Anybody who has ever had any taste of campaign speaking knows how preposterous and sordid to the man arguing for a party seem the arguments and the leaders on the other side. Yet a practised boxer of long standing ought to be able to give and take hard blows without bitterness; and no votes were made and some were lost by personal attacks upon men like Judge Baldwin, Judge Harmon and Mr. Dix, all of whom have a reputation and character which cannot be overset by temporary campaign charges. That works both ways: What shall be said of the violent and prejudiced attacks of a part of the press on an ex-President whose whole public life has been in the open and who has stood steadily for uprightness in the public service? Undoubtedly one finds in some circles men, mostly not in public life, who have sincerely admired ex-President Roosevelt, a slackening of affection or a downright disapproval which might perhaps be measured by two or three thousand votes—principally in New York City. They do not affect the immediate and practical question, which is, how does Theodore Roosevelt stand in the mind of the voters in New York State and throughout the country?

The American people is undoubtedly fickle in its attachments: Admiral Dewey was one week a national hero and the next the uncomfortable possessor of a dower right in a house presented to him by his admirers; Mr. Bryan was yesterday the exponent of his party and to-day cannot carry his ward; President Cleveland was in one administration the boldest leader of reform and in another could not keep his party from running ashore on the rocks of free silver. But Grover Cleveland lived to recover, as Bryan may well recover in men's estimation, the place of sage. Colonel Roosevelt may have lost some friends; but, strange as it may seem to the people who hate him, no man in the country

at the present moment has one-tenth the personal friends, admirers and believers as firmly adhere to Theodore Roosevelt. He is the only public man known by sight and sound literally to millions of people, most of whom feel a proprietary interest in him.

His entry into New York politics was as manly and courageous as anything he ever did; he threw the weight of his confessedly great influence in support of the Governor who was trying to advantage the State and save his party by popularizing the nomination machinery. Colonel Roosevelt had nothing personal to gain; he went into the contest for the sake of the people of New York. Flouted by the Legislature, his fighting blood was aroused, and he accepted a challenge thrown down to him by Barnes, Woodruff and the other leaders on the question of the State chairmanship. Whatever may be said for regularity and precedent (the precedent to which Mr. Barnes appealed was all of two years old) Mr. Roosevelt performed a public service when he set up and fought through the principle that the Republican voters in his State had the right to decide on the organization and detail of their own State convention. By appealing to his friends throughout the State he defeated the organization with its own weapons. Perhaps if left to themselves the Regulars would have nominated a good candidate, but Roosevelt assured a good candidate and called public attention to the fact that his candidate was a man free from obligations to the managers. Are Roosevelt's enemies in his own party to-day more popular than he? Have they shown a greater right to be trusted?

Having thus taken the responsibility, Colonel Roosevelt became for the time being virtually the Republican boss of the State, and he threw himself into the struggle with all his mighty might. Perhaps he counted too much on the secondary effect of personal interest and affection. It is one thing to say, "Vote for me; you know me"; and quite another thing to say, "Vote for my friend Harry Stimson; you know me!" Nevertheless, there must have been some powerful interest at work in New York which reduced the Democratic plurality to 67,000. Twenty years ago it was 192,000; in comparison with New Jersey or Massachusetts, it should have been 300,000. It is hard to resist the conclusion that if Roosevelt had not thrown himself into

the campaign an inferior Democratic candidate might have been elected who would have gone into office weighed down with pledges to the worst elements of his party.

This service to the State and the Republican party Colonel Roosevelt multiplied in the other States. His enemies say that he demoralized and weakened the party wherever he spoke. Was it his voice that overturned Maine, the first brick in the row to go down? Governor-elect Tener found a sufficient expression of the unfriendliness of the people of Pennsylvania without any aid from Roosevelt's presence. The truth is that in the election of 1910 the personal element ruled. The Democrats had several national figures: the whole country listened to Judge Baldwin, to Woodrow Wilson and to Judge Harmon. On the Republican side there was no corresponding candidate who excited national interest. Cannon and his friends were on the defensive; La Follette was the only Senator whose fight for renomination much appealed to people outside his State. Roosevelt almost alone furnished the dramatic and intense element on that side. He vitalized the whole contest. Doubtless he had a sense of the favor which the party had shown him, a gentleman's conception of a duty to his friends and supporters. No other Republican attempted or performed anything like his service in keeping the party together, in asserting its strength and continuance, even though the other side was plainly gaining ground. The party service, however, was not the main motive—he felt like the counsellor of Sir Philip Sidney: "If you hear of a good war, go to it!"

Outside of the political canvass Roosevelt's Western trip, and particularly his announcement of the New Nationalism at Osawatomie, brought him into the public eyes as the formulator of a policy for his party. While President, Roosevelt was almost the only man in Washington who understood that the Republican party could not remain in office without a majority of the voters behind it, and that to retain that majority it must shake off the tradition that it represents the interests. Of the seventeen planks of the Osawatomie platform some have already been accepted by the Republican party, such as the tariff Commission and publicity of corporations; others, like the graduated income tax, will have to be accepted if the experience of other conservative countries proves anything; others, like the recall, are debatable. Most of them must reappear

in the Republican platform of 1912 if that party is to have any chance of success—and the country knows who put them into compact form and gave them a name to conjure with.

Wall Street, and the Eastern press in general, little understand either the grounds or the extent of Roosevelt's popularity in the West, in the South and among thousands of voters in the East. That popularity does not rest alone upon his regard or disregard for the amenities of campaigning, nor on the wisdom or unwisdom of his New Nationalism; but on the belief that he is a straightforward, honest man who, so far as he sees it, represents the common weal. There is no evidence that his popularity is essentially weakened by the defeat of his party, especially when he was not a candidate and when his policies and principles were not contested in his own party.

This brings up very sharply the probable grouping of parties and personalities for the Presidential campaign of 1912. It is easy to see that the Democratic candidate must come from some of the successful Democratic leaders in the Middle States: Gaynor, if his health is restored, or Woodrow Wilson or Harmon—most likely one or other of those three, depending on the outcome of the next year and a half. On the Republican side there is just one man outside the White House who stands at present in relief before the public. Nobody expects the nomination of Mr. Aldrich, or Mr. Lodge, or Mr. Cannon, or Governor Tener. A Progressive leader like La Follette would encounter obstinate blood feuds in his party. The Republican first in the thought of most Republicans, even of the Stand-patters, is Theodore Roosevelt. Leaving out of account his previous history, it is a fair question what Republican appears to have done most during the year 1910 for the perpetuity of his party and the welfare of his country. Who has done most to formulate principles? Who has made most impression on the voters? The Progressives a year ago were outlaws fighting for existence; in this campaign they were the dominant power in the Republican party. What great Republican is most closely identified with the Progressives?

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

A CRUSADE FOR THE CHILD

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

It is the unreflecting citizen of the United States who has the comfortable habit of regarding his country not only as a proven and perfected experiment in democracy, but as, in fact, the light of the world. On the other hand, there are patriots bewildered, concerned, but not yet disheartened, who are busy discovering what especial kind of redemption their country needs in order that she may some day more nearly realize the unreflecting citizen's idea of her. This thoughtful and disinterested class may well consider an opportunity that now exists for this country to justify her name and heritage, even perhaps to qualify as a moral leader of nations:—the opportunity, first of acknowledging, then of supremely fulfilling, her guardianship of the child. In the wiser ages to come, nations will apply an altered scale of importance to those matters considered in their councils; and it is safe to assume that the country that shall first have learned how in every sense to guard its children will be held in high and lasting honor.

The way is definitely open. The world is becoming aware of its negligence and blindness. Already our own country has given many hopeful signs of an increasingly uneasy conscience. For twenty-five years or more, whether as scientists, as artists or as sentimental amateurs, we have been more or less profitably engaged in "studying the child." And it is probably from the child himself that the present impetus has come. Having learned, albeit with no little self-consciousness, a reverent approach to the "shy fairyland within our doors"—having cultivated the acquaintance, that is to say, of the normal, sheltered child—we have learned from him the tenderness and the courage necessary to face those less agreeable aspects of child life that we had long since permitted and turned our backs upon; so that

latterly a fairly definite consciousness is spreading of the child in factory harness, the child adventurer of the city streets, the child who is the unnecessary victim of disease. And now, tardily, the conviction is gaining ground that it is time to do something—to free the child, to make him well, to help him to adapt himself to life.

Those who are already devoting their energies to the incipient crusade for the child must experience a peculiar, an even unique satisfaction in the knowledge that their issue cannot be challenged. Nor need they fear that they themselves will ever know the subtle discomfiture of coming to see an opposite side of their own argument. The child question, as we have slowly come to see it, is not, like the "woman question," the labor question and other hard-used subjects of dispute, debatable. Or, at least, it will never be debated publicly. It is not conceivable that orators will ever mount platforms and contend that the soundness of a nation's children is an unimportant matter—that it is even anything less than the supremely important matter. It is hardly likely that even among classes of the emptiest leisure anti-health or anti-education movements will manifest themselves. Two or three generations ago there may have been adults who believed that one's whole duty to a child was done if one forced him to spend his tender years standing in a dismal slough of silence—asking no questions, denying the innocent shrill call of adventure and experiment, respectfully awaiting his emergence into maturity. But even that attitude has passed. Every sane human being must wish to see a healthy, natural, happy childhood secured for all children. And, of course, in order to bring this about, it is the beginnings of life that must primarily be considered. Yet this fact is by no means accepted as a commonplace. It has even seemed to some minds more important to agitate in favor of an increased birth-rate than to urge the protection of children already born;—and this in face of an enormous, and admittedly greatly reducible, infant mortality and of the preventable enfeeblement (through ignorance and wrong conditions) of a very large proportion of the children that survive.

Wise, effective agencies that will in time be greatly multiplied are, of course, already in operation; agencies that, like the health and school boards of our cities, tend toward direct accomplishment rather than (as in the case of charity

organizations, hospitals, and so forth) toward amelioration, merely. The Department of Health of New York City has, for instance, maintained for several years a Department of Child Hygiene under the direction of Dr. Josephine Baker. Dr. Baker, in her work, has gone at the heart of the matter in declaring that "the right of the child to be safeguarded at its birth is self-evident." But this soundly elementary principle is of very recent application. For instance, until, three years ago, this new department took the matter rigidly and capably in hand there was absolutely no regulation whatever through all the vast tenement districts of New York City of the practice of midwifery. Besides this the department conducts a vitally necessary educational campaign among the mothers of the tenements; it holds lectures for the precociously responsible "little mothers"—girls of twelve and fourteen who are much more assimilative than the women; it sends out trained nurses and medical inspectors to the homes of the poor; it conducts a systematic medical inspection of school children, accomplishing, among other things, the exclusion of contagious diseases from the schools; it has charge of the issuing of employment certificates, or "working-papers," to youthful applicants; and it looks out for several thousand waifs who are "boarded out" in city homes. It would be hard to indicate any branch of the municipal service that is less dispensable than this.

Always, of course, the agencies about which most is known and least, therefore, needs to be said are those that are explicitly educational. We all know that the school has been a fetish in this country, an institution that the public insisted on generations before it dreamed of concerning itself as to the condition of the children who went to school or in fact as to what they learned there. We have even at times been content to regard the school as a mammoth machinery of Discipline. But the rather touchingly superstitious belief in sums, spelling-books and intimidation as providing an equipment for life has of late years waned somewhat; and probably everybody nowadays is aware of the effort that is being made to provide for the less fortunate children of the country something more vital than the old stereotyped training; and to do this not only for the approximately normal, but for the physically and mentally deficient. So that because of the far greater familiarity of the subject, there is less resistance to be overcome in modifying and adapting the

school system than in any other work that is being done for children.

But there is also coming to be a warm popular responsiveness to the work of the Child Labor Committees, the very existence of which, of course, sufficiently indicates our present appalling distance from any real achievement in protecting the child. The day that the Child Labor Committees disband will be a favorable occasion for the display of the national complacency that is never even now unready to come to the surface. It may be that the general interest in this subject is not yet so intense that the details of the laws affecting it are entirely familiar; nevertheless, it is generally known that children in New York State are prohibited from undertaking regular employment under fourteen years of age—a regulation that, what with the need and the avarice of parents, the contagious restiveness of the boys and girls themselves, and the unscrupulousness of employers, calls for exceptionally firm enforcement. It would probably be impossible to spend a day in any city without seeing violations of it; while the obscurer wretchedness of child labor in the tenement homes, which until recently the law has not been construed as reaching, is only now beginning to be unearthed. But those who have the matter most at heart are already looking even beyond the existing law and are trying to postpone the legal working-age for children from fourteen to sixteen. These two impressionable years are, investigators assert, of little or no service to the child as the foundation of his subsequent wage-earning power; while they are precious to the schools because the teaching that can be given during that period is regarded as peculiarly important.

It may be that Juvenile Courts should be included among the agencies that are going to make children sound and happy, though their inclusion gives the category an ironical and melancholy cast. For the frequent misdemeanors of its children the city that fails to give them proper homes, proper food, proper playgrounds, plenty of schools, adequate protection from disease,—as well as companions who have had the benefit of similar conditions,—is, of course, responsible; yet it is the children themselves who pay the penalty. It would naturally be supposed that a court for children, with punitive functions, would be the last desperate resort of a society that had already spent itself in the effort to protect

the health and happiness and innocence of childhood. Yet with us these impulses seem to have been reversed. Children were sent to prison before playgrounds were thought of. However, experts who have given devoted study to this subject believe that when Juvenile Courts shall have been still further modified and humanized, when there shall be permanent rather than rotationary tenure of the judge's office, and when the qualities of character indispensable to this position shall be fully realized, then the thousands of unhappy little "delinquents" that yearly file in and out of the court-room may be really improved by the experience. The present situation is, of course, vastly in advance of the former unspeakable one; and it is believed that by a free and unprejudiced comparison of the New York court with those in other cities where possibly more has been accomplished, great good will result.

One other valiant effort toward the conservation of child life has taken the form of a tendency to do away with, or at least to modify, orphanages and children's "Homes" in the form in which these have heretofore existed; and, instead, to place homeless children to board with women who prove themselves able to undertake this responsibility. Recent investigators have agreed with the significant remark of Dr. Josephine Baker that, "in spite of all possible care, the mortality in the foundling asylum is much greater than in the tenement homes." Individual students of the subject have their own theories in regard to this curious and pitiful fact. A popular and possibly sentimentalized explanation is to the effect that children are unable to survive the lack of personal maternal care. But any one who has observed the very casual attention that over-worked, under-developed tenement mothers have in most cases to give their young may reasonably marvel that children should actually die for the lack of this almost purely nominal "mothering." Mrs. Meynell, that most sympathetic interpreter of childhood, has remarked: "The merriest of all children are those, much pitied, who are brought up neither in a family nor in a public home by paid guardians, but in a place of charity, rightly named, where impartial, unalterable and impersonal devotion has them in hand." But such "places of charity" as this are surely not numerous enough to complicate the problem. So upon whatever theory institutions for young homeless children may be abolished, any humane person

who has ever seen, against its unmitigatedly joyless background, a long, languid, horribly submissive line of gingham pinafores under sallow, unsmiling, incurious baby faces,—must admit that the sooner " Homes " are done away with the better. It may, after all, be true that what a child most suffers from is imprisonment; and that independently of whether he be given food enough, clothes enough or facts enough, what he chiefly needs is to feel himself in some kind of direct personal relation with life. And this experience, even if under harsh and cruel conditions, the wretchedest tenement can offer him and the most highly organized institution cannot.

An interesting offshoot of these associated phases of a so far uncentralized and unformulated endeavor is the Child Welfare Exhibit to be held in New York City in January. It has been observed that messages of vital import to the many do not get very far if they are merely staidly set down in print; and that however effectively spoken or shouted, they are still only half understood or vaguely remembered. Properly to impress their audience, they have to be brought to the market-place and told through symbols that must be both simple and startling. What Miss Jane Addams calls " dramatized statistics " have become an accepted educational medium, the secret being, of course, that the indolent or untrained mind refuses to make the effort to translate the abstract into the concrete, however greatly it might benefit from this simple exercise. But it is usually the untrained mind, as in the case of the various successful " tuberculosis exhibits," that it is most important to " reach." So the organizers of such an enterprise patiently predigest their information and place it where the ensnared public may swallow it at a convenient gulp.

On this basis a very considerable number of men and women already engaged in educational or philanthropic work joined together, first, to conduct an investigation of child life in New York that should be as thorough as possible; and, second, to arrange a display in which the results of this investigation, and the deductions to be drawn from them, should be written very largely and conspicuously indeed—in words, in figures, in diagrams, in photographs, in symbolic miniature representations. The exhibit, notable in being the first of its kind, is going to cover a great deal of tremendously important ground. It will tell about the

city schools; and about both those children for whom there is room and those for whom there is not. It will tell about the children who, fed always from some mysterious and vital source of gayety, play all day long in the health-destroying, evilly sophisticated confinement of the city streets; and about those who not uncheerfully make their dismal livings there. It will show the drudgery imposed upon young children by their parents, as well as the kinds of labor open to the fourteen-year-old child and the difficulties of his advancement. It will tell the story of the city's few playgrounds and point out their lack of any proper relation to the number of the schools. It will tell what the Children's Court has done and describe those in other cities from which it might borrow helpful suggestions. It will describe the vast work that the settlements are doing and have done for the child; and it will celebrate the effort now being made to teach mothers how to care for their own babies, undoubtedly the most important work of all. There are still traces of the superstition that this exact knowledge comes instinctively to mothers; that it is a kind of divine anointment; whereas, of course, the pitiful truth is that no other responsibility in the world is so frequently and tragically bungled; and that the training of all others most imperatively needed, surely in the tenements, probably also to a large extent outside them, is that of mothers in motherhood.

All the lines of work that have so far been indicated, as well as many others that have not, are of solid, far-reaching good. But those who feel most deeply the importance of child-saving insist that there are additional measures that should be undertaken without loss of time. It is urged, for instance, as a matter of immediate necessity, that State relief be provided for impoverished widowed mothers with families of young children. Miss Addams, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, sufficiently indicated the horrors of the present situation and pointed out the inadequacy of Day Nurseries in solving so serious a problem. Generally speaking, a mother cannot protect her children in even the crudest sense and at the same time earn the money for their support. If she is allowed to remain in her dreadful dilemma, the children of such a family are therefore practically wasted, lost to the State.

A measure that would cover this and other difficulties and

for which much might rationally be urged is State endowment of motherhood. But an innovation so radical as this would naturally have to defer in point of time to others of readier acceptance.

But there is general agreement that an admirable point of departure for all further reforms in this general direction would be the passage of the bill, now for some time pending in Congress, recommending a Federal Children's Bureau. This measure was originally the conception of Miss Lillian D. Wald, of the Henry Street Settlement of New York City, but has since been urged by practically all persons equipped to discuss the subject with authority. It is conceded that such an institution would be a very great aid to all workers for the good of the child and that it would also operate as a moral force, a deterrent of injustice. It is proposed that the bureau be under the Department of the Interior and that it investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children, particularly upon the following points: infant mortality, the birth-rate, physical degeneracy, orphanage, juvenile delinquency and juvenile courts, desertion and illegitimacy, dangerous occupations, accidents and diseases of children of the working-classes, employment, legislation affecting children, and so forth. While the power of the Federal Government to legislate in regard to children is very limited, it can aid greatly by authorizing competent investigations, by issuing authentic statements of fact, and by serving as a clearing-house of information.

Some such need has already been dimly felt in England, where in April, 1909, a so-called Children's Charter became operative. This was a "codification, consolidation and extension" of existing legislation concerning children. It could scarcely, therefore, be considered a radical advance, although it repealed in their entirety twenty-one previous acts and in part seventeen others. But it showed a perception that the needs of the child are distinct from those of the adult.

All the social, physical, moral, intellectual possibilities whose attainment a State may profess to desire are latent in the frail and susceptible bodies of its children. For the sake, therefore, not alone of its prestige or dominance, but of its very existence—apart from all considerations of sentiment—it is obviously bound to guard, by every means it can, its helpless future self.

Olivia Howard Dunbar.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

BY BRITANNICUS

From whatever standpoint one regards it, the recent General Election must be classed among the most momentous that Great Britain has ever known. Writing in the very middle of the tumult, I can do no more than attempt an impartial summary of the issues upon which the people have been invited to pronounce. Even that is no easy task. For the questions to which an answer is being sought by the rough-and-ready mechanism of a General Election are questions that go right down to the roots of representative government. What is the place that a Second Chamber should occupy in the general scheme of the British State? With what powers should it be endowed? How ought it to be composed? In the event of an otherwise unbreakable deadlock between the two Chambers that together form the British Parliament, is the Referendum an instrument that may fittingly be invoked or should it not rather be shunned as a device wholly incongruous with the British system of Cabinet government? Such are some of the issues on which by the time this article appears in print the British electorate will have returned a more or less definite verdict. It is clearly impossible to exaggerate their gravity. More vital or more contentious problems have never yet been submitted to the judgment of any modern democracy. To many Englishmen they are problems that appear fundamentally unsuited to the frenzied, confused and partisan arbitrament of a political campaign. Men of dispassionate minds are at once revolted and humiliated by the spectacle of Great Britain, with her proud and placid claim to sanity and moderation in her politics, plunging into the turmoil of a General Election in a wild effort to evolve from the clash and collision of parties what is hardly less than a new organic act of government. Was that, they ask, how

Americans set about the business of framing their Constitution? Does it not register a clear decline in British political capacity that the attempt to settle these infinitely complex, fateful and delicate matters by compromise has broken down and that they are now being referred to the furious claptrap, the incurable mendacities and distortions, the unreasoning clamor, of an "appeal to the country"? But disgust is not the only emotion with which average Englishmen find themselves in a position so little worthy of their past. There are many thousands of them who view with positive alarm the progress of a struggle to readjust the British Constitution by partisan violence. They do not believe that any permanent solution of such a problem can be reached by such methods or that it is possible for any one party, or any combination of groups, to remodel the institutions of the country simply to serve its own interests and against the firm and reasoned convictions of practically half the electorate; and they seriously and not unjustifiably fear that any such endeavor, if persisted in, must bring the nation within measurable distance of a terrible convulsion.

To analyze with any fulness the nature and causes of the crisis in which Great Britain is destined to be engulfed for many months, and perhaps for many years to come, one would have to review the developments of British politics for the last two and a half decades at least. One would have to trace in the Conservative party the growth of the principle of ascendency; one would have to show how it became dominated by Imperialism and infected by the spirit and ideals of Militarism; how it fell under the grip of "special interests" and suddenly unfurled the tattered flag of Protection; how it grew to represent in the main the "class consciousness" of the men of wealth and possessions and showed subtle but unmistakable signs of losing touch with the democracy; how, whether consciously or not, it essayed to buttress and consolidate "property" as the dominant fact in the social and political life of the country. And among the Liberals one would have to trace a great widening and transformation of ideals under the pressure of searching criticisms of the existing industrial order; an abandonment of the work of political reconstruction to which Gladstone devoted most of his life and a concentration upon the work of social and economic reconstruction; a growing realization of the extent to which England is ruled by mo-

nopolies in general and by a land monopoly in particular; a determination to break down these strongholds of vested interests, and to capture their "unearned increments" or "monopoly values" for the benefit of the community; a more zealous and discriminating sensitiveness to the "condition of England" question, to the evils of poverty, to the problems of the Poor Law, of Old-age Pensions, of invalidity and unemployment, of securing a national minimum of subsistence. All this one would have to explore at length, and it would be a fascinating undertaking. But for the moment it may perhaps be enough to indicate that an opposition in spirit and ideals and fundamental views of the proper constitution of society had thus grown up between English Conservatism and English Liberalism in the past five-and-twenty years, an opposition so deep and absolute that it was bound to provoke a sharp collision on the first occasion. The occasion came in 1906 when the Liberals, after being out of office for practically twenty years, came back to power in overwhelming force and at once began to embody their new conceptions and aspirations in the form of legislation. Beaten at the polls, outvoted in the Commons, the Conservatives fell back on the House of Lords. They used the hereditary Chamber to check and harass the Liberals and to protect those privileged interests that the Liberals were bent on attacking. Liberal measures dealing with education, with land valuation, with plural voting, and with licensing reform were either rejected by the Lords outright or so mutilated that they had to be abandoned. Other and not less urgent problems the Liberals felt debarred from tackling, because they were aware beforehand that their solutions would be found unacceptable to the hereditary House. Finally in 1909 the Lords capped their work of obstruction by rejecting the Budget and forcing a dissolution. The issue was then sharply joined. Liberals woke once and for all to the fact that the task of political and constitutional amendment had not been finally completed by Mr. Gladstone, and that it was necessary to suspend their programme of social and industrial reform and concentrate on the single question of removing the handicap imposed upon their Parliamentary effectiveness by the presence of an Upper Chamber permanently controlled by their political opponents.

What the Liberals demand, and what in the long run

they will undoubtedly succeed in obtaining, is an equality of legislative opportunity. They insist that they must possess as good a chance or as bad a chance of passing their bills into law as the Conservatives possess. As things are now the two parties are not on the same footing. The one holds a position of perpetual privilege and the other a position of perpetual disability. When the Conservatives are in power the House of Lords practically effaces itself and sinks into a mere ratifying Chamber, without apparently any will or initiative of its own, always accepting, and hardly ever even amending, the measures sent up to it. It automatically endorses whatever the Conservative leaders in the House of Commons ask it to endorse; it forgets altogether that it is supposed to be a revisory and suspensory branch of the legislature; it becomes a mere annex to the Carlton Club. But directly a Liberal Government comes into office, the Lords wake up; they are immediately on the *qui vive;* their constitutional prerogatives are resurrected at once; they jealously scrutinize all Liberal bills and do not hesitate to reject or mutilate them at will. It is thus open to the Conservatives, whether they are in or out of office, whether the country is for them or against them, to exercise an influence over the course of legislation that is denied to Liberals. Why, it is asked, should the Liberals live to some extent on sufferance while the Conservatives lead an unhampered existence? Why should the latter be able to claim a free passage for their measures through the Lords as a right, when the Liberals are obliged to regard any such facilities in their own case, when they are not withheld altogether, as a favor, an indulgence, almost indeed a surprise? Why should Liberalism, representing sometimes more than a half, and always only a little less than a half, of the entire electorate, be placed by comparison with its chief rival at a substantial and permanent disadvantage? What reason is there why a Conservative vote should always count for more than a Liberal vote, or why a Conservative Government should be free to spend its whole time writing Conservative measures on the Statute Book while a Liberal Government is liable to see the work of long and laborious sessions undone in a couple of days by the House of Lords? Is there not in such a situation something perilous to the system of party government, something that, unless corrected, will lead to a bitter conflict not of parties, but of classes?

From the dialectical point of view such questions as these are unanswerable. No Conservative dare get up and proclaim that the Conservative party is a superior political caste, enjoying as of right privileges and opportunities that ought to be withheld from Liberals. The reality and legitimacy of the Liberal grievance are, so far as I can judge, freely admitted by the great bulk of Englishmen. It is, of course, true enough that in all countries and under all schemes of government the Upper Chamber, whether hereditary or elective or a mixture of both, is bound to be more conservative in tone and sympathies than the Lower Chamber; and that Liberalism, therefore, must expect to find its measures treated in the House of Lords with a harshness which the measures of the opposite party necessarily escape. It is true also that though permanently controlled by, and permanently, therefore, biased in favor of, the Conservative party, the House of Lords has, on the whole, shown itself remarkably responsive to public opinion and has used its unique powers with commendable moderation. It is true again that the House of Lords has more than once proved a better judge of national opinion than a Liberal House of Commons; and it is also true that of the 238 bills sent up to the Lords between 1906 and 1909, only six were rejected, and that of these six there was only one that was not regarded with either active dislike or tepid unconcern by the country at large. But to scale down the Liberal case against the House of Lords to rational proportions is not to deny its essential validity. When all is said and done, it remains the fact that in order to reach the Statute Book the Liberals have to overcome obstacles that are artificial, that no efforts of their own can remove, and that do not operate against the Conservatives. In four or five directions, wherever, indeed, the Peers suspect that the interests of the Church or of the Conservative party or of the landlords or of the liquor trade or of the Irish Unionists are likely to be prejudiced, the Liberals find the road of advance pretty well blocked. In other directions it is no doubt true enough that they are permitted as much freedom of action as the Conservatives possess. The House of Lords has never been behindhand in co-operating in the work of social and industrial betterment. Such measures as the Old-age Pensions Act, or Acts protecting working-men, or reforming the Poor Law, or conferring special and highly valued

rights on Trade Unions, or bringing into existence a national scheme of insurance against unemployment, or fixing upon employers a full liability for accidents—pass through the House of Lords as easily when proposed by a Liberal Government as when proposed by a Conservative Government. But if the Liberals wished, in accordance with the overwhelming desires of the Welsh people, to disestablish the Welsh Church; if they wished to release education from its clerical leading-strings and place it under popular control; if they wished to grant Ireland Home Rule or to abolish the anomaly of plural voting or to annex to the State a fair proportion of the monopoly values of liquor licenses or to tax land values, then, whatever their majority, with the House of Lords as it is now, they would find themselves impotent to carry out their purposes. All proposals looking to these ends would be virtually certain of rejection by the Lords, and to give effect to them the Liberals would be compelled to seek renewed authority from the people by means of a series of dissolutions. This constitutes a just and deeply felt grievance and Liberals are determined to make and end of it. They are more determined than ever after the unprecedented action taken by the Lords fourteen months ago in rejecting the Budget—an action which was a clear violation of the spirit and traditions of the British Constitution, and which, if it became the normal practice, would snatch the control of the purse from the elected representatives of the people and make the hereditary and indissoluble Chamber the decisive authority in the State with power of life and death over all future Liberal Cabinets. After their experiences of the past five years the Liberals feel that it is essential to their self-respect and to their effectiveness as a party that the disabilities under which they have suffered should now once and for all be removed.

But how are they to be removed? In what way are Liberals and Conservatives to be placed on a Parliamentary equality? There are, roughly speaking, two ways. One is to so restrict the powers of the House of Lords that it will be equally impotent whatever party is in office. The other is to reform the composition of the House of Lords so that Liberals and Conservatives may stand an equal chance of obtaining a majority in it. Of these two alternatives the Liberals have chosen the former. That is to say, their solution of the House of Lords question is the destruction

or the paring away of its legislative prerogatives. They embodied this solution in a series of Resolutions that were adopted by the House of Commons last April by majorities of over a hundred. Their programme divides itself into three parts. The first part deprives the House of Lords of all power in matters of finance and makes it impossible for the Peers ever again to act as they acted in November, 1909, when they threw out the Budget. Henceforward a Money Bill which is certified by the Speaker of the House of Commons to be only a Money Bill—that is, to contain no provisions that are not purely financial—will become law within a month after it reaches the House of Lords whether the Peers assent to it or not. There is a great deal that might be said for and against this proceeding, but there is the less need to say it as the Lords have virtually accepted the principle of the absolute supremacy of the House of Commons in finance and all that remains to be adjusted is a few matters of detail. I pass on, therefore, to the second and by far the most momentous part of the Liberal programme—the part which strictly limits the powers of the House of Lords in dealing with ordinary, non-financial legislation. Its essence is that any measure which passes the House of Commons in three consecutive sessions and is rejected by the House of Lords in each of these sessions shall become law on receiving the Royal Assent, provided that two years have elapsed between its first introduction and its third and final passage through the House of Commons. It is round this proposal that the battle has chiefly raged; and to judge it fairly one must remember that the Liberals, in the third part of their programme, propose to restrict the duration of Parliament to five instead of seven years—which means, in practice, that in each Parliament there will not be more than four working sessions. Now one can at least say of this programme that it achieves its object. It effectually gets rid of the obstacles hitherto opposed by the Lords to Liberal legislation, and by doing so it puts both the chief parties on a substantial equality. The Lords, under the Liberal scheme, may debate, may criticise, may delay the passage of a bill for two years, may suggest amendments—and the amendments, if accepted by the Government, will be incorporated in the bill; but they may not throw it out or submit it to the judgment of the electorate; when the two years have expired, it becomes law whether

they assent to it or not. The Conservatives maintain that this is to place Great Britain on what is virtually a single-Chamber basis, and that a determined Minister or a determined faction will henceforward be able to force through Parliament any measure, however revolutionary and however much opposed by the opinion of the country. They declare that every argument in favor of a strong Second Chamber, with effective powers not only of amendment and delay, but of rejection, acquires a double force when applied to British conditions, because in Great Britain there is no written Constitution to serve as a touchstone for any and every Act of Parliament, nothing that in any way corresponds to the Presidential veto or the powers of the Supreme Court; Parliament is omnipotent and can do everything that is physically possible, and in Parliament the decisive control of affairs is exercised by the Cabinet, which, owing to the growing inability of the House of Commons to grapple with the enormous and expanding business intrusted to its care, is more and more forced to legislate by executive decree. They assert that to do as the Liberals propose to do—to take away from the House of Lords the only power that can make a Second Chamber a reality and not a sham—is in effect to abolish the right of the people to say whether a given measure does or does not meet with their approval and to expose the fortunes of the country to the manipulation of a chance and heterogeneous majority in the Lower House. They deride the Liberal contention that the proposed two years' interval would effectually prevent hasty, unpopular or revolutionary legislation. They argue that opinion outside the House is too mutable, the power of the party system inside it is too rigid, and the tenacity of minorities—and especially of minorities that hold the Government in their grasp—too great, to make the safeguard on which Liberals rely anything but illusory. Imagine, they exclaim, a Liberal Government dependent for its very existence upon Nationalist votes and bringing in a Home Rule Bill. Is it conceivable that, however greatly popular sentiment might be roused against the measure, they would be permitted by their House of Commons allies to drop it after it had once secured a majority in the Lower House? The Conservatives contend that there is no bill, however revolutionary, that would not be practically certain of reaching the Statute Book under such conditions. They

point out that Liberals have always complained that the country was virtually on a single-Chamber basis whenever the Conservatives were in power, and that they now propose to perpetuate the very abuse they have hitherto denounced. They insist that the form of government which the Liberals are endeavoring to erect is precisely the form on which history has pronounced its most decisive condemnation. And how, they ask, is effect to be given to the Liberal plan? Nobody imagines that the Lords will quietly submit to the extinction of their legislative powers. In what way, then, are they to be coerced? The answer is that the Liberals, assuming that the elections which are now in progress result in a Liberal victory, will approach the Crown and request permission to create the five hundred Peers or so who will be needed to carry their programme through the Upper House. Is that, ask the Conservatives, what the British people desire? Do they wish to see the King dragged into the arena of party politics, or legislation passed by such methods of violence, or the ancient Constitution subverted in order to clear a way to Irish Home Rule and predatory Socialism?

But what is the alternative that the Conservatives themselves propose? Roughly it may be described as a reform of the House of Lords from within, the surrender of the veto on finance, the retention of all other legislative powers intact, the provision of joint sessions for ordinary matters of dispute between the two Houses and the adoption of the Referendum where questions of the gravest moment are involved. One of the obvious blots on the Liberal programme is that it leaves the House of Lords absolutely unreformed. Believing that to reform it is to make it stronger, more assertive and a greater obstacle in their path, the Liberals have put off the question of its reconstruction from within until its prerogatives have been effectually truncated from without. After they have left it nothing to do that is worth doing, they will then consider how a perfect Second Chamber may be evolved to do it; after making it politically impotent they may then pass on to make it personally efficient. The Conservatives maintain that this is putting the cart before the horse and that it is impossible to determine the powers of a legislative Chamber when nobody knows how it is to be composed. They have, therefore, addressed themselves to the problem of its internal reconstruction, with a view

to removing the shortcomings that all Englishmen have long agreed in recognizing in the House of Lords. Those shortcomings are its unwieldiness, its dependence upon the hereditary principle, the fact that many of its members have neither aptitude nor inclination for politics, its overwhelming inclination, both in numbers and in sentiment, towards the Conservative side, and its aloofness not so much from public opinion as from the processes by which in a democracy public opinion is made known and operative. At the instigation of Lord Rosebery the Peers have passed a series of Resolutions to remedy these defects. They have resolved that a seat in the House of Lords shall no longer descend from sire to son with the family title and estates; in other words, they have abandoned the hereditary principle. The renovated Chamber which the Rosebery Resolutions foreshadow is a House of Lords reduced in point of numbers to between 300 and 400, with, say, one-half its members chosen by the whole body of the Peers from among their own order and with the remainder chosen or nominated from outside or sitting in the House by virtue of holding special offices. The House of Lords thus evolved would, the Conservatives claim, be a Second Chamber in which the present disparity between the two parties would be largely redressed, which would be brought into direct and recurring touch with public opinion, which would be strong in ability and experience, but not so strong as to dominate the House of Commons, which would be naturally and properly conservative in tone, but freed from dependence upon the Conservative party, and which would represent a free variety of classes and interests. But to all this the Liberals reply that the Rosebery Resolutions are nothing more than a coat of democratic varnish to mislead the electorate, that if they mean anything nobody can tell what they mean until the plan they hint at has been worked out in detail, that it would be perfectly possible to construct a House of Lords on the basis of the Rosebery Resolutions that would be just as partisan as the present Chamber, and that there is no guarantee and very little likelihood that Liberals would find themselves any better off or any nearer a status of equality in the new House than they are to-day. Very much the same criticisms are passed upon the proposal for Joint Sessions of Lords and Commons in the event of disagreement between the two Houses over minor matters. Joint

Sessions are a device to which in itself Liberals have no objection, but they naturally wish to know how the Joint Sessions are to be composed, how many Lords and how many Commons are to participate in them, and what opportunities the Government of the day will have of influencing their decisions, before they rush to accept them as a satisfactory solution. So too with the Referendum which the Conservatives propose should be resorted to if differences of opinion over questions of grave moment arise between the Lords and the Commons. Who is to decide, ask the Liberals, what is and what is not a question of grave moment? Is it not certain that so long as the House of Lords commands an unvarying Conservative majority, the Referendum will only be invoked against Liberal measures? To this the Conservatives have replied that they are perfectly willing to submit the first constructive measure on their programme — namely, Tariff Reform — to the ordeal of a Referendum, and inquire whether the Liberals are equally ready to submit Home Rule. The Liberals have found it difficult to answer this highly pointed question and have sought refuge instead in denouncing the Referendum as a device that can only be grafted on to the British system at the cost of destroying the responsibility of Ministers and of Parliament, and of plunging the country into changes that would ultimately prove far more revolutionary than any that are involved in their own proposals. Speaking generally, one may, I think, assert that the Liberals are both suspicious and contemptuous of the Resolutions that the Lords in the last week of November adopted with such remarkable alacrity. They regard them as little more than electioneering dodges conceived in a moment of panic, proceeding from no real conviction, and intended not to redress the Liberal grievance, but to stereotype it under less assailable forms.

Such are the central issues of the conflict that is proceeding as I write, and however the election ends one may be sure that the conflict itself will continue. If the Liberals, as most Englishmen anticipate, are returned to power they will have to take in hand the formidable task of compelling the submission of the Lords by an extraordinary and, on such a scale, an unprecedented exercise of the Royal prerogatives. If the Conservatives win they will be obliged to proceed with the scarcely less formidable task of trans-

lating the Resolutions adopted by the House of Lords into some practical scheme. Most moderate-minded Englishmen approve the goal the Liberals are aiming at—the goal of an effective legislative equality—but condemn the route they have chosen to reach it. They approve the general principle of the solution proposed by the Conservatives, but they see no evidence that the solution itself is sufficiently comprehensive to place Liberals and Conservatives on an equal footing. They are beginning, indeed, to doubt whether equality between the two parties can ever be achieved unless the Liberal plan is adopted or unless the House of Lords is turned into a purely elective Chamber. But on one point moderate Englishmen have never wavered, and that is that the tremendous issues now confronting the British people cannot be permanently settled except by consent. They look beyond the present delirium and beyond the barren period of tumult and confusion that lies immediately ahead, to a time when common sense will reassert itself and force upon both parties the inevitable and enduring compromise.

BRITANNICUS.

THE PANAMA CANAL *VERSUS* AMERICAN SHIPPING

BY A. G. McLELLAN

In 1915, when the Panama Canal is thrown open to the water-borne commerce of the world, the present long-distance trade routes to the Pacific will perforce be abandoned in favor of the new short-distance routes which the opening of the Canal will bring in its wake.

Recognizing the fact that this desired state of affairs will be brought about wholly and solely through America's great expenditure in money, skill and labor, the question then naturally arises: Will America within a reasonable time, if at all, receive a return commensurate to its colossal undertaking and investment? The question again may be put in another way thus: Will the opening of the Canal give to American shipping the necessary stimulus which it stands so sadly in need of to-day?

Without in any way attempting to underestimate the value of the Canal to America as a nation, yet, when one contrasts American shipping ethics and methods with those of foreign nations, it is safe to assume that had the Panama Canal been taken in hand by a nation other than America little thought would be required in the answering of the foregoing questions.

Leaving aside the importance of the waterway in its relation to the political status of America, let us turn our thoughts to a particular industry — shipping — which will either stand or fall through the construction of it if the present-day antiquated shipping laws of America are not substituted by wise laws more suited to modern requirements. If at the time of the opening of the Canal American foreign-going shipping stands as it now is, we shall see the tonnage of other nations reaping the benefit of new short-distance trades at the expense of American enterprise.

European shippers and ship-owners with their accustomed

foresight and energy in all things pertaining to merchant-ship tonnage will make a bold bid to establish new lucrative trades without being forced in any way to withdraw any of their tonnage from the present well-established trades.

Shipping, for purposes of this article, may be divided into three classes: foreign-going, coastal and naval. Dealing with foreign-going vessels first, we seem within measurable distance of the time when the word "extinction" will have to substitute "decline" when speaking of the American merchant marine. With shipping laws diametrically opposed to the existence or growth of its merchant tonnage, America, instead of giving its shipping industry protection, on the contrary seems bent on sweeping it to destruction.

While the present suicidal policy is being persistently followed out to the letter, foreign tonnage doing business with America tends steadily to increase, and this increase with the opening of the Panama Canal will only become greater, and that at the expense of American tonnage.

A study of the Suez Canal and what its opening meant to the small ship-owners of Europe ought to interest those holding office in America. What it did for European shipping the Panama Canal can do for American shipping if the problem is faced squarely and without loss of time.

The opening of the Suez Canal made it possible for small steamers ranging between three thousand and five thousand tons gross to engage in Eastern trades which hitherto were closed to them because the long distances required to be travelled swallowed up the profits on freights. This reduction in mileage will be repeated when the Panama Canal is declared open to navigation. Small steamers of the tonnage mentioned will pioneer a trade which at present is quite beyond their earning capacities, but which will be well within the margin of dividends when entrance to the Pacific is gained by passing through the Panama Canal instead of by the routes now followed—*via* Cape Horn or Straits of Magellan.

Roughly speaking, the distance by water from Europe to the principal ports of California and Oregon is about 14,000 miles and to the principal ports of Chile and Peru about 10,000 miles. Freights, at their present figure, make it impossible for small steamers of the tramp class to engage in trades which, owing to the long distances required to be travelled, offer no inducement to the owner of small steamers.

But when the present 14,000-mile stretch is reduced to about 7,000 miles and the 10,000-mile stretch to 4,000 through gaining admittance into the Pacific *via* Panama instead of *via* Cape Horn, European ship-owners see at a glance that this tremendous reduction in mileage represents the difference between profit and loss, and they will not hesitate to send their small low-powered vessels into the Pacific to seek their fortunes.

Allowing that European tonnage instead of increasing remains stationary, what then will happen? The congested state of shipping now engaged in all Eastern trades will be greatly relieved by the temporary withdrawal of many vessels suited to the new trades which the Panama Canal will create. This cuts two ways. While the congestion out East is relieved by the withdrawal of tonnage, freights consequently must rise; and while this is taking place vessels which before only helped to spell confusion will then establish new trades which are bound to guarantee a profit. On the other hand, if at the time of the opening of the Panama Canal Eastern freights should show a tendency to rise or even remain steady, then no vessels of any consequence will be withdrawn from Eastern waters. Rather new and cheaply built small vessels of low power will crowd in and throttle any half-hearted efforts which American ship-owners, if the past is any criterion, are sure to make in their attempts to gain a footing in the Pacific. The time is now, and not after the opening of the Canal, when America should lay down the nucleus of a merchant marine sufficient in size to cope successfully with foreign merchant marines.

An expenditure of $500,000,000 on construction work, not to speak of labor, and so forth, has a right to demand some kind of return on the outlay. A nation which controls the greatest water highway in the world, in addition to owning many of the finest seaports, harbors and rivers, has a right to a leading position in the maritime world. America is such a nation, but up to the present has not claimed her rights. In the shipping world, on account of her expending all her energies in the development of her internal resources at the expense of her external, she holds no position worthy of consideration or recognition. This somewhat sad state of affairs is countenanced by the Government in its insistence on holding on to its present antiquated maritime laws.

Without arguing for or against the following suggestions put forward in favor of the protection of the American merchant marine, either one or all of them ought to be adopted until such times as American merchant tonnage is of sufficient size to stand on its own feet without Government aid and is able to compete on equal footing with foreign shipping. It matters not the form Government aid takes, whether it be Government-owned lines, Government subsidy, preferential Canal dues to American vessels, reduction of the manning force at present required, or the repeal of the law which makes it illegal for foreign-built ships, but American owned, to fly the Stars and Stripes. If the last three suggestions only were carried out immediately they would probably go a long way toward helping to build up quite a respectable merchant marine by the time navigation through the Panama Canal is a reality.

The manning question deserves a little more than a passing reference. As the manning law now stands American ships are required to carry as members of the crew seven men over and above the number demanded by the British authorities in British ships.

This number—seven—is quoted for vessels of the smallest ocean-going tonnage and increases pro rata with tonnage. Considering the high wages paid to seamen in American ships in comparison to British or German seamen's wages, this in itself is a sufficient handicap, not to speak of the number of seamen required to be carried in American ships over and above the number enforced in the manning of British vessels. Now if the British authorities, who are old experienced hands at the shipping game, can allow their vessels to put to sea with at least seven hands less than American ships carry, then why cannot American ship-owners be allowed to reduce their crews to British standards?

The manning question is, of course, only a small matter, but when it concerns a ship-owner running a number of small vessels only, it may mean the difference between profit and loss to him, especially if there is a depression in freights. The remedy to prevent the decline or the total extinction of the American merchant marine is entirely in American hands. The Panama Canal, if the subject is thoroughly gone into, also offers a solution to the problem of its steady growth and to its sharing with foreign marines a fair portion of the world's carrying trade.

Turning now to American coastal shipping and its relation to the Panama Canal, one cannot be as optimistic in treating with this branch of the shipping industry as in the treatment of deep-water tonnage.

The curse of America—the railroad trusts—will endeavor to frustrate all attempts made by small ship-owners to engage in long-distance coastal trading — say, between San Francisco, San Diego, Portland and Seattle and ports on the Atlantic seaboard. On an average, water-borne commerce in comparison to distance travelled costs only one-sixth as much as carriage by rail, and long-distance freight can be handled as expeditiously by sea as by rail. This being so and bearing in mind that all big railroad companies run ships of their own, it goes without saying that vessels owned and run by any of these corporations could be operated, for the time being, at a loss in order to keep ships not owned by them out of the coastal trade. Not a very large fleet of railroad steamers would be required to so throttle up the coastal trade that freight perforce would have to be either carried by them or be carried across the American continent by rail, this depending upon the state of trade or the policy of the controlling railroad magnates. An indication of the trend of affairs is furnished by a study of the Panama Railroad ships owned and operated ostensibly by the United States Government. These ships leave New York on their way south to Colon full of cargo, but they find on the Isthmus only little freight for their return journey and as often as not are forced to return to their port of departure in ballast.

Railroad monopoly dictates as to the quality and quantity of freight which will find its way from the Western seaboard *via* the Isthmus of Panama to Eastern markets. Western farmers, knowing how much cheaper it is for them to ship their harvests by water to Panama, then by rail to Colon, again by water to New York, are yet denied this right by the railroad magnates, who see that if this course were allowed to be followed a depreciation in railroad stock and a diminution of dividends would result.

Last year the orange and lemon growers of California handed over to the railroads the colossal sum of $14,000,000 for the carrying of a single crop of oranges and lemons to the Eastern markets. This figured out at the rate of about $25 per ton. Contrast this with the Pacific grain crop, which

can be carried to Europe *via* Cape Horn at a maximum rate of $8 per ton, and with oranges which can be carried in refrigerated ships in a proposed line from Los Angeles to New York at less than one-third of the present railroad tariff. By an all-water route even around Cape Horn, California growers could save on a single orange and lemon crop a sum approximating $10,000,000, a sum sufficient in itself to build and operate a line of first-class freight-steamers. If on orange and lemon crops alone railroads can snatch a $10,000,000 profit a year, it is hardly likely even if railroad-owned vessels carried other produce for nothing that small ship-owners would be allowed to claim a fair share of the coastal-carrying trade. Against such tremendous odds small ship-owners would stand no chance. They could not run their vessels profitably on the cost of freight which the railroad-owned ships could and would determine. Thus we find that the producer, consumer, shipper and ship-owner are between the devil and the deep sea. All are robbed of the legitimate rewards of honest trade; and the people, through the present high cost of living, pay their toll to the railroad magnates at the rate of $10,000,000 a year on oranges and lemons alone.

It seems, when dealing with coastal shipping, that we confront a problem as difficult to solve as that which the overwhelming superiority of foreign deep-water tonnage offers to American foreign-going shipping.

There are two ways out of the difficulty: (1) Let the United States Government own and run a fleet of steamers of sufficient size and speed to guarantee that Western crops shall reach their Eastern markets within a reasonable time and so fix rates that undercutting by railroad vessels would be impossible. (2) Failing the first proposition, then if a syndicate of Western farmers and shippers ran their own steamers at fixed rates and also gave the preference to their own vessels opposition by railroad-owned steamers would soon break down when it was found that syndicate vessels were quite beyond the control of the railroads and carried full cargoes both ways. If one or both of these suggestions were carried into effect, then Western harvests would reach Eastern markets by an all-water route, which, as already stated, allowing for distance covered, costs about six times less than carriage by rail. Once this trade became firmly established and all railroad monopoly was broken down, the

Panama Canal would then have not been built in vain in so much as its relations to the coastal shipping of America are concerned.

In estimating the value of the Panama Canal in its relations to the American navy, or to the American nation as a whole, we have a factor which at once clears away all doubts as to the possibility of a successful invasion of American shores. If the present proposed scheme of fortifying the Canal is carried into effect, America then, by the intended fortifications, makes her position both on the Atlantic and Pacific impregnable.

Opinion on the question of fortifying the waterway is divided. It is quite true that under the Hay-Buneau-Varilla Treaty the United States has the right to fortify the Canal, but this treaty is of little importance, as it is in conflict with the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which declined to assimilate the Panama Canal to the Suez Canal in this respect, on the ground that the United States has not in the Isthmus of Panama the same sovereign rights as the Khedive of Egypt possesses over his waterway.

On the other hand, the Presidential legal advisers say that under the second Hay-Lansdowne Treaty there is not a shadow of doubt but that the United States may not only construct the Canal, but control and fortify it; and that the terms of the Treaty are not being unduly stretched by the proposition to establish forts, with guns at either end, capable of sweeping twenty miles of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. If the proposed sum of $2,000,000 be appropriated for immediate service in building the projected forts, then the safe passage of American fleets—Atlantic and Pacific—into either ocean is guaranteed.

Fortifications, it is true, invite war, and in these days it is only fortified seaports or waterways which stand in danger of being attacked by hostile ships; but the Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which provides that no act of war shall ever be committed within the neutral zone, in the face of recent events, only tends to show that treaties are futile when a nation is bent upon securing new lands or is bent upon the realization of a national ideal.

A long-standing weakness of the American navy has been its inability to concentrate its whole force within a reasonable limit of time at any particular place where danger may threaten. Its two fleets, as at present, being separated by a

twelve-thousand-mile expanse of water, could not act independently against a powerful naval antagonist with a reasonable chance of securing victory against the tremendous odds which could be launched against either.

Appreciating this fact, then, should the United States Government wilfully ignore the value of fortifying the Panama Canal or refuse to guarantee the safe passage of its fleets into either ocean? Such action could only be interpreted as those tantamount to the encouragement of national suicide. Many argue that to fortify the Canal is to make it the cockpit of the earth. Well, if war must take place, what matters it if the seat be the Near East, Far East or Panama? The fortifying of the Canal will in no way alter America's relations with other Powers or cause her to abandon her present pacific policy in favor of an aggressive one.

The settlement of international disputes presents so obvious an advantage over war that we may expect in the near future to see the nations vying with each other in their appeals for the good offices of the Hague jurists. In either case, with or without fortifications, should America engage in war with a powerful naval antagonist, the main objective of its antagonist would be to keep both fleets apart. To prevent a conjunction of fleets a position would have to be taken up by the opposing vessels off Panama.

The batteries which it is proposed to mount at the entrances of the Canal could only, at the most, guarantee a cruising radius twenty miles clear for American ships. To an attacking fleet this means little or nothing at all, as it could so manœuvre that American ships, unless they employed cowardly tactics altogether opposed to American ideals and traditions, would have to come out in the open and fight at a distance well outside the range of the Panama batteries. It is not the Canal fortifications which will localize a naval engagement or turn that zone into the cockpit of the world, but the waterway itself.

The biggest question of to-day is: war or peace. Nations at present groan under burdens not of benevolence or science or education, but of armaments both naval and military. Americans can afford to spend $500,000,000 on the construction of a highway of peace and commerce and another estimated $14,000,000 on the fortification of it without in any way being justly accused of affronting the world with a war policy looked upon by some as reckless in its ex-

travagance and defiant in its purpose. "Defence, not Defiance," is what the Panama batteries will stand for!

Allowing that the fortifications will be partly finished by the time of the opening of the Canal, will the assured safe conduct of both American fleets into either ocean not go a long way towards solving the problem of America's naval expenditure? Does this not savor of disarmament? Of smaller craft, such as torpedo-boats and destroyers whose voyage to the Pacific *via* Cape Horn or Straits of Magellan is fraught with danger to their crews, the passage into the Pacific in comparatively smooth water, not to speak of the time saved on the journey *via* Panama, at once reduces the need of maintaining powerful flotillas of these vessels in both oceans to operate in conjunction with battleships or cruisers.

Again, the weakest spot in the American navy is the absence of first-class battleships in the Pacific Ocean. At present there are no American modern all-big-gun and heavily armored battleships—Dreadnoughts—in the Pacific, while the strongest naval Power in that ocean—Japan—has several. These vessels, which cost about $10,000,000 each to build, in any future naval war will decide victory. The cost of building only two such vessels would more than pay for the proposed Canal fortifications. Then supposing that the entry of these ships into the Pacific could not be assured by the support of land batteries, it would mean that America must increase her Pacific naval strength to that of Japan. This is a contingency which American naval authorities do not care to face in view of the benefits which will accrue to the American navy through the construction and fortification of the Panama Canal. Nor should they, as the balance of power in the Pacific will be turned in favor of America when the Canal is opened.

For the building of the proposed batteries, it is planned to appropriate in all a sum of $14,000,000, $2,000,000 of which are to be expended for immediate service. So that for the whole sum mentioned — $14,000,000 — United States naval power will increase one hundred per cent. at least without the addition of a single new keel to the navy.

To continue, even to those whose knowledge of nautical affairs is a minus quantity, it is apparent that America's present naval weakness invites attack. The fighting power of the Pacific fleet alone, if opposed to the might of Japan, would avail it nothing in the final issue of an

engagement. The Pacific slope would be open to invasion should there be nothing between an invading army and California but the American Pacific fleet. How the invaders would fare after effecting a landing is beside this question, but once the Canal permits of the joining of the two American fleets the American navy then would be the dominant power in the Pacific and the United States oversea possessions would be safe from seizure or attack.

This happy state of affairs will be brought about when the Panama Canal is a reality. The overwhelming superiority which the Canal will give to the American navy over any other navy whose ships must steam at least three thousand miles to engage it at once overthrows any invasion theories that may at present be entertained. It would be lunacy on the part of America were she to leave unfortified what all military experts unite in regarding as the inevitable scene of the next war in the Western Hemisphere. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the fact that the Canal and not its fortifications has changed the probable scene of future hostilities from the Far East to the Middle West.

Enough has been said to show that the Panama Canal will benefit foreign ship-owners and American railroad magnates only if new laws are not framed at once to checkmate foreign competition and monopoly by the railroads. As the laws stand at present they are diametrically opposed to progress in the merchant shipping world. The people of America, looking upon the Canal as a business asset, will be robbed of a legitimate return on their enormous investment in men and money if efficient remedies are not soon forthcoming.

What they lose in a business sense will be more than made up to them in a national sense; but, after all, this is small compensation when the remedy or a combination of business and national gain is well within the power of the United States Government to grant if it would only face facts as they exist to-day and appreciate its responsibilities in a manner which would place American ships and shipowners more on a par with European. What American naval tonnage will gain through the Panama Canal, merchant tonnage should. The value of the latter, if it were secured a fair field and no favor, would enhance with the opening of the waterway in much the same way as the former—automatically.

A. G. McLellan.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA IN ITALY

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND CLOSES HIS PART IN THE CONTROVERSY

Perhaps I am thought somewhat belated in taking cognizance of the two articles—one from the pen of the Rt. Rev. William Burt, Bishop of the American Methodist Church in European countries, the other from that of the Rev. S. M. Vernon, of Philadelphia—appearing in The North American Review of last October, as replies to former articles of mine in the same Review on "The Methodist Episcopal Church of America in Italy." The delay, however, has served a valuable purpose, since it has allowed time for others to come forward as champions of the Methodist mission and lend their aid in attempts to clear it, so far as this is possible, from the charges laid to its account—insults most outrageous to the Catholic Church and the Pontiffs of Rome; vilest calumnies against the dogmas and precepts of Catholicism; deceptions in reports of the Methodist propaganda; fraud and hypocrisy in methods made use of by its evangelists. The Methodist side, I am now entitled to assume, has been amply heard from, and the privilege is mine to write my final brief and retire from the arena, leaving to the disinterested, unprejudiced reader to review argument and counter-argument and be the judge as to the result of the controversy.

Indeed, in nearly all discussions, this is the outcome to be looked for, the goal to be kept within aim—the judgment of the impartial reader. To expect from contestants a surrender or an avowal of defeat is, as a rule, quite futile. Argue still they will; argue still they can. It is Jefferson who is reported to have said: "There is nothing against which human ingenuity will not find something to say." It is so easy to neglect telling points scored by the opponent, to fasten on points of minor or incidental value to the ex-

clusion of the main issues, to give prominence to new issues, however foreign these be to the discussion, in the hope of turning off attention from the matter which, for the time being, should alone be talked of. To arguing there need be no end, if mere arguing is desired. And so it is, I opine, with the champions of the Methodist Propaganda in Italy. So it is, these will say, with myself in my criticisms of this propaganda. Well, I appeal to the reader to pronounce judgment.

I shall not, for the nonce, take to myself the task of defending the Catholic Church or the Papacy from attacks levelled thereat by my opponents. What if there be truth in the lurid pages given up to the abuse of the Catholic Church by Bishop Burt in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, by Dr. R. J. Cooke in the "Methodist Review"? Is Methodism in Italy luminous and above reproach, because guilt may be laid to the door of the Catholic Church? Methodism in Italy is under examination; to Methodism in Italy I must confine the discussion and leave to another time the defence of the Catholic Church.

Details of charges against Methodism in Italy were given at length in my preceding articles in the July and the September issues of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

It is said by Bishop Burt that on my side of the controversy there is the stain of unfairness and of unreliability —important "omissions" in quotations, allegations drawn from unauthoritative and misleading "sources." I take up the accusations one by one.

1. From the message given by the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church I quoted what I called "the pertinent points." I omitted the following paragraph:

> "Third. That the same methods, namely, preaching the Gospel in its simplicity and conducting schools which recognize the plain teaching of the New Testament as a supreme authority in religion and in ethics, have long been followed out by our missions in South America and Mexico, as well as in Rome, and no such indictment has been made against those missions even to this day, as far as we are informed."

Thereon Bishop Burt writes:

> "But in his first article taking the responsibility for giving what he calls 'pertinent points' of the Bishops' statement, the Archbishop omits this entire section which contains the essence of the Bishops' utterances! Omits it while appearing to be quoting continuously; omits it without any mark, remark or printer's sign showing any omission at that point, though he does indicate other omissions."

Why I omitted the paragraph? I was quoting from the message of the Bishops "the pertinent points," those bearing on Methodism in Italy. The declaration that I was quoting only "the pertinent points" made sufficiently clear, without the insertion of marks of omission, that I was not giving the message in full, so marks of omission were not inserted except in one place where two sentences, separated in the original, were so closely allied in meaning that it seemed necessary to bring them together—something not to be done without due indication that intervening words were dropped from the quotation. My first notion had been to quote the entire message of the Bishops, but recalling to mind the value of space in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I limited myself to "the pertinent points."

Was the paragraph in question a "pertinent point"? I do not think so. Dealing with Italy, not with South America or Mexico, I was confining my argument to conditions in Italy, bending myself to show by "details of specific acts" how far conditions in that country were below "the moral integrity" claimed by the Bishops for the work of their missionaries. If the methods observed in Italy were the same as those made use of in Mexico and in South America, as the Bishops in another paragraph asserted, so much the worse, I should have said, for Methodism in Mexico and in South America. The extension of the methods to those countries did not mend them in Italy.

Preceding assertion "Third," in the statement of the Bishops, was assertion "Second":

> "That the methods of our mission in Italy, now for the first time publicly condemned, are the same as have been pursued from the beginning, almost forty years ago."

This assertion is quite general as to Italy: it covers all that had taken place there during the last forty years. I accepted it in its comprehensiveness. Upon me was the burden of showing forth the conditions in Italy at any period of time for the past forty years, the right remaining to conclude that, such as I should prove these conditions to have been at any time, they had legitimate refuge under the Bishops' broad words and were those of to-day as much as those of yesterday.

2. I quoted from "*Il Giornale d'Italia*" of Rome a passage illustrating the anti-Catholic spirit of the Methodist Propaganda. Bishop Burt warns me that I left out the head-

line, "That which they say in the Vatican." Well, I confess, the newspaper cutting which I had in hand was without a head-line and so no head-line appeared in my quotation. The extract, however, from "*Il Giornale*" played no significant part in the discussion, bearing as it did on a point proved otherwise many times over—the anti-Catholic spirit of the Methodist Propaganda. The whole extract is a negligible quantity.

3. I quoted from "*La Nazione*" of Florence a list of books seen, it was said, by its correspondent, as he walked down Via Venti Settembre, in the windows of the Methodist Publishing-House. Thereon Bishop Burt writes:

"Everybody in Italy knows that '*La Nazione*' of Florence is an ultra-conservative paper in strict alliance with the clerical party. No window of the Publishing-House fronts on Via Venti Settembre, but only one small window where books and papers are exhibited on Via Firenze. The fact, however, is the books mentioned were never published, owned or sold by us. No one ever saw them in our windows at any time, for we never had them. Hence the statement of the correspondent is simply false. If the Archbishop had only reported what he saw . . . he would not have fallen a victim to such unreliable data."

A slight matter it is whether the show-window of the "Casa Metodistica" fronts, as does the "Casa" itself, on Via Venti Settembre or a few feet around the corner on Via Firenze. Bishop Burt is here rather too particular as to details. But a matter not so slight is the Bishop's assertion that "*La Nazione*" is "an ultra-conservative paper in strict alliance with the clerical party." This may be said to Americans who know little or nothing about Florentine journalism, not to Florentines themselves. "*La Nazione*" is a liberal monarchist paper, anti-clerical, often ferociously so, as instanced in its warfare with "*L'Unita Cattolica.*" As to whether its correspondent, in telling of books in the window of the "Casa Metodistica," spoke or did not speak a falsehood, the question rests between himself and Bishop Burt, not between me and the Bishop. It were, however, somewhat strange that a widely circulated newspaper such as "*La Nazione*" should publish a glaringly false statement with regard to a matter so open to investigation as the titles of books exposed in a shop window; while, on the other hand, Bishop Burt, an occasional visitor to Rome, is not expected to know what the window did show at a given time, when, perhaps, he was far away from La Via Firenze. But since Bishop Burt appeals

to my personal observation, I now say that ten years ago I stopped before the window on Via Firenze; and well I recollect seeing there on exhibition books and pamphlets most insulting to the Catholic Church and to the Papacy. One was from the pen of an ex-priest, Achilli, the contestant long ago before a court in England in a lawsuit with John Henry Newman, Achilli being then and there proved to have been an unmitigated scoundrel, though on a technicality Newman was made to pay nominal damages. The Methodists, I thought at the time, were not afraid to handle a book, however antiquated, however disproved, if only it were abusive of Catholicism.

4. The sources from which I drew my charges are, according to Bishop Burt and Dr. Vernon, unreliable, unworthy of credence. Let us see whether or no I am so mistaken in my "sources." My sources are Dr. Stackpole, Rev. P. de Mandato, S.J., "*L'Evangelista*," "*Cenni Storici*" and Bishop Burt. Bishop Burt and Dr. Vernon will not challenge the reliability of "*L'Evangelista*," of "*Cenni Storici*," and of Bishop Burt himself. Well, I need no others to build up an indictment against Italian Methodism, as my preceding articles amply demonstrate. With these "sources" to be quoted from, I could well afford to eliminate from the witness-box Dr. Stackpole and Rev. P. de Mandato, S.J. But even to those I still hold and most rightly so.

Poor Dr. Stackpole! At one time he was the leader of the Methodist Propaganda in Italy, the perfect apostle, the very salt of the earth. In 1891 Bishop Vincent had written of him: "Dr. Stackpole, who is an intense believer in the most intense type of Methodism and a loving disciple of the devout Daniel Steele, labors most faithfully to promote the spiritual life, to train the heart and conscience."

But since 1894, when Dr. Stackpole reported to American Methodists conditions in the Italian Mission, writing as a devout and devoted Methodist, having in mind the one purpose of telling the truth with a view to the betterment of Methodism in Italy, challenging contradiction of his statements, for every one of which he gave place and date—he is the reprobate whom Bishop Burt and Dr. Vernon repudiate and denounce. Alas for Dr. Stackpole! He told the truth and told it with "details of specific acts." Bishop Burt writes:

"If the Archbishop had personally studied the situation he would not have been compelled to go back and dig up an old book which is out of print, written sixteen years ago, and which at the time of its publication was ably answered by Dr. J. M. Buckley and others who were perfectly familiar with the situation. The same book was answered again recently in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Dr. S. M. Vernon."

"Sixteen years ago"—not too long ago to be out of date in a discussion of what Methodists are doing to-day in Italy or were doing there yesterday.

If Dr. Stackpole's book was so ably answered by Dr. J. M. Buckley, as is asserted, we regret that the Bishop did not give a short summary of the rebutting evidence instead of exacting from us blind faith in his own verdict. Certainly, if it were not more ably answered by Dr. Buckley than it was by Dr. Vernon, it was not answered at all. Dr. Vernon does not dare take up for rebuttal one single statement from "Four and One-half Years," contenting himself with a bitter onslaught upon the personality of the writer, differing most materially in his estimate of Dr. Stackpole from other Methodists, Bishop Vincent, Professor Sewall, Rev. Daniel Steele. No, Dr. Stackpole has not been answered. The most violent of American Methodists, Dr. R. J. Cooke, is unwilling to repudiate Dr. Stackpole. In the "Methodist Review" for September-October Dr. Cooke writes:

"For, be it remembered this Stackpole book has been before the Church and the public for sixteen years! It was not published in a corner—it was published here in the United States. It was written by a Methodist for Methodists. No effort has ever been made to conceal it, to buy it up, to burn it, as some people who seem to have more enmity than is good for them against certain holy books they do not relish are in the habit of doing wherever they dare. . . .

"But ten worthless cases [Dr. Cooke wondrously minimizes numbers] coming to us from the Church of Rome are all that can be fished up to sustain Ireland's charges, *and those we have reported ourselves.*" (Italics Dr. Cooke's.)

Here is Dr. Stackpole's "Four and One-half Years in the Italy Missions" accepted as current Methodist literature and ratified as such. Dr. Stackpole is returning into favor among Methodists.

As to Rev. P. de Mandato, S.J., it is easy, Bishop Burt thinks, to dispose of him. The Bishop writes:

"This is some more of the Archbishop's 'most reliable data.' Who is the one who furnishes the data? *'A Jesuit'* [Italics Dr. Burt's]. He

is one of those who have been so trained in Jesuitical casuistry that they do not know what truth means."

Bishop Burt's rage and fanaticism, as the name of Rev. P. de Mandato, S.J., is mentioned, is Rev. P. de Mandato's all-sufficient defence. I must not add to the persuasive force of the argument.

I come now to inquire how far in their turn my opponents have defended themselves and the methods of the Methodist Propaganda in Italy. A clean-cut avowal that they were mistaken in their contradiction of all or of any of my allegations was not looked for. All that I expected was a system of replies—significant silences, evasions, semi-admissions, tantamount, before an unprejudiced jury, to avowals of defeat. Replies of this kind abound—to the exclusion, indeed, of all else.

Bishop Burt goes far afield, unto dreamland itself, in search of shields wherewith he may ward off my charges. I cull from his articles two notable instances. He writes:

"We cannot possibly understand his [the Archbishop's] utterances—many of them mere inventions—except on the ground that personally he was ignorant of the facts, and that as faithful servant of the hierarchy he simply signed his name to that which he was told to say by his master at the Vatican."

Absolutely false is the assertion that I received from the Vatican orders or intimations, to make reply to the Methodist attack, or that I was told by the Vatican what I should say. The Bishop is altogether too subjective: he conjures up imaginings from his inner consciousness, bidding them be realities to himself and to others. Oh no, Bishop Burt—the fight is entirely mine; you must not rob me of the merit.

Again the Bishop writes—this time with regard to the exclusion of "*L'Asino*" from the American mails:

"The Vatican becoming alarmed at the damage being done to its cause by '*L'Asino*' in America sent Monsignor Falconio to America with the definite mission of influencing the government to exclude '*L'Asino*' from the United States. This Monsignor soon put in motion all the powerful machinery of the Romish Church in America for the accomplishment of his purpose. He first directed his efforts to the White House, but finding that this would not be the surest way to success, he then brought all his influence to bear upon the postal authorities and succeeded in his purpose. He was congratulated and rewarded by the Vatican. . . . Archbishop Ireland and his colleagues did it.. . . ."

This entire paragraph, every line of it, is as far away from the truth as midnight darkness from noonday light.

Neither Monsignor Falconio nor Archbishop Ireland had anything whatsoever to do with the exclusion of "*L'Asino*" from the American mails. Bishop Burt is the dreamer. Does he not fear that he may be thought to be equally the dreamer in his other assertions?

Now come evasions, semi-affirmations tantamount to admissions, and silences that plainly betray fear of facing the issue.

Bishop Burt had said of the "Greek and Romish Churches" that they substitute "penance" for "repentance." Dr. Stackpole had said:

> "They [the Catholics of Italy] want a Church that can save them without the necessity of thorough repentance on their part, and corresponding reformation of conduct."

Against such egregious calumnies I appealed to the "Catechism," the basis of all Catholic teaching, the norma of conduct for all Catholics, in which is set forth, in words of unmistakable meaning, the necessity of sorrow for sin and of a firm purpose of amendment. Does Bishop Burt, guilty himself and impliedly a partaker in the guilt of Dr. Stackpole, meet the appeal, read the Catechism, tell plainly what Catholics learn there with regard to "repentance" and amendment of life? Not at all: the Catechism is brushed aside with a wave of the hand: the calumny is repeated. "We are not talking," says Bishop Burt, "about ancient theories or printed doctrines, but what we know the institution stands for at its chief centre." The Catechism among Catholics an ancient theory or a mere printed document! This will do with people utterly unable to know or to understand Catholics.

Dr. Vernon had asserted that before the arrival of Methodism "the Bible was excluded from Rome." I demonstrated at length the utter falseness of the assertion. In his reply Dr. Vernon totally ignores the evidence I had put forward and seeks refuge behind a newly trumped-up charge, "the non-use of the Bible"—a charge as unfounded as that of the exclusion of the Bible before the arrival of Methodism.

Quoting from Dr. Stackpole, I narrated that in Venice, when a visit was expected from the Presiding Elder, it had been the custom to ask the minister of another denomination to send his congregation to the Methodist service to make a good impression on the Elder, or, better yet, with

a view to the same end, to go out into the street and the cafés and hire an audience at a cent apiece. Does Dr. Vernon look back into the occurrences related by Dr. Stackpole to see whether they be true or not? Not he: he denies them and asks the reader to be satisfied with his denial. The bringing in of hearers at a cent apiece, the borrowing of another congregation for the purpose, as reported by Dr. Stackpole, of deceiving the Elder, Dr. Vernon would have us believe, on his own word, was nothing else than the usual courteous invitation sent around when a distinguished preacher comes to town. Dr. Vernon would have us laugh—and we laugh.

Dr. Stackpole, whom I quoted, gives instance upon instance of "padding" the reports of membership to please "Methodist authorities on both sides of the ocean," of admitting into seminaries men of known unworthiness, giving as the reason: "We simply obeyed the wishes of our superiors in office. It was argued that we must have a certain number of students in order to make a respectable report to the Church in America." What is the reply? Simply an arrogant denial: reports were never padded; Methodists never sought cast-off priests, never wittingly opened their doors to others than men of proved merit. Loud denials without previous investigation do not overthrow statements that were given in precise words, with dates and names of places, with challenge to the inquirer to speak in contradiction.

Dr. Vernon had boasted of distinguished and meritorious priests leaving the Catholic Church for Methodism—among them Count di Campello. I gave the story of the Count. Does Dr. Vernon in his rejoinder admit his mistake in palming off this "convert" as a conquest for Methodism? Not he; he is silent with regard to Count di Campello. It is a loss of time to correct the mistakes of Dr. Vernon.

I had accused the Methodist schools in Rome of proselytizing despite advertisements to the contrary, despite expressed acknowledgment that parents were opposed to any such manœuvrings. The reply of Bishop Burt is ingenuous in the extreme; it is worthy of note as an indication of his singular mentality—denial and admission in the same sentence. He writes:

"We have faithfully kept our promises to the public respecting the religious convictions of all, even though we have had simple Christian service in the schools on Sunday and family devotion every day . . . and

if any of our pupils have become Methodists, as some of them have, it has been wholly of their own free will."

With this statement Bishop Burt would have us believe that there is no under-cover proselytism in Methodist schools despite advertisements to the contrary. The Bishop is a witness to the violation of promises made to parents of pupils in Methodist schools equally with the directresses themselves of those schools—the Crandon Institute and the Isabella Clark Refuge. The Directress of the Crandon Institute had at one time publicly set forth her school "as respecting the religious convictions of all"; and later, in her report to the Conference in 1899, she made the statement: "We have established services in the interior of the institution itself every Sunday morning: our Italian minister presides and all our boarders assist at it." The Directress of the Isabella Clark Refuge openly declared:

"Despite the efforts of the parents, who, though taking advantage of the material benefits we furnish them, try to prevent their children from practising the truths of our Christian religion, we find with pleasure that our little ones do not forget the prayers that they hear and the nice hymns they sing."

No fraudulent proselytism in the Methodist Schools! There it is, in deep earnestness, in spite of public professions, in spite of promises to the parents of pupils.

"*L'Evangelista*" had cartooned the Pope—shamefully so, I said. This is Bishop Burt's reply:

"The cartoon was a photograph of a model made by an eminent artist in competition for prizes that had been offered for the best representation for the 'Fall of the temporal power of the Papacy.' . . . The photograph was furnished to our editor by the artist himself."

In the eyes of the Bishop, art so called veils all infamies. As to the several paragraphs I had quoted from "*L'Evangelista,*" showing to what extent this publication calumniates and befouls whatever is Catholic or Papal, the Bishop is silent, art playing here no part. Up to the writing of the present article, "*L'Evangelista*" continues its insults to the Papacy. A few weeks ago it rang out applause to Ernest Nathan's insolent and mendacious assault upon the Sovereign Pontiff.

I had quoted the London "Saturday Review" in attestation of the vileness of a Giordano Bruno demonstration to which "*L'Evangelista*" had given loud applause. But, affirms Bishop Burt, the correspondent of the "Review"

is a "clerical." No proof that he is a "clerical" is introduced; and certainly no taint of clericalism is to be noticed in the "Saturday Review." "Of course," adds the Bishop, "it [the demonstration] was anti-Papal, because it was the Pope who burned Bruno." Of course the demonstration was "anti-Papal"—and there, no doubt, is the reason why Methodists applaud it—those same Methodists who shout wailings when their patronage of visitors to Rome is a barrier to Papal honors. But the Mayor of Rome took part in the Bruno demonstration! And members of Parliament were there and university students and working-men's associations! Yes, the Mayor of Rome was there—Ernest Nathan, the ex-grand master of Italian Freemasonry, the avowed atheist, who seeks every opportunity to fling insults at the Papacy, who on that account is censured and disavowed by Americans of his own race (*vide* a recent issue of "The Israelite"). Yes, members of Parliament were there—men of the Nathan stripe. University students and working-men were there—students and working-men of the school of the Barcelona anarchist, Ferrer—the rabble so parlous in all large cities of Europe to law and order, whose dominating motto is: Down with religion! Down with God! And Bishop Burt should have added the patrons and the readers of "*L'Evangelista*" were there—quite at home, because, whatever else, the demonstration was anti-Papal. The class of men who do the shouting at the Bruno demonstrations, whom Bishop Burt applauds! Here are words of the principal orator at the demonstration of 1910, Podrecca, the proprietor and editor of "*L'Asino*": "Religion and sacerdotal hierarchy are one and the same thing. By tolerating, or worse still, by vivifying the first you strengthen the second." Religion itself—all forms of religion—is the bugbear of Podrecca and of the men who gather once a year in the Piazza dei Fiori. And "*L'Evangelista*" and Bishop Burt rain smile and caress upon the annual demonstrations in honor of Giordano Bruno! But in excuse they will say: "Of course it (the demonstration) was anti-Papal, because it was the Pope who burned Bruno." In other words, to Roman Methodists irreligion and blasphemy are worthy of applause if only they are openly anti-Papal!

"*L'Evangelista,*" the Bishop admits, did express its goodwill towards "*L'Asino,*" because of the enmity of this pub-

lication to the Papacy. Enmity to the Papacy covers a multitude of sins—even the immoralities of "*L'Asino.*" Over this enmity Bishop Burt becomes hilarious—more so even than "*L'Evangelista*" itself. He says:

> "We admit that '*L'Asino*' is terrific in its war on the Papacy, and even Archbishop Ireland must admit that it is very able and most effective. In saying, however, that 'self-respecting people turn quickly away when their eyes light upon its lurid illustrations' he condemns at one stroke tens of thousands of the best and most intelligent people in Italy who do not turn away from it, but buy it and read it."

"The best and the most intelligent people of Italy"—those who buy "*L'Asino*" and read it! This is the opinion of Bishop Burt. Is this the ethics of the Methodist Propaganda in Italy?

Bishop Burt and Dr. Cooke confess that, at certain periods, at least, of the Methodist propaganda unworthy characters, "converts" from Catholicism, ex-theological students and ex-priests strutted through Italy as preachers, catechists, Bible-venders of Methodism. That was my charge against Methodism in Italy—that it was willing to take up unworthy characters, as advocates and apostles, and intrust to them the spreading of the "pure Gospel." The defence put forth by Bishop Burt and Dr. Cooke is that those men were bad before they were received into Methodism, had been bad in Catholicism—in fact, had been made bad by Catholicism. This is no defence. Be Catholicism what Bishop Burt and Dr. Cooke in their unholy imaginings are ready to picture it—is this a reason why those who were bad while in Catholicism should be welcomed to Methodism and commissioned as its representatives and expounders?

I refuse to reply to the base attacks made against the morality of the Italian Catholic priesthood. The Italian Catholic priesthood is not on trial in the present discussion. This much, however, I must say: When Bishop Burt writes, "All over Italy the immorality of the priests is proverbial," he simply repeats stories brought to the "Casa Metodistica" by Methodist "converts," just as reliable in the recital of the reasons of their "conversion" as they have so often proved themselves to have been in their "conversion" itself. And when, in reply to my statement that the Catholic Church is severe in its "sacerdotal exigencies," he asserts that those "exigencies" mean acceptance of dog-

ma and obedience to superiors, not practical morals, he utters the grossest calumny. And, again, when he ventures to say, "Those [ex-priests] who came to us have presented clean papers from the Papal Church," he puts himself in a position to be challenged to exhibit in a single instance "the clean papers" brought to Methodism, unless something very different from the usual meaning of the term is to be understood by "clean papers." Bishop Burt is so blinded by his fanatical hatred of the Catholic Church that he is scarcely rational in his utterances; as, for instance, when he writes: "Some of the poor fellows [ex-priests] have been so nurtured on 'Jesuitical' casuistry that they do not know the meaning of truth and honesty. The end justifies the means."

The reader will decide to what extent evasions and semi-admissions such as make up the web and woof of the replies given to "details of specific acts," with which I had charged Italian Methodists, deserve his consideration. To several of the instances of the "specific acts," as recounted in the preceding articles, no reply of any kind is attempted—silence being wisely thought the better part of valor.

Here and there assurances are heard which might lead us to believe that, whatever the occurrences in the past, conditions in Italian Methodism, under certain aspects at least, are at the present time being altered for the better. Maybe, the discussion to which THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has kindly opened its pages is bearing good fruit.

"Converts," it is said, are now carefully looked over before they are allowed to pass from the probationers' class, especially before they are graduated into the ministry. How different from the days when the staunch believer in the "most intense type of Methodism," Dr. Stackpole, presided over the theological schools of Florence and Rome and admitted into those schools men of more than shady character, as it was necessary to have a certain number of students "in order to make a respectable report to the Church in America."

Dr. Burt writes: "In none of our schools is the instruction gratuitous." Let us hope that the Bishop's words are to-day, and will be to-morrow, descriptive of facts. The case was very different at least sixteen years ago when Dr. Stackpole discovered no room for Methodist schools, whether for boarders or for day scholars, unless the schools were

"gratuitous or semi-gratuitous" (with emphasis strongly upon the latter part of the compound) "with books and clothes frequently thrown in for nothing."

Dr. E. B. T. Spencer, Director of the "Collegio Metodista" in Rome, makes this announcement:

"I shall state in most positive form and sincerity that we are not here for the purpose of fighting the Roman Church. . . . We are here, strange to say, for the purpose of promoting education."

What a profound change from the Methodism of yesterday when "*Cenni Storici,*" the official organ of Italian Methodists, declared:

"The Protestant legions must gather all their energies and assail Popery in its citadel, in Rome. Hence the most noble appeal of Bishop Walden—'Before evangelizing the world, we must evangelize Rome.'"

During a recent lecture tour through the United States Signorina Garibaldi, the present directress of one of the Methodist schools in Rome, said that she is careful never to speak to her pupils against the Catholic Church. Very different this from what must happen in the school when Bishop Burt is making there one of his official visits, if we judge him from his book, "Europe and Methodism," or from his late article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; and surely very different this from what happens, Sunday after Sunday, in the neighboring Methodist temple where the preacher of the day is the Rev. Mr. Tipple.

In the present controversy, however, it is not in ameliorations recently decided upon, nor in the declarations of preachers or teachers more sober-minded or more cautious than the large number of their colleagues that we are bound to take concern: we are dealing with the usual and general course of incidents such as have openly characterized the Methodist propaganda in Italy during its full career since its inception down to our own days.

And now to the question, which first prompted me to take issue with Italian Methodism, which, necessarily, remained through the discussion the central and chief issue: Was the Vatican justified in its attitude towards Italian Methodism —towards those whose patronage Italian Methodism would fain have turned to its profit?

The Vatican declared it could not receive in audience visitors to Rome, however worthy personally of esteem and respect, who were ready to give countenance to the Methodist Mission, or who might have been led into doing so, were

they not forewarned of the peril that confronted them. Was not the Vatican in the right when putting itself in this attitude towards the Methodist Mission? In justification of the Vatican I recall the occurrences, such as they were, from first to last in the Methodist mission to Italy during forty years; in its further justification I recall the recent articles of Bishop Burt and Dr. Vernon in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and of Dr. Cooke in the "Methodist Review." Bishop Burt, Dr. Vernon and Dr. Cooke are not unlike their brethren of the Mission to Italy—and what is the attitude assumed by those writers towards the Catholic Church and the Papacy? It is one of calumny, of insult, of rabid hatred, of undying warfare. Bishop Burt, Dr. Vernon, Dr. Cooke may presume they have argument to support their words and acts. Be it so: if so minded, let them hurl daily and hourly missiles of fiery wrath against the Vatican, against all that the Vatican stands for. But doing this, shall they be privileged to command the Vatican into servitude to their whims, to compel it to deal out its honors to themselves and to their friends, to adopt a policy tantamount to recognition of their warfare and its methods, to a proclamation that their warfare and their methods are viewed by the chieftain of the Catholic Church as things permissible and pardonable? No, a thousand times no. The Sovereign Pontiff—so gracious to those who come to him in decency and with proper respect, however much or little they differ from his Catholic faith—must, under penalty of self-stultification, bid the Methodist Mission stay far away from the portals of his palace.

Both Dr. Cooke and Bishop Burt are unwilling to admit that Italian Methodism was anything more than a pretext to cover up other and more hidden motives in the Vatican's recent refusals of audiences. The Methodists, forsooth, were so innocuous, so benign, so well-behaved, that the Vatican could not have had them in mind when adopting its rules of exclusion. Well, I assure Bishop Burt and Dr. Cooke that the rules adopted by the Vatican were due solely and entirely to the manner of acting of the Methodists—to that and to nothing else.

Dr. Cooke reminds us that Roman Freemasonry is no less an enemy to the Papacy than Methodism, and intimates that if the intention were to resent insults Freemasonry, too, should have been chosen as a victim of Vatican rulings.

That Roman Freemasonry is an enemy of the Papacy, as it is of all forms of religion, we very freely admit: and further we avow that public recognition given to Roman Freemasonry would have led to a refusal of audiences, no less than public recognition given to Roman Methodism. But as things happened, Methodism was in the foreground and Methodism was smitten.

To Bishop Burt's imaginative mind, what troubled the Vatican was neither Freemasonry nor Roman Methodism—it was America—America the late foe of Spain. He writes:

> "Cardinal Merry del Val is a Spaniard, one of those who at heart detest Americans for what they did in the late war with Spain. . . . This was his first splendid opportunity to satisfy his spirit for revenge."

I indignantly repel this vile aspersion upon the motives of the Papal Secretary of State. Bishop Burt delves into his subliminal consciousness for reasons and "facts"; and the reasons and "facts" he adduces in this, as in other instances, are dreams and phantoms of purest subjectivism. Those who know Cardinal Merry del Val know him to admire him for his forgetfulness of self and of all else save his exalted sense of duty to the Church and to its Supreme Pontiff. His high appreciation of America, his willingness to serve America and its people, are well proved—and proved in a particular manner by the unstinted moral support that he, with the fullest approval of Piux X, has continuously given to the American Government in the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico. The Vatican at all times, and certainly under its present officials, rises serenely above all consideration of nation, tribe or color, and sees before it the one goal—the honor and welfare of religion. But it takes high-mindedness on the part of others to understand and acknowledge high-mindedness in the Vatican.

The cause of the recent refusals of audiences was Roman Methodism. Roman Methodism made those audiences impossible: action as taken by the Vatican was imperative and unavoidable.

JOHN IRELAND.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

SOCIAL ECONOMICS

WOMEN AND THE TRADES. By ELIZABETH BEARDSLEY BUTLER. New York: The Charities Publication Committee, 1910.

IN the New York School of Philanthropy, and especially in the written and spoken words of Dr. Edward P. Devine and his co-workers, there has been shaping during the past four or five years a new social philosophy profoundly stirring to the citizen whose patriotism is not moribund, and profoundly interesting to the student of modern social conditions. The key-note of this new philosophy is optimistic. Social evils, inequalities and miseries as distinguished from individual ones, are in Dr. Devine's words "transitional, measurable and manageable." They are the inevitable results of social and economic maladjustments and, therefore, are susceptible to social adjustment and control. The method of investigating social problems becomes, from this point of view, the impartial assembling of facts and their subsequent scientific classification and grouping. This work demands a trained social investigator or sociological expert, and has brought into being in the last few years a specialized calling as different from the so-called "social worker" as the "social worker" was from the old "charity visitor." The virility of this new social doctrine has been shown in its quick appeal to the younger generation of college men and women, and by the demand at all educational centres for training in the methods of social, economic and industrial research.

The most significant piece of investigation that has been undertaken at the spur of the new school of scientific philanthropy is the Pittsburg Survey, first planned by the editors of "Charities and the Commons" (now "The Survey") published by the New York Charities Publication Committee and financed by the Sage Foundation. It undertook to "investigate at close range the ranks of wage-earners in the American steel industry." Paul U. Kellogg, Director of the Pittsburg Survey, states that the "Survey as a whole attempted a diagnosis of an American industrial district along social and economic lines and included within its scope such subjects as sanitation, public health, dependency, assimilation, wages, hours and organization of labor." A staff of from ten to thirty trained investigators spent the year 1907-08 in a first-hand study of the industrial and social condition of the working population of Pittsburg. Of the six volumes which comprise the findings of the Survey, two have been published and form the subject of this review. "Women and the Trades," by Miss Elizabeth Beardsley Butler, formerly secretary of the Consumers' League of New Jersey, is an extensive study of twenty-seven Pittsburg industries employing 22,185 women and carried on in some four hundred and forty-eight

different industrial and commercial establishments. It includes food-producing industries, such as the canning, confectionery and cracker industries; the Pittsburg stogy industry; the needle trades; the cleaning industries, such an laundries, dyeing and cleaning establishments; the metal trades and glass factories; and such miscellaneous trades as the making of brooms, brushes, paper boxes, caskets, corks, paint, soap and trunks. The method of investigation was in the main by personal interviews with employers and employees, by personal inspection of shop, factory and dwelling, and in some cases by a study of the pay-roll. "Each statement made by the management was tested by interviews with employees and by interviews with people familiar with the trade who stood on neutral ground. Conversely, statements made by employees were tested by interviews with employers." The admirably moderate, impartial and non-partisan tone of this book comes from the fact that the reader is convinced at every page that both sides of the industrial problem concerned with the employment of women has been considered and considered fairly. The main part of the investigation is taken up with a comparative study of the conditions in the several industries; the type of work, hours, wages; the effect of the industry on the health, on the economic and social standing of women. The great mass of detail is simplified by excellent tables and summaries, while the concise descriptions of the actual operations performed in the various trades and the characteristic bits of local color make the book an interesting human document as well as a useful analysis of an important section in every industrial community.

Miss Butler's book is a report of existing conditions, not a brief for any reform programme. Nevertheless, certain of her clearly put conclusions state issues so sharply that legislation concerning the work of women in industries and any constructive reform in the future cannot fail to take them into account. In the first place, the number of women in the industries here examined are increasing relative to the number of men. This increase is due in many instances to the substitution of a machine that may be operated by a woman for hand labor performed by men. Thus the conditions which now prevail are destined to become more acute rather than less. Secondly, the custom in many industries of payment for piecework, rather than by the time, and the high speeding of machines, both cause a nervous tension and strain that break down the operator after a few years of work. In discussing this problem in connection with the making of the famous Pittsburg stogy, Miss Butler states: "Most of the girls marry at twenty or twenty-one, just at the time when their speed breaks. Some of the cost is borne by the homes into which they go. This social waste, more serious by far than the destruction of the individual, we have not yet had means of estimating. Those who know these factory-workers intimately know only that in case after case the industry is taking young undeveloped girls, lifting their speed to the highest pitch and wearing them out. They know, too, after a gap of a few years, their unfit homes and under-vitalized children." Another point made with startling clearness in the report is the difference between the wages paid to men and the wages paid to women in the same industries. Of the 22,185 women-workers in Pittsburg, three-fifths earn less than seven dollars a week, one-fifth earn between seven dollars and eight dollars, and one-fifth eight dollars and over. The average wage for all grades of labor considered is about one-half of that paid to male laborers of the same degree of skill. Miss Butler concludes that

men and women do not really compete even in the same industry, but "tend to separate into non-competing groups, the wages of women being approximately half those of men. They rarely work together on the same wage level or at identical work. Such work as women can do they largely have a monopoly of because they work for half-pay." Two circumstances seem to partially explain this marked discrepancy between the wages of men and women: one the fact that a majority of women in the trades receive some part of their living expenses from their families, are "subsidized by their families," and are therefore willing to receive less than a living wage. The other circumstance is the fact that the percentage of skilled workers is much smaller among the men than among the women. Only 2.7 per cent. of the women are skilled, 23 per cent. performed services demanding a certain degree of manual dexterity. Two-thirds of the women are performing more or less mechanical unskilled work. But as four-fifths of the women in the Pittsburg industries are receiving less than a living wage, the conclusion is that their earnings must be supplemented either by their families or, as in many cases, by the wages of prostitution.

Miss Butler's suggestions for improving the industrial conditions under which women work are practical and possible: a more rigid enforcement of the law, trade education to raise the level of skilled work, a living wage for women as well as men, and a higher sense of industrial responsibility on the part of the employer so that high speeding, long hours and unsanitary conditions may not be tolerated. The fact that the conditions found in Pittsburg, with local variations, are repeated in all our industrial city communities makes Miss Butler's summaries and suggestions of especial significance to all good citizens and all students of society.

WORK-ACCIDENTS AND THE LAW. By CRYSTAL EASTMAN. New York: The Charities Publication Committee, 1910.

Miss Eastman's "Work-Accidents and the Law" is in subject-matter less adapted to generalizing and summary than the preceding study. It takes the form of an analysis of the causes and circumstances of the industrial casualties and accidents in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, during the year 1906-07, with the purposes of discovering (1) where lay the responsibility, (2) what material loss, if any, resulted to the injured workmen and their families. In the year taken as a unit five hundred and twenty-six men were killed by work accidents. In three months five hundred and nine men were injured seriously enough to be sent to hospitals. The survey of the results of these accidents made during the succeeding year enabled the investigators to trace some of the results to individuals and to families of the injured. But of the actual results of industrial accidents, no record nor statistics can tell. At the outset Miss Eastman recognizes this and states that: "Even were an accurate estimate of the number of injuries in a year possible, it would be of little value. A stretched finger and a lost leg cannot be added together if you look for a useful truth in the sum."

The subject-matter of the book falls naturally into three parts—the Causes of Work Accidents, the Economic Cost of Work Accidents, and "Employer's Liability." Of these the first part is the most interesting, and in view of the object of the investigation the most significant. As in the preceding study of women in the trades, Miss Eastman has classified

her subject according to occupation. She has studied the special causes of work accident incident to the railroads, the soft-coal mines, the steel industry, and to such miscellaneous employments as construction-plants, excavation-works, gas-plants, electric-lighting, telephone and telegraph companies, street-railways, teaming and river work. With local variations, then, the results of the report would apply to any of our industrial cities. The conclusions as to the causes of the thousand-odd accidents chosen for special study have significance far beyond Pittsburg and the confines of the steel industry. The difficulty in fixing the responsibility for the causes of work accidents every reader of Miss Eastman's book must concede is very great. Yet of the cases reported, the thirty per cent. attributed solely to the employers and those who represent them in authority strike one as a conservative estimate. Of the remaining cases, twenty-eight per cent. are attributed solely to the carelessness of the person injured or to fellow employees. In sixteen per cent. of the cases carelessness was a contributory cause. One quarter of the cases could be attributed to none of the above causes and must be considered as incident to the industry.

With these striking figures at hand, Miss Eastman indicates the chief preventable conditions from which work accidents result as lack of provision for safety in construction, long hours of work, too great a speed maintained in many lines of work, inadequate plant inspection, failure to remedy known defects, inadequate warning and signal systems, and insufficient instruction and direction of ignorant workers. The first two conditions may be directly remedied by an effective factory law. The others depend to a great extent on the personnel of the "management."

In estimating the cost of work accidents and distributing the burden of income loss, certain conclusions are reached that tend to make our interest in "Employer's Liability" and "Working-man's Insurance" more vivid than legal and editorial discussion of these subjects has seemed to warrant. In the case of the fatalities studied, "fifty-three per cent. of the industrial accident fatalities considered, the widow and children were left by the employer to bear the entire income loss; and even assuming that all the unknown amounts were large and that all suits pending would be decided for the plaintiff, in only thirty per cent. of the cases did they receive more than five hundred dollars, a sum which would approximate one year's income of the lowest paid of the workers killed." The rate of compensation to the families of single men is much less. In sixty-five per cent. of the cases nothing was paid; in eighteen per cent. of the cases from one hundred to five hundred dollars; in the remaining seventeen per cent. from five hundred to two thousand dollars. A house-to-house study of the results of these accidents in the families of the injured or deceased workmen brings the author to the conclusion that "the inevitable economic loss resulting from these accidents rests in the great majority of cases almost altogether upon the workmen injured or the dependents of those killed, and that this burden is disastrous to the welfare of their families."

The third part of the book gives a very lucid statement of the legal principles involved in "Employer's Liability," and the principle of "Employee's Negligence" or the "Fellow Servant's Rule" which is of comparatively recent origin and dates in English law only from 1837. In analyzing the operation of the law, especially as it is interpreted in the State of Pennsylvania, Miss Eastman finds that it applies unequally to employer and employee, and that in general it works harm to the interests of both

parties. In view of modern industrial conditions that govern the employment of labor, such as highly organized capital, extreme division of labor, the high speed and intensity of work, her conclusion is that "the law is behindhand and the lawmakers have been blind."

The remaining chapters outline certain schemes which have been devised to meet the inequalities and hardships occasioned by the present law, with a detailed account of the Relief Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The law regarding "Employer's Liability," and the systems of "Workingmen's Insurance" in other countries, is summarized, enhancing the value of the book for reference purposes, and much valuable material for the student of the special legal problem involved in the subject of work accidents is added to the appendix.

The same spirit of fairness and impartiality characterizes the second volume of the findings of the Pittsburg Survey that we noted in the first. The facts are grouped suggestively, and the conclusions are significantly marked. Suggestions for legal economic and industrial reform are not lacking. But the key-note of the chapters of this pioneer work in social research is fairness. They form no brief for Capital or Labor, for Employer or Operator, for Socialism or Individualism. The Pittsburg Survey states certain facts, circumstances and conditions that every inhabitant of an American city will do well to contemplate.

Labor in Europe and America. By Samuel Gompers. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

The collection of letters, sketches and reports of labor conferences that make up Samuel Gompers's "Labor in Europe and America" form an unusually interesting commentary on the conditions of the working population in other lands. The author's convictions as to the non-political character of trade-union organization and his sturdy faith in the virtues of American democratic institutions constitute what the logicians are fond of calling his "canon of criticism." All his comments on the position of the Labor party in England, the policy of the "general strike" advocated by the majority of French Unionists, anti-militarism, and the recent developments of the German co-operative movement, are pertinent in the light of President Gompers's own convictions as to the policy of labor organizations in America. His dissent from the contentions of the Socialists, whether of the theoretical or political wing, is hearty and unequivocal. His distrust of the ministrations of "Intellectuals" in labor affairs is no less decisive. But, notwithstanding the strong vein of positive doctrine that runs through the book, the comments on Continental and English conditions are illuminating and fair. The letters from Bohemia and Hungary, and the chapters on the "Awakening in Italy" and the root causes of Italian emigration, are the most noticeable in the book. But not the least interesting portions are the interludes in the discussion of the labor points at issue in which the author comments on the common fate of European travellers—the tipping system, the bathing facilities or lack of such facilities, and the archaic railway management surviving in many countries. The temper of the book may be summed up in the conclusion of the letter from Pilsen: "It is the contention of the American Labor movement, and it is mine, that the great social revolution will not come with a bang and a crash. It is going on now, every day, everywhere in the world, and

in the most advanced countries it moves fastest. In them it is most practical. It can be held, for example, by those best acquainted with the American Labor movement that our organizations would hardly leave the Pilsen brewery at peace, as is being done by the Austrian labor movement, while it conducted its business under such non-union conditions. We might not vote in the United States with a grand hurrah for the nationalization of rainbows in the year 2000, but we would have thirty-five hundred better-paid, better- conditioned brewery-workers in a jiffy—or we would abstain, at least, from Pilsner beer."

Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War. By Emerson David Fite. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

To the generation of Americans that has grown up since the war the period of the sixties is already taking on a legendary character. Fathers and mothers tell their children of the wave of patriotism that swept over the country and stirred men out of their accustomed paths; of the armies of young men that marched to the front, never to return; of the sacrifices of those left behind, and the tense strain of waiting for news of good or ill. To those who have never known any but a Spanish-American interlude, a host of practical questions must arise to square the military political war-time of the school history and family anecdotes with the agricultural, commercial and industrial development of the years immediately following. How did the people live? Where did the money come from? Who attended to the farms, shops and factories when so many men were in the army? How was it that during the four years of the war the people of the United States lent to the Government thousands of millions and yet emerged from the struggle a prosperous, not a bankrupt nation? These questions and many others find an answer in Professor Fite's "Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War," which treats of an aspect of our national history under-emphasized by economists and neglected by historians.

The student and teacher will find in the first seven chapters on agriculture, mining, transportation, manufacturing, commerce, capital and labor a mine of information that will tend to recast the accepted interpretations of events in the sixties. The general reader, especially if he be curious to reconstruct the lives and interests of his immediate forebears, will find intimate and illuminating matter in the last four chapters on Public Improvements, Education, Luxuries and Amusements and Charity. Professor Fite has drawn widely on sources usually ignored by the political historian—newspapers, journals and the reports of associations—and has succeeded in giving in great detail a picture of social and industrial conditions during four crucial years of our national life.

The Education of Women. By Marion Talbot. Chicago: Chicago University Press, 1910.

The *raison d'être* of Dean Talbot's disappointing little book on the "Education of Women" is hard to establish—unless it be "a wise attempt to shape a movement," as is hinted in the introductory chapter—which, by the way, is the very thing we are looking for in a book bearing this title.

Woman's education in this country has passed its pioneer and controversial stage and is rooted among the institutions of the land. But just what form this particular institution is to take, just what is to be its development in the immediate future, is a question of absorbing interest to a goodly company of educators and a noble army of fathers and mothers. Are girls to be educated on exactly the same plan as boys, and if so, is the present man-made system efficient? If girls are to be trained along different lines, what determines the divergence? At what age does it begin? What subjects are included or excluded? These questions are not answered by Dean Talbot, though she gives us to understand that the system of woman's education was modelled upon that "already outgrown of men," and that the "woman's college is still held in some degree in the trammels of the old traditions." The history of woman's education is not in any degree fully outlined that we may know just where we stand, nor are the various classes of institutions where women are trained indicated and the type of training they offer analyzed. We are told that the last century was marked by an industrial, educational, civic, philanthropic, domestic and social change in the status of women. Dean Talbot illustrates the changing educational ideals and the consequent modifications of the curricula which have accompanied this so-called emancipation of woman by the typical woman's college and a State university. An interesting comparison is made of the courses offered at Vassar in 1861 with those given at the present time, and of the advantages given to women at the University of Wisconsin in 1868 and in 1909. But women's colleges are large and small; they have high and low standards; some fit for professional schools and others do not; some have graduate departments leading to higher degrees and others are for undergraduates only. The conditions at the State university are not identical with such affiliated colleges as Barnard and Radcliffe, nor with the problems of co-education in a privately endowed institution.

The book is neither a history, an analysis nor a handbook; but rather a digest of many college catalogues and institutional programmes, past and present. It might be described as a syllabus of syllabi; and is no real use to students of educational problems who must turn to its sources for a more detailed study of any special subject, though its digests and summaries may prove a boon to many a "Commencement Speaker." Dean Talbot has made many just criticisms of our present educational machinery and offered many helpful suggestions. But the criticisms are so general and sweeping that we are challenged at every page to state that they are not found in all schools and colleges where women study. On the other hand, so many hopeful features are omitted from consideration that we are forced to conclude that the scope of this study is too limited. Coming from the dean of women at one of the largest co-educational universities in the country, and from the pen of one of the founders of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, the book is disappointing in the extreme.

Adam Smith and Modern Sociology. By Albian W. Small. Chicago: Chicago University Press, 1907.

Were we to build a "five-foot shelf" to contain all the single books that had inspired "schools of thought"—which is but another phrase for "bones of contention"—Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" would find there a

place of honor. The "English Classical Economists," the Marxian Socialists, the German economic historians and a host of younger offsprings and upstarts claim apostolic succession from the Seer of Edinborough. Their systems, however diverse, and their deductions, however contradictory, claim to rest on certain fundamental principles laid down in this economic Bible. As in the case of any controversy over the interpretation of facts, rather than of the facts themselves, there is great danger that in shifting the focus of attention from the original to the interpretation of the original the essential features may be distorted or ignored. Much is written about the "Wealth of Nations," but few read the book, and the "Father of Political Economy" is known rather through text-books than at first hand. Professor Small's essay on "Adam Smith and Modern Sociology" is destined to rescue the "Wealth of Nations" from the limbo of unread masterpieces, and to turn men once more to this "inquiry" which for breadth of vision, wealth of fact, and shrewd human wisdom is likely to remain one of the great books of the world. The author's object is to point out that the contradictory interpretations of Adam Smith have resulted from attempts to restrict Adam Smith's study to the production and distribution of wealth, ignoring his wider social philosophy of the end and aim of production or social well-being. The theme of the book is the proposition that "modern sociology is virtually an attempt to take up the larger programme of social analysis and interpretation which is implicit in Adam Smith's moral philosophy, but which was suppressed for a century by prevailing interest in the technique of the production of wealth." This places Adam Smith among the sociologists or social philosophers rather than the economists, with the interesting corollary that his "Theory of the Moral Sentiments" becomes the foundation of his social philosophy: the "Wealth of Nations," a concrete technicological inquiry as to how social well-being may be secured. Professor Small insists that we must give up our text-book notions of the founder of political economy as a *laissez-faire* theorist absorbed in the technique of production and the mechanism of commercial life. He claims, and with justice, that in Adam Smith's mind "there was no antithesis, still less divorce, between economic technology and sociology; and that the organization of the two in his philosophy rested upon a general conception of the subordinate relationship of all specific activities within an inclusive moral system to which in effect, though not in detail, all students of sociology must alternately return."

GOVERNMENTAL ACTION FOR SOCIAL WELFARE. By JEREMIAH W. JENKS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

The American Social Progress Series has to its credit two books of marked originality and suggestiveness—Professor Patten's "New Basis of Civilization" and Dr. Devine's "Misery and its Causes." Professor Jenks's Kennedy Lectures for 1907-08 are now appearing in the same series under the title "Governmental Action for Social Welfare." It is a little book which the very busy person might read on a two-hour railway trip to find out what he himself thinks about the State's relation to the citizen and the citizen's relation to the State. Unlike its predecessors in the same series, it does not contain any original opinions or unusual facts, but it is crystallized good sense on the vexed topic of social welfare and represents the opinions of a right-minded, public-spirited citizen clearly and forcibly ex-

pressed. The right attitudes of the executive, the legislative and the private citizen to the general good or welfare are indicated, and many of the political problems confronting the American cities at the present time are discussed. Everything that comes from Professor Jenks's pen is readable and sensible, but we could wish for our own peace of mind that the solutions offered for our social and political ailments were not so obvious and simple. A good deal of the complexity of human nature and human institutions seems disregarded when there is administered to the body politic such allopathic cures.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SOCIALISM. By EDMUND KELLY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1910.

In these days of kaleidoscopic change and social unrest, it seems as if nine out of every ten books the "general reader" dipped into deal with some phase of the institution of property. Essay, fiction and drama find in it subject-matter for various literary styles and poetry has coquetted with it—thus far not seriously. But apart from these four categories of formal literature, and also distinguished from what may be called the "contributions to science," there is a mass of writing—printed matter is not too harsh a term—put forth yearly in increasing volume of a polemic and controversial nature, and which defends or attacks property and the existing social order. Mutually exclusive categories are always specious arguments, as few human beings are simple enough to be defined in a single term. Few men are wholly conservative, probably fewer wholly radical. Even Republicans have borrowed Democratic planks and Democrats have endorsed Rooseveltian policies. These distinctions are child's play, however, compared to the task of determining what constitutes a Socialist and what an Individualist. There seems great difference of opinion in all lands and among all people about the moral right and the political and social expediency of maintaining our present property system. The consensus of opinion seems in favor of calling the people who see a change in our system of holding and administering property, desirable or undesirable Socialists; and the people who consider such a change undesirable and preventable by a series of names ranging from Individualist, Capitalist and Reactionary to epithets too dire to sully these fair pages. The general reader who is apt to become a little flurried in the interchange of amenities between Socialist and non-Socialist is recommended to turn to "Twentieth-Century Socialism," by the late Mr. Edmund Kelly, if he would discover "what it is not, what it is, and how it is to come." Mr. Kelly, as is pointed out in the two introductions, was not always a Socialist. Professor Gidding describes him as a man "intensely democratic in his relation to men—in breeding, in culture, in delicacy of feeling, an aristocrat of the purest type." Mr. Rufus Weeks adds that in nearly the whole of his life he was a "non-Socialist solidarist." He was, moreover, a lawyer by trade and trained to think clearly and make distinctions. He became a Socialist in the later years of his life from the profound conviction that the existing capitalistic order was responsible for the inequalities and attendant evils of modern life and from an equally profound conviction that human agency could do away with them. The argument for this position is put forward with great lucidity and point. Beginning negatively, the author pointed out that Socialism is not communism nor Anarchism. It does not suppress competi-

tion, destroy the home, abolish property, nor impair liberty. It is not the bogey of popular superstition, but something altogether innocuous. Socialism (not yet defined) is contrasted in Book II with Capitalism, which is stupid, wasteful and disorderly and which subjects men to the tyranny of the market, the trust and the union. And then on page 202 we learn that "Socialism is too vast a subject to be brought within the four corners of any one definition. . . . Socialism is not a simple thing; it is a highly complex thing; and it is only when we have grasped all that Socialism will effect—when we have studied its economic results, its political results—that we can appreciate this new 'Gospel of the Poor.'" The poor general reader, with some groaning in spirit, pushes on through the following two hundred pages of economic, political, scientific and ethical discussion buoyed up by the promise that whatever Socialism turns out to be, "it unites the divergencies between economics and politics and solves the conflict between science and religion." That it finally turns out to be the substitution of co-operation for competition, with the good elements of the competitive system retained, is the private opinion of the reviewer, and this position seems capable of definitive form. That our present very complex civilization will ever develop into any system as simple as the picture presented in this book is a highly debatable proposition. So is the author's cataloguing of all people in mutually exclusive groups of bourgeois, revolutionists and evolutionists and many other equally obvious but questionable categories.

An annoying feature of the book is the constant reference to arguments, propositions and conclusions to be disclosed to the reader subsequently, giving the uncanny impression that it was written from finish to start and from the bottom of the page up in the fashion of a Chinese laundry bill. The book is, at best, one of personal opinions and interpretations. But as they are the opinions and interpretations of an interested and thoughtful man, it is worth reading, though a challenge lies in every page. The future alone can reveal whether it is or whether it is not Twentieth-century Socialism.

"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

II—*(Continued)*

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT.—*Razumov, a student of philosophy at the University of St. Petersburg, is supposed to be the son of humble parents, but is under the protection of a powerful nobleman. At the moment when he has decided to compete for a scholarship medal a despotic Minister of State is assassinated. Razumov returning to his rooms finds Haldin, a fellow student, awaiting him. Haldin reveals the fact that he threw the bomb which killed the minister. Believing Razumov sympathetic, he asks him to assist him in his escape. Razumov, inwardly protesting against being involved in the affair, starts out to do as Haldin wishes. The plan, however, miscarries, and Razumov in desperation decides to lay the whole matter before Prince K., his mysterious protector.*

IT was lucky for Razumov that Prince K—— was not of a timid character. On the day of Mr. de P——'s murder an extreme alarm and despondency prevailed in the high official spheres.

Prince K——, sitting sadly in his study, was told by his alarmed servants that a mysterious young man had forced his way into the hall, refused to tell his name and the nature of his business, and would not move from there till he had seen his Excellency in private. Instead of locking himself up and telephoning for the police, as nine out of ten high personages would have done that evening, the Prince gave way to curiosity and came quietly to the door of his study.

In the hall, the front door standing wide open, he recognized at once Razumov, pale as death, his eyes blazing and surrounded by perplexed lackeys.

The Prince was vexed beyond measure, and even indignant. But his humane instinct and a subtle sense of self-respect could not allow him to let this young man be thrown out into the street by base menials. He retreated unseen into his room and after a little rang his bell. Razumov heard in the hall an ominously raised harsh voice saying somewhere far away,

"Show the gentleman in here."

Razumov walked in without a tremor. He felt himself invulnerable—raised far above the shallowness of common judgment. Though he saw the Prince looking at him with black displeasure, the lucidity of his mind, of which he was very conscious, gave him an extraordinary assurance. He was not asked to sit down.

Half an hour later they appeared in the hall together. All the lackeys stood up and the Prince, moving with difficulty, was helped into his furs. The carriage had been ordered before. When the great double door was flung open with a crash Razumov, who had been standing silent with a lost gaze, but with every faculty intensely on the alert, heard the Prince's voice,

"Your arm, young man."

The mobile, superficial mind of the ex-guard's officer, man of showy missions, experienced in nothing but the arts of gallant intrigue and

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worldly success, had been equally impressed by the more obvious difficulties of such a situation and by Razumov's quiet dignity in stating them.

He had said: "No. Upon the whole, I can't condemn the step you ventured to take by coming to me with your story. It is not an affair for police understrappers. The greatest importance is attached to . . . Set your mind at rest. I shall see you through this most extraordinary and difficult situation."

Then the Prince rose to ring the bell, and Razumov, making a short bow, said with deference:

"I have trusted my instinct. A young man having no claim upon anybody in the world has in an hour of trial involving his deepest political convictions turned to an illustrious Russian—that's all."

The Prince had exclaimed hastily,

"You have done well."

In the carriage—it was a small brougham on sleigh runners—Razumov broke the silence in a voice that trembled slightly:

"My gratitude surpasses the greatness of my presumption."

He gasped, feeling unexpectedly in the dark a momentary pressure on his arm.

"You have done well," repeated the Prince.

When the carriage stopped, the Prince murmured to Razumov, who had never ventured a single question,

"The house of General T——."

In the middle of the snow-covered roadway blazed a great bonfire. Some Cossacks, the bridles of their horses over the arm, were warming themselves around. Two sentries stood at the door, several gendarmes lounged under the great carriage gateway, and, on the first floor landing, two orderlies rose and stood at attention. Razumov walked at the Prince's elbow.

A surprising quantity of hothouse plants in pots cumbered the floor of the anteroom. Servants came forward. A young man in civilian clothes arrived hurriedly, was whispered to, bowed low, and exclaiming zealously, "Certainly—this minute," fled within somewhere. The Prince signed to Razumov.

They passed through a suite of reception-rooms all barely lit and one of them prepared for dancing. The wife of the General had put off her party. An atmosphere of consternation pervaded the place. But the General's own room, with heavy sombre hangings, two massive desks and deep armchairs, had all the lights turned on. The footman shut the door behind them and they waited.

There was a coal fire in an English grate. Razumov had never before seen such a fire, and the silence of the room was like the silence of the grave; perfect, measureless, for even the clock on the mantelpiece made no sound. Filling a corner, on a black pedestal, stood a quarter life-size, smooth-limbed bronze of an adolescent figure running. The Prince observed in an undertone:

"Spontini's 'Flight of Youth.' Exquisite."

"Admirable," assented Razumov, faintly.

They said nothing more after this, the Prince silent with his grand air, Razumov staring at the bronze. He was worried by a sensation resembling the gnawing of hunger.

He did not turn when he heard an inner door fly open and a quick footstep muffled on the carpet.

The Prince's voice immediately exclaimed, thick with excitement:

"We have got him—*ce misérable.* A worthy young man came to me. No! It's incredible. . . ."

Razumov held his breath before the bronze as if expecting a crash. Behind his back a voice he had never heard before insisted, politely,

"*Mais asseyez-vous donc.*"

The Prince almost shrieked: "*Mais, comprenez-vous, mon cher! L'assassin!* The murderer! We have got him! . . ."

Razumov spun round. The General's smooth big cheeks rested on the stiff collar of his uniform. He must have been already looking at Razumov, because that last saw the pale blue eyes resting on him coldly.

The Prince from a chair waved an impressive hand.

"This is the most honorable young man whom Providence itself . . . Mr. Razumov."

The General acknowledged the introduction by frowning slightly at Razumov, who did not make the slightest movement.

Sitting down before his desk, the General listened with compressed lips. It was impossible to detect the slightest emotion on his face.

Razumov watched the immobility of the fleshy profile. But it lasted only a moment, till the Prince had finished; and when the General turned full face to the providential young man, his florid complexion, the blue, unbelieving eyes and the bright white flash of an automatic smile had an air of jovial, careless cruelty. He expressed no wonder at the extraordinary story—no pleasure or excitement—no incredulity, either. He betrayed no sentiment whatever. Only with a politeness almost deferential suggested that "the bird might have flown while Mr.—Mr. Razumov was running about the streets."

Razumov advanced to the middle of the room and said,

"The door is locked and I have the key in my pocket."

His loathing for the man was intense. It had come upon him so unawares that he felt he had not kept it out of his voice. The General looked up at him thoughtfully and Razumov grinned.

All this went over the head of Prince K—— seated in a deep armchair, very tired and impatient.

"A student called Haldin," said the General, thoughtfully.

Razumov ceased to grin.

"That is his name," he said, unnecessarily loud. "Victor Victorovitch Haldin—a student."

The General shifted his position a little.

"How is he dressed? Would you have the goodness to tell me?"

Razumov angrily described Haldin's clothing in a few jerky words. The General stared all the time, then addressing the Prince:

"We were not without some indications," he said in French. "A good woman who was in the street described to us somebody wearing a dress of the sort as the thrower of the second bomb. We have detained her at the Secretariat, and every one in a Tcherkess coat we could lay our hands on has been brought to her to look at. She kept on signing herself and shaking her head at them. It was exasperating. . . ."

He turned to Razumov and in Russian with friendly reproach:

"Take a chair, Mr. Razumov—do. Why are you standing?"

Razumov sat down carelessly and looked at the General.

"This goggle-eyed imbecile understands nothing," he thought.

The Prince began to speak loftily.

"Mr. Razumov is a young man of conspicuous abilities. I have it at heart that his future should not . . ."

"Certainly," interrupted the General, with a movement of the hand. "Has he any weapons on him, do you think, Mr. Razumov?"

The General employed a gentle musical voice. Razumov answered with suppressed irritation:

"No. But my razors are lying about—you understand."

The General lowered his head approvingly.

"Precisely."

Then to the Prince, explaining courteously:

"We want that bird alive. It will be the devil if we can't make him sing a little before we are done with him."

The grave-like silence of the room with its mute clock fell upon the polite modulations of this terrible phrase. The Prince hidden in the chair made no sound.

The General unexpectedly developed a thought.

"Fidelity to menaced institutions on which depend the safety of a throne and of a people is no child's-play. We know that, *mon Prince,* and *tenez*—" he went on with a sort of flattering harshness, "Mr. Razumov here begins to understand that too."

His eyes, which he turned upon Razumov, seemed to be starting out of his head. This grotesqueness of aspect no longer shocked Razumov. He said with gloomy conviction:

"Haldin will never speak."

"That remains to be seen," muttered the General.

"I am certain," insisted Razumov. "A man like this never speaks. . . . Do you imagine that I am here from fear?" he added, violently. He felt ready to stand by his opinion of Haldin to the last extremity.

"Certainly not," protested the General, with great simplicity of tone. "And I don't mind telling you, Mr. Razumov, that if he had not come with his tale to such a stanch and loyal Russian as you he would have disappeared like a stone in the water . . . which would have had a detestable effect," he added, with a bright, cruel smile under his stony stare. "So, you see, there can be no suspicion of any fear here."

The Prince intervened, looking at Razumov round the back of the arm-chair.

"Nobody doubts the moral soundness of your action. Be at ease in that respect, pray."

He turned to the General uneasily.

"That's why I am here. You may be surprised why I should . . ."

The General hastened to interrupt.

"Not at all. Extremely natural. You saw the importance. . . ."

"Yes," broke in the Prince. "And I venture to ask insistently that mine and Mr. Razumov's intervention should not become public. He is a young man of promise—of remarkable aptitudes."

"I haven't a doubt of it," murmured the General. "He inspires confidence."

"All sorts of pernicious views are so wide-spread nowadays—they taint such unexpected quarters—that, monstrous as it seems, he might suffer. . . . His studies . . . His . . ."

The General, with his elbows on the desk, took his head between his hands.

"Yes. Yes. I am thinking it out. . . . How long is it since you left him at your rooms, Mr. Razumov?"

Razumov mentioned the hour, which nearly corresponded with the time of his distracted flight from the big slum-house. He had made up his mind to keep Ziemianitch out of the affair completely. To mention him at all would mean imprisonment for the "bright soul," perhaps cruel floggings, and in the end a journey into Siberia in chains. Razumov, who had beaten Ziemianitch, felt for him now a vague, remorseful tenderness.

The General, giving way for the first time to his secret sentiments, exclaimed contemptuously:

"And you say he came in to make you this confidence like this—for nothing—*à propos des bottes.*"

Razumov felt danger in the air. The merciless suspicion of despotism had spoken openly at last. Sudden fear sealed Razumov's lips. The silence of the room resembled now the silence of a deep dungeon, where time does not count and a suspect person is sometimes forgotten. But the Prince came to the rescue.

"Providence itself has led the wretch in a moment of mental aberration to seek Mr. Razumov on the strength of some old, utterly misinterpreted exchange of ideas—some sort of idle speculative conversation—months ago—I am told—and completely forgotten till now by Mr. Razumov."

"Mr. Razumov," queried the General, coldly, after a short silence, "do you often indulge in speculative conversation?"

"No, Excellency," answered Razumov, coolly, in a sudden access of self-confidence. "I am a man of deep convictions. Crude opinions are in the air. They are not always worth combating. But even the silent contempt of a serious mind may be misinterpreted by headlong Utopists."

The General stared from between his hands. Prince K—— murmured:

"A serious young man. *Un esprit supérieur.*"

"I see that, *mon cher Prince,*" said the General. "Mr. Razumov is quite safe with me. I am interested in him. He has, it seems, the great and useful quality of inspiring confidence. What I was wondering at is why the other should mention anything at all—I mean even the bare fact alone—if his object was only to obtain temporary shelter for a few hours. For, after all, nothing was easier than to say nothing about it, unless, indeed, he were trying, under a crazy misapprehension of your true sentiments, to enlist your assistance—eh, Mr. Razumov?"

It seemed to Razumov that the floor was moving slightly. This grotesque man in a tight uniform was terrible. It was right that he should be terrible.

"I can see what your Excellency has in your mind. But I can only answer that I don't know why."

"I have nothing in my mind," murmured the General, with gentle surprise.

"I am his prey—his helpless prey," thought Razumov. The fatigues and the disgusts of that afternoon, the need to forget, the fear which he could not keep off, reawakened his hate for Haldin.

"Then I can't help your Excellency. I don't know what he meant.

I only know there was a moment when I wished to kill him. There was also a moment when I wished myself dead. I said nothing. I was overcome. I provoked no confidence—I asked for no explanations—"

Razumov seemed beside himself; but his mind was lucid. It was really a calculated outburst.

"It is rather a pity," the General said, "that you did not. Don't you know at all what he means to do?"

Razumov calmed down and saw an opening there.

"He told me he was in hopes that a sledge would meet him about half an hour after midnight at the seventh lamp-post on the left from the upper end of Karabelnaya. At any rate, he meant to be there at that time. He did not even ask for a change of clothes."

"*Ah, voilà!*" said the General, turning to Prince K—— with an air of satisfaction. "There is a way to keep your *protégé*, Mr. Razumov, quite clear of any connection with the actual arrest. We shall be ready for that gentleman in Karabelnaya."

The Prince expressed his gratitude. There was real emotion in his voice. Razumov, motionless, silent, sat staring at the carpet. The General turned to him.

"Half an hour after midnight. Till then we have to depend on you, Mr. Razumov. You don't think he is likely to change his purpose?"

"How can I tell?" said Razumov. "Those men are not of the sort that ever changes its purpose."

"What men do you mean?"

"Fanatical lovers of liberty in general. Liberty with a capital L, Excellency. Liberty that means nothing precise. Liberty in whose name crimes are committed."

The General murmured.

"I detest rebels of every kind. I can't help it. It's my nature!"

He clenched a fist and shook it, drawing back his arm. "They shall be destroyed, then."

"They have made a sacrifice of their lives beforehand," said Razumov, with malicious pleasure, and looking the General straight in the face. "If Haldin does change his purpose to-night, you may depend on it that it will not be to save his life by flight in some other way. He would have thought then of something else to attempt. But that is not likely."

The General repeated as if to himself, "They shall be destroyed."

Razumov assumed an impenetrable expression. The Prince exclaimed:

"What a terrible necessity!" The General's arm was lowered slowly.

"One comfort there is. That brood leaves no posterity. I've always said it; one effort, pitiless, persistent, steady—and we are done with them forever."

Razumov thought to himself that this man, entrusted with so much arbitrary power, must have believed what he said, or else he could not have gone on bearing the responsibility.

The General repeated again with extreme animosity:

"I detest rebels. These subversive minds! These intellectual debauchees! My existence has been built on fidelity. It's a feeling. To defend it I am ready to lay down my life—and even my honor—if that were needed. But pray tell me what honor can there be as against rebels —against people that deny God Himself. It is horrible to think of."

During this tirade Razumov, facing the General, had nodded slightly twice. Prince K——, standing on one side with his grand air, murmured, casting up his eyes:

"*Hélas!*"

Then lowering his glance and with great decision, declared:

"This young man, General, is perfectly fit to apprehend the bearing of your memorable words."

The General's whole expression changed from dull resentment to perfect urbanity.

"I would ask now Mr. Razumov," he said, "to return to his home. Note that I don't ask Mr. Razumov whether he has justified his absence to his guest. No doubt he did this sufficiently. But I don't ask. Mr. Razumov inspires confidence. It is a great gift. I only suggest that a more prolonged absence might awaken the criminal's suspicions and induce him perhaps to change his plans."

He rose and with scrupulous courtesy escorted his visitors to the anteroom encumbered with flower-pots.

Razumov parted with the Prince at the corner of a street. In the carriage he had listened to speeches where natural sentiment struggled with caution. Evidently the Prince was afraid of encouraging any hopes of future intercourse. But there was a touch of tenderness in the voice uttering in the dark the guarded general phrases of good-will. And the Prince said:

"I have perfect confidence in you, Mr. Razumov."

"They all, it seems, have confidence in me," thought Razumov, fully. He had an indulgent contempt for the man sitting shoulder to shoulder with him in the confined space. Probably he was afraid of scenes with his wife. She was said to be proud and violent.

It seemed to him bizarre that secrecy should play such a large part in the comfort and safety of lives. But he wanted to put the Prince's mind at ease; and with a proper amount of emphasis he said that, being conscious of some small abilities and confident in his power of work, he trusted his future to his own exertions. He protested his gratitude for the helping hand. Such dangerous situations did not occur twice in the course of one life, he added.

"And you have met it with a firmness of mind and correctness of feeling which give me a high idea of your worth," the Prince said, solemnly. "You have now only to persevere—to persevere."

On getting out on the pavement Razumov saw an ungloved hand extended to him through the lowered window of the brougham. It detained his own in its grasp for a moment, while the light of a street lamp fell upon the Prince's long face and old-fashioned gray whiskers.

"I hope you are perfectly reassured now as to the consequences . . ."

"After what your Excellency has condescended to do for me. I can only rely on my conscience."

"Adieu," said the whiskered head, with feeling.

Razumov bowed. The brougham glided away with a slight swish in the snow—he was alone on the edge of the pavement.

He said to himself that there was nothing to think about, and began walking toward his home.

He walked quietly. It was a common experience to walk thus home to bed after an evening spent somewhere with his fellows or in the

cheaper seats of a theatre. After he had gone a little way the familiarity of things got hold of him. Nothing was changed. There was the familiar corner: and when he turned it he saw the familiar dim light of the provision-shop kept by a German woman. There were loaves of stale bread, bunches of onions, and strings of sausages behind the small window-panes. They were closing it. The sickly lame fellow whom he knew so well by sight staggered out into the snow, embracing a large shutter.

Nothing would change. There was the familiar gateway yawning black, with feeble glimmers marking the arches of the different staircases.

The sense of life's continuity depended on trifling bodily impressions. The trivialities of daily existence were an armor for the soul. And this thought reinforced the inward quietness of Razumov as he began to climb the stairs familiar to his feet in the dark, with his hand on the familiar clammy banister. The exceptional could not prevail against the material contacts which make one day resemble another. To-morrow would be like yesterday.

It was only on the stage that the unusual was outwardly acknowledged.

"I suppose," thought Razumov, "that if I had made up my mind to blow out my brains on the landing I would be going up these stairs as quietly as I am doing it now. What's a man to do? What must be must be. Extraordinary things do happen. But when they have happened they are done with. Thus, too, when the mind is made up. That question is done with. And the daily concerns, the familiarities of our thought, swallow it up—and the life goes on as before with its mysterious and secret sides quite out of sight, as they should be. Life is a public thing."

Razumov unlocked his door and took the key out; entered very quietly and bolted the door behind him carefully.

He thought, "He hears me," and after bolting the door he stood still, holding his breath. There was not a sound. He crossed the bare outer room, stepping deliberately in the darkness. Entering the other, he felt all over his table for the match-box. The silence, but for the groping of his hand, was profound. Could the fellow be sleeping so soundly?

He struck a light and looked at the bed. Haldin was lying on his back as before, only both his hands were under his head. His eyes were open. He stared at the ceiling.

Razumov held the match up. He saw the clear-cut features, the firm chin, the white forehead, and the topknot of fair hair against the white pillow. There he was, lying flat on his back. Razumov thought suddenly: "I have walked over his chest."

He continued to stare till the match burnt itself out; then struck another and lit the lamp in silence without looking toward the bed any more. He had turned his back on it and was hanging his coat on a peg, when he heard Haldin sigh profoundly, then ask in a tired voice:

"Well! And what have you arranged?"

The emotion was so great that Razumov was glad to put his hands against the wall. A diabolic impulse to say, "I have given you up to the police," frightened him exceedingly. But he did not say that. He said, without turning round, in a muffled voice:

"It's done."

Again he heard Haldin sigh. He walked to the table, sat down with the lamp before him, and only then looked toward the bed.

In the distant corner of the large room far away from the lamp, which

was small and provided with a very thick china shade, Haldin appeared like a dark and elongated shape—rigid with the immobility of death. This body seemed to have less substance than its own phantom walked over by Razumov in the street white with snow. It was more alarming in its shadowy, persistent reality than the distinct but vanishing illusion.

Haldin was heard again.

"You must have had a walk—such a walk . . ." he murmured, deprecatingly. "This weather . . ."

Razumov answered with energy:

"Horrible walk. . . . A nightmare of a walk."

He shuddered audibly. Haldin sighed once more; then:

"And so you have seen Ziemianitch—brother?"

"I've seen him."

Razumov, remembering the time he had spent with the Prince, thought it prudent to add: "I had to wait some time."

"A character—eh? It's extraordinary what a sense of the necessity of freedom there is in that man. And he has sayings, too—simple, to the point, such as only the people can invent in their rough sagacity. A character that . . ."

"I, you understand, haven't had much opportunity . . ." Razumov muttered, through his teeth.

Haldin continued to stare at the ceiling.

"You see, brother, I have been a good deal in that house of late. I used to take there books—leaflets. Not a few of the poor people who live there can read. And, you see, the guests for the feast of freedom must be sought for in byways and hedges. The truth is I have almost lived in that house of late. I slept sometimes in the stable. There is a stable . . ."

"That's where I had my interview with Ziemianitch," interrupted Razumov, gently. A mocking spirit seemed to have entered into him, and he added: "It was satisfactory in a sense. I came away from it much relieved."

"Ah! he's a fellow," went on Haldin, talking slowly at the ceiling. "I came to know him in that way, you see. For some weeks now, ever since I resigned myself to do what had to be done, I tried to isolate myself. I gave up my rooms. What was the good of exposing a decent widow woman to the risk of being worried out of her mind by the police? I gave up seeing any of our comrades . . ."

Razumov drew to himself a half-sheet of paper and began to trace lines on it with a pencil.

"Upon my word," he thought, angrily, "he seems to have thought of everybody's safety but mine."

Haldin was talking on.

"This morning— Ah! this morning—that was different. How can I explain to you? Before the deed was done I wandered at night and lay hid in the day, thinking it out, and I felt restful. Sleepless but restful. What was there for me to torment myself about? But this morning—after! Then it was that I became restless. I could not have stopped in that big house full of misery. The miserable of this world can't give you peace. Then when that silly caretaker began to shout, I said to myself: 'There is a young man in this town head and shoulders above common prejudices.'"

"Is he laughing at me?" Razumov asked himself, going on with his

aimless drawing of triangles and squares. And suddenly he thought: "My behavior must appear to him strange. Should he take fright at my manner and rush off somewhere I shall be undone completely. That infernal General . . ."

He dropped the pencil and turned abruptly toward the bed with the shadowy figure extended full length on it—so much more indistinct than the one over whose breast he had walked without faltering. Was this, too, a phantom?

The silence had lasted a long time. "He is no longer here," was the thought against which Razumov struggled desperately, quite frightened at its absurdity. "He is already gone, and this . . . only . . ."

He could resist no longer. He sprang to his feet, saying aloud, "I am intolerably anxious," and in a few headlong strides stood by the side of the bed. His hand fell lightly on Haldin's shoulder, and directly he felt its reality he was beset by an insane temptation to grip that exposed throat and squeeze the breath out of that body, lest it should escape his custody, leaving only a phantom behind.

Haldin did not stir a limb, but his overshadowed eyes, moving a little, gazed upward at Razumov with wistful gratitude for this manifestation of feeling.

Razumov turned abruptly away and strode up and down the room. "It would have been possibly a kindness," he muttered to himself, and was appalled by the nature of that apology for a murderous intention his mind had found somewhere within him. And all the same he could not give it up. He became lucid about it. "What can he expect?" he thought. "The halter—in the end. And I . . ."

This argument was interrupted by Haldin's voice.

"Why be anxious for me? They can kill my body, but they cannot exile my soul from this world. I tell you what—I believe in this world so much that I cannot conceive Eternity otherwise than as a very long life. That is perhaps the reason I am so ready to die."

"H'm!" muttered Razumov, and, biting his lower lip, he continued to walk up and down and to carry on his strange argument.

Yes, to a man in such a situation—of course it would be an act of kindness. The question, however, is not how to be kind, but how to be firm. He is a slippery customer. . . .

"I, too, Victor Victorovitch, believe in this world of ours," he said, with force. "I, too, while I live. . . . But you seem determined to haunt it. You can't seriously mean . . ."

The voice of the motionless Haldin began:

"Haunt it! Truly, the oppressors of thought which quickens the world, the destroyers of souls which aspire to perfection of human dignity, they shall be haunted. As to the destroyers of my mere body, I have forgiven them beforehand."

Razumov had stopped apparently to listen, but at the same time he was observing his own sensations. He was vexed with himself for attaching so much importance to what Haldin said.

"The fellow's mad," he thought, firmly, but this opinion did not mollify him toward Haldin. It was a particularly impudent form of lunacy—and when it got loose into the sphere of public life of a country, it was obviously the duty of every good citizen . . .

This train of thought broke off short there and was succeeded by a

paroxysm of silent hatred toward Haldin, so intense that Razumov hastened to speak at random.

"Yes, Eternity, of course. I, too, can't very well represent it to myself. . . . I imagine it, however, as something quiet and dull. There would be nothing unexpected—don't you see? The element of time would be wanting."

He pulled out his watch and gazed at it. Haldin turned over on his side and looked on intently.

Razumov got frightened at this movement. A slippery customer, this fellow with a phantom. It was not midnight yet. He hastened on.

"And unfathomable mysteries! Can you conceive secret places in Eternity? Impossible. Whereas life is full of them. There are secrets of birth, for instance. One carries them on to the grave. There is something comical . . . but never mind. And there are secret motives of conduct. A man's most open actions have a secret side to them. That is interesting and so unfathomable! For instance, a man gets out of a room for a walk. Nothing more trivial in appearance. And yet it may be momentous. He comes back—he has seen perhaps a drunken brute, taken particular notice of the snow on the ground—and behold he is no longer the same man. The most unlikely things have a secret power over one's thoughts—the gray whiskers of a particular person—the goggle-eyes of another."

Razumov's forehead was moist. He took a turn or two in the room, his head low and smiling to himself viciously.

"Have you ever reflected on the power of goggle-eyes and gray whiskers? Excuse me. You seem to think I must be crazy to talk in this vein at such a time. But I am not talking lightly. I have seen instances. It has happened to me once to be talking to a man whose fate was affected by physical facts of that kind. And the man did not know it. Of course it was a case of conscience, but the material facts such as these brought about the solution. . . . And you tell me, Victor Victorovitch, not to be anxious! Why? I am responsible for you!" Razumov almost shrieked.

He avoided with difficulty a burst of Mephistophelian laughter. Haldin, very pale, raised himself on his elbow.

"And the surprises of life," went on Razumov, after glancing at the other uneasily. "Just consider their astonishing nature. A mysterious impulse induces you to come here. I don't say you have done wrong. Indeed, from a certain point of view you could not have done better. You might have gone to a man with affections and family ties. You have such ties yourself. As to me, you know I have been brought up in an educational institute where they did not give us enough to eat. To talk of affection in such a connection—you perceive yourself. . . . As to ties, the only ties I have in the world are social. I must get acknowledged in some way before I can act on it. I sit here working. . . . And don't you think I am working for progress too? I've got to find my own ideas of the true way. . . . Pardon me," continued Razumov, after drawing breath and with a short throaty laugh, "but I haven't inherited a revolutionary inspiration together with a resemblance from an uncle."

He looked again at his watch and noticed with sickening disgust that there were yet a good many minutes to midnight. He tore watch and chain off his waistcoat and laid them on the table, well in the circle of bright lamplight. Haldin, reclining on his elbow, did not stir. Razumov

was made uneasy by this attitude. "What move is he meditating over so quietly?" he thought. "He must be prevented. I must keep on talking to him."

He raised his voice.

"You are a son, a brother, a nephew, a cousin—I don't know what—to no end of people. I am just a man. Here I stand before you. A man with a mind. Did it ever occur to you how a man who had never heard a word of warm affection or praise in his life would think on matters on which you could think first with or against your class, your domestic tradition—your fireside prejudices. . . . Did you ever consider how a man like that would feel? I have no domestic tradition. I have nothing to think against. My tradition is historical. What have I to look back to but that national past from which you gentlemen want to wrench away your future. Am I to let my intelligence, my aspirations toward a better lot, be robbed of the only thing it has to go upon at the will of violent enthusiasts? You come from your province, but all this land is mine—or I have nothing. No doubt you shall be looked upon as a martyr some day—a sort of hero—a political saint. But I beg to be excused. I am content in fitting myself to be a worker. And what can you people do by scattering a few drops of blood on the snow! On this Immensity. On this unhappy Immensity. I tell you," he cried, in a vibrating, subdued voice, and advancing one step nearer the bed, "that what it needs is not a lot of haunting phantoms that I could walk through—but a man!"

Haldin threw his arms forward as if to keep him off in horror.

"I understand it all now," he exclaimed, with a sort of awestruck dismay. "I understand—at last."

Razumov staggered back against the table. His forehead broke out in perspiration, while a cold shudder ran down his spine.

"What have I been saying?" he asked himself. "Have I let him slip through my fingers, after all?"

He felt his lips go stiff like buckram, and instead of a reassuring smile he only achieved an uncertain grimace.

"What will you have?" he began, in a conciliating voice, which got steady after the first trembling word or two. "What will you have? Consider—a man of studious, retired habits—and suddenly like this. . . . I am not practised in talking delicately. But . . ."

He felt anger, a wicked anger, get hold of him again.

"What were we to do together till midnight? Sit here opposite each other and think of your—your—shambles?"

Haldin had a subdued, heart-broken attitude. He bowed his head; his hands hung between his knees. His voice was low and pained but calm.

"I see now how it is, Razumov—brother. You are a magnanimous soul, but my action is abhorrent to you—alas! . . ."

Razumov stared. From fright he had set his teeth so hard that his whole face ached. It was impossible for him to make a sound.

"And even my person, too, is loathsome to you, perhaps," Haldin added, mournfully, after a short pause, looking up for a moment, then fixing his gaze on the floor. "For indeed unless one . . ."

He broke off, evidently waiting for a word. Razumov remained silent.

"Of course. Of course," Haldin murmured. . . . "Ah! weary work!"

He remained perfectly still for a moment, then made Razumov's leaden heart strike a ponderous blow by springing up briskly.

"So be it," he cried, sadly, in a low, distinct tone. "Farewell, then."

Razumov started forward, but the sight of Haldin's raised hand checked him before he could get away from the table. He leaned on it heavily, listening to the faint sounds of some town clock tolling the hour. Haldin, already at the door, tall and straight as an arrow, with his pale face and a hand raised attentively, might have posed for the statue of a daring youth listening to an inner voice. Razumov mechanically glanced down at his watch. When he looked toward the door again Haldin had vanished. There was a faint rustling in the outer room, the feeble click of a bolt drawn back lightly. He was gone—almost as noiseless as a vision.

Razumov ran forward unsteadily, with parted, voiceless lips. The outer door stood open. Staggering on the landing, he leaned far over the banister. Gazing down into the deep black shaft with a tiny glimmering flame at the bottom, he traced by ear the rapid spiral descent of somebody running down the stairs on tiptoe. It was a light, swift, pattering sound, that sank away from him into the depths: a fleeting shadow passed over the glimmer—a wink of the tiny flame. Then stillness.

Razumov hung over, breathing the cold raw air tainted by the evil smells of the unclean staircase. All quiet.

He went back into his room slowly, shutting the doors after him. The peaceful, steady light of his little reading-lamp shone on the watch. Razumov stood looking down at the little white dial. It wanted yet three minutes to midnight. He took the watch into his hand fumblingly.

"Slow," he muttered: and a strange fit of nervelessness came over him. His knees shook, the watch and chain slipped through his fingers in an instant and fell on the floor. He was so startled that he nearly fell himself. When at last he regained enough confidence in his limbs to stoop for it he held it to his ear at once. After a while he growled:

"Stopped," and paused for quite a long time before he muttered sourly: "It's done. . . . And now to work."

He sat down, reached haphazard for a book, opened it in the middle, and began to read; but after going consciously over two lines he lost his hold on the print completely, and did not try to regain it. He thought:

"There was to a certainty a police agent of some sort watching the house across the street."

He imagined him lurking in a dark gateway, goggle-eyed, muffled up in a cloak to the nose, and with a general's plumed, cocked hat on his head. This absurdity made him start in the chair convulsively. He literally had to shake his head violently to get rid of it. The man would be disguised perhaps as a peasant . . . a beggar. . . . Perhaps he would be just buttoned up in a dark overcoat and carrying a loaded stick—a shifty-eyed rascal, smelling of raw onions and spirits.

This evocation brought on positive nausea. "Why do I want to bother about this?" thought Razumov, with disgust. "Am I a gendarme? Moreover, it is done."

He got up in great agitation. It was not done. Not yet. Not till half past twelve. And the watch had stopped. This reduced him to despair. Impossible to know the time! The landlady and all the people across the landing were asleep. How could he go and . . . God knows what they would imagine or how much they would guess. He dared not go into the streets to find out. "I am a suspect now. There's no use shirking that fact," he said to himself, bitterly. If Haldin, from some cause or another,

gave them the slip and failed to turn up in the Karabelnaya the police would be invading his lodging. And if he were not in he could never clear himself. Never. Razumov looked wildly about as if for some means of seizing upon time which seemed to have escaped him altogether. He had never, as far as he could remember, heard the striking of that town clock in his rooms before this night. And he was not even sure now whether he had heard it really on this night.

He went to the window and stood there with slightly bent head on the watch for the faint sound. "I will stay here till I hear something," he said to himself. He stood still, his ear turned to the panes. An atrocious aching numbness with shooting pains in his back and legs tortured him. He did not budge. His mind hovered on the borders of delirium. He heard himself suddenly saying, "I confess," as a person might do on the rack. "I am on the rack," he thought. He felt ready to swoon. The faint deep boom of the distant clock seemed to explode in his head—he heard it so clearly. . . . One!

If Haldin had not turned up, the police would have been already here ransacking the house. No sound reached him. This time it was done.

He dragged himself painfully to the table and dropped into the chair. He flung the book away and took a square sheet of paper. It was like the pile of sheets covered with his neat, minute handwriting, only blank. He took a pen brusquely and dipped it with a vague notion of going on with the writing of his essay, but his pen remained poised over the sheet. It hung there for some time before it came down and formed long scrawly letters.

Still-faced and his lips set hard, Razumov began to write. When he wrote big his neat handwriting lost its character altogether—became unsteady, almost childish. He wrote five lines one under the other:

History, not Theory.
Patriotism, not Internationalism.
Evolution, not Revolution.
Direction, not Destruction.
Unity, not Disruption.

He gazed at them dully. Then his eyes strayed to the bed and remained fixed there for a good many minutes, while his right hand groped all over the table for the penknife.

He rose at last and, walking up with measured steps, stabbed the paper with the penknife to the lath-and-plaster wall at the head of the bed. This done, he stepped back a pace and flourished his hand with a glance round the room.

After that he never looked again at the bed. He took his big cloak down from its peg and, wrapping himself up closely, went to lie down on the hard horse-hair sofa at the other side of his room. A leaden sleep closed his eyelids at once. Several times that night he woke up, shivering from a dream of walking through the heavy snow in a Russia where he was as completely alone as any betrayed autocrat could be; an immense wintry Russia which somehow his view could embrace in all its enormous expanse as if it were a map. But after each shuddering start his heavy eyelids fell over his glazed eyes and he slept again.

(To be Continued.)

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AN APPEAL TO PRESIDENT TAFT

MR. PRESIDENT,—There is an excellent and, indeed, conclusive reason why any citizen of the Republic may feel at liberty to address to its Chief Magistrate a respectful appeal in this public manner; and it is because the Chief Magistrate, happily, is not under the slightest obligation to read any communication thus addressed to him.

It is, however, just possible that one who has been privileged to enjoy a long and active career, associating during it with "all sorts and conditions of men," and to whom has come, as he fully appreciates, far more of the good things of life than he has deserved, and who, therefore, is able to cherish the best of humor free from any possibility of envy or malice, may be able to offer some suggestions of value even to a wiser man engaged as President in seeking to benefit his party and his country by a just administration of the Government.

As one gets into years the years, fortunately, get into one, bringing with them serene and happy days, free alike from ambition and animosity when it costs nothing to forget trespasses against one's self, if such there have been, and the only anxiety is that one's own trespasses and inconsistencies shall also be forgotten. A person, however, who presumes to offer advice to others must not imagine for a moment that his judgment is any better than the judgment of anybody who differs from him or that his motives are purer than the motives of those who take a wholly different view

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of the proposition, as to your opportunities for valuable public service, which he is about to endeavor to call to your attention.

It is, of course, apparent to the dullest comprehension that the larger and wider sphere of public usefulness, alike in executive and legislative departments, is just now to be found under our Federal system, not at Washington, but at our different State Capitols, so that our crying need to-day is not a New Nationalism, but a New Statehood.

The Governor of an American commonwealth who seeks to make of it as nearly as possible a model of what an alert and progressive American community ought to be has a far larger field of really fruitful social service than a President, and men with high standards of public life seeking political usefulness and distinction are now far more likely to secure them as members of a State Legislature than as members of Congress.

The long neglect of the States of many of their legitimate functions has naturally led to usurpations by Congress. There is no doubt that the farmers of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania are adequately served by their own admirable agricultural colleges, and the same is true in several States of the recently established "Bureau of Good Roads." These and many other like practical services can be far more effectively and far more economically rendered by each State to its own people than by a centralized bureaucracy at Washington supported by wasteful appropriations of Congress, where the old-fashioned virtue of economy in appropriations, as Mr. Gillett of Massachusetts is reported to have recently declared, has become so unpopular as to destroy the usefulness of any Congressman who attempts to insist upon it.

The experienced statesmen of Europe are at present giving earnest study to problems which, under our system, assuredly not only belong to the States, but can be far better solved by the States than by the nation.

The right to impose graduated taxation upon incomes and inheritances is, it is true, and very fortunately, common to both; but the establishment of old-age pensions, of labor exchanges, of industrial insurance at cost and insurance against the appalling disaster for the industrial poor of unemployment, the prevention of debilitating labor by the children and the wives of our unskilled workmen, the com-

pulsory arbitration of labor disputes, and the preservation for the people of the State's natural resources and of the monopolies of public service—all these suggested remedies for the far-reaching troubles of our modern industrialism, of which Presidents and Congressmen know nothing and care less, are engaging the anxious and solicitous consideration of such statesmen as Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Winston Churchill in England, and statesmen of like breadth of view and distinction in Germany, France and Italy, as well as in the new and growing commonwealths of Australia and New Zealand. Surely aspiring young politicians need not hesitate to follow such men in their efforts to meet the crying need now confronting all civilized societies—that is, the narrowing of the too wide gulf between those who are too rich and those who are too poor rather than to occupy themselves in Congress with ignoble struggles to get for their constituents a share either of the spoils of office or of the infamous "pork barrel," or in assisting some corrupt lobby in Washington to waste taxes wrung in large measure by indirect taxation from ignorant and defenceless victims. To almost all intents and purposes the national Government in recent years has been practically limited to such unworthy functions, and it will not be seriously questioned that the prosperous classes, to which, in however slight a degree, you and I belong, happy in our enjoyment of every comfort and luxury, whether we are politicians or private citizens, accustom ourselves to regard with singular indifference the solemn injunction laid upon us by the highest authority to *consider the poor.* The briefest thought given to that injunction will satisfy any intelligent person that considering the poor is not at all to give away, with even the best intentions, large sums of surplus money to which we have no moral and, perhaps, no legal title, which we cannot longer use here even to add to our luxuries and which we cannot take with us when "we go hence," as we soon must. Such giving may be accompanied by sounding a trumpet before the giver, "as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets that they may have glory of men," or the giving may be in the modest guise, "When thou givest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." In either case such giving does not even approach compliance with the injunction to *consider the*

poor, for the latter implies looking into their poverty, visiting them in their wretched homes, seeing with one's own eyes the many hardships entailed upon them, old and young; and, above all, fully realizing that their deserts, weighed in any scales we might select, are at least equal to our own. While they are thus suffering and, as almost every day's newspapers now tell us, actually dying of hunger, cold and nakedness, the members of our class are fairly "wallowing" not only in comfort, but in all the luxury of the most abounding extravagance and waste.

Now, there are three directions in which your help to narrow this gulf would be singularly effective if you consent to call an extra session of Congress. The one is by recommending to that body to put at once upon the free list all articles which are necessary to preserve the life and health of those who labor and the lives and health of the wives and the children depending upon them, including all the materials in the construction of their homes, as well as all articles of food, and clothing, and heat, and domestic utensils, so as to lessen in some small measure, at least, the inevitable burdens of their unhappy lot and what may prove even more important to show some practical sympathy with them.

You have doubtless read with great interest the epoch-making memorial presented by the embittered farmers of Canada to their Parliament on the 16th of December. It bore the signatures of eight hundred chosen representatives of their Council of Agriculture drawn from every province of the Dominion. Its demand for a wide measure of reciprocal trade with the United States is in the line of our own efforts, and its deadly blow at the iniquities of indirect taxation only voices the sentiments long entertained by many lovers of their kind. These farmers truly declare that "provisions for revenue by customs duties is economically and morally wrong," and they point as a striking example of this wrong to the oppressive customs duties on agricultural implements from which our own working farmers, not our "gentlemen farmers," have so long and so cruelly suffered. These Canadian farmers tell their Parliament that, while the duties on such implements bring to the Treasury less than three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, their "Harvester Trust" mulcts them in over two million dollars. Our "Harvester Trust" has just "cut

a melon " of twenty million dollars " abstracted " from our working farmers, in addition to generous dividends on millions of watered stock, " abstracted " from the same victims as provided " the melon."

When, in the luminous phrase of Mr. Dooley, the " leading—and the led—men of the Republican party " were engaged last spring in their familiar and congenial task of increasing the riches of the rich and the poverty of the poor, I ventured to address Mr. Payne a modest protest against the objects at which his committee seemed to be aiming, that of adding to the already too heavy indirect taxes, which found their final resting-places on the bowed backs of men, women and children who earn their livelihood, when they can earn it, by the toil of their hands. I stated that to my mind it was not too harsh a word to call the existing tax on sugar infamous, as it extorted as large an actual sum from every working-man barely able to support himself and family as it extorted from the richest multimillionaire in the land; and I ventured to express the hope, which I need not say was promptly disappointed, that in any revision of the tariff, sugar, at least, would be placed upon the free list. Your Tariff Board, however slowly it may move, will be, no doubt, actuated by excellent intentions; but no report from any board, even of angels, could prove that it is either just or wise for you to continue two years longer to require every grocery in the United States to rob the sweated seamstress and the unskilled workman of two artificial prices for the sugar that they must buy if they are to live. As you know, one such artificial price goes to the Treasury by your tariff—that is, by the indirect taxation the Canadian farmers declare to be economically and morally wrong—to be wasted by Congress according to Senator Aldrich; and the other, as you know equally well, goes to the Sugar Trust. You see, this is not a question of economics for any Tariff Board to settle, but simply a question in elementary ethics, which any honest man can at once decide. Of course those who profit by monopoly and extortion can always offer specious reasons for continuing them. Such was the case years ago when it was proposed to lift the two artificial prices from quinine, which had become essential to the health of very many people who could not afford to pay both the artificial price of the tariff and the artificial price of the monopoly; and it was loudly insisted that if quinine

was put upon the free list the great and prosperous establishments of the manufacturing chemists in Philadelphia and elsewhere would be ruined. As soon, however, as those taxes were abolished these intelligent manufacturers promptly adapted themselves to the changed conditions and succeeded in increasing their great wealth as rapidly as ever before. It, therefore, requires no courage to predict that if you convene Congress in extra session and persuade them to put sugar, woollen clothing, meat and all other necessities of life to the poor upon the free list, as well as farming implements for working farmers, the same story will be told as with free quinine.

Assuming it to be wrong to levy unnecessary taxes upon the necessities of life to the unskilled working masses of the country and the necessary implements of agricultural labor, you will surely agree that the sooner the wrong is terminated the better. Now, it happens that while by refusing to call an extra session of Congress you only can prolong this wrong for two years, you only can give effect to the strongly expressed will of the people to put an end to it as soon as the ordinary processes of legislation will allow. The late Mr. Havemeyer bluntly expressed what was well known to all students of the subject that "the tariff is the mother of the trusts," and her brood has surely shown themselves fully worthy of their parentage.

Perhaps, also, you are not at liberty, as President of all the people of all parties, to forget that the late election was fought on the distinct issue of speedy relief from the extortions of the tariff and the trusts. You stood manfully by the great majority of your party and did everything possible to prevent the condemnation of those evils, but the plain people whose will is and ought to be the supreme law in a republic condemned them by an overwhelming majority. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt's uncalled-for intervention, with its inconsistent and violent indiscretions, however well intended, swelled the adverse majority; but the result would have been substantially the same had Mr. Roosevelt maintained a dignified abstention from the conflict, as, no doubt, he now realizes it would have been better to have done. The question recurs: "Will you stand between the people and the plain mandate they have given their representatives and continue to bind on the backs of the labor of the land:

"Burdens well-nigh not to be borne"?

If, on the other hand, you promptly call together the men the people have elected to act for them in this matter, you assume no responsibility for the wisdom of their action until such measures as they enact are submitted to you for your approval, and if they seem to you unwise you can disapprove them. In any event, you will have allowed the people's representatives to discharge the duties confided to them by their constituents. If, with the measures they enact before you, it should seem advisable to you to continue the Payne-Aldrich tariff in effect two years after the people in their sovereign capacity have condemned it, you will be acting with full knowledge of what the lawful representatives of the voters offer you as a substitute for it, and you will, at least, have allowed the voice of the people to be heard. Otherwise by your mere will you will have stifled any effective expression of that voice for two whole years after it has plainly spoken, for if you refuse to call an extra session no practical relief can be sooner obtained.

You will not, I am aware, shrink from any proper responsibility of your office, but I beg you to carefully consider whether the responsibility of thus thwarting the people's will is a proper one. If so, there is no doubt you will have the courage to assume it. The only doubt is whether if it is not you will have the courage to decline it, for in considering the question the supposed welfare of your party and the opinions of those you are in the habit of consulting will very properly have great weight with you in reaching a conclusion; but I beg you to remember that "he serves his party most who serves his country best." In deciding whether you will allow this relief to be given or not, you ought in common justice to keep constantly before you the sharp line dividing the skilled and the unskilled labor of the country. The former is organized, and wisely and properly organized, in labor-unions, while the latter possesses no such protection from possible oppression, no matter from what quarter such oppression may come. It can only suffer, but with the ever-growing hatred oppression always fosters.

A striking illustration of the different conditions between these classes of labor, one of which makes itself heard in frequent demands for the betterment of its comparatively prosperous condition and the inarticulate class which cannot assist itself to escape from its unfortunate environment, is found in the recent action of Mr. Neill, the excellent

Commissioner of Labor, who has just secured for a considerable number of railroad employees a signal advance in their already liberal compensation; but this advance, it must not be forgotten, is secured at the expense, in good part, of the laboring-classes below them who cannot afford walking delegates or high-priced officials to demand from time to time increased wages. Now, of course, there would not be the slightest objection to those increases if the prosperous classes of the country were to pay them; and equally of course, the shallow pretence will be again made that the railroad companies pay the large increases of wages Mr. Neill secured, but that pretence is now worn too thin for further usefulness. These increases, like all others of like kind, will, in the last resort, be paid in great measure by the sweated seamstresses and the overworked and underpaid shop-girls and by all unskilled and defenceless labor, including even the thin, weak, anæmic little boys on the breakers at the coal-mines, and the thin, weak, anæmic little girls in the neighboring silk-mills suffering already from too little food, too thin clothing and too much work. All the same, abundant dividends will continue to flow from coal-mines and the silk-mills to the prosperous classes who own them.

A single incident will show you what little impression this vast difference between the condition of well-to-do employees and that of the really poor has made even upon a man so warm-hearted as you are. Sitting in comfortable luxury, you recently dictated an appeal to Congress to abstract a further sum from the taxes already being extorted from the latter to pay pensions to the women clerks in Government employ who are warmly housed, working, when they do work, at agreeable tasks eight hours a day, with a month's vacation and a month's allowance for sickness each year, and who receive, say, thirty dollars a week for each week in the year. While you were dictating this appeal one of the victims from which these pensions, if paid, must be in part extorted was telling almost within your hearing how she, and those in like situation, not in Government employ had to work twelve hours a day, when they could get work, for five dollars a week instead of thirty. Now, is it not just possible that the women clerks in your employ had better, out of their liberal salaries, assist these unfortunate sisters in their penury than that the latter class

should assist to pension those already so much better off? Of course it would be a wholly different question if pensions to all the necessitous and deserving poor were payable from taxes on the surplus wealth of the rich, but why well-paid Government employees should be especially selected for pensions at the expense, in part, of those poorer than themselves is not easy to understand; and it cannot be too often repeated that it is upon the poorest of the poor that the present tariff is most oppressive, and it is in their especial behalf that speedy relief from its cruel exactions is asked at your hands.

The second important service to the same unfortunate class of your fellow citizens you can render by calling an extra session is by entreating the newly elected representatives to that body to greatly diminish, if they cannot stop, the senseless, almost insane, waste of the public moneys which has now been rampant for years past in Congress. It is unnecessary to demonstrate what is easily demonstratable that of every dollar wasted by Congress the actual suffering caused by such waste falls on the poorest of the poor and just in proportion to their poverty, while the class to which we in some measure belong suffers the loss of no luxury even, much less any desirable comfort.

It was very creditable in Senator Aldrich to confess that, under the administration of Mr. Roosevelt and of yourself, three hundred million dollars were being wasted by each Congress; but evidently a natural tenderness for his party and his fellow members induced him to reduce the waste by nearly one-half, for it can be clearly shown that for every outlay essential to the true welfare and the true dignity of the nation five hundred million dollars for each Congress would be not only a sufficient, but a too generous provision.

One hundred million dollars could be saved in pensions alone if only those deserving pensions received them; but if a single deserter from the colors during the Civil War, or a single miscalled "Spanish War Veteran" malingering in camp at Chickamauga, or a single worthless young woman who beguiled an old soldier with one foot in the grave into marrying her is not on the pension list for life, it is wholly due to some oversight on the part of the pension agents. On the first day the present Congress reassembled, December 5th, 1910, less than a dozen bills dealing with proper matters of legislation were introduced in the House,

and six hundred and thirty bills were introduced removing records of desertion so as to pension deserters, or granting new pensions or increasing pensions already granted; and on the next day, again less than a dozen bills dealing with proper subjects of legislation were introduced, and three hundred and eighty bills were introduced removing records of desertion so as to pension deserters, or granting new pensions on increasing pensions already enjoyed; and all this more than forty-five years after Lee surrendered.

Then consider what could be saved if the appropriations for naval and military purposes were made in a spirit of economy instead of waste. In 1863, in the midst of the Civil War, when our navy was blockading the coast from Maine to Texas and pursuing the Confederate cruisers on every sea, the entire cost of the naval establishment was sixty-three million dollars. In 1910, in time of profound peace, without an enemy in the world or the possibility of an enemy, the cost of the navy was one hundred and thirty million dollars. In 1895 the cost of the army was twenty-four million dollars; in 1910 it was one hundred million dollars; and so throughout the long depressing list of waste, still waste and still more waste, showing, as has been said, a kind of insanity in throwing away the taxes wrung, in a considerable part, from the unskilled and inarticulate men, women and children who are already living in a destitution of which we all ought to be ashamed.

There is one recent performance by Congress which, unless some reasonable excuse for it can be offered, seems to merit special reprobation—the expending of great sums of the public taxes for erecting, furnishing and maintaining the two costly marble palaces recently built, a goodly portion of whose cost is defrayed by those whose daily toil barely provides daily bread. If, it is assumed, those palaces cost, "by and large," six millions of dollars, then they cost the total earnings for a whole year of ten thousand members of the unskilled working-class. To maintain them, allowing interest on their cost, with the necessary repairs and attendance, will probably cost six hundred thousand dollars a year or the total earnings for a whole year of one thousand members of the same unhappy class. Now, allowing five members to a family, the cost of those palaces represent the entire means of livelihood of fifty thousand people for a whole year, and their annual cost represents the entire

means of livelihood of five thousand people for a whole year. These palaces are reported, it is to be hoped to some extent incorrectly, to be provided with such waste in mahogany furniture, marble bath-rooms and even velvet cushions for the repose of the heads of wearied statesmen as formerly could be seen only in the *seraglio* of an Eastern Sultan. Before our Congressmen wasted these millions of the people's money on themselves they were far more luxuriously provided for and at far greater cost than any legislative body in the world;—far more so than the British Parliament, which has half as many more members and legislates for three times as many people scattered all over the earth; far more so than the legislative bodies of the German Empire, which has more than one legislative body and dealing with the gravest possible problems of statesmanship; and far more so than the legislators of the French Republic, which, like our own, is broad-based upon the people's will, and her legislators also deal with the serious and multiform problems now confronting all legislative bodies, including the problems peculiar to that great and gallant nation.

Now, whoever reads this morning's sad news of the wholesale bribery of voters in Ohio, and the sad news lately sent us from California, and Illinois, and New York, and Pennsylvania, and Delaware and other States, cannot believe that our Senators and Representatives are of such a superior class that no waste can supply surroundings sufficiently luxurious for their High Mightinesses. Barring a few multimillionaires, whom your Attorney-General may possibly indict, few, if any, members of Congress possess in their own homes such indications of surplus wealth as those with which they are reported to have surrounded themselves in these wholly unnecessary palaces of precious woods and gleaming marbles.

There is apt, however, to be a bright side to the darkest shield, and it is the great good fortune to those who still possess a saving sense of humor that the dreary pages of the "Congressional Record" sometimes offer amusement, even when illustrating this insane rage for wasting public moneys. One who has such sense of humor is sure to be more amused than angry when he reads that one Congressman, fearing that all the public moneys would not be egregiously and foolishly wasted, offers a resolution providing for

the painting of portraits of all the dead and mostly forgotten Congressmen who, by one accident or another, occupied the chair of Speaker for a shorter or longer period. It is, of course, a long and depressing list, and one reading it feels as though he were walking in a graveyard and looking at strange tombstones, as he realizes that many of the gentlemen thus to be commemorated he never heard of and cannot pretend to ever wish to hear of. Then, too, this astonishing proposal for further waste recalls those dreadful efforts at art which so painfully disfigure the walls of the executive departments at Washington, in which it has become a rule that at least a thousand dollars shall be wasted in an effort to preserve for posterity a wooden likeness of the person, who for the time being, happens to be at the head of the department. It is a very safe prediction that if you should turn your art commission loose in those departments with "power to act," it might find one portrait in a hundred worthy of preservation and recommend that it be sent to the Corcoran Art Gallery, but it is very certain it would recommend that all the others should be promptly burned.

In considering, however, the waste of the public moneys by Presidents, by Cabinet Ministers and by Congressmen, it must always be remembered that the atmosphere of Washington has of late years caused, in most persons, a *paralysis of the moral sense,* and that it is surcharged with the grossest flattery of all persons in official position. As such persons are surrounded by the prosperous classes only, there is little cause for wonder that they are blind to the plain consequences that such waste is increasing the sufferings of those who cannot make their sufferings known. The cynical refusal, even by high-minded men in our public life, to consider the urgent problems now pressing for consideration in our own country as in all civilized countries, while allowing their less high-minded colleagues to recklessly vote away the public moneys and to concoct new schemes for further waste of them at the bidding of one corrupt lobby or another, is certainly a very unworthy attitude for any public man to occupy; and it is largely responsible for many far too sweeping and unjust imputations that corrupt motives influence all our legislators. One can read in this morning's newspapers such a mistaken and too sweeping indictment attributed to a learned and influential clergyman of New York. He is reported as saying:

"I have been in this country for four years. During that time every investigation of a political nature has shown corruption and graft. It used to be said in Greece that the citizen who refrained from politics was an idiot. In this country it may be said that every one smirched in politics is a thief."

One can readily understand how such a conclusion was reached; but, all the same, it is erroneous, for there are honest and upright men in all departments of our national Government. They only lack moral courage to oppose corruption in others. The third service you could render during an extra session of Congress would be in urging its members to pass without further delay a bill imposing by generous stages of graduation "taxes upon inheritances." In the protest against the tax on sugar of last March, already mentioned, I ventured to ask, but have never had an answer, "why the colossal incomes and the colossal accumulations of surplus wealth should continue to be exempt from their proper share of taxation." It is an axiom among students of the subject that private property to be entitled to respect must show that it has been honestly earned and not dishonestly abstracted. That is, it must be able to show a service to the community fully equivalent to the sum taken from the community. Now, of all possible subjects of taxation, surely the surplus wealth which can make no such showing is the least open to a just exemption, and a properly graduated system taxing such unearned incomes and unearned accumulations will give you all the revenue anybody can wish to waste and without causing the persons thus taxed the loss of a single luxury.

Nor ought anybody to allow himself to doubt that many of the possessors of these ill-gotten fortunes would vastly prefer such taxation of their useless surplus than to have it imposed upon the absolute necessities of life to those less fortunate brothers whose lives are passed in that unceasing circulation of sorrow where hard daily toil sometimes provides and sometimes fails to provide sufficient daily bread.

There are two excellent reasons why you should press the graduated taxation of inheritances upon Congress without further delay: the one being that no question can possibly arise about its constitutionality, as that has been conclusively settled in an opinion by the present Chief Justice, which leaves nothing further to be said on the subject. The other reason justifying prompt action is that, instead of

wasting any time in devising a new scheme for the purpose, an admirable precedent, ready made, will be found in the act of the British Parliament proposed by Sir William Harcourt when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the administration of Mr. Gladstone, and which received the approval not only of the House of Commons, but of the House of Lords and of Queen Victoria. It may, therefore, be assumed that it is at least a sufficiently conservative measure and one which the possessors of surplus wealth in this country can as readily accept as the aristocracy and nobility of Great Britain accepted it. Last year the graduated taxation of inheritances turned into the British Exchequer, say, ninety million dollars, which is about one and one-half times what you receive from your unjust tax on sugar. But in our more populous country and with our far greater number of very wealthy persons, the proceeds of such taxation would probably be much greater. All, therefore, that the draughtsmen of such a statute would have to do would be to translate the English money into corresponding sums of our money, and one serious inducement to the enactment of such a statute in this country without delay is the certainty that the longer it is delayed the more drastic will be its provisions.

There are, however, objections often heard to such an enactment which are easily answered. It is said that many of the States have already levied a tax on inheritances, and if the national Government did the same it would be imposing double taxation as well as interfering with the revenue of the States now levying such a tax, as well as creating an inequality between the citizens of the different States. Now, the truth happens to be just the reverse, for such a statute is the only practical method of securing equal taxation of inheritances in all the States, by inserting a provision in the statute allowing a deduction for any similar taxes levied by the State in which the property of the decedent is being administered. Such a provision will make the total taxation on the estate exactly the same, whatever tax any particular State may impose, and will remove once for all the temptation to wealthy residents of one State to move into another to lessen the taxation his estate will be called upon to pay; for there are, as is well known, some rich men who look forward with pleasure to continuing to " dodge taxes " even after they are dead; but when the two taxes, that of the nation and that of the State, are added together they will

be exactly the same in every State in the Union. When the time comes, which is now close at hand, to enact a graduated taxation of incomes a similar provision will secure the same result of equality in that respect also in all the States. Now, why should the United States longer loiter in such a shameful fashion behind all other civilized nations in refusing to tax wealth?

The British Parliament is giving old-age pensions to over a million aged and deserving poor who had worked to the limit of their strength, but it must not be supposed for a moment that these people were articulate constitutents of the members of Parliament who voted them this instalment of justice. On the contrary, like our own poor, they were wholly inarticulate and dumb; and the pensions are now being paid to them because the conscience of the members of the British Parliament found it necessary either to cease professing Christianity or to give some proof that they were not hopeless hypocrites in professing it.

The truth is that the really important work with which statesmen all over the world are at present concerning themselves is the work of social reconstruction, which is the only effective bulwark against the rapidly rising tide of socialism. When in Berks County, Pennsylvania, the last place in the country where such a revolt could be expected, an "out and out" socialist is elected to the Legislature "they who run may read" the lesson. As such a bulwark has been too long neglected, it cannot now be too promptly constructed. The labors to erect such a bulwark by bringing all men together in closer brotherhood, making the poor daily less poor and the rich daily less rich, call for recruits for our public life imbued with love for their fellows and anxious to share with them in fuller and ever fuller measure the measureless bounty of God.

Our pitiable moral cowardice in refusing to tax surplus wealth, useless even to its possessor and harmful to the community, while we are continually increasing the indirect taxation of poverty, is daily dragging the country more and more surely to the edge of the abyss. Such is the uniform lesson of history; and the only wise men, the saints and the sages, have always preached, though too often to deaf ears, that such contrasts are sure to destroy law, and order, and private property, and social peace. The prophet, Amos, perhaps the earliest of those whose prophecies have reached

us, bitterly denounced in those far-away days those who "oppressed the poor" and "crushed the needy," and he clearly foretold the doom which overtook the prosperous classes of his time. His latest commentator says that his prophecy "appeals in a very striking way to present-day society, for the evils the prophet denounced never appeared in more startling guise than in the Christendom of the present day, when extremes of wealth and poverty are grievously accentuated, the pursuit of pleasure and luxury treated as the supreme end of life by many and embittered struggles between capital and labor."

A striking confirmation of this opinion is found in the journals of this morning which printed a despatch from Washington saying that "dissatisfied workers in Pennsylvania are arming themselves with rifles on the wholesale scale preparatory to a vast strike," and it adds that the rifles which are to be secured are probably those which have been discarded by European armies which are believed to be imported in large numbers into the United States. Surely, if we call to mind the daily reports of lawlessness and murder on the part of dissatisfied workmen all over the country, we cannot fail to appreciate the appalling significance of this statement.

It has always been known that direct taxes upon the income of the citizen during his life and upon his estate after his death represent the most honest form of taxation, and that grading such taxes according to the wealth of the citizen is the most honest way of apportioning the expenses of Government. It has also always been well known that the prosperous classes have never paid their full share of those expenses, and they never will so long as indirect taxation is permitted; but taxes generously graduated upon incomes and inheritances will at least lessen to some extent the shameful inequality now existing in this respect between the rich and the poor, for such taxes will be less easily shifted upon some weaker class.

You lately heard some congratulations when you imposed taxes on corporations to meet some new extravagance on the part of the executive or legislative departments; but the corporations are doubtless even now shaking this tax through their sieves down upon the shippers, who will promptly shake it through their sieves down upon the jobbers, who will promptly shake it through their sieves down

upon the middlemen, who will promptly shake it through their sieves down upon the retailers, who will promptly shake it through their sieves down *upon the consuming and defenceless poor, where it will stay.*

The limits prescribed to this appeal do not permit any statement in detail of what many of the laboring classes are suffering in this "land of the free and home of the brave." Whoever desires to know these facts will find an ample supply of them in publications which can be obtained at very moderate prices from the Charities Organization Society, at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, and in the issues of "The Survey" published under the same auspices.

In discussing an ethical question absolute accuracy in statistics is not necessary so long as the general truth in outline is presented. Speaking in that manner, our ninety millions of people may be roughly represented by the multi-millionaires, each of whom has abstracted by more or less objectionable devices from the wealth chiefly provided by the working classes untold millions of money; the millionaires who have abstracted fewer millions, but still an appalling number; the prosperous classes who hope to become millionaires; the well-to-do classes, the less well-to-do, but still fairly comfortable classes; and the great masses of men, women and children who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. Of the first five classes it is probably a very liberal estimate to say that they will amount to thirty millions in all; and that the laboring classes, those whose constant struggle is "to make both ends meet," represent at least sixty millions of our population; that is, say, there are probably twelve million households whose breadwinners average by continuous hard labor six hundred dollars a year. Meanwhile the prosperous classes, to which we belong, continue in the enjoyment of luxury, and we are just now wisely and properly greeting each other with our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Here, however, is rather a chilling contrast to our satisfaction found in an extract from the current news of the day, and it can be matched by many similar incidents and worse, for in many cases such destitution has resulted in suicide and murder. It tells very quietly the story of a destitute mother and her children in New York City, overflowing, as we all know, with wealth and luxury and "money to burn." The mother, it says, "started out to get work, but on account

of her three-months-old baby no one would employ her. Piece by piece her household articles that would bring money were sold or pawned, but *only a small quantity of food could be bought,"* owing, doubtless, in part to the tariff. "The family was close to starvation before its plight became known. Two collections were taken up yesterday: one among the neighbors and another among the policemen of the precinct. Last night the mother and her children had their first real meal for more than a week, and for the first time in that period had a little warmth in their flat." Meanwhile we are "clothed in purple and fine linen" and spend our nights at the opera, the theatre, at balls and great banquets, wasting in a single evening more than enough to keep such suffering households in comfort for a year.

Now, it may well be a part of common prudence, merely in a practical sense, to stop widening and begin narrowing such a gulf between the rich and the poor, which represents as nothing else does the tragedy of all human story. We will not be able ever, owing to the inequality of capacities with which we are born, to provide a perfect remedy for such inequality in our prosperous American life; but the struggle to establish a fairer and more reasonable evenness in human conditions is the most ancient, the most persistent and the most successful of all efforts of the human spirit towards a better life. The successes attending this struggle have been far greater in the century just closed than in any previous hundred years, and they are sure to be still far greater in the century just opened.

The chief purpose of this appeal is to ask you, as President of the United States, to enroll yourself with the hosts of good and wise men all over the world who are helping this onward and upward movement of mankind. It is at least possible that by calling an extra session of Congress and appealing to its members in your own earnest and eloquent manner you could induce them to confer three great and badly needed blessings upon twelve million American households—the removal of the tariff taxes from the articles essential to their continuance to live by putting all such articles upon the free list; the diminishing in large measure of the sheer waste of public moneys to which the poor would still be obliged in considerable measure to contribute; and the imposing of at least a portion of the burdens of taxation upon surplus wealth — that is, wealth not needed

even to encompass its possessors with every possible luxury, including absolute idleness if they prefer that folly to the folly of acquiring more surplus wealth.

This appeal to you will of necessity be published later, but the season at which it is written has inspired it, for it is the blessed and gracious season when

"The time draws near the birth of Christ."

Now whether one professes or does not profess a belief that He was given a divine mission, no one can deny that He came in an especial sense as the friend and fellow worker of the poor and that His life and His teaching have as one of their chief objects an amelioration, as far as possible, of their sad condition. Perhaps nothing brings His attitude in this respect more vividly before us than His warm welcome of the suffering poor to heaven. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"; and as opposed to that welcome we read the reluctant but stern judgment He passed upon the prosperous classes. "How hardly," He says, "shall those who have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." And He repeats. "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

Now, we know from painful experience that it is possible for prosperous clergymen with wealthy parishioners to endeavor to show that these words do not mean what they say; but no man dealing sincerely with himself can cherish such a delusion in the presence of those clear, positive and reiterated statements. It is not said to be impossible, but extremely improbable that members of the prosperous classes will, with true sympathy, consider the poor and seek in all proper ways to alleviate the misery of their condition.

To do so is harder for some members of those classes than for others, but it is too hard for perfect accomplishment by any of us; and finding fault with others is so much easier than keeping one's self in the "strait and narrow path" of righteous conduct that such fault-finding easily becomes itself a sin, blinding one to his own shortcomings while seeing clearly those of his neighbor. If, therefore, words or judgments lacking in charity have found place in this hastily written appeal, all one can offer in extenuation is to declare they were not so intended and to ask forgiveness for them.

WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

THE CARNEGIE PEACE FUND

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

Mr. Carnegie has again astonished the world, and this time by a benefaction which is most remarkable for boldness of conception, for the ampleness and impressiveness of the object proposed and for the vow of unceasing helpfulness to man in the struggle against powerful evils from century to century. It is unprecedented that a social and political purpose should have been endowed in this manner and provided with so powerful and flexible an organization. The general aim of the Peace Fund has been announced — the gradual abolition of war and the substitution of a judicial procedure for the brutal methods of personal combat. The details of approaching this purpose and realizing it have yet to be worked out. That such an enterprise should be established by an American citizen, that so powerful an organization for effecting an ideal purpose should originate on American soil, is a new proof of that national optimism which not only animates the conduct and philosophy of life of our people, but which has been the guiding force in our national foreign policy. All advances toward the restriction of war within narrower limits, and the solution of international difficulties by rational means, have found their strongest advocate in the American Government and people.

The programme of action to be followed by the board of trustees has not yet been elaborated. Without prejudging in any way the work of the Peace Fund, it is, therefore, possible at the present time to consider the promise as well as the limitations of such a vast undertaking as the present one. This organization may be developed so as to be a force of the greatest importance in our national life and in our relations with other countries. It is, therefore, natural that the general public should be interested in it and

that publicists should consider the bearings of this establishment upon our national affairs and policies.

The old style of peace propaganda, which looked upon war as an evil entity to be fought against with imprecations and resolutions of congresses, is no longer effective. People give little heed to abstract arguments against war, which rest upon a quietist desire to tone down the vigor of life. The dominant note of our age is energism, and it is only constructive work and strenuous effort that command attention. The display of energy in warlike preparation, therefore, has its attractiveness, which can be counteracted only by pointing out some other constructive work in which the energies of mankind may manifest themselves to a higher purpose. The character of the men selected to form the board of trustees gives assurance that they will not be satisfied with theoretical propaganda. They are men of wide practical experience, and, as is apparent from the public expressions of some of them, they realize that the first requirement for a successful movement against the evils of war lies in a thorough understanding of the conditions of which war is merely a symptom.

Complete abandonment to the ideal of world-wide peace as immediately realizable would be fatuous. In the age in which we live the world still has many basic problems to solve in which the terrible arbitrament of war may be invoked. We need only remember that such fundamental questions as the distribution of the surface of the globe between the different peoples and races has not as yet been entirely settled. When there is a question as to what nation shall have the right to people a region with its sons, to till its fields and to develop its resources, conflict may transcend the limits of peaceable settlement, as in the controversy between Japan and Russia in the Far East. Another illustration—intentionally remote, but none the less indicating the seriousness of such issues—would occur should one of the South-American States—for example, Peru—try to exclude Oriental immigration and be confronted with a categorical demand to leave its doors open. A nation with important foreign interests is, therefore, bound to consider whether any position taken by it is such as can be maintained. A foreign policy is to-day inconceivable without a readiness to accept responsibility; and, unless we were to assume that the American nation is only playing at foreign

politics, it certainly follows that a Government which is responsible for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, which is pledged to the policy of the open door in the Far East, which has insular and outlying possessions to guard, including the great interoceanic highway of the Panama Canal, not to mention innumerable commercial interests, must needs give attention to the problems of self-defence. Under modern conditions, too, warlike action has often been prevented by the knowledge that military disturbances would be unsuccessful on account of the superior preparedness and organization of the eventual adversary. We need only think of recent affairs in the Balkan region. All this, of course, does not detract by one iota from the force of the principle that the best defence of nations is a policy of justice, nor from the patent fact that the present race for armaments borders on insanity and is driving the civilized nations into bankruptcy occasioned by the unproductive expenditure of public resources. There is, therefore, a great work to do, and the Peace Fund is strong enough to achieve objects that would elude efforts less carefully organized and less abundantly supplied with means. The president of the Second Hague Conference spoke of the idea of universal peace as a "bright star which will always guide us, but which we shall never reach." This is not the motto of the Carnegie Peace Fund. On the contrary, it is built upon the firm belief that universal peace and universal lawfulness are the only rational aims of human evolution which will surely be attained, though after much sacrifice. It is the aim of the institution to diminish this sacrifice and to allow this great and necessary purpose toward which civilization is tending to work itself out at less cost to humanity than if forces were left blindly to find their way. Human constructive statesmanship cannot bend the course of social evolution, but, perceiving that a certain goal is inevitable, it may greatly shorten and smooth the road to it which mankind has to travel.

While the men who are the responsible repositories of this trust may be confidently expected to select modes of action, both practical and fruitful, it yet seems appropriate at the present time for the public to consider what methods may advantageously be pursued in the furtherance of this great object. The work of any men or group of men engaging in social work naturally falls under three aspects: study,

propaganda and action. It often happens, however, that those who study and have a command of the real facts in the case abstain from action, while those who make propaganda have given very little attention to scientific investigation. It is a great advantage of the Carnegie Peace Fund that the extent of its means permits of activities in all three directions so that one branch of its work may be informed and guided by the results obtained in another.

It is natural that at the beginning of an undertaking of this kind especial emphasis should be placed upon the careful scientific study of the field of action. While the subject of war has been investigated by many competent authorities, there has never before been provided an organization which could study its vast and complex phenomena in all their details through co-operative effort, with the result that accurate and complete determinations would give finality to the conclusions reached. Thus a great service would be performed by a scientific study of all the ramified causes of war, by mapping out, as it were, the etiology of war. War is not a compact entity, but a resultant from many complex phases of human life and experience. Certain causes which formerly produced war, such as dynastic interest, are no longer operative. The growing democracy of nations has not, as was originally expected, reduced the danger of war, but has added other impulses which may provoke hostility. It would appear that some of these causes could be studied with considerable scientific exactness. We could then distinguish between the more adventitious and the more fundamental causes, could direct our attention to the elimination of the former, and thereafter to the improvement of those more basic conditions which still foster malevolence and bitter hostility.

Biological and physiological science also has its contribution to make in securing for us a sound basis for a judgment on war. One of the most potent arguments made in behalf of the virtues of war is that this "iron tonic" of mankind keys up national life to a high level of efficiency and that military training and combat have an invigorating effect upon physique and character. Detailed scientific investigation ought to determine the actual effects of military life and action upon the physical and intellectual development of the race. In this connection complete and accurate data should also be secured as to the loss in human material in-

flicted upon civilization by periodical blood-letting on a vast scale—a subject of investigation already suggested by a prominent biologist. These considerations are allied to others which include in their scope the various phases of human character and intellect, and which would ascertain with exactness whether the special fitness cultivated by military training and the sacrifice made in actual war are compatible with the development of those types of efficiency which the standards of modern life require. In a word, the question concerns the relation of warlike activities to personal and social efficiency from the point of view of the most essential demands made by modern civilization.

While the argument that war is costly will not be completely effective so long as conditions exist which may at times render war inevitable, yet it is desirable that mankind should be definitely informed as to the sacrifice it is making annually and permanently in defraying the cost of military preparation and of actual hostilities. This investigation is so vast that no individual could undertake it; it requires co-operative methods, the detailed study of each branch of the subject and a final synthesis of all the results thus obtained. In connection with the direct cost of warfare, investigations might also be made into the effect of war upon commerce and industry so that some adequate conception might be formed of the incidental loss inflicted by the great wars of the last century. The entire connection of high finance with the conduct of wars is of the greatest importance. If we could once clearly see to what an extent success in war to-day depends upon financial arrangements, it would become evident that armed combat has, to a large extent, lost its original meaning as a contest between national groups, that it is an anomalous condition influenced by a multitude of forces which lie beyond national control, and that in the nature of things it cannot withstand the movement of our day for the world-wide organization of economic and industrial life. Should wars become the means by which international capitalistic combinations play their game, the arguments upon which the defence of war at the present time rest would largely lose their force. The study of military operations would probably lead to the same conclusion. The processes of war have become highly technical and combats are decided by the mastery of forces which transcend the human material employed. Recent wars have

shown how little avails the courage, the warlike *élan* of bodies of men like the Cossacks, where technical control and intellectual grasp is weak. But these technical matters are not altogether national; they are part of a world-wide science.

Investigations amply supported and patiently pursued will form the basis of an intelligent propaganda and of an effective influence upon international development. The public is, of course, most interested to know what direction the action of a powerful agency like this will take. Though animated with a social purpose than which no higher can be conceived, this is, after all, a private organization. It may, therefore, be assumed, with safety, that it will abstain from interference in diplomatic negotiations, prejudging in any way the responsible action of the Government. Any other course might at times become exceedingly embarrassing to those in whose hands the conduct of our foreign affairs is placed. They bear the responsibility; it is for them to choose the time and place for the urging of national policies even when the broadest questions of civilization are involved. But, on the other hand, there can be no doubt of the advantage to be gained by our Government in informing itself through the results gained by this institution and, if need be, in co-operating with it to bring about great national purposes. Similar considerations apply with respect to national legislation. It is essential that in combating the conditions which threaten humanity with wasteful war the world-wide character of these should be appreciated. Advance must rest upon the general improvement of the situation and upon a mutual understanding between the great powers. While it is, therefore, a part of real patriotism to insist that our foreign policy shall be pervaded with a spirit of justice, it would not be right to deny our Government those instruments for supporting its action in international affairs which those whom we hold responsible for the success or failure of our national policy may consider indispensable. But within these limitations there still remains a wide field in which legislative action may be informed and influenced, and more still may be obtained by securing joint measures on the part of the principal countries of the world.

Having considered the limitations which conditions seem to impose upon an organization of this kind, let us glance at some of the modes of action that hold out a rich promise

of betterment. The only way in which war can be combated effectually is by discouraging those motives and impulses which from time to time lead to international hostility. The reverse of this proposition is that all those relations should be encouraged which draw men together and form between them a bond of mutual understanding. It is in this matter that the American people are especially in need of a broader outlook. Our national purposes and ideals are generous; we have high criteria of public conduct and abiding confidence in our institutions, but we are less prone to give credit to other countries for also working for the advance of civilization. A great deal may be done to overcome this provincialism. This would not be direct peace propaganda, but it would be even more effectual. The dogmas of pacificism already are abundantly familiar, and when they are formally brought forward they are usually discounted by the hearers. But a far different result is produced when American audiences come in contact with representative men from Europe and Asia, when they hear from their lips ideas which coincide with our own best purposes, and when they are made to feel that the problems which we are struggling with, the enthusiasm which warms our hearts, are shared by these men from distant lands. Whatever can be done to promote this mutual knowledge will, therefore, be a most effective aid in achieving the work of this institution. A French gentleman has established a fund for defraying the expenses of groups of young men who are annually sent around the world and who, upon their return, have to make a report containing their observations. It is an interesting fact that among the most notable younger publicists in France, those most conversant with foreign affairs, several have received their first training through this opportunity. The establishment of scholarships held by foreign authorities, and of travelling fellowships based upon the idea that the recipients are to make an especial effort to understand the civilizations with which they come in contact, would, therefore, be a fruitful enterprise for this or any other similar institution. Much might also be accomplished by encouraging great meetings, such as the Universal Races Congress which is to be held in London in July, where all the countries of the world are to be represented. Wherever organizations or institutions are already carrying on the work of providing a better inter-

national understanding co-operation might readily be established with most beneficial results. It is also important that in all of our American universities and larger colleges there should be maintained at least one professorship of international law and foreign affairs, to the end that the intelligence of the rising generation be broadened so as to comprise within its interests the development of humanity and civilization in other lands. Before we can have a real unity of the world strong enough to counteract local sentiments, differences, and hostilities, there must be created that psychic unity which involves a deep mutual interest and a sympathetic understanding among all the nations of the world. This is promoted only in a superficial manner by occasional congresses; it must be made to enter into the daily life of our populations.

A most useful work might be accomplished in combating the nefarious sensationalism that blemishes so large a portion of the daily press. Under present conditions, we usually receive in the newspapers the most distorted and exaggerated versions of what is going on in other countries. Although conditions have improved somewhat of late, the manner in which foreign affairs are reported to the public is not a compliment to its intelligence. An adequate treatment of the great developments in foreign countries would surely arouse a deep and intelligent interest among our people. No greater benefit could be conferred upon the reading public in America and in the world at large than if there were stationed in each one of the leading capitals and commercial centres highly trained journalists who would study in an impartial way everything bearing on temper and action in international affairs. These men ought not to be propagandists, but calm and trained observers upon whose reports implicit reliance could be placed. A most important service might be performed in this connection at times of international crises and misunderstandings. At such times the sensational tendencies of the press are uppermost, while nothing is more essential than to have a clear impartial account of facts and situations. Such reporting would often remove the cause of misunderstanding and might be instrumental in preventing unnecessary wars. It is all-important that the seriousness of war should be appreciated and that there should be laid before the public at a critical time not only an impartial report of the grounds of conflict, but

also some indication of what would be involved in taking the fatal step.

Throughout the work of an institution of this kind would be successful, in a measure, as it would seek out and assist those forces which are already making for international co-operation. It is a notable fact that contemporaneous with the vast increase in armaments, there has gone in the last decades a no less surprising development of positive international organization. I do not here refer only to peace congresses, but primarily to international groups or unions formed for considering and developing those world-wide relations by which any particular economic or cultural interest may be affected. Already there have been founded no less than one hundred and fifty such unions; over thirty of these are composed of States and are, therefore, authoritative and public in their action. A great work may be done at the present time in correlating these mutually independent efforts and institutions, in ascertaining which may co-operate more directly and in elaborating an organization which could mediate between them or include them all, giving to each its proper sphere. This is a question not to be worked out with reference to any theory, but from a study of the actual operations of these unions and of the needs of the interests which they represent. Towards bringing about this co-operation an institution like the Carnegie Peace Fund may contribute a great deal. But there is another manner in which it could be very useful. Most of these unions are supplied with a public budget just sufficient for carrying on their ordinary operations. They find it, however, more difficult to undertake special investigations of a comprehensive nature which may, nevertheless, be necessary for the proper development of their work: here a great and wealthy institution might effectually come to their assistance. Just as an example, it might be impossible for the International Agricultural Institute, with the means at its disposal, to carry on an exhaustive inquiry into the question of agricultural co-operation; or, again, the Pan-American Union might desire to investigate, in all its details, some problem like the improvement of the international commercial mechanism. By working through and in conjunction with these existing institutions the Carnegie Peace Fund would give substance to its work in strengthening those practical lines of activity which are already

doing much to bring about the realization of its main purpose. It is also possible that new lines of international co-operation might be developed; thus, for example, a plan or project for a treaty on concerted action by the police of different countries, not only in the extradition of criminals, but in the prevention of crime, extending the idea which is now partially applied in connection with the white-slave trade.

The international unions, while engaged in the important work of preparing the future organization of the world, have not as yet been sufficiently noticed by the general public. In national congresses they often have no friends, so that their appropriations are small and granted grudgingly. Looking over the pages of the " Congressional Record " in which some discussion of appropriations of this kind is reported, one will find that in general very little is known about the work of these unions, so that their needs are either taken on faith or provisions are made in the spirit of granting to some favored gentlemen an international junket. As nations and parliaments become more acquainted with the useful work performed by these organizations they will be more liberal in their support, all of which would react favorably upon the strength of the entire peace movement. It is here that the Carnegie Peace Fund can perform a real service in bringing before the world the true meaning of the international organization that has already been created and in assisting the unions in securing the financial and moral support which is essential to the proper performance of their work.

A most promising field of action will be found in making the leaders of the financial and industrial world conscious of the manner in which war obstructs and interferes with the development of their interests, which are in essence world-wide. Moreover, the unproductive investment of vast sums of money in armaments is a matter of great concern to the men who are responsible for the economic efficiency of national life. It ought to be comparatively easy to organize a strong and influential sentiment among these classes in favor of the policy of confining war more and more to the combatants and exempting from it the activities of commerce, industry and transportation. Judging from the composition of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Peace Fund, these possibilities were in the mind of the donor. He

has not selected primarily propagandists, but men of action; and, moreover, men who are in touch with those interests and social activities in which the greatest practical question to-day is efficient international organization.

After reading the records and reports of such organizations as the Interparliamentary Peace Union or the Universal Peace Congress, one would not be at a loss to pick out a programme of abundant activity for a great organization like the one we are discussing. Many of the things suggested cannot be carried out by the means at the disposal of these bodies. Thus the last Peace Congress, at Stockholm, recommended the study of projects for the limitation of armaments. This subject is, indeed, in need of a most patient preliminary investigation. When first proposed as a policy in recent conferences, it could not as yet be supported by arguments based upon a comprehensive knowledge of the actual facts both as to existing conditions and as to feasible policies. All the alternatives suggested as a basis of limitation should be studied in their connection and bearing upon national development throughout the world in order that a plan might be selected against which the strong arguments thus far advanced could not successfully be urged. In our present era such matters cannot be decided on the spur of the moment or on the basis of generous intentions. They must be supported by the most convincing exposition of a definite plan adapted to the exact situation in which nations find themselves. The proportionate reduction or limitation of armaments is undoubtedly a policy which the world will soon have to accept in order to avoid universal bankruptcy. No greater service could be rendered than the production of a report which would form the basis of an unassailable plan for such limitation. The Carnegie Peace Fund is in a position to do for future conferences the kind of work performed by Sir Thomas Barclay in his excellent report on Problems of International Practice. If one scholar could produce a work so useful, we may, indeed, hope for very comprehensive and convincing reports from this institution in the way of preparatory studies that may be utilized by international conferences. It may also furnish information that will influence the action of national legislatures. Bearing in mind the limitations pointed out above, there nevertheless remains a broad field for this activity. Let us but consider the manner in which the

neutrality laws may be developed for the purpose of confining hostilities strictly to the combatant powers and not allowing either of them to gain strength or resources from the neutral nations. It is very desirable that neutrality laws should be extended so as to make it unlawful to advertise and sell, during the progress of a war, bonds intended to furnish the means for carrying on the struggle. The idea of neutralization should also be further developed by treaty, together with the exemption from military action of the ordinary processes of commerce. Thus the suggestions that certain straits and railways be neutralized, that contraband be limited to specifically military articles, that blockade be restricted to fortified places, are in line with that rational policy of freeing from the effects of war those pursuits in which the whole world has an interest.

It still remains for us to speak of what for the present is certainly the crowning work of international activity. If nations are to subject themselves to the jurisdiction of international tribunals, they have a right to be assured that the law to be enforced by these courts accords with the highest conception of equity and justice held by modern mankind. The working out of a model international code is, therefore, the foremost task which any institution or group of men at the present time can undertake in this field. A number of notable efforts have, indeed, already been made in this direction. America has contributed the code of David Dudley Field and the military laws of Francis Lieber. More recently the Government of Brazil, in contemplation of a meeting of jurists soon to be held in Rio de Janeiro, has had codes of public and international law prepared. A Canadian lawyer has just published a code, and the Universal Peace Congress at its last session received a project elaborated by M. Emile Arnaud. The American Association of International Law has appointed a committee to make preparatory studies with respect to an international law code. All these efforts have contributed to clarify ideas with respect to what may be attainable in the way of international legislation. The means and organization of the Peace Foundation will enable it to take a leading part in furthering this work. In order to be adequate, a codification should rest upon a comprehensive, detailed and scientific study of precedent in diplomacy and arbitration, as well as of the legal doctrines elaborated by the authorities. It

should be based on a thorough knowledge of existing practice in all the branches of international relations; but it should also suggest and develop principles in which account is taken of the new forces that have come into the life of the world in our own era. A combination of patient inquiry, of scientific exactness and of constructive ability is called for in order to assure an adequate result. One sentence or clause in the completed code may be the outcome of years of investigation and thought: only after accurate scholarship has thoroughly collected and digested all precedents, after constructive minds have made a synthesis of all these results, will statesman-like action have at hand the materials for making a code that will command the respect of the world.

We might continue indefinitely, following out new lines of investigation, propaganda and action which an institution of this kind might undertake. Contemporary internationalism comprises all the interests and activities of civilized life, and work for the advancement of peaceful relations may be done in many fields at first sight remote from the main purpose. Yet, perhaps enough has been said to indicate that even a vast institution provided with ample resources, such as the Carnegie Peace Fund, will find itself fully occupied in following out only a few of the many lines of activity through which the generous purpose of its founder, which accords also with the highest aim of our modern civilization, may be advanced and turned from hope and aspiration into accomplished fact.

PAUL S. REINSCH.

THE DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITY

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

In view of the new conditions that appear to be confronting us—new seas of peril that surround us and talk of new methods of meeting these perils that din in our ears—it would seem clear to any student of public affairs that never in our time has there been a greater need for sane and unselfish thinking, or when a greater opportunity was presented a political party to render a vast service to the American people and, consequently, to the world than is now offered the Democratic party.

A comparison of the last two elections must prove to any clear-minded man that there is a great body of sound conservatism in the country which refuses to be bound to the chariot wheel of any political party—that there are hundreds of thousands of independent thinkers and voters in the land—enough to decide at any time any question of sufficient gravity to arouse their interest. This conservative element is divided between the parties. That portion in the Democratic party withstood all the delusions on the silver question and decided the issue, and now a similar element in the Republican party has broken through the trammels of custom and has rebuked the leaders of that party for their sacrifice of the people to "the interests."

Sundry and diverse causes are assigned for this change and range all the way from the "off-year" idea and the tidal change of "the floating vote" to the recognition of the fact that "Speaker Cannon was too heavy a load to carry," while tingeing them all was the resentment over the high cost of living, the factional dissensions in the Republican party, and the grave and far-reaching distrust caused by the surprising utterances of Mr. Roosevelt.

It is probable that all of these causes contributed to the result, but no one of them was the chief and final cause.

This cause would appear to lie deeper and to be founded in the conviction on the part of the people that the Republican party had been sold by its leaders in State after State for a mess of pottage and had come to be the creature of a privileged class and to stand for special privileges for that class, while the declared Democratic principle was the ending of all privilege and the securing of equal rights to all the people in the legislation enacted in their name.

What caused the change does not appear to have been so much confidence in the Democratic party as a feeling of betrayal at the hands of the Republican party. This feeling has been long in taking root—so long that one who recalls the vast corruption funds contributed by the privileged and protected classes and their attendant lobbies and able champions in high places wonders at the blindness that permitted it to go on. But in the end the root has struck deep and we have the first fruit: the unmistakable intention of the people of the country to give the Democratic party an opportunity to redeem its pledges and to make good its promises.

The Republican party has had many opportunities. It has been for a generation, politically speaking, nearly omnipotent. Enthroned on the Olympus of public patronage and private privilege, like Jove, it created the atmosphere in which it cast its thunderbolts.

Following the example set him by a Democratic statesman in continuing to recognize the high principle that "public office is a public trust"; to enforce Civil Service Reform and to declare for the rights of the people as against privilege, Mr. Roosevelt struck away one prop which the Republican party had rested on.

One, however, he left, and it was the greatest of all. "The cohesive power of public plunder" was for the most part sheared away through the enlargement of Civil Service Reform, though the machinery by which it had been kept in existence remained; and the standard of official requirement generally was vastly raised, though in certain States the bosses were left well-nigh as supreme as before. A boss substantially supreme, with the aid of a great corporation, continued to boss Pennsylvania and hold it as a pocket borough; another boss continued to boss New York; and so it was elsewhere, only not to the same extent. But the chief agency he left untouched. The tariff itself, with its

protection for a privileged class, created the vastest corruption fund that ever existed. Among all Mr. Roosevelt's declarations against privilege—and on this subject his declarations were wholly democratic—he was singularly silent on the enormity of the tariff—the foundation of privilege, for even the head of the sugar trust admitted that the tariff was the nursing mother of the trusts. The Philistines were too strong for Samson, and he who attacked the lion in his covert and fought a righteous battle against the captains of the Old Guard held his peace on this most important subject in the presence of the oppressors of the people. At the Saratoga convention he surrendered to the forces of privilege and the tariff was endorsed again by its "friends." Happily, his aid in the great struggle then pending was not needed. The people were seeing light.

When the publication of campaign contributions was decided on the Republican party was really doomed, for it had abandoned its old claim to be founded on a moral principle and was frankly basing its claim to usefulness as a party solely on the protective principle—the protection of the privileged class.

Accordingly, when, though only after much opposition, the law was put into effect, requiring the publication of all large campaign contributions, the chief means by which the power of this subsidized party had been continued fell to the ground. Samson had overthrown the pillars and the structure could not stand. The Democratic party may certainly claim the title to this victory. Like the landing of Garibaldi's craft on the Calabrian shore, it was a small boat, but it carried a great fortune.

Nothing has been more remarkable in the political history of the last two administrations than the easy and wise adaptability with which the titular chiefs of the Republican party have adopted certain Democratic principles and utilized them, forcing them on their party leaders. They have, indeed, ploughed with the Democratic heifer, for nearly every sound policy which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft have advocated were those for which the Democracy have been so long contending. One might, for example, instance the control of the illegal monopolies called trusts; the effort to destroy the pernicious system of rebating by which the vampire trusts, with the aid of the great traffic lines, sucked the life blood of their competitors

and charged them a toll for the operation; the attempt, though it was somewhat tardily made, to give a chance for the freer expression of the people's will, through the law requiring publication of campaign contributions before election, without the travesty of deferring such publication until after election. And, finally, the yet tardier adoption of the principle for which a distinguished, though unsuccessful, candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket contended in his canvass—the economical administration of the Government.

It is because of their adoption and earnest advocacy of these principles of the Democracy that I have always maintained that those two distinguished gentlemen were much in advance of the party at whose head they found themselves. My personal judgment is that, however much they may have differed, they both have sincerely sought the welfare of the whole people and have desired to execute the office of President with an eye single to the public good. If they have failed in any particulars, it has been because they were "hampered" not by the Senate alone, as one of them is credited with having asserted in another connection, but by the party to which they belonged, which, with its powerful organization, stood for class legislation under whatsoever plausible form. But neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Taft has been strong enough to resist the organization which placed them in power.

Nor would it be proper for a moment to characterize as dishonest the great body of the members of that party. The multitude of this party, as of the other party, are without doubt honest and patriotic men—they believe in the tariff as religiously as they believe in any other tenet in which they have been reared. They vote, so to speak, by inheritance and are the innocent instruments of oppression and privilege. Yet, so oppressive had this class legislation grown that in the last national convention of the delegates of that national party which has stood for it with a consistency worthy of a better cause—a revolt was threatened by so considerable an element of their own supporters that they were forced to reckon with them. Throughout the West and Northwest — the hotbed of Republicanism while it had a moral national issue — the murmuring grew louder and louder, until it became necessary to appease these malcontents. An express promise was made to revise the law under

which its most universal, far-reaching and insidious form of oppression was maintained. But they declared that it must be revised "in the house of its friends." As well talk of revising the laws of Piracy in the cabin of Lafitte or Blackbeard.

They revised it in the house of its friends—with what result the 8th of November showed.

At first they actually began to discuss whether "revision" necessarily meant downward. It may be frankly admitted that it does not—certainly not in the history of the Republican party—but used in the sense in which it was used by that party and every member thereof at this time, it meant this alone; and this the people knew. It was a bold and flagrant betrayal of the trust reposed in them, and, what is more, it was a stupid one. For it was an attempt to fool the people. Deceived by them, the people rebelled, and, finding that they had been betrayed by one party, they turned to the other.

Next, the Republican leaders made a concerted attempt to show that the measure adopted was a fulfilment of their pledge—that they had revised the tariff downward. This in face of the fact that steamships rushing across the ocean had telegraphed imploring that the custom-houses be kept open so that they might land their cargoes before the new tariff law went into effect and that prices promptly soared upward. They displayed with gravity the figures showing the great number of articles on which they had lowered the duties from dried acorns and fish-bones to orange-peel and raw hides. Against this was the singular fact that the struck balance of the duties levied under the Payne bill was actually greater than under the Dingley bill, but the true answer to their argument was the upsoaring of prices of everything save brains and brawn, labor and service. From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head there was no article of apparel that was not dearer—from the nipple on the baby's milk-bottle to the spade that dug the old man's grave there was not one object in all the industrial round of life that did not rise in cost to the consumer, while none or very little of the increase went into the hands of the laborers who produced it. The huge increase was divided between the sagacious persons who combined in illegal trusts and secured the protection of their manufactures by the tariff and the shrewd middlemen who agreed with less formalities

not to undersell each other. Only the consumers suffered—the men who live on fixed salaries or daily wages representing, say, seventy million of our people. A distinguished Senator from the State at whose behest raw hides had been favored was at equal pains to show that the tariff had nothing to do with the rise of prices, as witness the rise in shoes, and that the triumph of the Democracy would reinstate the South in power. The people, however, knew better; they knew how " the illegal combines " had come into power, and they knew where they found their support. They knew that the rise in leather could no more be due to free hides than a rise of dust could be due to rain.

The revolt spread. So urgent became the need of aid that the highest authority in the land—the honored and broad-minded President himself—was brought out to strike his hand over the place and speak the word that should heal the sore—with what result! He expressed his opinion that the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, which he had signed to preserve the solidarity of the Republican party, was the best tariff law ever adopted by the Republican party. This was possibly not very high praise. The answer of the people indicated that the solidarity of the Republican party was no longer a fetich to conjure with. The solidarity of the Republican party meant now class legislation and appalling and oppressive prices. The gentleman nominated on the Saratoga platform was defeated; the able representative for whom the President spoke at Winona has been left at home; Mr. Aldrich, the very Apostle of Protection, is in face of the handwriting on the wall retiring from public life; Mr. Payne who fathered the tariff bill has had a fight for his political existence, and Mr. Lodge is discovering that appeals to sectional feeling no longer take the place of economic facts in the minds of the people.

In this novel state of the case an attempt was made to follow the ancient Hebrew custom and bind the sins of the party on a scapegoat. For this sacrifice a person was selected whose position was commanding enough to attract attention—a firstling of the flock, so to speak. Mr. Cannon was frank, able, bold, resolute, in his declarations against tariff revision. He stood for the utmost that the most stern and unbending high protectionists stood for, and he stood boldly—almost truculently—for what others stood for in secret and under cover of his courage. With his majority

well organized at his back he was able to be a dictator in the matter of legislation; and he was a dictator. Representative Government so far as the House of Representatives was concerned was what he and the Committee on Rules pleased to allow. It was only when the people changed that a section of his organization changed. It was change or stay at home and they made their choice promptly. Then finding the bold and scornful Speaker in danger, they began gradually to withdraw from him, and as it gradually appeared more popular to do so they grew bolder—until at last even the most tardy grew bold enough to assail him. Even those who might be termed the Cordelias of his House are now declaring that they can no longer support him.

> "Had you not been their father, these white flakes
> Had challenged pity of them."

But it is known by every one conversant with the facts that whatever cause the Democrats may have had to assail Mr. Cannon, what he declared was quite true—he could not have retained his power for a single hour except with the aid and endorsement of the organized Republican majority at his back, in which majority were, of course, included the members who deserted him in his hour of trial.

It has become the fashion to aid in the effort to bind the sins of Republican rule on Mr. Cannon's back. He is undoubtedly entitled to be laden with his full share of this burden, but he was only more bold and more honest than most of his former followers who now assail him. When he was most dictatorial they were most subservient; they surrendered to him the right of the people to be heard on the floor of the Congress, and it was only when the people revolted that they mustered up the courage to aid the Democracy in resistance to his methods. The cause of the trouble dates further back than Mr. Cannon's rise to power.

For years we have been led forward like the ass in the fable with a bundle of hay held in front of his nose. For years we have been assured that, under the protective principle, we were all most prosperous—that we were steeped in riches beyond the dream of avarice—that a door had been opened in the Orient through which our trade was extending into that vast market. In fact, we were so wealthy a few years ago that we had to increase our pension list and enter upon all sorts of wild and reckless extravagance to

exhaust our surplus. The suggestion of the Democrats to reduce duties and cut down expenditures was scoffed at. The country was lulled into an iridescent dream of greatness and power and wealth. We awoke to find our greatness mere bulk; our wealth mainly confined to a class swollen with ill-gotten plunder of the masses; our country hated by every other nation on the surface of the globe. We awoke to find traffic lines and trusts with watered stock and overcapitalization grinding the people between the upper and the nether millstone—to find our population habituated to habits of wild extravagance instead of economy and thrift, as their fathers had been—and yet more unhappily to find them accustomed to the malign suggestion of the stretching of the Constitution by executive order and judge-made law instead of by constitutional methods. We awoke to find the expenses of the Government grown to a fabulous sum and the fact used boldly as an argument to maintain the enormous duties behind which Privilege is entrenched, and to find the people turning to socialism and other outworn or untried specifics for the cure of the trouble. Our forces in the Orient have extended, indeed, but in a way to cause us equal expense and anxiety, while at the same time we have so neglected and dealt with our American neighbors who are our natural allies that we have not only wasted in the past our opportunities for trade in that great market, but have substituted for the warm friendship which they once felt for us their bitter hostility.

One may go from New York to-day entirely around South America and never see the American flag afloat. He may, indeed, encircle the globe, as a friend of mine has recently done, and not see it three times, unless it be on a war-ship. Our merchant marine has disappeared from the ocean.

I am not arguing at this time and in this place against the principle of a strong navy. Indeed, if we are to maintain ourselves in the Orient, we must, so long as other nations continue their policy of increasing their navies, participate ourselves in the same folly, though I earnestly long for the time to come when nations shall be at peace and the principles of law, adjudged and enforced by international courts, shall take the place of the huge navies and armies that now overburden the world. Within the past month the House of Representatives, by a large vote, passed a bill which, it is stated, will add forty-five million dollars to our

pension roll. And the end is not yet. Truly, we are being fried in our own fat. I note that we pay more for pensions growing out of a war that ended forty-five years ago than Germany pays to maintain the greatest military establishment in the world; that as the shining ranks of those who saved the Union have thinned, the roll of the pensioners has steadily increased, and the deserter, the faker, and the perjurer have become the beneficiaries of that which the people intended as the tribute of their gratitude. I recall with sorrow that not long since a report was made by a commission which showed that of our vast annual expenses eighty-two and one-half per cent. were due to the effects of war, past or prospective, and but seventeen and one-half were caused by all the other burdens of Government.

When the people shall awaken fully to these facts the need will be only one of administration, for they themselves will provide that the principle be established.

And now the question arises: What will the Democratic party do with the chance thus offered them?

Mr. Lincoln is credited with the wise observation that the Democratic party always did the wrong thing at the right time. Have they learned anything since then in the school of Adversity? It remains to be seen. Will they, in the very outset of their progress, quarrel over " the loaves and fishes " or will the vision of the future lend them the self-restraint and wisdom which they so sorely need? Signs are not wanting even now that the first contest for an office of importance will split their forces and engender bad blood to a degree that may imperil their future success. The plan of elective committees is even now creating rivalries and enmities which threaten the integrity of the party. If the views of a disinterested friend might prevail, they had better follow the example of the early Church and select a leader by lot than enter on a contest which may disrupt them.

On this point, it goes without saying that no Speaker should be chosen who does not recognize the fundamental right of the people to have their legislation based on due deliberation and discussion.

In passing, it may not be impertinent to warn the Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives that no nostrum in the form of placing the Speakership in " Commission " through elective committees or enlarging the Committee on Rules will cure the canker which has been de-

stroying representative government in the national assembly. That evil which has grown so markedly of late that men have even given it a name, "Cannonism," must be arrested by the House itself, which should adopt a system of rules adequate to the situation and resilient enough to be ever responsive to the will of the majority; and then on the Speaker should devolve the responsibility of their due enforcement. It is an essential principle of every deliberative assembly that the majority should have the power to control its action and that there should be a presiding officer with authority to direct its procedure. This is absolutely essential in a national assembly in which only a fraction of the measures proposed can by any possibility be deliberated on. The responsibility for constructive work is on the majority and no deliberative body could proceed with any hope of usefulness without a recognition of these principles. To control its power of action would be to destroy itself and render its existence abortive—to enable obstruction to usurp the place of construction. The majority is responsible to the country. The Speaker should be responsive to the majority. Any diffusion of responsibility would simply make confusion worse confounded. One fact is plain. They must restore the lost principle of representative Government in the House of Representatives.* The people wish it. And this done, they must proceed promptly and honestly to carry out the pledges they have made the people and abolish privilege. They must boldly cut protection down to the lowest point allowable by our economic conditions and they must do it promptly. They were elected to do this fundamental thing. No galvanizing of dead issues will take its place.

This is not the first occasion on which the door of opportunity has been opened to the Democracy and they have shut it on themselves. Let them remember "the landslide" of 1892 and its consequences. The same thing may easily occur again. Titus is still before the gates. By 1912 the shattered and shaken forces of Privilege will have recovered

* A thoughtful suggestion was made during the last session of the Congress by a distinguished representative from Kentucky—Mr. Swager Sherley—as to a method by which a majority of the House could at any time bring about consideration of a measure in due and orderly manner without resorting to the revolutionary method of an attack on the Speaker and which should go far to prevent the effect of packing committees. See "Congressional Record," April 1st, 1910, Debate on H. R., 23311.

from their overthrow and the fight will have to be made over again. Only by uniting on the fundamental principles and making mutual concessions as to personal interests can the Democracy hope to win. If they falter the party is lost. The principles will some day be victorious, but the Democratic party will have lost the glory of the victory.

One difficulty with the Democracy has been that they have always had so many men ambitious to command and so few able to command. The situation recalls the story of the old planter in the South who undertook to offer remunerative work to all soldiers returning home from Appomattox and so posted a notice on his gate-posts. He soon found himself obliged to modify his notice and post, "No more Major-Generals wanted." The simple fact is that the people do not care a straw whether a gentleman from Missouri or a gentleman from Virginia or from New York shall preside over the House of their Representatives. What they do care for is that the deliberations of "that respectable body" shall be deliberative and neither tyrannical nor ineffective, and shall result in giving them legislation that shall be sane, sound, wise, constitutional, protective of their rights and considerate of their needs.

The Democracy has before it a clear, if difficult, mission—to establish the rights of the people according to the Constitution, and to make it plain that among these rights is the right to acquire and hold and use property in any manner not inconsistent with the rights of others and only so. If the rights of the people and this property right are conflicting, then is this latter no right, for the rights of the people are the supreme law. But why should the rights of the people be in conflict with any other right properly apprehended and defined? If there be a conflict, it must of necessity be that the definitions are wrong and what is termed a right is no right. It is conceivable that what A, B, or C or A, B, C and Co., Incorporated, may call and even deem their rights in and with certain property, may conflict seriously with the rights of the people; but if so we have a clearly defined and well-established method of ascertaining the fact. And surely there can be no conflict between the rights of the people and any real right to hold and use property which has been honorably and lawfully acquired. Such alleged property rights may, however, have been obtained in contravention of law—for example, through

the debauchery of the representatives of the people themselves, through disregard and betrayal of the recognized duties of trusteeship—and it makes no difference whether the privileged class be limited or extensive as to numbers. To illustrate again: if any class, whether small or large, any guild, any combination or federation or union, any calling or occupation, which by training, experience and organization finds itself able to assert a right to a special privilege of any kind, this right must give way to the rights of the people.

It is the high mission and duty of the Democratic party at this juncture to reconcile these apparently conflicting claims and to adjudge between them, guarding alike the rights of the people and of that element of the people who by wisdom, economy and thrift have honorably and lawfully been able to accumulate property and are properly exercising ownership thereof.

The Democracy must be at once both progressive and conservative. It must honestly fulfil its pledges. It must meet bravely the questions arising out of the new conditions of which we hear so much, and it must conserve those rights of the individual on which our security has been based in the past. Nor is this reconcilement as difficult as some would have us believe. We are, it is true, drifting into new seas; but we have a chart by which we may steer safely, however perilous the tides that swing and sway us and the rocks and reefs that appear in our course. Its name is the Constitution.

And it was drawn by a body of wise, experienced and patriotic men whose minds were set on one thing—Civil Liberty through the perpetuation of Republican institutions.

Moreover, we have not only a clear issue in the rights of the people against privilege, but for the first time in some years we have a choice of leaders, any one of whom will command respect and meet the most exacting standard as the representative of the national Democracy—for all are men of character, ability and devotion to the ideals of Democracy—all stand for Equal Rights for all and Privilege for none.

Not long since we were told by a distinguished citizen whose experience and former service gave him the right to the attention of the country that what we need is to awaken to the call of "the New Nationalism." He was possibly not as felicitous in his definition as he was clear in his

characterization. He has, indeed, been explaining from time to time since precisely what he did mean. For signs are not wanting that the people are content with the old Nationalism and have no mind to throw away that chart by which mainly they have steered in the past.

The student of Government knows that the aggression of the executive power, through its gradual aggrandizement, is the road by which mainly all republics come to their fall. The most serious peril to representative Government is the encroachment of its executive on the rights of its legislative branch, and such encroachment has usually to be regained by the red hand of Revolution. If, therefore, the people are wise they will insist that, whatever the exigency may appear to be, it shall be met in the orderly and legal way laid down by the Constitution itself. Any other way leads to revolution. Mr. Taft's best contribution to this country is his firm recognition of laws.

Should any grave situation really arise in which State powers are inadequate and national powers are without warrant, the means to meet it are laid down clearly in the Constitution. The people themselves, through their Representatives, are to declare whether such a case exists and how it shall be met—in the form of an amendment to the Constitution, deliberately and duly adopted, after full and free discussion.

In fine, one thing appears to be clear: that if the Democratic party is to secure the confidence of the people as the trustee of this Government, it can accomplish it in only one way: by standing forth as the champion of their rights to the limit of the Constitution and its due amendments—it cannot accomplish the object by mere excellence of organization, however necessary this may be; it must deserve their confidence—and this it can do only by espousing their cause. If it attempt to fling itself into the arms of a class, whether of capitalists or of laborists, it is lost. The party of the future is the party that shall stand for all the people and their rights under the law — for true Democracy and the Constitution.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

WHAT DOES THE SECRETARY OF STATE MEAN?

BY FREDERICK McCORMICK.

A LITTLE less than a year ago a strong public defence of American ideals in diplomacy and American foreign policy was made both by the President and the Secretary of State of the United States.

The governments of six foremost nations of the world listened with more general concern to these expositions of American diplomacy, both of which were in part the outcome of world-wide criticism of the Washington Government, than did their immediate audiences. Those nations know that American foreign affairs are more important than Americans know them to be. But in addition they seek some clew to what American action must be when the nation itself recognizes that it has vital foreign affairs. "Impossible but unavoidable" as Americans have come to be to them diplomatically, they recognize in Americans as a nation an undisciplined, perhaps uncontrollable, force and intelligence awaking to the presence of a phenomenon.

At the close of a great decade that has seen the extension of American influence to all quarters, American affairs, affected by the tribes and peoples and consonant with the times, have made strides overnight. This expansion has been almost without a prophet, for Americans have not known that their interests could attain more than a given magnitude abroad because of certain great American reasons that assigned foreign affairs to Europe—foreign affairs, in the minds of Americans, being thought to endanger the welfare of the Republic. It was not apparent until recently that every people discharging its duty in the quarter where its first duty is owing, thereby inevitably comes to its duties abroad, that the two go together, that no country is so incompetent, corrupt and weak as that which has no foreign

affairs, and, finally, that while the first responsibility is at home, no people can do its full duty to itself without doing its duty abroad.

So late as the time of Ambassador Porter's removal without warning from his post in France, some Senators said that America had no foreign affairs, and that diplomatic posts abroad were only social positions for rich and socially ambitious American families. That was at a time when American foreign interests had developed more rapidly than had the foreign interests of any nation or empire that ever existed, unless perhaps some empire like the Mongol. American principles that had become established in international law partook of the laws of the stable, enduring Republic based on the highest ideals in international dealing. The Monroe doctrine, for example, was and is a part of international law. It is law in half the globe. The " open door " is all but international in authority. If with such prestige America has the full character and capabilities as a world power that Americans believe her to possess, they hardly dare estimate their foreign interests and responsibilities, to say nothing of dangers.

It may be said that the relation between her great native affairs and foreign affairs for America is about equal, while, as a matter of fact, the nation has assumed a moral attitude in international relations which, if the Government has planned out its great foreign policy and is successful in living up to its creed, appears to involve responsibilities more onerous and weighty than the responsibilities of the most alliance-entangled European state it could possibly pity. This means that Americans are to pay for their principles or repudiate them.

In the light of these facts, coupled with the Government's anxiety about foreign affairs, Americans may ask what it means when the two highest members of their Government set out to explain its diplomacy.

The responsibility for these foreign affairs is popularly assigned to the Secretary of State. As the President's address referred to was a defence of the foreign policy of the Government as carried out by the Secretary of State and was a eulogy of the Secretary of State who himself reiterated the exposition of the Government's position in foreign affairs, the nation may ask with reference to such emphatic expositions, What does the Secretary of State mean?

The importance of North, Central and South American affairs, which to the popular mind are embraced in the Monroe Doctrine, the first great law of American diplomacy, has increased. Just before the Senatorial opinions referred to were uttered the problem of the Monroe Doctrine had been augmented by the questions that are called into the diplomatic arena by such names as Porto Rico, Tutuila, Guam, the Philippines, the Isthmian Canal Zone, etc. But great as were the considerations of responsibility under those two simple words, "Monroe Doctrine," there had been then added to our diplomatic vehicle and to international law two other words of equal simplicity which obviously even then to any careful observer defined what might become as great a question for the country as the "Monroe Doctrine." "Americans are a commercial people." They make and sell. From the nature and instincts of Americans has sprung the expression "open door," two words in which is seen, positively or negatively, the whole character of America and Americans. In the "open door" and equal opportunity for all are woven the questions of the Far East and all other questions above mentioned as having been added to the Monroe Doctrine since 1898, besides yet other considerations. For example, this policy of equal opportunity of trade contestants abroad has at all times been exposed to the chance of being forced into the place of becoming America's greatest foreign question by some nearly unnoticeable passing event. It is not impossible, indeed, that such a thing as the building of half a dozen war-ships, to say nothing of the Isthmian Canal, could, in this present world of foreign affairs, raise the "open door" to be a greater question for America than it seems possible the "Monroe Doctrine" could ever become, and then it would be a great active issue and an even more insistent public responsibility. Intrinsically and potentially, it is the greater question and issue.

Out of the tangled mass of foreign problems of the future which Americans must solve will stand some great principle. No one can doubt that it must be the "open door" which is already a part of that expansion and development of America which cannot be kept down and that expansion of China which is absolutely necessary.

It is, however, not essential to advance so far at one leap. No one can doubt the great and increasing importance of

America's national welfare abroad and its relation to her security and prosperity at home. John Hay, Elihu Root and Philander Chase Knox have all defined the "spirit and purpose" of American diplomacy, explained its principles and their origin in the traditions of the nation, and laid its great importance upon the conscience of the people in a timely and solemn way. Each explanation was called for by occasion and each occasion called for the attention of the nation. Each called louder than before. On May 2d, the date of the President's address delivered in behalf of the Government's foreign policy and the Secretary of State, and on June 15th when Mr. Knox reiterated the President's exposition of American diplomacy, the nation had a greater call to hearken to the Secretary of State on account of the nation's increased responsibilities abroad than ever before in the history of its foreign affairs. A nation cannot ignore external affairs. If it has no great foreign affairs it will not only lack greatness, but it will also be incapable in some of the essentials of nationality. Moreover, America without great foreign affairs cannot remain in the forefront of nations. It is not probable that if the country is to continue great and prosperous a time will ever come again when it can overlook or forget the question, What does the Secretary of State mean?

It follows, therefore, that diplomacy is a term which must become an American household possession. If for no other reason than that the ways of diplomacy are strange to the spirit of the people of the United States they have an immeasurable meaning to them. It is the beginning of the foreign era for the nation wherein the importance of official words and the value of knowing what they mean become the business of every American.

In whatever garment official utterances on foreign questions may in future come, they must necessarily be substantially concerned with America's great responsibilities in her foreign rôle outside those late boundaries within which no force could confine her. And it is essential that such utterances are understood in the country at large. The nation henceforward must know what the Secretary of State means.

America has joined Britain and Germany in leading world affairs. It can be readily shown that the American State Department is not doing its work with a capacity com-

mensurate with that task. Its fundamental infirmities in connection with the American system would preclude such adequacy. But its infirmities and errors do not prevent the nation from actually taking its place with the foremost diplomatic nations. It rather shows the necessity of progress in the country at large to force the Government into greater efficiency and to call upon the public to note its own responsibilities. For itself, the public is obliged to possess a considerable independent knowledge of its own on foreign affairs.

As the Government has emphasized the present by its exposition of American diplomacy and its foreign-affairs policy—a confession of the urgency and importance of those affairs—what, then, in effect, does the Government mean? The striking fact in Washington regarding foreign affairs is that the Secretary of State's Department has been forced into reorganization in order to care for increased work. Where one "department" existed before there are now at least five. In Washington, America has branched out to take care of that great foreign policy which places her on a diplomatic par with the nations at the top. What has brought this about?

The questions of the Far East necessitated the reorganization of all America's foreign affairs and of the State Department. Those questions created the "open-door" policy. The American question in China and Japan compelled the reform of the whole American consular service and later forced reorganization of the American diplomatic service. It caused the organization of the battleship fleet and its voyage around the world, and it is the impetus of the expansion of the navy. It has brought Far-Eastern finance to New York and Washington, it has taken American securities to Europe, and it has made the development of China and the Far East a part of America's own political and industrial expansion. It will be seen at once that with America's traditions on the subject of foreign affairs nothing could have produced this miracle except a great force capable of stirring the Government and nation from the bottom. Historically, the diplomatic activity of the United States is concerned with questions of the Americas. The rise of the Pacific is new. Toward Europe America has had that negative law of no alliances, in her own hemisphere no extension of European power. But this policy left out

one-half of the world and its highway by which the whole world could get access to her. America was bound in time to meet the world upon the Pacific and she has met it. All the outside world can get at America through East Asia and all the world is there now.

Although in defence of American foreign politics the addresses of May and June reviewed relations with Britain, for example, back to 1794, and sketched our relations with all Europe and South America, yet one-third of the addresses on direct foreign questions refer to the Far East, with which we have had treaty relations little more than sixty years. These addresses bristle with America's Eastern diplomatic history, the "open door" and "equal opportunity," neutralization of territory in time of war and of property in other times, freedom of China and neighboring lands from political restraint, mediation in times of injustice and oppression, benevolence, aid in reform, peace, and so forth. First and last is the Government's official struggle to bring peace into the world. The word "peace" has become so insistent in this connection that it has even a sinister meaning. It is a word with a sermon in it and should command public attention on account of the relatively superior effort which America makes in an official direction for the attainment of that ideal. Is it because, pending discussion, America's war needs are so serious that she needs a guarantee of peace and her officials and leaders think the Government incapable of preparing for, or meeting, war on a scale adequate with the nation's possible needs?

The vitality of the Far-Eastern question lies in the fact that America has found her active and future great policy there. Its lines are formed and its grip is upon America's national life. Not only the diplomatic silence of the Secretary of State, but his spoken words say in substance that the questions of the Pacific have formed this final policy. America has met the world on the Pacific and is surrounded by political obligations and responsibilities in just the way that European states are surrounded. What the Secretary of State means is that the era of pious isolation for America is ended finally. She must live in the open, contending on diplomatic lines with the nations in the knottiest problems with which human government is afflicted, sometimes perhaps fighting it out on even meaner lines than appear to exist between those European states she lately sympathized

with and yet pitied. What the Secretary of State means is that the time has passed which could ever again justify the people of the nation, or any considerable portion of them, in " going up into the air " after the manner of their aboriginal predecessors, the Indians, when confronted as they have been several times, notably with social questions with Japan on the Pacific coast. It means that the nation should be initiated in foreign affairs so that the responsibilities of any situation may be met by the united nation with coolness. The nation has seen the renaissance of the navy to support American ideas. America has several times challenged Europe and Asia in the Far East. John Hay bound the Far East to the dominion of the State Department. Under the name of Philander Chase Knox, America is established in the midst of China and Far-Eastern affairs. The President has pronounced Peking to be the most important post in America's foreign service. In effect, all explanations of American diplomacy now and for perhaps a quarter of a century to come must be on behalf of the Far East. It is to this point that the constant attention of the great Powers is directed. America's position, exploits and intentions in that quarter possess a vital interest for them and their attention cannot be removed from the spectacle in the Pacific. But more important than their convictions, America herself will never again be allowed to neglect the Far East for an hour, because in that arena America must contend for the greatest principles of international relations yet championed by her.

Frederick McCormick.

THE POETRY OF LINCOLN

BY JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

THE title first selected for this article was "The Poems of Lincoln," but the title adopted is a little broader in meaning and more exactly descriptive of what the writer wishes to present. Perhaps a still more discriminatingly considered title would be, "The Poetic Quality of Lincoln's Addresses," for reference is not here made to such efforts in verse as his early lines treating of Adam and Eve, trivial in their nature; nor even of verses written in more serious mood, such as those prompted by the loss of reason of a youthful comrade or those called forth by revisiting in manhood the scenes of his childhood home. These earlier efforts are frankly rhymed and intentionally metrical, however far short they may fall of being truly poetical; whereas many of the later addresses—wholly unrhymed, of course, and not intentionally metrical — seem surcharged with poetry.

"Not intentionally metrical." Presumably in his prose addresses Lincoln did not consciously cast any part of them into metrical form, yet ever and again in the addresses the careful observer will discover whole lines, perhaps a succession of lines, in the iambic pentameter form—like the blank verse of Shakespeare and Milton. Take, for example, these lines from the Gettysburg Address:

> "That from these honored dead we take increased
> Devotion to that cause for which they gave
> The last full measure of devotion; that . . ."

Here are three complete lines as flawless as if consciously and intentionally cast into the iambic pentameter form. Single lines are frequent, as witness these from his last public address:

> "Must those whose harder part give us the cause . . ."

And:

"Was not in reach to take an active part."

Or this from the First Inaugural Address:

"Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight . . ."

And this:

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must . . ."

Instances like these could be multiplied, no doubt; and their recurrence ever and again contributes unquestionably to the poetic quality so noticeable in the prose addresses. When the words are not cast into the pentameter form they often fall into other metrical divisions, as for example:

"But in a larger sense
We cannot dedicate,
We cannot consecrate,
We cannot hallow this ground."

"The world will little note
Nor long remember what
We say here."

"That from these honored dead."

"Shall not have died in vain."

When he wrote the Gettysburg Address, Lincoln was plainly in a highly exalted and poetical mood, for the language used clearly reflects inspiration and exaltation. Frequent as are the metrical forms in his prose and highly contributory as they are in giving to it a poetical quality, they nevertheless do not contribute its whole, nor, perhaps, even its chief poetical charm. That charm, of course, lies in the deep poetical feeling back of both form and words, the result of which is a poetical quality in his expression even when that expression shapes itself into unmetrical prose. Because of this poetical feeling in his prose long sections of some of his addresses may be read as poems.

Mr. R. W. Gilder, in his masterly "Lincoln the Leader," speaking of Lincoln's literary style, says:

"But Lincoln's style might have had all these qualities and yet not have carried as it did. Beyond these traits comes the miracle—the cadence of his prose and its traits of pathos and of imagination. Lincoln's prose, at its height and when his spirit was stirred by aspiration and resolve, affects the soul like noble music. Indeed, there may be found in all his great utterances a strain which is like the leading motive—the *Leit-motif*—in musical drama; a strain of mingled pathos, heroism and resolution. That is the strain in the two inaugurals, in the 'Gettysburg Address,' and in his

letter of consolation to a bereaved mother, which moves the hearts of generation after generation."

Portions of Lincoln's utterances are here lined off as if they were, indeed, blank verse. Casting them into such lines does not, of course, make them actually more poetical, but it does call attention more forcibly to the fact that they *are* poetical—in form as well as quality. The unmetrical prose is still there, to be sure; but even so, that musical cadence mentioned by Mr. Gilder is seldom absent.

In the subjoined examples it is not claimed that the division into verse lines is the best possible division they are capable of; a more practised eye might rearrange the lines so that the poetical form would be heightened.

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD

"My Friends: No one not in my situation
Can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting.
To this place, and the kindness of these people,
I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century,
And have passed from a young to an old man.
Here my children have been born,
And one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when
Or whether ever I may return, with a task before me
Greater than that which rested upon Washington.
Without the assistance of that Divine Being
Who ever attended him I cannot succeed.
With that assistance I cannot fail.
Trusting Him, who can go with me
And remain with you, and be everywhere for good,
Let us confidently hope that all will yet be well.
To His care commending you, as I hope
In your prayers you will commend me,
I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The richly poetical quality of the foregoing lines must be apparent to every one.

In the next example, though the occasion itself might seem equally inspiring, if the mood seems less exalted, the diction less noble and the poetic quality less rich, it should be remembered that Lincoln said it was an unprepared speech, as he had not expected to be called on to say a word.

ADDRESS IN INDEPENDENCE HALL

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself
Standing in this place, where were collected together
The wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle,
From which sprang the institutions under which we live. . . .

"I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring
From the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence.
I have often pondered over the dangers which
Were incurred by the men who assembled here
And framed and adopted that Declaration.
I have pondered over the toils that were endured
By the officers and soldiers of the army
Who achieved that independence. I have often
Inquired of myself what great principle or idea
It was that kept this Confederacy so long together.
It was not the mere matter of separation
Of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment
In the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty
Not alone to the people of this country,
But hope to all the world, for all future time.
It was that which gave promise that in due time
The weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men,
And that all should have an equal chance.
This is the sentiment embodied in
The Declaration of Independence.
Now, my friends,
Can this country be saved on that basis?
If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest
Men in the world if I can help to save it.
If it cannot be saved upon that principle
It will be truly awful. But if this country
Cannot be saved without giving up that principle,
I was about to say I would rather be
Assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

The poetic quality exists to a marked degree in the first inaugural and attains to a very high flight in the concluding lines of that address. Those lines impress one in much the same way and to quite the same degree as do some of the nobler passages from Shakespeare.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservation,
And with no purpose to construe the Constitution
Or laws by any hypercritical rules.
And while I do not choose now to specify
Particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced,
I do suggest that it will be much safer for all,
Both in official and private stations, to conform to
And abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed,
Than to violate any of them, trusting to find
Impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional. . . .

"I hold that, in contemplation of universal law
And the Constitution, the Union of these States
Is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied,

If not expressed, in the fundamental law
Of all national governments. It is safe
To assert that no government proper ever had
A provision in its organic law for its own
Termination. Continue to execute all
The express provisions of our National Constitution,
And the Union will endure forever—
It being impossible to destroy it except
By some act not provided for in the instrument itself. . . .

"Physically speaking, we cannot separate.
We cannot remove our respective sections from
Each other, nor build an impassable wall
Between them. A husband and wife may be divorced,
And go out of the presence and beyond the reach
Of each other; but the different parts
Of our country cannot do this.
They cannot but remain face to face,
And intercourse, either amicable or hostile,
Must continue between them. Is it possible, then,
To make that intercourse more advantageous
Or more satisfactory after separation than before?
Can aliens make treaties easier than friends
Can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced
Between aliens than laws can among friends?
Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight
Always; and when after much loss on both sides,
And no gain on either, you cease fighting,
The identical old questions as to terms
Of intercourse are again upon you. . . .

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen,
And not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war.
The government will not assail you. You can have
No conflict without being yourself the aggressors.
You have no oath registered in heaven
To destroy the government, while I shall have
The most solemn one to 'preserve, protect
And defend it.'
I am loath to close.
We are not enemies, but friends.
We must not be enemies. Though passion
May have strained, it must not break
Our bonds of affection. The mystic chords
Of memory, stretching from every battle-field
And patriot grave to every living heart
And hearthstone all over this broad land,
Will yet swell the chorus of the Union
When again touched, as surely they will be,
By the better angels of our nature."

After reading the passage just quoted, can any one doubt

that Abraham Lincoln, in addition to all his other greatness of heart and soul and mind, was also one of the world's great poets? That noble utterance on the field of Gettysburg—what is it but a great poem? It is here given in its entirety:

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

"Fourscore and seven years ago
Our fathers brought forth upon this continent
A new nation conceived in liberty,
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
Testing whether that nation, or any nation
So conceived and so dedicated
Can long endure. We are met
On a great battle-field of that war.
We have come to dedicate a portion of
That field as a final resting-place
For those who here gave their lives
That that nation might live.
It is altogether fitting and proper
That we should do this.
But in a larger sense
We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate,
We cannot hallow this ground. The brave men,
Living and dead, who struggled here,
Have consecrated it far above our power
To add or detract. The world will little note
Nor long remember what we say here,
But it can never forget what they did here.
It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here
To the unfinished work which they who fought here
Have thus far so nobly advanced.
It is rather for us to be here dedicated
To the great task remaining before us;
That from these honored dead we take
Increased devotion to that cause for which
They gave the last full measure of devotion;
That we here highly resolve that these dead
Shall not have died in vain, that this nation,
Under God, shall have a new birth of freedom;
And that government of the people,
By the people, and for the people,
Shall not perish from the earth."

Noble words, most nobly uttered and sure to live, in spite of that "nor long remember," as long as the battle of Gettysburg itself remains in the memories of men!

Again he sings of freedom and equality of men in an address to the soldiers:

FROM AN ADDRESS TO THE 166TH OHIO REGIMENT

"It is not merely for to-day, but for all time to come,
That we should perpetuate for our children's children
That great and free government which we have enjoyed
All our lives. I beg you to remember this,
Not merely for my sake, but for yours.
I happen, temporarily, to occupy this White House.
I am a living witness that any one of your children
May look to come here as my father's child has.
It is in order that each one of you may have,
Through this free government which we have enjoyed,
An open field and a fair chance for your industry,
Enterprise and intelligence; that you may all have
Equal privileges in the race of life,
With all its desirable human aspirations.
It is for this the struggle should be maintained,
That we may not lose our birthright—
Not only for one, but for two or three years.
The nation is worth fighting for
To secure such an inestimable jewel."

Whenever Lincoln was deeply moved his thoughts seem to have shaped themselves naturally into poetry—the deeper his emotions, the more poetical their expression. Witness the following:

LETTER TO MRS. BIXLEY

"DEAR MADAM:
I have been shown in the files of the War Department
A statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts
That you are the mother of five sons
Who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel
How weak and fruitless must be any words of mine
Which should attempt to beguile you from the grief
Of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain
From tendering to you the consolation that may be found
In the thanks of the Republic they died to save.
I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage
The anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only
The cherished memory of the loved and lost,
And the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid
So costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

If anything, short of Divine Power itself, could assuage the anguish and give consolation to this almost unbelievably stricken mother, it should be found in words like those from a source like that.

The two following excerpts from the Second Inaugural Address seem to be further perfect illustrations of Lincoln's rare poetical quality:

EXTRACT FROM THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago,
All thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war.
All dreaded it,—all sought to avert it.
While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place,
Devoted altogether to saving the Union without war,
Insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war,—
Seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects,
By negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them
Would make war rather than let the nation survive,
And the other would accept war rather than let it perish.
And the war came."

CONCLUSION OF THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"With malice toward none;
With charity for all;
With firmness in the right,
As God gives us to see the right,—
Let us strive on to finish the work we are in:
To bind up the nation's wounds;
To care for him who shall have borne the battle,
And for his widow and his orphan;
To do all which may achieve
And cherish a just and lasting peace
Among ourselves, and with all nations."

JAMES RAYMOND PERRY.

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, BY WILLIAM F. MONYPENNY

BY PRICE COLLIER

To those who have known something of England during the last thirty years, the rise and success of Benjamin Disraeli are at first puzzling. The opinions that have been formed and that are still generally held not only in America, but in Europe and the East, in regard to British standards for political and social life, and which I may say are true up to a certain point, would lead one to believe that such a person as young Benjamin Disraeli had as little chance of arriving at social and political prominence, let alone predominance, as any character that the most perverse imagination can picture.

In a country where even to-day nearly one in every six members of the present Parliament is an old Etonian, not to mention the representatives of the other great Public Schools, Disraeli was not educated at a Public School. He did not go to a university. He was not the son of a great landholder, nor related by ties of blood or interest to the few who controlled in his day the British political machinery. He was not only not interested in sport of any kind, but he did not pretend to be. He was not a rich man. On the contrary, at the age of twenty-one he had already so embarrassed himself by speculation on the Stock Exchange that it was thirty years, and after he had been the leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer, before he had liquidated these debts. He was born in a time when a man must subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles and own land in order to be even eligible to membership in the British Parliament, and he was born a Jew, and had only cleared himself from debt at the age of fifty-five.

Can a perverse and powerful imagination do worse than this? A Jew, a fop, a novelist, a youth of sometimes headless wit and of boundless vanity, who walked Regent Street "in blue surtout, a pair of military light-blue trousers, black stockings with red stripes and shoes," and during his stay in Malta "paid a round of visits in his majo jacket, white trousers and a sash of all the colors in the rainbow," who appeared at evening parties, his hair in ringlets and rings worn over his gloves, and on occasion spouted his own poetry, a youth, and in England, who had never kicked a ball, wielded a cricket-bat, shot a bird or chased a fox—surely here are all the qualifications, combined in one person, for the ridicule and the detestation of the English. Those who know England only casually might adopt the phraseology of doubt or depreciation, so common in that country, and say that such a young man "hadn't a hundred to one chance" of getting anywhere, least of all as far as No. 10 Downing Street.

Nevertheless, there was no more romantic figure in England's political gallery during the last century than Benjamin Disraeli. I believe I am right in saying that his executors turned to Lord Rosebery to undertake the task of writing this biography; and without the least desire to dilute my admiration for the sterling work of Mr. Monypenny in this first volume of the Life, one cannot forbear at least a sigh of regret that the most brilliant Englishman of to-day could not have been induced to put his knowledge of political affairs, his unrivalled social experience and his finished craftsmanship as a writer at their service. The mere coupling of the names of Disraeli and Rosebery, the one as the biographer of the other, excites one's political, historical and literary interest as no other pairing of names in our Anglo-Saxon world can do. The man born and bred to distinction, and who, despite that handicap, has distinguished himself in a greater variety of ways than any other Englishman of his time, and who still wields an influence in Great Britain's affairs, of which, alas! he takes too little advantage, would have painted for us the picture of an Oriental, a Jew, a meteor, who with none of his own advantages dug, swept and finally carpeted with red a path to the highest office Great Britain has to give. No one can blame us for regretting that such an artist did not paint such a man.

Those of us who know Mr. Monypenny and his career are neither surprised nor disappointed on reading this volume. Those whose recognition is worth while consider Mr. Monypenny to be one of the ablest commentators upon British public affairs, and not only that, but one whose ability is seasoned with a conscientiousness and courage that have been severely tested and stood the test admirably. No one can read this volume without at once coming upon the difficulties and the successes of the author. The restraint, the masterly marshalling of the material, the forbearance when ridicule or wit or a show of superiority or even patronage must have been tempting; and withal a fearless criticism when criticism is necessary for analysis and to point the way; a well-controlled and successful effort to let Disraeli paint his own picture and tell his own story with such corrections only as are necessary to make the picture and the story true, these are some of Mr. Monypenny's successes. That the difficulties have been great, no one need doubt who knows that the material for this biography was enormous and that this first volume is only the beginning after seven years of laborious sifting and choosing.

The remark is attributed to a certain American public man that a surplus is easier to deal with than a deficit. Mr. Monypenny would disagree entirely with this dictum. The mass of material, letters, notes, public and private papers from which he had to choose, and having chosen, to which he had to give their proper prominence and a regular progress, must have made him conclude that a surplus is of all things the most difficult to deal with. When a man of profound convictions and a vivid imagination trained to the study and discussion of public affairs undertakes to write the life of a man like Disraeli, one hopes that he will not smear his whole palette with certain pigments of his own, but rather paint with the colors left him by his subject. One hopes this because it is the difficult thing to do. It is fine art when a man without loss of independence, without giving up his own standpoints or methods, with his own brush and palette can load it with another's colors and paint "Disraeli by himself," for example.

It is true we have before us only one volume, and that dealing with Disraeli only up to the age of thirty-three; but thus far the author has dealt with this brilliant youth with admirable candor and fairness.

It has always seemed to me that the first thing and the most useful thing to be remembered in estimating and explaining Disraeli is, that he was a Jew and that the Jews are Orientals and the only Orientals who have made a permanent place for themselves in the European world. The great bulk of the Oriental world looks upon us as very inferior, intellectually, to themselves. This is not prejudice or dislike of us as a superior power; it is just as much and as serenely their attitude of mind as it is ours towards the negro.

It is a common belief in America that the rest of the world admires us, is astonished at us, envies us and would like to be as we are. I can assure the readers of this paper, and with the same confidence with which I should write of the law of gravitation, that a round thousand millions of people living to the east of the Suez Canal look upon us, if they have happened to hear of us at all, our accomplishments, our ideals, our religion, our manners, and what we dub roughly as our progress, with a feeling more nearly akin to contempt than to admiration.

Disraeli writes of his own ancestry:

"My grandfather, who became an English denizen in 1748, was an Italian descendant of one of those Hebrew families whom the Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish Peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century and who found a refuge in the more tolerant territories of the Venetian Republic. They assumed the name of Disraeli, a name never borne before or since by any other family in order that their race might be forever recognized."

Disraeli's father, though he ceased to be a Jew, never became a Christian, though he was persuaded to have his children baptized and Benjamin was received into the Church in 1817. At about this time he was put to school with a Rev. Eli Cogan, a Unitarian Minister. It seems that the boys at this school, who were members of the Church of England, had to walk some distance to church on Sunday, and consequently arrived late for the Sunday dinner, which was generally half over. It is said that Disraeli suggested to his Anglican schoolfellows that it might be well if they all became Unitarians for the term of their life at school and thus avoid this gastronomic handicap.

At the age of seventeen, instead of Oxford as his father wished, he was articled to a well-known firm of solicitors, and for two years or more he worked there, spending

his evenings in multifarious reading. His father, Isaac D'Israeli, the author of "The Curiosities of Literature" and the possessor of an extensive library, a recluse and author himself, showed him the way. At twenty he and his father went to the Continent for a six weeks' tour, and we then begin to read letters from him to his family which are not only precocious in their style and confidence, but in their interests. He writes from Aix:

"The first painters depicted the Saviour with the common national countenance always undignified and sometimes vulgar. The great masters, aware of the impropriety, were not bold enough to alter what they attempted to improve, and in their attenuated and uninteresting figures they have only spiritualized a sad humanity."

This from a youth of nineteen! Then another letter, and I quote the words as showing what a startling change takes place in what may be called the good manners of speech from one generation to another, he writes: "I hope to God my mother is better." On his return from the Continent and within two years he had amassed what were for him considerable debts through speculation; he had persuaded Murray the publisher to launch a daily newspaper which proved a costly failure; acted as ambassador to the great Sir Walter and to his son-in-law, Lockhart, who was wanted to edit the same; and in 1826 published his first novel anonymously, "Vivian Grey." This novel was puffed into popularity by its adroit and somewhat unscrupulous publisher, with hints that its author was a person of distinction and that it was in reality a novel *à clef*. When it was discovered that the author was the unheard-of Benjamin Disraeli, he was showered with the abuse and ridicule which were rightly the deserts of his publisher.

In the summer of 1826 he accompanied friends on a journey to Italy, and returned to spend a year in the country at his father's house at Bredenham in Buckinghamshire. Here he wrote "The Young Duke," was paid in advance for it, and thus in funds started for the East in May, 1830. He travelled in Spain, Greece, Turkey and Egypt and returned to England in October, 1831, with two more novels, "Contarini Fleming" and "Alroy" on the road to completion.

Bulwer was then at the height of his fame, and he gave Disraeli an introduction to the great world of London, which launched him upon his social and political career. He may

be said to have begun the latter with a pamphlet entitled "England and France: or a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania." It appeared anonymously, was honored with a leader in "The Times" and was a severe attack upon Palmerston's foreign policy. In 1832 he made a definite plunge and stood for Parliament at Wycombe, and he describes his political leanings: "I start on the high radical interest." Disraeli was not returned at this time, nor was he returned to Parliament until he had stood unsuccessfully several times, and had become both in the social world of London and among the politicians a man whose name at least was everywhere known. At last, in 1837, at the age of thirty-three, he won a seat.

This first volume of the Life ends with his election to Parliament.

At the beginning of this article I have said that Disraeli seemed to combine all the qualifications for permanent unpopularity in England, but there is a quality in the English, common to the East End and to the West End, notable in the women even as well as in the men of whatever class: they like a fighter, they like persistence and they worship power. "Dizzy," as he came to be called and as he now began to sign himself to his familiars, the fop, the novel-writer, the frequenter of fashionable drawing-rooms, who stood up gamely to the shouts of "Old Clothes!" and "Shylock!" at his political meetings, who was trounced by O'Connell thus:

> "He has just the qualities of the impenitent thief on the Cross, and I verily believe, if Mr. Disraeli's family herald were to be examined and his genealogy traced, the same personage would be discovered to be the heir at law of the exalted individual to whom I allude";

and who replied by a challenge to a duel, and when that was declined wrote a letter of abuse as caustic as O'Connell's own; who was an indefatigable worker and as proud, as bold, as confident, as sure of himself as though born to power; who was not of that large contingent who must themselves define the word "gentleman" in order to be included in the definition; who, as all the giants among men have always done, assumed his authority, but did not assert it, this man took the fancy of the English and finally captured their confidence. You may have everything against you in England except ability, pluck and power of work. Without these there is no chance, but with these you

may hang every handicap in Christendom or Heathendom on a man and he may still succeed. This man who said: "Never explain; explanation is a dreary thing"; and, "Most of my calamities never happened"; who never doubted his own power and who let the world jeer and sneer and howl around him, amused by the pharisees, the parasites, the provincials and the acidulous vestals who betrayed their envy by their malice and comforted their hypocrisy by criticism of the courage they themselves lacked, this man prevailed finally, as such men always do; and, be it said, he brought to English political life a power of vision, a superb disdain of parochial, political or social machinery, a passion for imperial domination and an Eastern patience which were all his own, and his own because he was a Jew and an Oriental.

As his biographer writes:

"So that if we had to select any single quality as the key-note to his character the choice might best fall on patience--patience and that unbroken continuity of mind and purpose and endeavor which patience renders possible."

It was reserved for this youth, so proud of his alien ancestry, so early a traveller in the East and in many habits of mind and manner an Oriental himself, to gain control of the Suez Canal for England and to crown England's Queen Empress of India. Other qualities, such as his aloofness from the petty tyrannies of a parochial social life, and his disdain of the humbug of politics, and of the social pretensions of those whom he considered racially raw and rough, were as Oriental as his patience. What every man sees on a colossal scale as a visitor in the East—the untiring patience; the mental aloofness and dreaminess; the carelessness of and indifference to the thousand and one petty tyrannies of life to which the West pays great heed; the acquiescence in disappointment and even in disaster as being matters of fate, a blast to which one must bow and bend, but not break; the love of splendor and of color whether in life or in letters; the preference for smooth and facile rather than for forceful methods—one may see also in the life of Disraeli.

America is the home of many members of Disraeli's race, and they are not likely to miss this opportunity to study the career of the man who won his way to the highest place in the Anglo-Saxon world of his day. They are to be congratulated, too, as we all are, that this story is being told

seriously, discreetly and courageously by its author. The life of the man himself is rather dazzling, and perhaps it is as well that his biographer errs, if it be an error, on the side of restraint and sobriety, though even in this first volume one regrets sometimes that this then fantastic creature, the friend of D'Orsay and Lady Blessington and other social and political notables of his time, is not given a more brilliant setting.

In reading over this brief appreciation, I find myself in much the same attitude as is Mr. Monypenny towards his readers. This is only the first volume. There is an aroma of good things, exciting things, to come. One is settled in his seat and the first act leaves us keen and eager for more, but the curtain is down and we must wait. This abruptness gives one a sense of disappointment, but, if I am not mistaken, this volume is fair promise that the disappointment will be dispelled and that the waiting will be rewarded in the volumes to come.

PRICE COLLIER.

THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF LITERARY HISTORY*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is now ten years since Professor Seligman published his acute and brilliant essay setting forth exactly what the economic interpretation of history really is. He made it plain that "the chief considerations in human progress are the social considerations" and that "the most important factor in social change is the economic factor." There are other considerations, of course; and there is no warrant for the attempt to explain all history in economic terms alone.

"The rise, the progress and the decay of nations have been largely due to changes in the economic relations, internal and external, of the social groups, even though the facility with which mankind has availed itself of this economic environment has been the product of intellectual and moral forces. . . . So long as the body is not held everywhere in complete subjection to the soul, so long as the struggle for wealth does not everywhere give way to the struggle for virtue, the social structure and the fundamental relations between social classes will be largely shaped by these overmastering influences, which, whether we approve or deplore them, still form so great a part of the content of life."

Underlying many, if not supporting most of the significant events in human history we can find, if we seek it diligently, an economic explanation, even though other explanations may be more apparent at first sight. A majority of the mighty movements of mankind and of the salient struggles of the race, the stalwart efforts for freedom and for expansion, including not a few of those which may seem to be purely political, or intellectual, or even religious, have also an economic basis; they are to be explained as due in part at least to the eternal desire of every human being to better himself, to heap up worldly goods, to keep a roof over his head and to secure himself against hunger. Attention has been called to the economic factors

* Presidential Address delivered before the Modern Language Association, December, 1910.

which helped to bring about the American Revolution and the Civil War, as well as the French Revolution and the Boer War, and which can be traced also in the Spanish Inquisition, in the Crusades, and even in the expansion of Christianity. One devoted student of Homer has dwelt on the advantages possessed by Mycenæ and Troy as trading sites; and he has ventured to suggest an economic explanation for the Greek expedition against Priam's capital. Perhaps the siege of Troy must be ascribed to the unwillingness of the seafaring merchants of Achaia to pay exorbitant tolls to the holders of the fastness which commanded the most convenient route for commerce.

Professor Seligman is clear in his warning that we must not put too heavy a burden on the theory he has expounded so skilfully and so candidly. The economic interpretation of history, correctly understood, does not claim that every phenomenon of human life in general or of social life in particular is to be explained on economic grounds. "Few writers would trace the different manifestations of language, or even of art, primarily to economic conditions." And yet there can be no rich and ample development of any art unless the economic conditions are favorable. These conditions may not be the direct cause of this development, but if they do not exist it cannot take place. A distinguished British art critic has asserted that the luxuriance of Tudor architecture is due directly to the introduction of root crops into England. That is to say, the turnip enabled the sheep-farmers to carry their cattle through the winter; and as the climate of the British Isles favors sheep-raising, the creation of a winter food-supply immediately made possible the expansion of the wool trade, whereby large fortunes were soon accumulated, the surplus being expended promptly in stately and sumptuous residences for the men thus enriched.

In political science the search for the fundamental economic causes of important events has resulted in an enlargement and a reinvigoration of historic study; and there is cause for surprise that a method so fertile has not been more frequently applied to history of the several arts, and more especially to that of the art of letters. Perhaps one reason for the general neglect to utilize a suggestive method is to be found in the fact that the theory of the domination of every epoch by its great men, as set forth strenuously

by Carlyle in his "Heroes and Hero Worship" and now thoroughly discredited by modern historical science, has still an undeniable validity in the several arts. It may be that the American Revolution would have run its course successfully even if Washington had never been born, and that the Civil War would have ended as it did even if Lincoln had died at its beginning; but English literature would be very different if there had been no Shakespeare and French literature would be very different if there had been no Molière. History may be able to get along without its great men, but literature lives by its masters alone. It is only what they are. These mighty figures are so salient and so significant, they dwarf the lesser writers so overwhelmingly, that most histories of literature are content to be a bede roll of great authors.

This is unfortunate, since it gives us a deficient conception of literary development. The history of any literature ought to be something more than a chronological collection of biographical criticisms of its authors, major and minor, with only casual consideration of the movements of this literature as a whole. No one has yet written an entirely satisfactory history of English literature, showing its successive stages and the series of influences which determined its growth. With all its defects, Taine's stimulating book comes nearest to attaining this ideal,—although we shall probably find it more completely realized in M. Jusserand's monumental work when that is at last achieved. Indeed, we have no handbook of English literature worthy of comparison with M. Lanson's school text-book of French literature in which the biographies of authors are relegated to footnotes, leaving the text free for fuller treatment of the literature of France as it unrolls itself through the ages.

The concentration of the historians of literature upon biography, pure and simple, has led them to neglect the economic interpretation and to give only inadequate consideration to the legal and political interpretation. Indeed, these three aspects are closely related; and all three of them demand a more searching investigation than they have yet received. No historian of English literature has brought out the intimate connection which may exist between public life and authorship, as Gaston Boissier set it forth in his illuminating studies of the Latin men of letters in the early days of the Roman Empire. Of course every chron-

icler of English literature has been forced to record the result of the closing of the London theatres by the Puritans, just as every chronicler of French literature has had to note the injurious restraint caused by the selfish autocracy of Louis XIV and of Napoleon. But there are a host of less obvious influences exerted from time to time in one literature or another by the political situation, by the inadequacy of the legal protection afforded to literary property, and by the economic conditions of the period which have not been adequately analyzed by any historian of any modern literature.

Perhaps there may be profit in pointing out a few of the obscurities which might be cleared up by scholars who shall investigate these cognate influences upon literary expansion. For example, it would be instructive if some one should consider carefully to what extent the comparative literary sterility of these United States in the middle years of the nineteenth century, when we were abounding in energy, was due to the absence of an international copyright law whereby our native writers were exposed to an unfair competition with the venders of stolen goods. It would be useful also if some competent authority attempted to gauge the effect of a similar legal deficiency on the English drama of the same period, and to indicate how much of the sudden expansion of the novel in Great Britain must be ascribed to the fact that it did not pay to write original plays in English because the theatrical managers could take French plays for nothing. And we should like to know how much of the abundant productivity of the French drama was due to the secure position of the Society of Dramatic Authors, a trade-union organized by Beaumarchais and reorganized by Scribe early in the nineteenth century, whereby it was made more profitable for a man of letters in France to compose plays than to compose novels. There would be benefit also in an inquiry into the question whether the high literary quality of the French drama of this epoch, far higher than that of the drama in any other language, was the indirect result of the support of the *Théâtre Français* by the Government as a national museum for dramatic masterpieces.

To quote from Professor Seligman's monograph once more:

"The existence of man depends upon his ability to sustain himself; the

economic life is, therefore, the fundamental condition of all life. To economic causes, therefore, must be traced in last instance those transformations in the structure of society which themselves condition the relations of social classes and the manifestations of social life."

Just as armies are said to advance on their bellies, since they can never get too far ahead of the supply-train, so the arts can flourish only as the means of the people may permit. Feuerbach's famous phrase, "Man is what he eats," does not cover the whole truth about life, yet an artist cannot create beauty unless he eats. Food is a condition precedent to literature. A starving man is not likely to set himself down to compose an epic; and a bard is better fitted to chant the high deeds of heroes after the descendants of these worthies have given him bed and board. The literary laborer is worthy of his hire, and without a living wage he cannot ply his trade. In the past he has needed a patron or a pension, and in the present he needs popularity or private means. Martial once wrote out a recipe for making great poets: "Pay them well; where there is a Mæcenas there will be a Horace and a Vergil also." And Napoleon voiced an opinion not dissimilar in a letter, written from Berlin in 1806, in which he protested against the poverty of the lyrics sung at the *Opéra* in honor of his victories: "Complaints are made that we have no literature; this is the fault of the Minister of the Interior."

There are four motives which may inspire an author to do his best,—the desire to accomplish an immediate purpose, the impulse for self-expression, the lust for fame, and the necessity for money. Sometimes they are all combined, although many of the greatest writers, Shakespeare for one and Moliére for another, seem to have cared little or nothing for the good opinion of posterity. The impulse for self-expression and the desire to accomplish an immediate purpose are both potent, but neither is as insistent and as inexorable as the necessity for money. In every country and in every age men of genius have been tempted to adventure themselves in that form of literature which happened then and there to be most popular and, therefore, most likely to be profitable. This is what accounts for the richness of the drama in England under Queen Elizabeth, for the vogue of the essay under Queen Anne and her successors, and for the immense expansion of the novel under Queen Victoria.

Dr. Johnson went so far as to assert that a man was a fool who wrote from any other motive than the need of cash. This is a characteristically false utterance; and it is discredited by the significant fact that the piece of Johnson's own prose which has the most savor is his letter to Chesterfield, for which he was not paid and in which he was distilling his rancor,—in other words, expressing himself without ulterior purpose. Yet this saying of his may suggest a reason for the neglect which has befallen nearly all of Johnson's work. He wrote for pay, and he could not expect posterity to take pleasure in perusing what he had not taken pleasure in composing. In this twentieth century of ours Johnson occupies a very singular position in literature, since he now survives, not by what he wrote himself, but almost altogether by what another man wrote about him. Few readers there are to-day for Johnson, although there are many for Boswell who did not write primarily for money. The burly and narrow-minded doctor may have had an insolent liking for his biographer, but he never suspected that the little Scotsman was a subtler and more delicate artist in portraiture than he was himself. Lowell did not put the case too strongly when he declared that "Boswell is quite as unique as Shakespeare."

That the need for money has not been always the overmastering motive is made evident by the long list of authors, ancient and modern, who were not men of letters by profession, whose writings are by-products of their other activities, who wrote without any expectation of pay; and took pen in hand, either inspired by the impulse for self-expression, like Wordsworth and Musset, or moved to accomplish an immediate purpose, like Franklin and Voltaire. Franklin never wrote for money and he never published a book; his works consist only of occasional pamphlets, and probably nothing would more surprise him to-day than the fact that he now holds an honored place as a man of letters. Voltaire was a shrewd money-maker, a singularly adroit man of affairs; but only a small proportion of his large fortune was earned by his pen. Franklin and Voltaire were men of affairs who carried literature as a side-line.

As M. Beljame has stated the case in his admirable discussion of the relations of the public and the men of letters in England in the eighteenth century:

"So long as education is the privilege of a chosen few, so long as the

taste for and the habit of reading are not spread abroad in a fair proportion of society, it is clear that writers can find in the sales of their works only an uncertain and insufficient resource."

Literature as a profession, as a calling which shall support its man, is possible only after the earlier aristocratic organization has broadened into a more democratic condition, and after the appreciation of letters has ceased to be the privilege only of the few. So long as the narrower aristocratic organization endures, the man of letters cannot rely on his pen for support. He needs a Mæcenas; he begs for pensions; he hucksters his dedications. He may believe that poetry is his vocation, but he feels the need of an avocation to keep a roof over his head.

So it is that until the growth of a middle class, and the extension of education combine to make the structure of society more democratic and to supply at last a reading public large enough to reward the author's labor, literature can be little more than the accompaniment of its creator's other activities. Shakespeare and Molière were actors. Fielding was a police magistrate and Scott was a sheriff. Burns was a gauger and Wordsworth a stamp-distributer. Hawthorne had places in the revenue and in the consular services. Longfellow and Lowell were college professors. And it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in the mid-years of the nineteenth century a large proportion of New England writers were able to support themselves only because they were competent also to practise the allied art of the lecturer. The lyceum system, as it was called, was long the mainstay of American literature. One man of letters used to declare that he lectured for fame,—F-A-M-E,—Fifty And My Expenses.

Only by his annual vagrancy as a lecturer was the frugal Emerson able to bring up his family. He was not blind to the inconveniences of the procedure, and in his journal he recorded that it seemed to him tantamount to this:

"I'll bet you fifty dollars a day for three weeks that you will not leave your library and wade, and freeze, and ride, and run, and suffer all manner of indignities, and stand up for an hour each night reading in a hall; and I answer, 'I'll bet I will.' I do it and win the nine hundred dollars."

And yet, whatever its inconveniences and its indignities, the lyceum system marks an economic advance; it made possible an appeal to the public as a whole. And as it enabled the lecturer to rely on his fellow citizens, so it forced

him to rub shoulders with them and to widen his own outlook on life; it was fundamentally anti-aristocratic.

The lyceum system in America provided the economic possibility which permitted Emerson to support himself without sacrifice of character. The lack of an equivalent economic possibility in England is responsible for the pitiful waste of the large genius of Dryden. M. Beljame has made it clear that under the Restoration there was really no public for an author to rely on. There was the corrupt court, there was a petty coterie of self-styled wits; and that was all. For books there was little or no sale, although there were casual profits from fulsome dedications to noble patrons. As a result there is little vitality in the literature of the Restoration, little validity. And Dryden, a man of noble endowment, had to make a living by composing broad comedies, to tickle the jaded courtiers, a form of literature for which, as he confessed frankly, he was not naturally gifted.

Dryden was born out of time, either too late or too early. His work would be larger and richer had he been a younger contemporary of Shakespeare, expressing himself amply in the full tragic form which Shakespeare transmitted to those who followed him. It would have been more spontaneous had he been a contemporary of Pope or of Scott or of Tennyson. Even in Pope's time, separated from Dryden's by so brief a span, there had come into existence a reading public to whom a poet could appeal. In the preface to the "Dunciad," Pope prided himself on the fact that he had never held office or received a pension or any gift from queen or minister.

> "But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
> Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive."

And having gained nine thousand pounds by his translation, he felt independent enough to dedicate the long-expected book, not to any noble patron who would pay liberally for the honor, but to his fellow author Congreve.

In the century that intervened between Pope and Byron, the reading public kept on expanding and the publishing trade established itself solidly. The economic conditions of authorship were thereby immeasurably improved; and it would be interesting to speculate on the enrichment of English poetry by the natural outflowering of Dryden's genius, which might have taken place if the author of "Absalom

and Achitophel " had been born a contemporary of the author of " English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Scott, at the same time, and Tennyson a half-century later, won large rewards by a direct appeal to the broadening body of readers; and yet who would be so bold as to suggest that Dryden was inferior to either of these popular poets in masculine vigor or in intellectual power?

In Dryden's day literature had not yet become a profession, since a profession cannot be said to exist until it can support its professionals. Indeed, the final difference between the professional and the amateur is that the latter is willing to work for nothing, whereas the former demands his day's wages. Bayes, the hero of the " Rehearsal " (in which Dryden was satirized), revealed himself as an amateur when he cried: " For what care I for money? I write for Fame and Reputation." And Byron stood forth a professional when he persisted in raising his rate of payment at the very time when he was insisting on Murray's treating him as a nobleman. The professional man of letters may be known by his respect for a check on the bank,—for what Lowell aptly described as " that species of literature which has the supreme art of conveying the most pleasure in the least space."

Although the unfortunate economic condition of literature in his day especially affected Dryden, who felt himself forced to compose comedies of a doubtful decency, the author of " All for Love " is far from being alone in the history of English literature in this lack of adjustment between the work for which he was intended by native gift and the task to which he turned perforce to earn his living. As Dryden wrote comedies against the grain, so in their day Greene and Peele wrote plays of a more primitive type, although neither of them had the instinctive faculty of the born playwright. Marlowe, of the mighty line, was essentially an epic poet, and it is by main strength that he built his cumbrous pieces. Peele and Greene were essentially lyric poets, feeling feebly after a dramatic formula which was ever eluding their grasp. Both Greene and Peele were turned aside from the true expression of their genius by the ready pay of the playhouse, which then gave better wages than could elsewhere be had.

Later examples are abundant and significant. For instance, Steele and Addison elaborated the delightful eight-

eenth-century essay with its easy briskness and its playful social satire; and Goldsmith, in his turn, found the form ready to his hand and exactly suited to his special gift. But because this airy and graceful essay had an enduring popularity and because it brought in a prompt reward in cash, it was attempted by the ponderous Dr. Johnson, who was wholly devoid of the natural lightness, the intangible charm, and the allusive felicity which the essay demanded.

In the nineteenth century the vogue of the essay was succeeded by the vogue of the novel, which was attempted by not a few as little fitted for fiction as Johnson was for the essay. Brougham and Motley and Froude severally adventured themselves in fiction. Perhaps it is not fanciful to suggest that it was the desire for popularity and for the pecuniary reward that fiction then proffered abundantly which lured George Eliot into novel-writing rather than any native impulse to story-writing. Her labored narratives, rich as they are in insight into humanity, lack spontaneity; they are the result of her intelligence primarily; they are built by obvious effort. If the economic conditions of literature in the nineteenth century had been different, it is unlikely that Mary Ann Evans would ever have attempted fiction. And Charles Reade, who liked to think of himself as a more original novelist than George Eliot, used to assert that he had been intended by nature for a dramatist, and that he had been forced into novel-writing by bad laws. Quite possibly Augier and the younger Dumas, had they written in English, might have felt the same legal oppression, coercing them to give up the drama for prose-fiction.

Novels may be written for money, but history must be a labor of love. Now and again, most unexpectedly, a historical work happens to hit the public fancy and to bring to its surprised author an unexpected reward for his toil. But this is only a happy accident, most infrequent; and the historian can count himself fortunate if he has not to pay out of his own pocket for the publication of his work. As Rivarol said, "There are virtues that one can practise only when one is rich," and the writing of history is one of these virtues. Macaulay toiled long in India, that he might accumulate the modest fortune which would give him leisure to undertake the researches that were to sustain his history. Gibbon and Prescott and Parkman were lucky in inheriting the sufficient estates which enabled them to live

laborious days without taking thought of the morrow. Indeed, it must be admitted that here is one of the best defences of inherited wealth that in every generation a few picked men are set free for unremunerative investigations not otherwise likely to be undertaken.

While history is thus seen to be more or less dependent on special economic conditions, its close ally, oratory, is dependent rather on political conditions. In the last analysis, oratory is the art of persuasion; it is lifeless and juiceless when the speaker has not set his heart upon influencing those he is addressing. It is impossible where there is no free speech. In fact, it can flourish only in a free people, and it stiffens into academic emptiness whenever the citizen is muzzled. It ceased in Greece as soon as the tyrants substituted their rule for the large freedom of the commonwealth. It froze into formality in Rome as soon as the Empire was erected on the ruins of the Republic. It developed healthily in Great Britain and in the United States as the people came to take political power into their own hands. In France, under the monarchy, it could flourish only in the pulpit within the narrow limitations of the Lenten sermon and of the funeral discourse; and as a result the orators of the Revolution, after they had achieved the right to speak out, had no models to keep them from artificiality and from pedantry. They lacked the experience of actual debate which trains for directness and for sincerity.

Just as the full development of oratory is dependent upon political conditions, so the ample expansion of the drama is dependent on social conditions. When Longfellow declared that the country is lyric and the town dramatic he had in mind probably the fact that the lyric poet deals with nature, whereas the dramatic poet deals with human nature. The lyric poet may live in rural solitude, chanting his own emotions at his own sweet will. The dramatic poet has to dwell with the throng that he may gain intimate knowledge of the varied types of humanity he needs to people his plays. But he is compelled to the city by another fact,—the fact that only where men are massed together can the frequent audiences be found which alone can support the theatre. The drama is a function of the crowd; and it is impossible in a village community where the inhabitants are scattered over the distant hillsides. It can flourish only

in the densely populated cities, where all sorts and conditions of men are packed together, restless and energetic. No dramatist ever had a chance to develop except in an urban community where the actual theatre provided him with the means of practising his art. If any man born with the instinctive faculty of playmaking, the essential dramaturgic quality, chanced to grow to maturity in a purely rural environment he must have been driven forth to a city, or else from sheer lack of opportunity he must have failed to accomplish what he vaguely desired. In the remote village a mute inglorious Milton might perchance develop into an enamored architect of airy rhyme, but a Shakespeare would be doomed to remain mute and inglorious.

The drama, being dependent on the mass of men, being a function of the crowd, has never been aristocratic, as certain of the other forms of literary art may have been now and again. The drama is, indeed, the only art which is inherently and inevitably democratic, since the playwright cannot appeal to a coterie of the cultivated only or to a clique of dilettants. It is the playwright's duty, as it is his pleasure also, to move men in the mass, to appeal to them as fellow human beings only, to strive to ascertain the greatest common denominator of the throng. To say this is to suggest that the drama is likely to gain steadily in power, now that the chief nations of the modern world are organized at last upon a democratic basis. And the prediction may be ventured also that if the rising tide of socialism ever succeeds in overwhelming democracy and in substituting collective effort for personal endeavor, the drama will be the first art to suffer, since it exists primarily to set forth the struggle of individual wills and the clash of contending desires.

Literature cannot help being more or less aristocratic in its tone when the man of letters must look for his living to a pension from a monarch or to a guerdon from a noble patron. Literature becomes democratic inevitably when the man of letters is released from this servitude to a social superior and when he finds himself free to appeal for support to the public as a whole. Economic and political and legal conditions need to be taken into account by all historians of literature, ancient and modern. " While his appearance at a particular moment appears to us a matter of chance, the great man influences society only when society

is ready for him." So Professor Seligman has asserted, adding the apt command that "if society is not ready for him he is called not a great man, but a visionary or a failure."

He who possesses the potentiality of becoming one of the great men of literature may be born out of time or he may be born out of place. For the full expansion of his genius he needs the fit moment and the fit environment, and without the one or the other he may be crushed and maimed. And yet if he has the affluent largeness of true genius, he is likely to have also the shrewd common sense of the man of affairs. He will have the gift of making the best of things as they chance to be without whining and without revolt. He will rise superior to circumstances either because he is supple enough to adapt himself to them or because he is strong enough to conquer them, turning into a stepping-stone the obstacle which weaker creatures would find only a stumbling-block.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

TOLSTOI'S RELIGION

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

THE chief features of Tolstoi's revolt against modern life are familiar to all readers. Of his activity as artist and prophet nothing more perfect or more complete can be said than that which has already appeared in these pages from the pen of him who stands first in American letters to-day. The excuse for a further discussion of the great Russian prophet's point of view is that we now know the last pathetic facts of his passing and we have access to the authoritative "Life"* containing many passages from his diary and letters. Moreover, to the present writer at any rate, the new valuation of conduct, the partially abortive attempt at a reversal of our manner of living, seem not so much a strange anomaly as a sign of the times; a striking example of an undercurrent of unrest at the heart of modern society. Indeed, Tolstoi's theory of conduct seems less an early Christian or medieval revival than something like the birth throes of the new social consciousness.

Tolstoi himself speaks of a spiritual change that came over him in middle life, a conversion, having all the outer signs and symbols of conversion. He describes at length the period that preceded the change and the immediate results. Indeed, no one familiar with Tolstoi's writings from first to last but would predict that his rare endowment of sincerity and truthfulness, his way of deliberately facing the fact and naming it openly, would have to result in a change of habits, in some outward and visible sign of the inward grace. But it is the perfectly natural progression of his religious life which is the striking truth rather than the conversion which he describes. In the very first published story of Tolstoi's, "Childhood," we see signs of those convictions which later ruled his life; his undecorated

* "The Life of Tolstoi." By Aylmer Maude. Dodd, Meade & Co.

sincerity, his firm grip upon reality, his keen logical insight into all the shifts and twists and ease-making hypocrisies of the spirit. From the time he was a little boy he was accustomed to keep a diary in which he set down every little sin he committed in order to repent of it and refrain thereafter, and one has only to read his novels to know how little he would gloss over any weakness. He never saw himself as a hero. Although he appears in each one of his books, there is never the slightest tendency to idealize himself; even as Vladimir in " Childhood " he is ugly, weak and at times brutal. As Levin in " Anna Karénina," the character with which he is, perhaps, most completely identified, he remains ineffective and more given to theorizing than to action.

His biographer, however, notes that from early youth he showed evidence that the theories of his later life were never very far from him.

" His humane relations toward the peasants, his condemnation of many of the manifestations of modern civilization, his simplicity in household matters and dress, his exemplary family life, humane educational ideals, deep love of sincerity and of industry (including physical labor), his ardent search for truth and for self-improvement, his gradually increasing accessibility to and regard for others, his undoubted love of family and his hatred of violence "—

these were distinguishing features of his young manhood.

Tolstoi himself gives us an account of a moral and spiritual crisis in his life at about the age of fifty. As early as 1861 he had founded schools for peasant children on his place in Yasnaya - Polyana in which he tried methods of education not unrelated to the much later essays of Dr. John Dewey in Chicago. Tolstoi's main innovations were the abolition of physical punishment and his application of the theory that children must learn because they are interested and only when they are interested. He taught in his school himself, devoted many years of his life to writing primers and readers for school children and published an educational magazine expounding his theories. A definite spiritual unrest had already taken hold of him at this time, and he felt that he must make himself of service to his kind. It is his own suggestion that he might have had the spiritual crisis then had he not at that time fallen in love and married and for fifteen years been absorbed in a particularly happy married life, the education of his large fam-

ily, the improvement of his estates and the care of his peasants.

In speaking of the spiritual darkness that later overcame him, Tolstoi writes:

"All this befell me at a time when all around me I had what is considered complete good fortune. I was not yet fifty; I had a good wife who loved me and whom I loved; good children and a large estate which, without much effort on my part, improved and increased. I was respected by my relations and acquaintances more than at any previous time. I was praised by others; without much self-deception I could consider my name famous. And far from being insane or mentally unwell, on the contrary, I enjoyed strength of mind and body such as I had seldom met with among men of my kind. Physically I could keep up with the peasants at mowing. Mentally I could work for eight to ten hours at a stretch without experiencing any ill results from such exercises."

Despite this, the awful question of the use of life continually sounded in his heart. There was no meaning to wealth or fame, affection or family. The futility of the usual gains and compensations of mortal man overwhelmed him. Life's treasures offered no assuagement to the immortal spirit disquieted within him. When these questions of the value of life first beset him, Tolstoi felt that the ground had given way beneath his feet, that there was nothing left to stand on. His depression and misery at this time of doubt and questioning were such that he hid a rope from himself lest he should some day throw it over the beam that cut off his sitting-room from his dressing-room and end the importunate thoughts. He consulted Socrates, Schopenhauer, Solomon, Buddha and finally Christ. The first ray of light came to him, he tells us, in the form of question and answer:

"What am I?"—"A part of the Infinite."

The question and answer are strangely significant. One recalls the first recorded utterance of Christ: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" No mortal matter can satisfy the demands of the immortal spirit. It has no peace until it turns to the business of infinity. It had come to Tolstoi that all those things which hedge a man round, which separate him from other men, mean spiritual bloodshed; and whatsoever things bind a man to other men and to other forms of life are enlargement and healing, are the upbuilding of the immortal spirit.

Tolstoi is a valuable example of the world-wearied spirit

both because of his sincere and candid exposition of the whole matter and because with his powerful endowment of genius and fortunate circumstances, it is impossible to account for his sufferings by external conditions, as in the cases of Leopardi, Schopenhauer, Amiel and others. With every possible reason for happiness, Tolstoi felt the unreason and misery of mortal life with all the poignancy of a Hebrew prophet. Moreover, his is an interesting case because he found a solution of his problem and that without any appeal to the supernatural or any demand upon an unfounded faith. Few even of the greatest of men have traversed so wide a field in a single lifetime, have overcome so many inborn habits and instincts, traditions and prejudices, and very few men of any time have done more to alter the world in which they lived.

The common question when Tolstoi is the theme of discussion is, "What did he *do?*"

"Sin can scan sin; but dimly reads high grace."

His rather unsympathetic biographer, Aylmer Maude, says that when he was confronted by this question from the gallery while he was lecturing on Tolstoi in Chicago he was unable to muster a reply. But that was not because there are no replies to the question. Some of the answers might be: he lived an exemplary life of great self-forgetfulness; he completely upset established values; he threw a searching light upon the Church and Church doctrine and insistently turned men's thoughts back to the pure teachings of Christ; he showed by actual practice that these teachings were less chimerical than the world had believed.

He was a forerunner of the new religion of the spirit; the religion which, perhaps, Christ had in mind when He spoke of the time when men should worship the Father in spirit and truth, having already pointed out that the only way of worshipping the Father was by loving the brother who is at hand. This is a religion which is begetting a new consciousness in us, a consciousness which will allow no man to feel his neighbor's burden or suffering more lightly than his own. Our imaginations are slowly becoming more and more sensitive under its influence. We have in the last half-century abolished the doctrine of eternal damnation, a theory which was received by our grandmothers and grandfathers with great placidity of spirit and even gave pleasurable sensa-

tions in the seventeenth century to so gentle and joyous a poet as Traherne. There are few mortals to-day mean enough to accept a heaven haunted by shrieks of hell. The last and lowest amongst us would want to get up and go down and see what could be done down there to improve life. Poets, prophets and seers have long been heralding the dawn of this new religion; a religion which is the basis of all philanthropy; the goal for which, wrong-headedly or not, the Socialists are striving; the aim of Christian Nihilists, Individualists and the Orthodox alike; the kernel of Quakerism and Unitarianism. Nowhere, perhaps, in the modern world has this religion been more beautifully exemplified than in Tolstoi's life, more simply or more eloquently expounded than in his later writings.

The change in Tolstoi's point of view resulted at first in his acceptance of the Orthodox Christianity of the Eastern Church. He found among the peasants a certain simple untroubled acceptance of life and its ills, poverty, deprivation, disease and death, which seemed to him a practical religion and he began by accepting their tenets. He went to church and partook of the sacraments with regularity, but his was not a mind to rest in sophistry or quibbling. He states his first difficulty in "My Religion":

"The more fully they (the church theologians) explained to me their doctrines the more clearly did I see their error. It was not that in their doctrines they mixed many unnecessary and unreasonable things with the Christian truths that had always been real to me, that was not what repelled me. I was repelled by the fact that these people's lives were like my own: with only this difference, that such a life did not correspond with the principles they expounded in their teachings.

"No arguments could convince me of the truth of their faith. Only deeds which showed that they saw a meaning in life and which made what was so dreadful to me,—poverty, sickness and death,—not dreadful could convince me, and such deeds I did not see among the various bodies of believers in our circle. On the contrary, I saw such deeds done by the people of our circle who were the most unbelieving, but never by the so-called believers. And I understood that the belief of these people was not the faith I sought, and that their faith was not a real faith, but an epicurean consolation in life."

Tolstoi came to feel that Church dogma, far from coinciding with the teachings of Christ, was designed to divert men's minds from the very things Christ taught and lived for. Moreover, it became more and more plain that, though people credulously reiterate these dogmas, they mean nothing by them. "What," exclaims the prophet in one place,

"has a belief in miracles to do with obeying Christ's commandments?" To walk on water is a physical phenomenon and has no relation to the love of truth, which is a spiritual power. Though such doctrines as withstand the test of the simplest common sense, such as a belief in a triune God, and so forth, meant something genuine, undoubtedly, to the original formulators, he rightfully discarded them as aids to conduct in the present day. He was sure that the Kingdom of God must be founded upon earth here and now and that it was to be discovered within us by conforming to Christ's teaching.

Tolstoi's preparation to come at the meanings of Christ was neither slight nor superficial. He prepared himself not only by ascetic discipline, but by a thorough study of sources, reading both Greek and Hebrew Scriptures in the original, studying the history of the manuscripts, and especially finding out what could be known about interpolations in later revisions. In the end he reached a simple statement of Christ's teachings. In it are no metaphysics to baffle the understanding of the lowliest; no philosophic subtleties for the learned; no question of mysteries to be accepted on faith because reason balks at them. He found Christ's teachings were easily summed up in five commandments:

"Thou shalt not kill.
"Thou shalt not commit adultery.
"Thou shalt not forswear thyself.
"Resist not him that is evil.
"Love your enemies."

The commands are very simple, and yet to practise them would be a complete reversal of civilization and what we are pleased in our humility to call "human nature." If we are not to kill, what is to become of the capital punishment of criminals and of war and of all forms of legalized, wholesale slaughter? If divorce is not permissible under any circumstances, how are we to legalize and make respectable the imperfectly monogamous instincts of the race? If we may never forswear ourselves, what is to become of all the oaths of fealty to governments and official superiors? Literally each will be able to regard only his duty to God and his own conscience. "Resist not him that is evil." What, again, is to become of the punishment of criminals, of the people we force to work for us, of our own dignity?

If a man injure us, shall we not withdraw and preserve ourselves from future annoyance? Few, of course, would maintain the right to return an injury by an injury, but shall we not in some way punish the offender? If we are struck, shall we not escape the danger of a renewal of the same hurt? But the answer to all this follows quickly: "*Love* your enemies." There are to be no carrying of grievances into courts. Tolstoi in his beautiful and simple short stories, written so plainly that a child of five or an unlettered peasant could delight in them, makes plain his view of these matters. In "A Candle" and "If You Neglect the Fire You Don't Put It Out" he makes his meaning quite clear, and it is a literal acceptation of the two commandments. "Resist not him that is evil; love him."

Ernest Crosby, in his beautiful and illuminating little brochure, "Tolstoi and His Message," says as to these most difficult tenets:

> "The position taken by most Christians that Jesus made it a rule to say what He did not mean is fast becoming untenable. Common intellectual honesty before long will have completely undermined it. We must choose between Christianity and its teachings on one hand and an honest paganism on the other. I once read the portions of the Sermon on the Mount which refer to turning the other cheek and giving up one's cloak to my nine-year-old boy with the object of getting his opinion. His response was brief and to the point. 'Oh, what stuff,' was the only comment. And I value this answer as a frank expression of judgment."

The same experiment was tried with an exceedingly pious young girl of sixteen or seventeen by telling her the story of the man who had literally obeyed Christ's injunction, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," and this young Christian's comment was: "How silly! Anybody might know Christ never meant that!"

This goes to show that what Christ taught was a complete reversal of the natural order. Tolstoi saw this, admitted it, and once accepting Christ determined to adjust his life as far as he could to His teachings. There has been, perhaps, but one other Christian who ever attempted this—St. Francis of Assisi. Indeed, it is one of the most dogmatic teachings of the Church that to accept Christ literally is to fail. This God who is supposed to have descended from Heaven to earth to save mankind is constantly accused by His followers of exaggeration, of dealing in Oriental imagery, of expressing a heightened poetic temperament—a

temperament for which we must make allowances before we undertake to obey His teachings.

It is not surprising that at the time of reorganizing his life Tolstoi jots down in his diary:

"A talk with Fet and my wife." "The Christian teaching is not practicable." "Then is it stupid?" "No, but not practicable." "Have you tried to practise it?" "No, but it is not practicable."

Having finally left the Church, on the double grounds that it made no attempt to practise what it preached and that it involved Christ's simple commands in a confusing network of metaphysical subtleties, Tolstoi once more took up the task of finding adequate reason for the faith that was in him. He began by discriminating very carefully between what he could know and what he could not. He refused to make any assertions of God, His nature, the creation or schemes of salvation and redemption. He asserts that man owes allegiance to virtue or to some power higher and more unified than himself and that he knows this through the workings of his reason and conscience. All vital thinkers, poets, prophets, saints and seers have agreed that we do not live in a moral chaos where nothing is either right or wrong, but that we are, by our inherent nature, in a moral universe to which we can in some measure conform. We each have a conscience which came to us from somewhere. We did not invent it ourselves. Dormant or active, there is in each one of us a higher nature, a spiritual or divine prompting. Jesus identified Himself utterly with this higher nature, even to the point of saying, "I and my Father are one," although He also asks His disciples to be one with Him in exactly the same way. When Tolstoi began to make these simple declarations of what religion meant he was, of course, cast out by both camps. To church people he was an atheist and a heretic, and to the scientists and the learned he was a credulous dotard.

It may be well to try to clear up here just what Tolstoi's attitude to Church doctrine was. He denounced all metaphysical dogma, all belief in the miraculous and the unreasonable, as being, whether true or not, futile and confusing. He denied that God was Christ's father in any other way than He is the father of all humanity, admitting, however, that the more divine the nature the nearer it must be to the source of being. He ranked the Old Testament Scriptures with the great early literatures of other peoples. As to the

New Testament he concurs with Mill, Shelley and many other deep-seeing thinkers in a frank disapproval of the epistles of Paul, whom he accuses of giving a fatal bias to Christ's teachings, enabling the early Church to ally itself with the State and turning men's minds from the simplicity and directness of Christ's teaching. "The powers that be are ordained of God," he quotes, scornfully, and then asks: "Which powers? Those of Pougatchef (the Russian rebel leader who held the Volga provinces under his sway) or those of Catherine II?" In the early part of his Christian life he saw no reason to believe in immortality, but having transferred all the powers and interests of his personality from his own service to the service of God—that is, to matters of universal interest—his consciousness of himself as part and parcel of the Infinite so grew upon him that toward the end he could not conceive of consciousness as ending with the death of the body. He refrains, however, from any definite assertions as to what such a continuance might mean; whether a personal immortality; a series of reincarnations; a group consciousness, or a merging of the personal into the whole. Even in his last years he refused to admit that he really believed in what is known as a personal God and reiterated that man is virtuous and happy, in so far as he unites himself to the whole.

"'The conception of God is not God,' he reasons, but goes on to say that the conception of God is one that can be evoked or destroyed in the soul. If one destroys it all life dies out of the heart. If one nourishes it, one lives not only in one's own life, but in all life. When Tolstoi reached this conclusion he heard a voice in his heart which said: 'What more do you ask? This is all. God is that without which we cannot live. To know God and to live is one and the same thing. God is life.'"

Tolstoi's religion was the only valid faith in Christ—namely, the faith *of* Christ; a literal belief that Christ meant what He said and that he knew what He was talking about; that to hold up the noblest ideal and trust to its inherent persuasiveness, abjuring all coercion, will bring forth durable and practical results. Tolstoi's door to the mysteries was simply a life of self-forgetful labor in the love and service of humanity. He believed that if one once began to think of what is practical or whether humanity or society is prepared for Christianity the doctrine will drop to the plane of mere expediency and then to party or personal

advantage. Men, he reiterated, live, not by seeking their advantage, but by kindliness and love.

The outcome of his theory in his own life is widely known. He was an aristocrat who lived with and for the humblest peasants. Owning an estate which in his early married life was valued at five hundred thousand dollars, he made, after his conversion, every possible effort to rid himself of his property. At his first suggestion to give it all to the peasants of the surrounding country Countess Tolstoi threatened court procedure to retain the property. For some time she also refused to accept the property herself, but finally took a power of attorney so that she might practically have command of it, and later on allowed the equal division of the property amongst herself and her children.

Tolstoi had always been in the habit of giving away from fifteen hundred dollars to three thousand dollars a year to the peasants about him. Although Countess Tolstoi became a publisher and made a large amount of money out of issuing editions of all her husband's earlier work, he refused to copyright anything he wrote after 1881, the date when he definitely set about to teach and to live his teachings. This, however, interfered little with Countess Tolstoi's activities as publisher. She always brought out the authentic and best editions of her husband's work and made a large income thereby.

There is a good deal of current literary gossip about Countess Tolstoi's sufferings from poverty in her early married life, but according to the biography of Aylmer Maude, which was submitted to the Countess herself for correction, she brought with her, when she married, a dowry of from twenty-five thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars, which was about one-tenth the value of Tolstoi's own property then. As to her doing manual labor, and so forth, there is continual mention, in the account of the early married life of the Tolstois, of servants, overseers, butlers, English nurses and foreign governesses. The Countess never went the whole length of the way with Tolstoi as to adjusting their lives to their belief. She had to a remarkable degree that extension of egotism which marks motherhood. She was willing to accept the higher truths for herself if necessary, but for her children she wanted the goods of this world.

A letter of the Countess to Tolstoi is given in the biog-

raphy written at the time when the difference between them was at its height. There is a definite touch of malice and resentment in the letter, but it was followed the same day by a little note showing how deep, despite all difficulties, was the underlying reverence and devotion. She writes:

"All at once I pictured you vividly to myself and a sudden flood of tenderness arose in me. There is something in you so wise, kind, naïve and obstinate and which is all lit up by that tender interest in every one, natural to you alone, and by your look that reaches straight to people's souls."

At about the same time there is a pathetic entry in Tolstoi's own diary:

"One's family is the indicator of the place one must occupy on the economic ladder. It is one's flesh. As a weak stomach needs light food so a pampered family needs more than a family accustomed to a life of privation."

Tolstoi's effort to make his life conform to his theory was thoroughgoing and sincere. His doctrine of non-resistance alone would have prevented his forcing his view upon his family. There is ample testimony in the biography, not only to his wife's reverence for him, but to his children's utter love which casteth out fear. Guests repeatedly testify that the children are unabashed, noisy and merry in his presence, and they play with him and chaff him about his theories. Gay, the painter, comments on the fact that while Tolstoi was thinking for the whole human race, no special consideration was ever shown him in his own house. Neither his time, energy nor solitude were spared. The house was full of guests most of the time and no one in the family seemed to have been as little considered as the prophet himself. Of his daughters, the eldest, Tanya, accepted his doctrines more or less; the second, Mary, and the youngest, Alexandra, accepted them entirely, and all three were absolutely devoted to their father. Sergius, the oldest son, paid no attention to his father's theories, managed the estate when he was old enough and was later a member of the Russian Duma. The second and third sons made efforts to live according to the father's ideals; and the three youngest sons born, it may be noted in passing, at the time when difficulties and discussions were rife in the family paid no attention to their father's theories and in general caused the family no little shame and trouble.

It is, of course, easy to pick flaws and find illogical discrepancies in Tolstoi's life and teaching. Although he

denied authority to the Old Testament Scriptures, there was no command upon which he laid more stress than the curse upon Adam in leaving Eden. He insisted upon Christ's teaching as the basis of life, and yet he insisted equally upon a life of physical labor and refused to believe that any one had a right to give his entire time to mental or spiritual matters to the exclusion of manual industry. Not only does Christ's life, as far as we know it, not conform to this idea, but if the story of Martha and Mary is reliable we have His own word that the meditative life is higher than the busy care for many things. But these slight discrepancies hardly count. Few honest people can read Tolstoi from beginning to end without a firm conviction that he was perfectly sincere and in the main tenets entirely right, and that the religion he so powerfully heralded is the religion of the day at hand. Indeed, though he would not have admitted it himself, Tolstoi was a great mystic and had in his own way the mystic vision, the cosmic sense. What Walt Whitman in our land reached in buoyancy and joy Tolstoi came at in Russia through travail and suffering. He submitted to the entire mystic process, the time of darkness, doubt and misery, the ascetic discipline, deliberate renunciation, the sense of truth discovered and peace and joy in living for that truth. The truth he found is the mystic's truth that the spirit is part and parcel of the infinite whole; that there is no such thing as individual happiness, there is only joy in love, in the radiation of the feeling of brotherhood and harmony until it amounts to a sense of identity with all humanity. There are numerous instances in Tolstoi's life of his capacity for actually experiencing this sense of identification with others, as in the case of the little boy in the school at Yasnaya-Polyana who was being punished for thieving, and again at the time when the five assassins of the Tsar were about to be put to death by Alexander III. At this time Tolstoi recounts that whenever he fell asleep or even became drowsy and quiet he was obsessed by the idea that he himself was the assassins (all five of them) and about to be executed; that he also was the Tsar and the hangman and the judges and about to be guilty of further murder. It was under the stress of this feeling that he wrote his noble but ineffectual appeal to the Tsar to use this occasion as a great opportunity for pardon.

Not only in his sense of identification with humanity did Tolstoi show his connection with the mystics, but in his disciplinary renunciations. If the stupid question is still reiterated, "What did he renounce?" the answer is ready: he renounced first and foremost the greatest literary art of the nineteenth century. There is no novelist of that century comparable to him; not Flaubert, de Maupassant, Dostoievsky, Freitag, Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens or Balzac—most assuredly not the exquisite dilettante and craftsman, Tourgenieff. He renounced peace and ease in his home and family, and he renounced wealth. It is futile to say that the worst of poverty is fear of the future and that Tolstoi never faced that. Fear of the future belongs to the well-to-do middle class who are afraid of losing their comforts and breaking up their habits. The worst of poverty for the really poor is coarse living, bareness, monotony, daily and hourly hardship and severe labor, and these Tolstoi accepted in the place of wealth, comfort and ease. And why? Because:

"I can no longer try to rise above other men and separate myself from them. . . . I can no longer seek fame and glory, nor can I help trying to get rid of my riches which separate me from my fellow creatures. I cannot help seeking in my way of life, in its surroundings, in my food, my clothes, my manners, to draw near to the majority of men and to avoid all that separates me from them."

This is quite in line with Edward Carpenter's fine passage:

"Better to be effaced, crazy, criminal, deformed, degraded; better, instead of the steep, to be the most dull, flat and commonplace road; better to go clean underfoot of all weak and despised persons so that they shall not even notice that you are there than to make the steep path of one weary traveller steeper or add the final stone of stumbling and despair."

Tolstoi had completely understood that true living is compatible only with the acknowledgment of oneness with all life. Knowing this, he repudiated, as did Shelley before him, the tribal instinct, patriotism, military ambitions, knowing that any limitation of sympathy is foolish and harmful.

In visiting an old peasant who had once been a pupil at Yasnaya-Polyana, Tolstoi said to him in farewell:

"God is a spirit and spirit is in every man, and his work is all one and his religion one and his love one. I in God—you in me—and I in you. He who lives in God will never die."

It is a mistake to consider Tolstoi's religion as the prod-

uct of a single mind. His feeling of the unity of all human interests, his conviction that it is impossible to break the bond that binds the least and most unfortunate of us to the greatest and most important, is a feeling and conviction penetrating a large portion of humanity to-day, and in one form or another a feeling and conviction ever gaining further ground. It is the basis of the religion which is to come and which is worship in spirit and in truth. Most men escape misery by living in something a little beyond themselves — the family, the Church, society, a community, a cause. Tolstoi's need was greater, and he had to find a reason as large as his own nature. Nothing less than humanity, nothing less than what nowadays writers are beginning to call the "Whole" (however short any concept must fall of the reality), nothing less than this could assuage his thirst for the meaning of life.

Despite his insistence that he never received any revelation which might not come to any man of ordinary common sense and that religion should rest upon reason and should not dazzle itself with mysteries, miracles and metaphysical subtleties, his experiences of life and his solution of its problems were directly in line with the experiences of St. Francis of Assisi when he wedded poverty; of St. Theresa when she communed with the Lord, her lover; of St. John of the Cross when he emerged from the Dark Night of the Soul; of St. Catherine when she had visions of a mystic marriage. All were striving for a way of escape from imprisonment in the self and the single person's narrow interests. Each found something that stood to them for the Infinite. Tolstoi found humanity. In doing so he was simply representative of his own century, for none who hearken to the tread of Time but will believe that the dawn is bringing with it a certain new recognition of our common brotherhood. The rich are moving down among the poor, not so much to help them as to get an understanding of how poverty feels. Hospitals, libraries, orphanages, schools, multiply the world over so that opportunities for all men may be a little bit extended. Brutal punishments, wars, physical force, are constantly lessening. Sectarian barriers are breaking down. We cannot overlook the fact that these are all signs that man is becoming aware of other men; they are vague attempts of the common soul of humanity and produce harmony.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

THE PRESENT CONFLICT BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE IN SPAIN

BY A SPANISH PROFESSOR

I

I FEEL that my personal opinion on the subject of this present article might be less important to the readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW than the presentation of the terms of the problem which is occupying the mind of my country. This being my belief, I will endeavor, in regard to the present conflict, to be the historian who relates facts and tries to find within the limits of the historical field their psychological or social root.

The Spanish State is not constitutionally a theocratic State. The clergy is not a party of the Government and has access to Parliament only as the representative of a social element of the nation, a few members of which are appointed to the Senate. The prevalent religious *régime* is one of tolerance. Catholicism is considered as the official religion; but Article Eleven of the Constitution guarantees to non-Catholic Spanish citizens freedom from molestation, and establishes the right to perform the ceremonies of all cults or not to practise any, which was formerly considered a crime. However, up to the present time, the establishment of non-Catholic churches or chapels was allowed only with the condition that no signs revealing the character of the building should be displayed, nor was the performance in public of any religious ceremony allowed. Another aspect of this limitation which foreigners have noticed is the fact that within the Royal Palace there is only a Catholic chapel, and non-Catholic princes visiting Their Majesties have to seek outside a chapel of their national or private cults, while it is well known that in the palaces of the King of England Catholic chapels are open for the use of royal visitors professing that religion.

The clergy are ruled by the Concordat. The regular or monastic clergy (friars) enjoy practically absolute freedom to establish themselves in Spain, hence in these latter years numerous orders proceeding from the Philippine Islands and from France have established themselves in the country.

An article of the Concordat of 1851, still in force, limits to three the number of these orders which may be established in the country. But the interpretation of this article is still a matter of controversy. One side requesting its literal enforcement, while the other holds that the Church may establish an unlimited number of orders in the country, only three of which would have legal standing. But whatever may be the result of this controversy, the State in the mean time permits religious establishments with their usual associated industries, to which the laws requiring assessment of taxes do not apply.

The secular clergy depends for its existence and for the support of a number of its dioceses on the national budget, an expenditure which is considered excessive by public opinion. This financial dependency on the State, to which is due, to a large extent, the alienation of ecclesiastical property, is not the only source of controversy, because the Government also controls appointments to high positions in the Church.

Catholicism being accepted as the official religion, our Civil Code does not recognize the right to contract matrimony by the civil form except to non-Catholics. The Catholics perform it canonically, and the State only intervenes in the act by the presence of a municipal judge or a delegate who draws up a license by virtue of which, it (the marriage) is recorded in the civil Registry. The civil power in this matter is, therefore, subordinate to the ecclesiastic. The law of the Revolutionary period (1868) compelling Spaniards to perform marriage by the civil form (without preventing the Catholics from celebrating it canonically as an additional confirmation) was abolished by the first Cabinet formed under the Restoration, and only in the Civil Code, adopted in 1888, has the adjustment of the two forms as described above been recognized. In regard to the requirements exacted from parties contracting matrimony before a municipal judge, a liberal Government resolved (not many years ago) to amplify the formula by exempting the contracting parties from the obligation declaring positively that they were not Catholics. This concession was not ap-

proved by the clericals, who, fearing perhaps that some broad-minded Catholics might have dared, if relieved of that declaration, to contract a civil marriage, induced a conservative Government to revoke the royal decree of its predecessor. As a fact, it can be said, that many municipal judges throw impediments in the way of the performance of civil marriages even when the contracting parties are non-Catholics. The press has denounced many cases of a similar nature.

The fundamental law of Public Education promulgated as far back as the year 1857, although subject since then to numerous modifications and additions, provides that teaching, at public schools, must be under the supervision of the Bishops, but this precept has been nullified by usage and by several governmental resolutions. At most, to-day the cathedra is free, and if perchance some ill-advised member of the Government should attempt to molest any professor on account of his scientific beliefs, public opinion would raise a formidable protest against such interference. The same conservative Governments have opposed sometimes the representations of the clergy demanding the dismissal of some professor on account of his opinions. Such cases are now rare, in spite of the desire of those who would like to see the law of 1857 applied in all its severity.

Private education is free, and the law protects the establishment of laical schools—that is, schools where religion is not taught—or, of non-Catholic schools.

In public schools and colleges (institutes, lyceums) Catholic doctrine is taught and also sacred history, although in the latter institutions that course of study is elective.

Finally, the Constitution of the State does not require from any public employee a declaration of Catholicism. Therefore, in the Government offices, as well as in the provincial and municipal, those who do not profess that religion can also hold positions.

II

If this is the legal *régime,* it cannot be said that it reflects the situation as it exists, nor national opinion. Out of this *régime* various problems have arisen tending to its more or less thorough modification.

In the first place, the interpretation of Article Eleven of the Constitution is disputed. The irreconcilable Catholics

pretend that in that part which authorizes tolerance the declaration that Catholicism is the official religion is paramount, and, consequently, that the State is bound to prevent the commission of any deed or act that might hurt the feelings of this influential element. Even the more liberal Catholics argue that tolerance is an evil, unavoidable perhaps in these times, and that it would be better if it did not exist. This state of mind, it can be well understood, is found reflected in the application of the religious policy.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that clericals have viewed as an attack on their religion the recent resolution of the Canalejas Government authorizing non-Catholic churches to place exterior signs showing the character of buildings, and that they do not favor the bill presented by the same Government abolishing religious oaths in those official acts which require them. In Parliament representative members and senators enjoy already the liberty of either taking the oath or simply making a promise, as they deem best, but in the Courts of Justice, refusal to take the oath has more than once involved the parties concerned in trials and scandals. A new Canalejas bill, which has now become a law, recognizes the right of every citizen to take the oath or not, according to his moral and religious opinions.

If the clericals complain of too much tolerance, as we have just seen, the non-clericals also find cause for many complaints. They do not accept the interpretation which Catholic reactionaries give Article Eleven, but they take the affirmative side, which is that it is not a pact between the Spanish Government and the Pope on Catholic unity, but only on that part of that unity which is covered in the Constitution. The multiplicity of religious orders established in the country in these latter years, the great number of persons belonging to them, and the juridical and economic privileges enjoyed by them, as stated above, have created *de facto* certain effects objected to by the liberal opinion of the country as being dangerous and positively injurious to some classes of the people. The objection of conservative Catholics is due to their fear that liberal influences will cause the great mass of clergy to promote tendencies of modern times and tend to create a free and enlightened people.

This controversy has caused an unfriendly rivalry between priests and nuns, and the teaching staff of private institutions of learning, which has been further aggravated

because, while such clerical institutions occupy comparatively strong financial positions, they are relieved from payment of taxes and other burdens imposed by law.

On the other side, the financial privileges enjoyed by not a few convents, and the general establishment of industries by several of these religious communities, engender a competition ruinous to the interests of private enterprise, particularly the domestic, and also to workmen. So among the latter, there exists also, a tremendous opposition of an economic character against the convents which found vent in the violent outbreak of Barcelona in July, 1909.

This exposition would not be complete without disclosing a further cause for discontent, arising from the fact, that the monastic clergy have been absorbing the functions, such as saying masses and sermons, formerly performed, as a means of livelihood, by priests.

That the secular clergy, through fear of exposition and through restraint of discipline, are not discussing this situation does not invalidate its existence, nor relieve us from the necessity of pointing it out as worthy of comment, but will cause its elimination as a factor in the remedy of the evils complained of.

The necessity of reducing the number of dioceses and lightening that part of the budget relating to the clergy and, above all, of checking the increase of religious orders (friars and nuns) has been realized for a long time by the non-clerical opinion of the country, including many sincere Catholics. This feeling is, in fact, very old in Spain, as is shown by numerous historical documents; and our Government has been desirous for many years of placing all religious orders on a juridicial basis that would not make of them privileged entities. Negotiations were initiated with the Curia Romana aiming to accomplish the above purpose, orders were issued and bills presented to the same end. But such negotiations, due to the dilatory tactics of Rome, and sometimes also, to negligence and lack of sufficient interest by the Government, so far have not produced any results; and the legal resolutions, timid, deficient, hardly issued before revoked, the majority of them not complied with, have retarded the solution and aggravated the problem.

The present Government has done nothing more than go over the same road, apparently, with the purpose of defending spiritedly the rights of the civil power by modifying

that part of the budget effecting the clergy — and of reducing or at least checking, the growth of religious orders. To that end, it has resumed in earnest, negotiations with Rome—which continues its dilatory policy resulting in ineffective discussion—and, furthermore, the Government has drawn up some legislative resolutions and submitted them to Parliament.

Among the latter is the bill which has become known as "Law of Padlock," which, while it does not close the door to the establishment of further religious orders, does increase the conditions necessary to their existence (for example, the missionaries of each institution), and also adds to the formalities required in securing permits. This moderation notwithstanding, the Curia Romana and the Spanish clericals see in the bill an attack on the Vatican, and an abuse of power, and they desire, while negotiations are in progress, to ventilate their views and to decide absolutely all questions without leaving to the civil power any authority to adopt measures or to rule within its sphere.

Such is the *motif* (apparently at least) of the present disagreement, and of the threatened rupture of negotiations, and of the argument used by clericals against the Government. The liberals, on the contrary, and especially the radicals and republicans, consider that the Government has done but little, and that its measures cannot solve advantageously the problems to which they refer.

As we have seen, if the clergy, by its diffusion, its privileges and the favor it enjoys among the rich classes of the country, possesses considerable social power, it cannot be said, speaking legally, to be a political factor whose intervention gives to the State a theocratic character. But *de facto* the clergy exercises a great political influence.

The prevailing tone of the religious politics of the clergy causes the public to confound them all under the denomination of "Carlists," an appellation equivalent to the one of "clerical," and of ultra-Catholic, and supposed to mean Absolutist and anti-Liberal opinions in politics. Father Vincent Mannes has said in relation to France: "The truth is that the Church became unpopular and even hateful in France for having associated its interests with those of the reactionary and Absolutist party." A similar thing has occurred in Spain. Having lent its support, almost without

exception, to Carlism in the past civil wars, the Spanish clergy has acquired before the country the reputation of being reactionary, and it is only fair to say that it does not hasten to disavow it with its preaching and its electioneering, particularly in certain sections of the country. Furthermore, its attitude on the labor problem, siding always with the bosses and fighting the labor-unions, has led the Liberals and the working-men, who are non-Catholics, to consider the clergy in general as an active political and social enemy.

The secular clergy mixes also in politics, and each such politician is popularly called an "electioneering priest"—a personage who, mounted on a horse, goes all over the district seeking votes, and from the pulpit recommends candidates and takes his parishioners to vote by threats or by using religious arguments. An example of this mixing in politics is shown by the sermons in which they attack the Government and the liberal elements (a kind of criticism recognized and punished in the time of the Austrians) and for which offenders are tried before the courts. There is in addition the organization of a Catholic press ("the good press") whose object is to fight and to compete before the community with the liberal publications ("the naughty press"); among which are "*La Imparcial*," "*La Liberal*," "*L'Heraldo de Madrid*" and other important liberal or "good" papers. To the Catholic press many priests contribute. Not a few priests, on receiving the confession of their penitents, refuse to absolve them if they decline to abandon reading some paper of "the naughty press."

The liberal press has revealed the existence of mysterious clerical influences, as energetic as effective, on certain statesmen in the high spheres of the State. As a proof of this indictment, it will be sufficient to quote the fact that the fall of the last Moret Government has been attributed by a part of public opinion to the intervention and representation of two prelates. I cannot affirm the accusation, but from frequent reiterations it would seem to reveal a condition of thought to which can be applied our proverb that "when the river is heard, it is carrying water."

III

The importance of all this would be less if Catholicism in Spain were as in other nations; for instance, in the United States. But it is well known that among us the religious

spirit assumes special forms, of which all the observers of our psychology and customs become aware, and which are acknowledged by all travellers who have been in Spain.

Not long ago I was told in Madrid the remark of a high political personality (certainly not suspected of radicalism) which expresses in a laconic and exact manner the character of that policy. While comparing our timid tolerance with the freedom enjoyed abroad by every one to practise his religion, this gentleman said that the religion of the Spaniards was "aggressive." The defence of the Inquisition, still undertaken among us by some clericals, endows that qualification with a great accuracy. Catholicism prefers force to concession to other beliefs; and this spirit goes hand in hand with the firm belief in the absolute superiority of the ecclesiastic power over the civil power in all spheres of life. Hence the retrograde feelings of our clericals and their refusal to discuss anything that affects or is thought to affect religion or the clergy; and as their conception of the religious sphere of action is so ample there is hardly any question—political, juridical, scientific, economic, even artistic—which does not fall under their jurisdiction. Nor do Catholics of this belief contemplate its limitation. Stationary, in their old moulds, suspicious of everything new, because they consider it dangerous, the Catholics to whom I refer belong to those whom Archbishop Ireland, with his great authority, censured for not understanding the spirit of modern times.

These irreconcilable Catholics, who are not exclusively of Spain, but are to be found here in greater numbers than in any other place and pretend to be the only pure ones, the only ones truly religious, would not understand the quoted censures of Archbishop Ireland; they execrate the "saints and signs" of the present epoch (reason, education, liberty, material progress of the masses); are incapable of loving the century in which they live, as that prelate has known how to love it, incapable of seeing that "what is good in it is substantial" even from the Catholic point of view, and they would not accept these words of the same Archbishop: "The past has not to return again. Reaction is the fantasy of the men who do not live or understand, of men seated at the doors of cemeteries weeping over tombs that will never be reopened and forgetting the live world that surrounds them."

I have wanted to quote many phrases of Archbishop Ireland, because this article is being addressed to the American public, to whom the teaching of its illustrious prelate must be familiar, and because the state of thought of those Spanish Catholics to whom I refer, will thus be better understood.

From such Catholics and only from them have emanated attacks and snares against institutions and modern works of education, such as Students' Colonies and University Extension. They have even extended the same attacks to patriotic undertakings, those in favor of peace and culture, such as the establishment of intellectual intercourse with the Spanish-American countries. In all these cases and other similar ones, the irreconcilable passion of those Catholics has been blind to the good in each of such efforts, and has been able to see in them only either a modern tone (for them suspicious), or the non-Catholic significance of the persons who directed these efforts, or who lent their assistance. This attitude of continual hostility and mistrust incapacitates them for many social and educative enterprises in which the co-operation of all men of good-will, no matter what their creed, would find a common field for united work in behalf of the fatherland and humanity. In general, the Spanish Catholics do not accomplish anything positive in a social sense or their work is only apparent and without foundation, and instead of helping in the solution of problems they aggravate and surround them with difficulties for the future.

But it would be a mistake to believe that all the Spanish Catholics possess these characteristics. There are in the same clergy broad spirits, good pupils of Archbishop Ireland, disposed to listen to the voice of the times which calls them to the labor of peace and harmony, and to share in the social movement and advancement that lie outside of the strict limit of a proscribed religion. Some of them entertain new ideas in regard to the change of the present *régime* relative to the budget for the clergy, aiming at economic independence for the Church. Among the laity the sense of tolerance and communion with the ideals of the century are naturally much stronger. In the conservative party, notwithstanding the new course followed by Mr. Maura, many of these modern men are to be found who are sincere Catholics. Referring to the conflict of to-day, a conservative publication of such authority as "*La Epoca*" has written the following:

"But since daily stirring addresses are sent to the Curia Romana not to compromise, but to adopt as a guide the most captious dignity and the most peevish decorum, to receive with suspicion and distrust any propositions which may be presented to it, and to lay all hopes in a campaign of agitation, with vituperation and threats as weapons of war, we are in duty bound to remind them that there exists a considerable number of Catholics, at least as sincere as they, and whose desires are centering on harmony between the Holy See and the Spanish Government regardless of its political significance."

It commonly happens that modern Catholics inclined to a compromise do not dare to express plainly and energetically their ideas. As a matter of fact, when the occasion for a fight has arrived, most of the time they allow themselves to be controlled by the intransigents for fear of being called "lukewarm," "modernists" and "liberals." This occurs among the laity, and with more reason among the priests, who fear the routine and censure of their colleagues who are averse to any compromise. When some one of them—I am acquainted with more than one case—has dared to share even in some work of culture or of a social character with parties pointed out as remiss in matters religious he has met with such animosity from many of his colleagues that after untold unpleasantness he has been compelled to withdraw.

And it is not that these reconcilable Catholics are unconscious of the wrong path their intransigent colleagues are treading. A very intense Catholic whose knowledge of all kinds of discipline, juridical or literary (and even religious), has saved him often, though not always, from the narrow and petty criticism, told me not long ago, reflecting an aspiration which is perhaps characteristic of many of his coreligionists: "The political solution for Spain would be Don Jaime with the Constitution of 1869—that is, without cassocks." But this he would not dare to say for publication.

The example of Balmes, whose hundredth anniversary Catholics have just celebrated, the one who dared to utter a cry of hope because of the flitting "liberalism" of Pius IX, and whose death was hastened from sorrows caused by the intransigents of his party, is still too fresh in the memories of all for any one of his communion to dare, as he dared with sympathetic sincerity, to express openly his thoughts in favor of concord and broadness of spirit within the same Catholicism.

It is to be regretted that the moderate Catholics to whom

I refer are lacking in civic courage, or at least that they haven't it to the extent that is necessary, because the social medium in Spain is more favorable than might be thought for the development of tolerance. Many times I have heard foreign visitors (French and Germans) express surprise that in Spain there should exist an institution of learning such as the Ateneo de Madrid whose law of life has been tolerance and freedom of opinion—even in the epochs of the most intolerant and despotic *régimes* of the Government and from the clerical elements—and from the rostrum of which radicals and Catholics, liberals and conservatives discuss their themes without any limitation. This opportunity for peaceful discussion which has not been attained (even by concrete groups of intellectual workers; for instance, the historians) in other countries of Europe is found not only at the Ateneo de Madrid; it exists in other learned institutions, and no one thinks of giving up his membership because another member professes contrary ideas or because in a lecture or discussion his own have been refuted. It is true that in order to avoid friction and dissensions many such societies have written in their by-laws prohibiting discussion of matters "political and religious," but this negative tolerance in other societies has been substituted for a positive one of free expression of all ideas.

Furthermore, in ordinary social life and in the higher circles of men of science and letters, that lack of association, that might be presumed from the spirit of intolerance prevailing in the masses, is not noticed. Cordial friendship exists—often more solid than among co-religionists—between men holding the most opposite ideas in politics and religion; they help each other and even assist in making investigations of their profession, and if the case should arise for the selection of a man for certain work they set aside the narrow judgment by which they would select a man with affinity of ideas even if he was unfit for the case, and look for the right man for the work without regard to his affiliations. To be sure, this occurs only in the highest spheres of intellectuality, and it is met, on the other side, frequently, by a ferocious unyielding, for instance, in the filling of chairs at universities. Nevertheless, the fact exists and is encompassed generally by the most perfect cordiality in private relations even among those who would fight each other on the field of ideal convictions.

IV

Aside from these harmonious elements, what others are to be found in Spain opposed to the intransigent Catholics? Or, to amplify our query, what is the true position of our people outside of these set currents? That the majority of the Spanish people, the large majority, are still Catholic seems to me unquestionable. But not all are the same kind of Catholics. Guided by a general impression—a circumstantial study of this fact has not been attempted by any one yet—it may be said that the aristocracy, the middle classes and the farmers are as a whole Catholics. The aristocracy in an intense and stiff manner, at least in their external practice; the farmers in a fantastic manner and with great subserviency to the clergy (mainly in the north regions and in Catalonia, as is shown in the present agitation). In the aristocratic homes, in the highest spheres of our social and political life, travellers who have seen the best of the world, and diplomats who refer to it in their talks and writings, have repeatedly mentioned instances of a sense of religious intolerance which has recently manifested itself in connection with a plan for a Protestant Church in Madrid and with the policy of our liberal Government. If not the accuracy, the significance and the relative value of many of the things that are told might be perhaps counterbalanced by others of a contrary sense; but as a whole the impression prevails of the existence, above all, among the ladies of rank of that intransigent spirit to which I have referred.

In the middle classes the women are with few exceptions Catholics, and the majority, seemingly dominated by the clergy, are also fanatic; but examples of a tolerant sense are not lacking and of a clear distinction between what is properly religious and political. Among the men we find all kinds; the indifferent are many, then there are those who do not practise religion and those who do not possess a truly religious soul. This masculine bourgeoisie calls itself "liberal," although we find them of this frame of mind in the conservative party, but the immense majority of these liberals (even among the republicans) avoid being singled out in religious matters; they are afraid to make a show of their true ideas, and in case of a conflict they either vote with the Catholics or follow their practices or support a doctrinaire policy of the "*Juste milieu*," favoring rather

the reactionaries. Among other facts, this assertion is proven by the two following*: It was a liberal Government (not a conservative one) which reincorporated in college education the religious course, although optional to the student; and those who have authorized or consented to the establishment in Spain of a greater number of religious orders have been also Governments of the liberal party.

The liberals engaged in the present movement seem to wash their hands of some of these sins. It is plainly to be seen that they are disgusted with the tyranny of conscience, the interference of the ecclesiastical powers in civil functions, the theory of the inferiority of the civil power, and the excessive development of the monastic clergy and of its privileges. The whole programme contains, as its principal topics, religious liberty, neutralization of the schools, secularization of cemeteries and the civil marriage. It is just to say that the majority of these opinions are entertained by the republicans, but many monarchists are known to share the same.

In regard to the workmen of the factories and of the mines, socialists, anarchists or non-affiliated are in an overwhelming majority anti-clericals and anti-Catholic, and they also practise their anti-Catholicism in the civil marriage and other manifestations with a thorough civic courage. Many of them are free-thinkers and irreligious in the strict sense of the word. Their present association with the liberals and republicans lends great strength to the policy of the Government. At all events, they are a clearly defined factor which must be taken into consideration in what we might call the religious statistics of Spain.

What will be the end of the present movement? The thing is too complex to be answered in a categorical manner without taking into account the uncertainty of the future.

In the first place, it is proper to ask if the actual resolution of the bourgeois liberals (and, above all, of the monarchists) will be sustained for a long time; and, therefore, if the reported conjunction for that purpose of liberals, republicans, socialists, anarchists, and so forth, will last very long?

In the second place within our political *régime* the atti-

* *Vid.* the article on the "*Psychologie du Liberalisme Espagnol,*" in the Parisian weekly "*L'Européen,*" by R. Altamira.

tude of the King must be counted upon. To-day he supports the policy of his Government or at least leaves its hands free without heeding the protests and manifestations of the intransigents. How far will this attitude go? I believe nobody knows at this moment. There should not be overlooked the possible withdrawal of the timid, of the liberals, doctrinaires and of the enemies of exaggeration if the radicals should carry to the extreme their programme, their attacks or exactions on the Government. It should not be forgotten that even the indifferent and the sceptics—especially when they are so, simply by *laisser aller* and by having arrived at their present convictions without any spiritual elaboration—are always near the return to their old beliefs, and if they are probed it will be found that they continue to be at heart necessarily Catholics, and they will become so again if seized by fear of dangers that might be exaggerated before their eyes.

Finally there are the women, with their positive influence in the home, and whom on account of their uncultivated minds it is generally impossible to fight with reason.

There are then as always in the whole problem a series of psychological factors with which we are only partially familiar and which will, therefore, develop unexpected results. For the present we do know that there exists in politics a strong movement which is called anti-clericalism with Catholic intransigent resistance, particularly in certain sections of the country.

Will civil war come? There are those who believe it and those who do not; at least, that it will last long. Some say that should war break out, the army can be counted upon for the defence of liberalism and the dynasty and also that economic interests now existing in many of the regions which formerly supported the insurrection would not act on the same side. Others reply that Carlism is making headway among the military, and that it would find undoubted and sure sympathy in the conservative party if the situation should become complicated by an uprising of the republican party. For many the relative strength of the two factors—New Spain and Old Spain—is a painful riddle and so is the prediction as to which will be triumphant.

But there are many radicals who do not fear the civil war; they wish it. They argue that it is necessary to do away, once for all, with the ghost of an imaginary power

behind which are shielded those who do not wish any reforms and who present such power constantly as the scarecrow than to provoke whose wrath it were better to remain in *statu quo*. For those who so think the new civil war would be the definite rout of the clericals and Carlists and would clear the political road of an obstacle which is invoked yet by those who seriously do not believe in it. At all events, they add: rather than this danger and continued fear, rather than this fear of advancing so as not to bring about a collision, it is preferable that the collision should be produced, no matter what the results. Let us see once for all if Spain can be a free country or if it is condemned not to be so. If the latter should happen the liberals will learn definitely—if there is anything definite in history—that to live up to their own ideas they must emigrate.

In any event, the war and its solution would prove now, it is supposed, an important factor very different from those in times past. It is known that during the nineteenth century, while England leaned almost always towards liberal Spain, the French Governments, monarchists, imperialists and conservative republicans have helped Carlism. The situation is different to-day in France, while anti-clericalism and international radicalism command a great deal of strength. And it is logical to think that they would help those of Spain in every sense. And there are liberals who still think that it is for the general interests of the modern nations not to consent that Spain emerge from the ambient of the times in which she revolves and remain in the field of modern history an obstacle and a reactionary focus!

Such is the data of the present situation in Spain and of its future. Let every one draw conclusions and make the forecast that his own logic and knowledge of life deduce for him. This will not prevent those destined to be factors in the struggle from acting in conformity to their convictions, whether the future appears to them uncertain or already won.

A Spanish Professor.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

BY FRANCIS BUTLER THWING

THE friend of Tennyson, to whose inspiration we owe "In Memoriam," was born one hundred years ago on the first day of this month (February, 1811). It is very easy to give the facts of the life of a man who died at the age of twenty-two, no matter how full that life may have been of mental energy and productive ability. The difficulty in the case of Arthur Hallam is to show how the outward circumstances of his life were affected by his inward spiritual power and how these two combined to produce the character which Tennyson has revealed to us. The origin of his genius can be explained by his parentage. His father was Henry Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages, of the literature of Europe, and of the Constitution of England. His mother was a woman of great mental refinement and spiritual power, the daughter of Sir Abraham Elton of Clevedon Court. Arthur was born in London and grew up there until the age of seven, when he went abroad with his family for the first time. In the days when all travelling had to be done by coach, it was a rare privilege for even the most favored Englishmen to have the best foreign influences come into their lives so early. That Hallam profited by all that he saw and experienced the later development of his genius showed. He had the quality, not unnatural in the son of a great historian, of gathering in to himself the best of the influences of the past ages with which travel brought him into contact and of allowing those influences to sweeten and ennoble his life. In the preface to the "Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam," which his father printed for private circulation after his death, the historian is justly reticent in speaking of his son's astonishing mental powers during his early years. In this article, also, it is difficult to avoid giving the impression that Arthur

was a mere precocious youth with all the absurd accompaniments of abnormal mental development. But his parents and the friends who knew him as a child seem to have been struck with his friendliness and lovableness even more than with the powers of his intellect. It was not primarily his mind which attracted his boyhood friends to him and "the men of rathe and riper years," but his charm of personality, the undeviating good nature and sweetness of his disposition.

Hallam's school was Eton. He entered at the age of eleven in October, 1822, and was placed in the house of the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey, later Head Master of the school. Gladstone had come up a year before him. Although there was a difference of two years in their ages, they were constant companions for the five years of their school life. In Gladstone's diary, parts of which are published in Morley's "Life,"* are frequent entries like the following:

"November 13th (1826). Play. Breakfast with Hallam. Read a little 'Clarendon.' Read over tenth 'Satire of Juvenal.' Did a few verses.

"November 21st. Holiday. Read 'Herodotus.' Breakfasted with Gaskell. He and Hallam drank wine with me after four. Walked with Hallam.

"June 26th (1827). Wrote over theme. Read 'Iphigénie.' Called up in Homer. Sculled Hallam to Surly after six. Went to see a cricket match after four."

But far stronger evidence than this schoolboy diary of the intimacy of their acquaintance is the memory which Gladstone retained of him to the end of his life. Only a short time before Gladstone's death he wrote of Hallam:

"He enjoyed work, enjoyed society; and games, which he did not enjoy, he contentedly left aside. His temper was as sweet as his manners were winning. His conduct was without a spot or even a speck. He was that rare and blessed creature *anima naturaliter Christiana*. He read largely, and though not superficial, yet with an extraordinary speed. He had no high or exclusive ways."

During Hallam's years at Eton he made rapid progress in his school work. Gladstone said that when he left he was, in the broadest sense, the best scholar of the school. His outside intellectual interests were many. During his school life he read Italian, the old English dramatists and Shakespeare with the greatest enjoyment. At fourteen, as a voluntary school exercise, he translated Dante's "*Ugolino*" into Greek iambics. Of the original English verse

* Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Vol. I, p. 42.

of his school days the best and distinctly the most interesting piece bears the title "To My Bosom Friend," who is, of course, Gladstone. The whole poem, of some forty lines, shows remarkable depth of feeling and appreciation of spiritual truth. He has been separated from Gladstone in vacation:

> "Like a bright, singular dream
> Is parted from me that strong sense of love,
> Which, as one indivisible glory, lay
> On both our souls, and dwelt in us so far
> As we did dwell in it."

Lines like these seem to presage his later interest in metaphysics:

> "Deep firmament, which art a voice of God,
> Speak in thy mystic accents, speak yet once:
> For thou hast spoken, and in such clear tone,
> That still the sweetness murmurs through my soul."

But with all of Hallam's interest in Sophocles and Dante, his main enjoyment was in the society of his friends. A brilliant group they were, only less renowned than the circle at Cambridge which he was soon to join. Besides Gladstone there was James Milnes Gaskell, later M.P., "a youth endowed with precocious ripeness of political faculty, an enthusiast and with a vivacious humor that enthusiasts often miss," of whom they used to say that his first cry on entering the world had been "Hear! hear!" In the room next to Hallaw's at Hawtrey's lived Gerald Wellesley, afterwards Dean of Windsor and ecclesiastical adviser to the Queen. Francis Doyle, afterwards Sir Francis, was of the group, a boy with perhaps the finest poetical ability of them all, and George Selwyn, who later became Bishop of New Zealand. These and a few others were the inheritors of a debating society which had been founded in 1811 and which Gaskell, by his enthusiasm and energy, had rescued from a premature death. In this society, which still exists at Eton, the boys discussed political questions with precocious ardor and seriousness. In the midst of long accounts from the minutes of debates on Charles I, Hampden and Clarendon, it is refreshing to find it recorded that on one occasion "Mr. Hallam" was, by vote of the House, expelled from the room for throwing a piece of orange-peel at "Mr. Gladstone"; and we are also glad to know from Gladstone's diary that the group would sometimes take an afternoon

from their politics and their Greek and go "to Salt Hill to eat toasted cheese, drink egg-wine, and bully the fat waiter."

Hallam left Eton in the summer of 1827, six months before Gladstone, and went to the Continent for eight months of travel with his family before entering college. Gladstone believed that it was due to this interruption that he did not attain greater eminence in the specialized branches of study at Cambridge during the next three years. Certain it is, however, that during these eight months in Italy and Switzerland he was growing day by day, not alone in power and knowledge, but in reverence and charity, and that he was planting the seeds for the life of still greater moral richness which was to come. His work in literature was the perfecting of his knowledge of Italian; he could now speak it fluently, and during the summer he wrote a number of Italian sonnets, six of which are given in the "Remains." Perhaps one example of his English poetry, four lines from a "Meditative Fragment" in blank verse, will be sufficient to show the religious cast of his mind in his eighteenth year:

> "Let us not mar the glimpses of pure beauty
> Now streaming in like moonlight with the fears,
> The joys, the hurried thoughts that rise and fall
> To the hot pulses of a mortal heart."

The moral earnestness of lines like these cannot be mistaken. In thought they seem to anticipate Matthew Arnold's "Self-Dependence":

> "And with joy the stars perform their shining
> And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll,
> For self poised they live, nor pine with noting
> All the fever of some differing soul."

Practically all of Hallam's poetry is subjective and most of it is metaphysical. Judged as poetry, it has all the defects of these limitations; but in so far as it expresses the philosophic and religious faith of his nature and his desire to look into the heart of the great mysteries of life, it commands our admiration. It enables us to understand in some degree the character of the man whom Tennyson loved.

With springs of the best in Greek, Italian, and English poetry welling up in his soul, with a heart truly set on the highest which life had to offer him, Hallam came up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the autumn of 1828. Charles and Alfred Tennyson had entered in the same term. It

was now for the first time that the two men who were to form a friendship so full of meaning to future generations became acquainted. The undergraduate life of both Hallam and Tennyson centred about that remarkable group of men who had been dubbed in the University the "Apostles." The society had been founded in 1820 by a number of men who were dissatisfied with the opportunities furnished by the University for the study of moral philosophy and the literature of the time; the requirements for admission to the club were literary talent and philosophical power; and all the members were endowed with no small degree of personal charm. Frederick Denison Maurice and John Sterling, since immortalized by Carlyle, had been members just before Hallam came to Cambridge. Contemporary with Hallam and Tennyson were a number of men who almost without an exception rose to eminence in the nineteenth century. Among them were Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, poet, politician and *littérateur;* Richard Chenevix Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin; James Spedding, author of the "Life of Bacon," to whom Tennyson wrote the lines "To J. S."; Charles Merivale, the historian; and Charles Buller, who had just been under the tutorship of Carlyle in Scotland. It is an interesting and curious fact that Buller, who had been Carlyle's pupil for nearly two years and who should have been the bearer of Carlyle's idealism into the circle, was the only one of the group who had distinct materialistic tendencies. His later work in the House of Commons and as a leader in the movement of utilitarianism and radicalism headed by John Stuart Mill was notable. The meetings of the "Apostles" were held at stated intervals in the rooms of the members in turn. An essay on a philosophical or literary subject was usually read and a general discussion by all the members followed. The present Lord Tennyson, in his "Memoir" of his father, has mentioned some of the questions which used to be debated.* (1) "Have Shelley's poems an immoral tendency?" (2) "Is an intelligible First Cause deducible from the phenomena of the universe?" (3) "Is there any rule of moral action beyond general expediency?" It was in the midst of this society that the genius of Arthur Hallam developed to the full. He read much, though not always in the prescribed lines, thought

* Vol. I, p. 44, note.

much, wrote much. Social by nature, and having not over-exact methods of work, he was usually to be found in a friend's room talking or reading. All who have written of him at this time have spoken of the quickness and acuteness with which he grasped the most abstruse metaphysical problems. The bent of his mind was always religious. Underlying all his thought, even during the occasional black moods which came to him as to Tennyson during those early days, was a deep and strong faith in the personal power and love of God. Among his Cambridge papers the present Lord Tennyson found the following sentence on prayer:*

"With respect to prayer, you ask how I am to distinguish the operations of God in me from motions in my own heart? Why should you distinguish them or how do you know there is any distinction? Is God less God because He acts by general laws when He deals with the common elements of nature? That fatal mistake which has embarrassed the philosophy of mind with infinite confusion, the mistake of setting value on a thing's origin rather than on its character, of assuming that composite must be less excellent than simple, has not been slow to extend its deleterious influence over practical religion."

At another time of the relation between the Divine and man he said, "Unless the heart of a created being is at one with the heart of God, it cannot but be miserable."

Of the ennobling and vivifying intellectual life of those days at Cambridge, and of Hallam's supremacy in the intellectual circle of his comrades, Tennyson has spoken in "In Memoriam":†

"Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

"When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring
And one an inner, here and there;

"And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

"From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

* "Memoir," Vol. I, p. 44.
† Elegy LXXXVII.

"And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

But the interests of the "Apostles" were not limited to religion and philosophy. In the Long Vacation of 1830 Hallam and Tennyson and others of the "Apostles" who were always ready to help in a good cause, however hopeless it might seem, went to the Pyrenees with money and supplies for Torrijos, the leader in a democratic revolt against Ferdinand of Spain. The Cambridge men met Torrijos and his fellow conspirators on the Spanish border, delivered their messages and with few adventures came home, to the great relief of their parents. When the insurrection was put down in the following year a number of Englishmen were captured with the outlaws and suffered death. No Cambridge undergraduates were among them, although it was reported for a time that John Mitchell Kemble, an "Apostle," was to stand trial for his life. It was of this Spanish expedition that Tennyson was thinking more than thirty years later, when he wrote "In the Valley of the Cauteretz":

"All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two-and-thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
The two-and-thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me."

In the meantime Hallam had been doing work for important College and University prizes. In 1829, when Tennyson won the Chancellor's Medal with his "Timbuctoo," Hallam offered a poem on the same subject; Monckton Milnes was also among the defeated. The summer after the result had been announced, when Tennyson was engaged in writing the poems which appeared the next year, Hallam wrote to Gladstone: "I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century." In 1831 the first college prize for a declamation on the conduct of the Independent party during the Civil War was given to Hallam. This victory made it necessary for him to deliver an oration in the college

chapel before the Christmas vacation of the same year. He chose as a subject "The Influence of Italian upon English Literature," and as might have been expected from a poet who was so thoroughly versed in the languages of both countries, wrote an essay of insight and imagination. Another prize essay was on the "Philosophical Writings of Cicero"; and later still he wrote a skilful and vigorous reply to Professor Rossetti's "*Disquisizioni sullo Spirito Antipapale,*" in which he defended his beloved Dante and Petrarch against a well-meant but warped criticism. In the "Englishman's Magazine" for August, 1831, appeared his article "On Some of the Characteristics of Modern Poetry and on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson." It was a review of Tennyson's first important volume, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." The essay is remarkable because of the insight which Hallam showed into the lasting characteristics of his friend's poetry. In his praise he not only anticipated the judgment of the public, which was reserved for the 1842 volumes, but he marked the very qualities which later generations have recognized as peculiarly Tennysonian. The following passage, which was written when Hallam was but nineteen years old, is illustrative of the character of the essay:

"The volume of 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical' does not contain above 154 pages, but it shows us much more of the character of its parent mind than many books we have known of much larger compass and more boastful pretensions. The features of original genius are clearly and strongly marked. The author imitates nobody; we recognize the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer. His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or Calderon, Ferdusi or Calidas. We have remarked five distinctive excellencies of his own manner. First, his luxuriance of imagination and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them *fused,* to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought *implied* in these compositions and imparting a mellow soberness of tone more impressive to our minds than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse and thought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart."

In the summer of 1832, after Hallam had left Cambridge and had gone down to London to read law, his engagement to Tennyson's sister Emily was announced. The visits to the rectory at Somersby, of which Tennyson speaks in Elegy LXXXIX of "In Memoriam," continued for a year. In August, 1833, he left England for the last time and went with his father for a trip in Germany and Austria. As a child some anxiety had been felt for his health. At Eton, Gladstone often noticed that when he had been kept indoors in the afternoon by some required school work there was a "deep rosy flush upon his cheeks reaching to the eyes, a significant if slight mark of his coming doom." During the winter of 1832-33, however, he had been in very good spirits and seemed to his friends much stronger than usual. A slight attack of influenza in the spring of 1833 had made Mr. Hallam decide that he should have a vacation abroad, but no anxiety was felt as to his condition. His last letter to Tennyson, filled with boyish praise of the pictures in the Vienna gallery, was dated September 6th, 1833. A week afterwards a wet day, coinciding with a trip back from Budapest to Vienna, brought on a slight fever; but it was apparently going away when "a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to his life on the 15th of September, 1833." Sir Francis Doyle in his "Reminiscences" adds that Mr. Hallam came in from a walk and sat down at his desk to write. Arthur was lying on the sofa apparently asleep. He was so still that his father got up to see what was the matter, and found that all was over.

Arthur Hallam was twenty-two years old when he died. Many conjectures have been made as to what he would have become had Fate spared him. Tennyson said: "He would have been known, if he had lived, as a great man, but not as a great poet; he was as near perfection as mortal man could be." The author of "Rab and His Friends" concurs in this opinion with perhaps the most striking words which have been said about Hallam by any one who did not know him personally:

"We agree entirely with his father's estimate of his poetical gift and art; but his mind was too serious, too thoughtful, too intensely dedicated to truth and the God of truth to linger long in the pursuit of beauty; he was on his way to God and could rest in nothing short of Him, otherwise he might have been a poet of genuine excellence."

More than sixty years after his death Gladstone wrote of him:

"It is the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through that contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. He resembled a passing emanation from some other and less darkly checkered world."

Two stanzas by Lord Houghton, written in 1854, reveal still more to us of the depths of his character and of the lasting influence he had over the lives of those who knew him:

TO A. H. H.

"Thou gleaner of the sunny hours
Harvested in the home of God,
Gild me the future summer's hours,
Revive the present ice-bound sod!

"Thou gleaner from the darkest hours
Of scattered good I cannot see,
Preserve thy dear remedial powers,
And shed them, as I need, o'er me!"

Hallam was not with us very long. While he did live he was loved by his friends for his poetical ability, his charm of personality, his mental power, but, above all, for his moral maturity. Great as his intellect was, it was transcended by his gift of friendship, his ability to identify himself with others. He stands in direct relation to us today not only through "In Memoriam," but as a soul who has inherited all the best moral traditions of the past and has handed them down to us increased in richness and beauty.

"And hath that early hope been blessed with truth?
Hath he fulfilled the promise of his youth,
And borne unscathed through danger's stormy field
Virtue's white wreath and honor's stainless shield?"*

We feel that his work has not been in vain. And now one hundred years from the day of his birth we come to lay upon his tomb our meed of gratitude and love.

* Harrow Prize Poem: W. J. Hope-Edwards.

FRANCIS BUTLER THWING.

WANTED: CHURCH STATESMANSHIP

BY THE REV. NEWMAN SMYTH

In a company of English Churchmen the remark was recently made that the established Church of England is at present in a state of unstable equilibrium. With equal truth the same observation might be made of all existing ecclesiastical orders. But in religious as in political history a condition of unstable equilibrium is not necessarily an indication of approaching dissolution; it may be the antecedent of a more excellent reconstruction. Such a critical time alike in Church or State calls for statesmanship equal to its opportunity.

It is one of those frequent coincidences, or parallel developments in history, which are suggestive of some large, strategic Providence, that while the times are preparing a people for some great change the men also are in the making for the eventful hour. It is, therefore, a question of present concern whether the Church has in training men who shall appear as chosen leaders in the coming day. For the signs of another age are already above the horizon; and it is evident that if Christianity is not to lose mastery in the life of the people, it must rise clear of existing divisions and sectarian confusions; and the question is becoming urgent, are there men of light and leading in its different communions great enough to put behind them mere ecclesiastical policies, and prophetic enough to discern and to master the forces which are gathering and waiting to be organized in a catholic and puissant Christianity?

At the threshold of the coming era of the greater Christianity lies the old, worn question of the reunion of Christendom. Its solution cannot be much longer postponed if the Christ who conquered the old world that crucified Him is indeed to become Master of the modern nations that would pass Him by. Above all, in the English-speaking race, with

its large responsibility for civilization throughout the world, it is high time that the internecine conflict of the Churches should be ended; for it is clear that a whole Church is demanded for the whole world; and the world-wide work of Christian civilization cannot be accomplished by a disorganized religion, wasting its energies in a struggle for existence between its parts. In our own country and in England, until the several ecclesiastical cells and organs shall be brought into some vital working unity, it will continue to be impossible for the Church, when confronted with any moral issue, to represent the religious power in its totality, and it will remain an idle assumption to speak of a really national or an American Church.

When one looks for signs of religious statesmanship among the churches, there are certain quarters in which the search is in vain. Nothing, for example, may be expected from an isolated individualism or a rarefied liberalism. Life requires universal and positive air. The people may show, indeed, little thirst for spiritual truth, but they hunger for a religion of social equity; and a hard, crystallized individualism in religious beliefs is not easily soluble in a social Gospel. Nor is a negative liberalism or "undenominationalism" to be regarded as in itself catholicity; that is, comprehensive of positive vitalities and faiths. In the progressive development of one's personal creed there are three possible degrees of excellence: the positive may be some inherited or traditional belief, the comparative virtue may be a more liberal doctrine, but the superlative excellence is catholicity—that large-minded and full-orbed faith, of which in its rich possession of the historic life and creeds of the Church it may be said, "All things are yours." Religion in New England had its early period of orthodox dogmatism, and it has been passing through its consequent reactionary period of liberalism; neither of these stages of development reaches the culminating epoch of historical comprehension, of intellectual and spiritual fellowship in the faith of all the saints—the harvest season from many white fields.

If on the one hand no strong note of leadership may be expected from mere theological liberalism, on the other hand no rallying call for different Christian communions can come from Churchmen of the uniformitarian type in whatever Church they may seek to prevail. There are such

Churchmen in every denomination, differing widely in their exclusive theories of the Church and its offices, but alike in this that they would reduce Christianity to the minimum terms of their own ecclesiastical tradition. This uniformitarian kind of Churchmanship betrays the same mental habit and limitation wherever it may be found; not infrequently it marks the arrested development of young clerics. It were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for this denominationalist to enter into the kingdom of a united Christianity. Even when the Christian sentiment of a whole community is stirred by the visitation of a high ideal of united service, as the Pool of Bethesda was troubled by an angel, the uniformitarian Churchman seems impotent to throw himself into the movement to be cured of his long-standing sectarian infirmity.

Even more inefficient than these extreme dispositions is a common attitude which may be broadly characterized as a pseudo-practical habit of mind. It is, of course, practical to seek to do what can be done to-day; but it is a false and barren practicality not to include some ideal in every day's work. Now just this common regard for that only which seems to be immediately practical is largely responsible for the religious and moral inertia which postpones to the millennium many things which right-minded people might begin to get done now on the earth. But the practical idealist holds it to be an essential element of the Christian faith to believe that the thing which ought to be is the thing that can be done, and consequently he holds it to be an integral part of religious duty for the Christian Church to work every day to have the right things done.

There are two assumptions from which the pressing problem of Church unity may be approached; one is that real unity is an impossible vision, and therefore we must make the best of our divisions. The other is that real unity is not a hopeless problem, and therefore we should make the least of our divisions. There are also two prevalent states of feeling in this matter; one is the disposition to hold fast all that we have received; the other is willingness to sacrifice all that we can. But the duty to be fulfilled is a double service in which these conflicting sentiments may limit and correct each other; for it is the Christian obligation both of giving and of receiving whatsoever things in all the churches are true and of good report. The sectarian spirit

is more willing to give than to receive, but in the spirit of unity all Christian bodies are alike to give and to receive, and no one merely to give up to another.

The practical man, who can have some clear vision of better things to come, although he would not be a visionary, may raise at this point the pertinent inquiry, what is there in present conditions to create or to encourage any such statesmanship, to make men believe enough in Church unity really to work for it as something that may be brought to pass possibly in our generation? It might be inspiring answer enough to quote words which an honored leader of the Episcopal Church, who had worked for over a quarter of a century for the peace of the churches, the late Dr. Huntington of New York, wrote in a letter shortly before his death: "We may well be content if in the opening years of this century we may have any part in a movement which is sure to triumph before its close." Many tendencies from different quarters converge towards this conclusion. It is true that in almost every generation since the Protestant Reformation laudable efforts have been made to heal the lamentable divisions of Christendom, and all have failed. Political causes, the dominant relation of the State to the Church, and consequent persecutions, as well as dogmatic controversies, in the storm and passion of the times silenced these irenic voices and left on the Church, together with our priceless heritage of liberty, the seams and the scars of the conflict. But these divisions are now anachronisms, obstinately persistent in many quarters, it may be, but they are not the living sentiments, potential for the future, actuating now the great mass of Christian people. The political causes of ecclesiastical strife in this country at least have long since ceased to exist. The field is open for the Church to show its united strength. In a free country, in a democratic age, unity and administrative organization no longer expose the Church to any appreciable peril of another imperial hierarchy. The harbingers of the peace of the churches, whose sweet notes in other days were sung too soon, have now their hour in the dawn of this century of the greater Christian faith and hope.

Besides the rising tide of Christian sentiment, which is submerging all along the shore the rocks and shoals upon which previous efforts to gain Church unity have been wrecked, the universities, where scholars of all denomina-

tions are met, are making notable contributions to the unification of the churches. Sharply divisive theories, for example, of the Church and its ministry, such as the Tractarian theory of sole Apostolic succession, or the equally high Presbyterian and Congregational claims of the Apostolic sufficiency of their favorite polities, are undermined and carried away in the prevalence of modern critical and historical studies of the origins and development of Christian institutions. The partisan claimant of an exclusive Divine authority for his Church order would be hard put to it to gain standing in the supreme court of modern Biblical and historical scholarship. Different theories concerning the origin of the Church, forms of worship, or orders of the ministry, which may be logically antithetic, are not necessarily vital incompatibles, or incapable of assimilation in a comprehensive charity. The various modes and temperaments which may be indicated by the several Church designations are diversities which may be conserved in a rich unity. The break between them has resulted because the special character or excellence indicated by the Church adjective has been hardened into a substantial *ism;* it is not the special part or organ of the whole body of Christ's Church which is indicated by the words the Congregation, the Presbytery or the Episcopate, but it is Congregational*ism,* Presbyterian*ism,* Episcopalian*ism*—in each case the *ism* of it—which has become in its claim of exclusive authority from Christ and His Apostles unhistorical, unapostolic and un-Christian.

A great force which has to be reckoned with in any present religious leadership is the student's movement and its increasing volume of consecrated power. Notably also the world's missionary conference, recently held in Edinburgh, was a sign of the new age written so large that it would seem that only one born ecclesiastically blind could fail to see it. And all around the churches in every community there exists much undeclared, unorganized and often unconscious religious feeling and energy, especially among the young, waiting to be called forth by a leadership large and noble enough to inspire its utmost devotion.

Not to mention in detail other encouraging indications, a single memory, and its suggestion for our purpose, may be enough to set aside any inert unbelief in the possibility of doing away with the shameful divisions of our churches,

whenever we really set about it. Those who were born early enough will have a vivid recollection of the party divisions, commercial hesitancy and seemingly irreconcilable differences of opinion which prevailed in the North just before the outbreak of the Civil War. And they will also remember, as though it were but yesterday, that eventful morning when the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon made in a moment a solid North. With such memories, it is easy to believe that in the Church as well as in the State seemingly irreconcilable differences might be fused and welded as one religious patriotism in the flame of some glorious consecration. Suppose then that some supreme occasion, as commanding as was that call to a people by the firing upon its flag, should summon the churches at once to forget their strife and to obey the Lord's word that they be one;—is there any doubt what the response would be? It would be done so quickly that men might wonder why it had not been done long before.

The analogy from our national history may be carried still farther. It may serve also to allay the fear, still entertained by some, that any movement towards substantial Church unity would issue in another hierarchical autocracy, like Roman Catholicism, rather than press on towards the ideal of the true Catholicism, which, like the Jerusalem which is from above, shall be free. They forget in such inherited Protestant apprehension that Roman Catholicism was a development of the Church in the mould of the imperialism of the times; the Catholicism of the future, the Holy Catholic Church, in which there are many folds, is developing in the mould of democratic constitutionalism. Here our national unity is illuminative. The Union, which was created and saved at so great cost, has become indeed a nation, but it has not destroyed democracy. Home rule is not lost, State rights are conserved under a strong Federal unity. Why should the churches be less able to preserve their local autonomy and spiritual freedom, though they should similarly be bound together and in their federated totality have power for all good, extending to the missionary ends of the world, which singly and in their wasteful competitions they can never exercise? Or must we confess to the end of the chapter that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light?

When we acknowledge that reunion of the churches is a

practical problem and inquire what we may begin to do about it, it will be well to recall the military distinction between strategy and tactics; for in this advance of the churches both are to be regarded—the grand strategy of faith, comprehensive in its plan as it is single in its aim; and the tactics of each day's effort, studious of details and quick to seize upon any point of vantage.

In the broad, strategic ideal it is evident that nothing less than full intercommunion between all Christian churches, and nothing short of economic and efficient administrative organization can meet the religious demand of modern civilization. For ours is not merely the age of democracy; it is the dawn of a new era of social co-operation. If individualism is not to be swamped in some devastating flood of socialism, it will be because the individual shall be saved in a Christian fellowship and co-working. For purposes of co-operation a federation of churches, like " a gentleman's agreement " not to compete with one another in the same field, may be provisionally useful in many localities; but a fast and loose series of dissolving combinations offers no permanent solution either of the economic or religious problems. The ideal of Church unity—the strategic plan—is comprehension of diversities; not uniformity, but conformity of one to another and of all the members together in a common service, as one body doing and getting done the Lord's will on the earth.

It needs to be repeated, until misunderstandings shall cease, that this plan does not mean the swallowing-up of one church by another; that it is not uniformity, but unity. A socialistic Church uniformity would not fulfil the ideal of one Christian society. It would be a contradiction of human nature to seek to reduce the churches to a single selected type, as it is a denial of the real Apostolic succession—of the actual historical continuity of the whole body of believers which is the Church—to assert of any one organ or special function or part of it that it alone bears the mark and is essential to the integrity of the true Church. Its continuity and authority have been and are in the life of the Christian society as a whole; the wholeness of the Church is resident in the body of believers. Now it is just this wholeness of the Church which needs to be rendered visible and realized in practice; and the essential sin of schism lies in any assumption which prevents the wholeness of the

Church from being realized in practice; it will fail of perfect visibility until in any of our cities it may be said of every Christian cause and good work, as it was said in Apostolic days, "Being brought on their way by the Church" in Antioch.

We turn, then, to inquire what tactics may be at present available in this great forward movement? Some immediate efforts are suggested as practical steps when it is once clearly seen that the end directly in view is not merely to manifest the unity which may exist to some extent outside the churches, but to bring to effective realization the unity which is within all the churches. For the unity is already there in principle and in the historic life of Christianity; the problem is to bring it out into actual, unmistakable visibility and to render it the effective force of the Christian faith in the world.

Two tactical measures in particular are suggested by present conditions. One, and that hitherto most in favor, is interdenominational approach along the lines of least resistance. Federation of Christian men and women outside their different Church relations for service in various ways and other means of fellowship in good works are desirable; only these and all similar approaches are to be regarded as way-stations and not as the terminal of Church reunion. Encouraging and helpful for further advances as are the gains already won at such points, they are as yet but minor successes in comparison with the greater work of faith to be achieved in overcoming the two chief schisms which have been received as our unhappy inheritance from the past — the great gulf between the Roman Church and all Protestant communions, and the isolation from each other of the Episcopal and the non-Episcopal churches. Hence the other tactical method just suggested would lead to attack upon the problem where the resistance is strongest, and to all possible concentration of the forces of Christian love at the points of greatest importance. For whatever gratifying successes may be gained along other lines they will be at best but preparatory gains, and the final issue will not be achieved until these outstanding and most formidable divisions of Christendom shall have been providentially overcome.

The final reconciliation between Rome and Protestantism lies as a hope beneath our present horizon; the Modernist

movement, forbidden but not suppressed by the Vatican, may open the way to some future approximation between a Roman Catholicism, reformed from within, and the Protestant world; but, leaving this outlying issue to some larger Providence than we may know, there is enough within sight and hope to be done in hastening to its end the internecine conflict among the heirs of the Reformation. The last Pan-Anglican Conference in London lifted up the true idea of Church unity in these words, "Not compromise, but comprehension; not uniformity, but unity." This is a rallying-flag around which we all may gather; no better call and watch-word for all the churches could be given. The same conference took a practical step in the right way when they recommended that conferences between different Christian bodies be held for the purpose of mutual understanding. Such conferences concerning even the most traditionally obstinate differences have already been found to have in them surprises of conciliation. For such hopeful issue, indeed, there is no further use either for the religious paper that lives by its denominationalism, or for the polemical divine who stands ready at the slightest provocation to fire off his resounding ammunition. The times are ripe for concessive rather than controversial discussion of all differences between Christian bodies of every name. The controversial divinity of the past may well be left to bury its dead by the Church that would obey the Master's word and follow Him into the future.

In this spirit conscientious difficulties about the creeds are to be surmounted. Concerning the use of creeds, two things, which are often confused, should be distinguished. How much of the historic faith of the Church an individual communicant may be asked to confess is one thing; what the Church has to confess to him is another thing. The least measure of faith may be enough for an individual to bring to the altar, but the Church has to receive him into the full fellowship of the faith of all the saints. Its historic creeds mark the continuity and the development of its faith throughout the Christian ages. It would not bind them as fetters upon this generation; it holds them aloft as banners. The historic creeds are symbols of its faith. They serve to declare what has been the mind of the Church from age to age. Taken all together, they mark the way of the development and adaptation of the faith in the ever-changing con-

ditions of human knowledge and thought from the beginning until now. They are standards of doctrine, like the several corps colors of one army; they are not to be held as though they were fortified walls of hostile camps. The historic creeds are made obstructive and divisive only when they are enforced verbally as legal contracts, rather than confessed religiously as the individual's part and heritage in a goodly fellowship. They cannot, indeed, be held honestly by many if they are to be interpreted in the strict construction which a court would require of the criminal law; we may accept them as a common ground of co-operative faith when it is made clear that we receive them as embodying great constitutional principles of the Church, by no means perfect or the end of all wisdom, and needing to be adapted to the knowledge and life of each succeeding age. This is only to hold both that the living Church is the loyal heir of its whole past, and also that it cannot be bound forever by the dead man's hand.

Attempts which occasionally have been made to escape modern creedal difficulties by some short cut, as, for example, through some simple new creed, usually have reached slight success; they are apt to end either in some meaningless phrase or else in their partial selection of received truths, by the very emphasis thus put upon them, to provoke assertion of other truths which have been omitted. The task which the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland are now laboring over of formulating articles of doctrinal agreement, might seem more easily to be accomplished if both bodies were content to affirm their line of common descent as marked by the ancient and the later Protestant creeds. The one historic Church has had many creeds, but it is one flock in these many folds. Since the Apostle Peter's first personal confession of faith it has never been a creedless Church; it has too positive and vital a gospel to survive in our day upon thin platitudes and negations. But in the frank and full recognition of the principles of development, of symbolic expression, and of ever-fresh interpretative adaptation of beliefs to the thought of the age, the unity of the teaching Church and the fellowship of faith are to be preserved until faith shall pass into perfect knowledge.

Moreover, concessive conferences, such as the Anglican Bishops have recommended, may render it in time quite possible to discover a way around or over the chief cause of

separation between the Episcopal and all other Protestant communions—the isolation of their pulpits. When it shall be generally recognized that this wall of separation is built upon theoretical grounds, some practical means of removing this cause of offence may become possible. We have marked time full long enough before this obvious obstacle, that high sacerdotal and low Congregational theories as to valid ordination are antagonistic and as theories of the ministry irreconcilable; but it does not follow, and it is too lightly assumed, that those who would hold fast to either of these extreme theories can find in fact no common ground upon which they may exercise a mutually recognized ministry. There are, indeed, some historical precedents, too long overlooked, which upon full concessive consideration may indicate ways in which this incongruity of theories of the orders of the ministry, and of what is to be required for regular ordination, may be brought to some satisfactory solution, if at least Christian reasonableness on all sides does not fail in the discussion. But so long as the sacerdotal Churchman, on the one hand, maintains as binding upon all of us his theory of Apostolic authority, and, on the other hand, the independent Puritan stands fast glorying in his theory of the autonomy of the local church, as in itself all-sufficient, each dogmatizing against the other, and both forgetting that neither Peter nor Paul had anything to say explicitly about the high church ideas of either of them; then the present irritating and deplorable separation of ministries, alike approved by their fruits, but without recognition of each other, might be kept up until its day of judgment shall come.

Without entering here into detail as to these precedents and possibilities of reconciliation, it may prove a surprise to many to indicate how slight are the mutual sacrifices which may be required to find a basis in practice for this most desirable reconciliation. Indeed, not to offer other suggestions, the alteration of a single word in the alternative form of the Episcopal Ordinal might enable a Congregational clergyman without self-stultification or denial of his previous ordination vows to accept the additional consecration of a Bishop together with such additional jurisdiction as it might confer. The alteration merely of the word "*the*" to "*this*" in the essential clause of the form of ordination, "Take thou authority to execute the office of a Priest in

the Church of God," would open a straight, though narrow, way through this difficulty. The addition of a single word to the creed was enough to determine the great schism in the ancient Church between the East and the West. Shall the difference between two letters of one word prove enough to keep apart the English mother Church and all her dissenting children?

The recent simultaneous action of two large religious bodies in this country has great promise for the coming unity of the Church. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was held in Cincinnati in October last, appointed a large and representative Commission to arrange as the " next step towards unity " for a conference of Christian communions throughout the world. At the same time the National Council of the Congregational Churches in Boston appointed a committee, as their representatives, to consider any overtures that might come to them from the Episcopal Church. The noble language in which the call of the Episcopal Church to other Christian communions is conceived, as well as the spontaneous response at the same time by the Congregationalists—the two messages passing each other on the way — lift the whole movement up to a high plane of endeavor, while the work of the Commission will at once give to it definite efficiency and practical aim. Time will be needed; but with statesmanlike wisdom and patient persistence on the part of representatives of the churches in the proposed conferences a beginning of the end of the divisions of the one Church may be made, and the Christian people of the world be providentially led on and on to happier issues than a year ago any of us might have dared to hope.

NEWMAN SMYTH.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

PHILOSOPHY

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION: A STUDY IN ANTHROPOLOGY AND SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By IRVING KING, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

THIS is by all odds the most important work in religious psychology that has appeared since "Varieties of Religious Experience." To compare it with James's brilliant essay would, indeed, be unfortunate. It has nothing of the romantic charm, variety and delicacy of observation or imaginative daring with which he unfailingly delights us. It will never hold a reader who is not interested in the subject for its own sake. The whole performance is perfectly sober and prosaic and much of it is undeniably dry. Yet it is not without a distinct attractiveness of its own. The style is admirably modest and sincere, the illustrations are excellently chosen, and the arrangement of the material is straightforward and easily followed. The account which we shall give of its contents will show that it does not lack for novelty and courage. It will not capture the multitude, but it is a noteworthy piece of scientific writing.

In one way a comparison with James is inevitable. For the author was a pupil of John Dewey in the days when the latter was founding the "Chicago School," and the present work is representative of that branch of pragmatism. The basic ideas are the same that the Chicagoans have been exploiting along all lines of psychological research: that knowledge is only one of the ways of experiencing reality, and in fact owes all its significance to the other modes of experience out of which it arises and into which it subsides. The present volume is a treatment of religion as consisting essentially, not of theories which are to be criticised as correct or incorrect from the cognitive point of view, but of a type of *attitudes* or feelings of value. Religion, then, is the recognition of certain values as of supreme importance, and its body of dogma is strictly secondary to this fundamental character. It may have gods many or few or none at all; it may promise heaven and threaten hell or it may do neither; but that something in human life is essentially worth experiencing and constitutes an objective and eternal value to which all other values are subordinate—so much it cannot avoid assuming. The validity of a creed is not to be tested by determining whether the beings whose existence it teaches really exist or not, but by determining whether these beings appropriately and adequately symbolize the values upon which emphasis is placed and these values are able to maintain their supremacy in men's estimation.

The kinship of this conception with James's "Will to Believe" will at once

strike any reader who is familiar with the Cambridge pragmatist's writings. But there is this difference: James is bent upon a defence of religious dogma. King is as far as possible from any such purpose. He believes that he can show that religious dogmas serve a highly important function, in virtue of which they possess a certain sort of "truth." But he gives us no reason to suppose that the deliberate acceptance of the dogma, or anything less than believing it because one cannot help believing, could enable it to perform this function.

So far as any possible scientific account of religion is concerned, King holds it to be utterly immaterial whether any supernatural agencies exist or not. For if there be such agencies, and if they act in the world or in the believer's soul in the way that the believer himself supposes, the scientist has no way of detecting the fact. The only interpretations or explanations that he can give must be couched in universal terms. The world is for him the realm of law, and wherever anything apparently arbitrary or capricious appears he simply takes it for granted that it is governed by laws which he has not yet discovered. The psychology of religion has no more occasion to be religious than chemistry. Religion, whatever else it may be, is a group of psychical phenomena, such as the psychologist is trained to analyze. If there be anything in it that is bound eternally to escape analysis he will never have any reason to suspect its presence. It will be as good as non-existent for him.

It has been said that our author regards religion as essentially an attitude of valuation, differing from other such attitudes (economic, æsthetic, etc.) in the fact that its values are regarded as absolutely supreme. How do they come to be thus magnified? As the result of long-repeated social suggestion. Merely individual concerns are forgotten, while those that are reinforced by constant sympathy remain and deepen. A religion of any strength or tenacity can only be developed in a compactly organized society, and the values which it exalts are precisely those upon which the well-being of the society have been found most vitally to depend: the date palm or the corn-field, the spear and shield, the family hearth, the courts of justice.

The older students of religious evolution supposed that there was a regular line of progress from animism and fetichism up to monotheism. Very pretty dialectical accounts of such progress have been worked out. But the truth is that the continuity of development is not to be found in the succession of religions themselves, but in the modifications of the complex social life out of which they have grown. When a religion declines, it is because the values which it represents have lost their primary importance for social welfare. When, for example, a nomadic people settle down to agricultural life the gods of the desert are bound to be neglected.

The rites and ceremonies of religion are not upon this view an external matter. They *are* the religion on its physical side. For man is not a bodiless spirit, and a feeling without physical expression is nothing. As the religious attitude is a social development the rites have always the character of customs. They are an integral part of the social life. In origin they may be life-conserving activities or rejoicings at the successful outcome of such activities or even mere play. But in the process by which they become the vehicle of a deepened emotion a certain conventionalization inevitably takes place.

Religion is not to be regarded as primarily a means of getting something.

Valuation and production are distinct, though it is true that they are always connected. Hence arises a new conception of the relation between religion and magic. Psychologists have assumed that these are both devices for obtaining what lies out of reach; and so the distinction was made that whereas magic operates by supposedly *mechanical* means, religion operates by the persuasion of supernatural *persons* to give their aid. For King the cleavage runs deeper. Magic is the primitive man's science. As applied in practice it is primarily an individual, not a social, concern, though there may be a public magic which it is hard to distinguish from religion. But primarily it is the individual's means of accomplishing his private ends—crushing his enemies or winning for himself wealth and honor. Religion is a social function attached to issues of public concern. When its forms are applied to merely private ends they have degenerated into magic. On the other hand, a religion without deities is perfectly possible and seems, indeed, to have been one of the most primitive types. Instead of regarding personal beings as the principal determining causes of good and evil, savages often attribute the largest part to a mysterious quasi-mechanical agency (analogous to our "luck") and religious awe then attaches to its supposed workings. Such an agency was the *manitou,* or *wakonda,* of the American Indians, not a "Great Spirit," as was once supposed; and our author finds indications of a similar conception among various other peoples.

To the professional psychologist, the most interesting passage in the work may well be an incidental discussion of the *rationale* of magical charms. The special students of the subject have told us that these charms are derived from two general principles which to primitive man appear to be self-evident—namely, that like causes like and that what affects anything affects all that has ever been closely connected with it. King has convincingly shown that this is radically incorrect. No such principles are present in the savage's mind. The magical practice is (in conventionalized form) just the sort of thing that an impulsive man's passion carries him into when he longs for what he cannot reach. If, for example, he cannot get at his enemy he must, nevertheless, give vent to his rancor, and stabbing or otherwise maltreating something that is in some way associated with him is the most natural outlet in the world. The notion that a magical effect resulted is one that a single happy coincidence would be enough to suggest.

Though deities are not absolutely essential to religion, our author is well aware that in almost all religions they have an important place. The explanation that he gives is one that is far removed from ordinary opinion, though it is closely bound up with his own general theory. Deities are not to be accounted for as personifications of natural forces, nor as souls of ancestors, nor as shapes seen in dreams, nor as hypotheses to account for extraordinary phenomena. Such beings may or may not be worshipped, but it is precisely the worship that is to be accounted for. The true explanation is simply this: that as the values recognized by religion are necessarily social values, the most appropriate means of symbolizing them is a person or persons with whom one may stand in typical social relations —as kinsman, subject, child, etc. No one ever worshipped a mere world-maker or accepted an argument for the existence of a deity if he did not believe in him already.

To say of a book like this that it is one-sided is cheap and easy criticism.

The truth is, however, that this work is the result of the enthusiastic following out of the consequences of a single fundamental principle. The weakest point is probably the hypothesis of a primitive atheistical religion. In all the religions of which we are credibly informed, it is beings of a more or less personal character that are worshipped; and, indeed, the attitude of worship is one that distinctly implies a person's susceptibility to praise and supplication. Fidelity to a theory has blinded our author to much that a less able man would not have overlooked. Despite this, perhaps because of this, he has produced a most illuminating work of which every investigator in this field for a generation must take account.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND REALITY: AN ESSAY TOUCHING THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF METAPHYSICS. By EDWARD DOUGLAS FAWCETT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

The construction of a system of metaphysics is like the child's play with his building-blocks. You start from a foundation of solid truism—the immediate testimony of consciousness, you call it—and upon this set safe and steady probabilities and then more and more shaky possibilities, balancing the crazy structure carefully as it rises higher and higher; and when at last it comes crashing down, you gather up the blocks and, undaunted, build them to a dizzier eminence than ever. From the obvious to the ridiculous that is the game.

This is what Mr. Fawcett has been doing, and hugely he has enjoyed the sport. And now that he has succeeded in rearing a particularly tall and shaky tower, he is eager to have us come and look at it before some little accident topples it over.

The book is divided into three parts. The first two deal with the more technical questions of metaphysical theory (the method, the nature of truth, the relation of mind and body, freedom and determinism), but in a breezy style that happily circumvents their difficulties. In the third part "Ultimate Questions" are considered, such as the nature of reality, the existence of gods and their relation to the cosmos, immortality. The main argument runs somewhat as follows:

Metaphysics is the study of the general nature of appearances, the attempt to grasp the universe as a whole. Whereas a science concerns itself only with some special order or aspect of appearances and so reaches results which, although satisfactory for the special ends in view, are hopelessly one-sided; metaphysics seeks principles that shall apply to all orders of reality. We must, however, recognize from the outset that all theoretical truth is abstract, and hence is essentially inadequate to portray the concrete richness of reality. A mystic vision could alone yield a perfectly satisfactory insight into things, and this we do not, at the present stage of our development, possess. Theoretical truth, such as it is, we may attain; for all appearances are real and there is no unknowable. Sound metaphysics must start from appearances as experienced and proceed on the assumption that whatever exists must be at least capable of appearing in experience—that is to say, must not be essentially different from experienced reality.

I cannot soberly think that I alone exist. Other sentient beings have an existence of their own quite apart from their occasional presence to my perception; and if they, then a whole universe as well. Each conscious centre of experience contains two aspects—the so-called subject and object

or me and not me. These must not be taken to be distinct realities. The object is simply what is for the moment attended to; and the subject is the vaguer background, shading off into the subconscious. Now just as within a human centre one can discern various degrees of intensity of experience so different kinds of centres (human, animal, vegetable or even atomic) are distinguished from each other by their degree of psychic activity. For all activity, even the so-called physical, is essentially psychic—that is to say, at least potentially conscious. What is not actually conscious is subconscious rather than unconscious.

All reality is in a constant flux; and the centres are like eddies carried along in a stream, each containing smaller eddies and itself contained within the circumference of larger eddies. The ground of them all is the primitive subconscious *mother-stuff*, which is at once their source and support, which divides and yet relates them. The hypothesis of a creator is accordingly untenable. There may be and probably are gods in the sense of higher centres than ours who may exert some influence upon the centres beneath them, although such influence is difficult to detect. The wide-spread dogma of the rebirth of the individual is likewise to be regarded as possessing much probability. Death is only a temporary lessening of activity and consequent sinking into subconsciousness. A new individual, more or less like the old and more or less continuous with it, tends inevitably to reappear. For the former existence has established in reality itself a permanent habit or bent toward his recrudescence.

Such, in the barest outline, is the system. It will be seen that it reaches some dizzy heights. In conclusion, it may be said that, while the author lacks somewhat in appreciation, he gives evidence of a critical acquaintance with a wide field of philosophical literature; and that while his treatment of the issues of current controversy is generally superficial, he knows what is going on in the world of thought. The book is amusing, exasperating and at times undeniably clever and suggestive.

Dogmatism and Evolution. By Theodore de Laguna and Grace A. de Laguna. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

Pragmatism, or instrumentalism, has not, perhaps, been subjected to a scrutiny at once more sympathetic and more searching than in the recent volume entitled "Dogmatism and Evolution," by Theodore de Laguna and Grace A. de Laguna. A certain interest attaches to the book both as a contribution to the criticism of pragmatism and to its positive development; for the critics are in entire sympathy with the application of evolutionary methods to logical research and profess, moreover, to be instrumentalists of a more radical type than the very advocates of pragmatism.

An explanation of the title is an explanation of the central theme of the book. By dogmatism, in opposition to evolution, is meant those assumptions common to non-evolutionary logic which consist in positing the existence of simple irreducible elements and the possibility of ultimate analysis.

The treatment of evolutionary logic is introduced by a careful and detailed historical study of the dogmatic systems of logic which evolutionary logic aims to supplant. A subtle examination of the great dogmatic systems of empiricism and rationalism, and of the critical philosophy as a conflict between dogmatism and the new tendencies, a brilliant chapter on the

evolutionary logic of absolute idealism and the difficulties incurred by its retention of dogmatic assumptions—these serve a double purpose in introducing the discussion of pragmatism by analyzing both the various forms in which dogmatism may lurk and the specific difficulties to which dogmatism may lead and which a new theory must face.

Beyond the substantial agreement of the authors with pragmatism as to the well-recognized principles of instrumental logic, we find important criticisms which take one of two forms. In certain cases the pragmatist has fallen back on dogmatic assumptions foreign to the spirit of his philosophy; in certain others he has made one-sided applications of his principles tending to throw the total emphasis on those aspects alone of cognitive processes which are instrumental to the guidance of conduct. Such is the tendency to neglect the genetic or content aspect of meaning for the aspect of value; and the aspect of truth, which concerns its consistency with other beliefs, for its aspect of satisfactory guidance of conduct. Without attempting a discussion of these criticisms, which would be impossible in small space, it may be said that the net result is to effect a complete shift in the point of view regarding the most far-reaching questions of pragmatic theory — viz., the proper interpretation of knowledge in relation to conduct, the nature of scientific validity and the proper evolution of intellectual interests. Such a result would seem to validate the author's initial contention that the cure for radicalism in pragmatic theory is more radicalism, since this shift of emphasis touches the point where pragmatism has been most bitterly assailed.

The final chapters deal in a stimulating way with the genesis and functional relations of the concept to conduct. Such detailed applications of the method of evolution to cognitive problems have been all too rare. Pragmatism has been hitherto concerned with general questions and controversial arguments. The need for such investigations is well recognized, and one could wish that the authors had been able to continue farther their detailed studies of cognition and conduct. As a whole, the volume contains much that is original and merits serious attention. If instrumentalism has in its own power such a reconstitution of values as these essays claim, it cannot fail to recommend itself to interested but dissatisfied critics of the results of previous applications of evolutionary method.

THE MEANING OF TRUTH. By WILLIAM JAMES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

The recent death of Dr. James makes any slight summing-up of his last published work seem more than ordinarily superficial. Dr. James was our American contribution to world philosophy. He was, as Professor Schiller tells Plato in the delightful dialogue on "'Useless' Knowledge," "a philosopher . . . very different from the 'bald-headed little tinkers' who are philosophers not by the grace of God, but by the favor of some wretched 'thinking-shop' and a man (or shall I rather call him a god?) after your own heart." Emerson was an American and a philosopher of world-wide repute, but in so different a kind and class as hardly to count here. He was a popularizer of great thought: a philosophically minded *littérateur*. William James was a philosopher with the gifts of a man-of-letters added. For the first time in the history of philosophy a theoretic

view-point, born in our own land, has influenced thinkers all over Europe and gained disciples in England, Italy and Germany.

Dr. James, it is understood, has left an "Introduction to Philosophy" practically completed, but at present the "Meaning of Truth," published late in 1909, is his last published work. It is an answer to the numerous critics of "Pragmatism."

Of these critics James B. Pratt receives most distinguished attention in an entire chapter to himself, while the others are grouped and dealt with *en masse*. James's critics were still bound to the ideal of universal concepts pure and changeless and were accused by him of looking upon concrete particulars as more or less corruptions of the flesh. It was a part of Dr. James's service to life to point out over and over that the sublimest works contain often the grossest material and that our most valuable labor is done with the stuff closest at hand. "Beautiful," he says, "beautiful is the flight of conceptual reason through the upper air of truth. No wonder philosophers are dazzled by it still, and no wonder they look with some disdain at the low earth of feeling from which the goddess launches herself aloft. But woe to her if she returns not home to its acquaintance; *nirgands haften dann die unsicheren Sohlen*—every crazy wind will take her, and like a fire-balloon at night she will go out among the stars." Truth, Dr. James would tell us, lies pretty near home and not in a phantom world of our vanity's invention. It is a thing we can lay our hand upon to test and try.

It is trite at this late day to go over Dr. James's contention that a truth proves itself by its results: "By their fruits ye shall know them." A particular concept must be effective; it must procure for the materialist, in some degree, his desire; for the mystic, the enlarged vision, the wiser heart. If results be strange or hazy or unsatisfactory the seeker has not reached his goal; he has not attained his material or intellectual or moral satisfaction.

The word "satisfaction" has come in for a round of abuse. But in using it Dr. James had no narrow intentions. He meant to bring up the concrete result to the bar of experience to test it. If it answers, it passes; if not, it fails. Truth, as the relation of conceptual parts of our experience to the sensational parts, may allow us to admit to-morrow what we have denied to-day, since to-morrow we may so have broadened our spiritual life as to see where once we were blind.

For any one, even a technical philosopher, to attempt to sum up to-day the value of Dr. James's contribution to philosophy would be no more nor less than impertinence. The slow processes of thought and culture only can deal with such a subject. At the moment when his work appeared it did a signal service in bringing down the "conceptual flight" to earth, in enlarging the scope of philosophic argument, in heaping contempt upon a dizzy and uncertain scholastic structure; in clearing the way of many meaningless terms and trivial concepts; above all, it greatly vitalized philosophic controversy; it poured new blood into the veins of a dry-as-dust subject. His work, apart from its value or its errors, partook of his characteristic qualities, a proverbial open-mindedness, a charming candor and impregnable sincerity. His versatility was as surprising as his liberality; his gifts as a man of letters and a stylist were as great as his scientific and philosophic endowments. His chief disciple and co-worker, Dr. John Dewey, has somewhere said of him that with a power of intro-

spective vision, unequalled by any among living psychologists, he had also the power of so embodying an idea that it would stand out and let one walk all round it.

FICTION

THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

THAT the undissolved differences of parents become the sufferings of children is one of the familiar facts, known but too little realized. It is the expiation of the parent's sin or mistake which Mr. Allen takes as his theme in this, the second volume of his Christmas trilogy.

Christmas is *par excellence* the festival of the home; the apotheosis of all that makes for family bonds, loyalty and honor. In dealing with it, its symbolism and its significance, Mr. Allen is likewise dealing with the main factor of family life, the monogamic principle. He shows in both the first two books tragedies that may result from the fact that civilization, having produced a woman, whose instinct is entirely monogamic, has left man with an instinct imperfectly so.

In the "Bride of the Mistletoe" the husband, in expounding for his wife the Christmas symbols, yet shows her that it is inherent in man to have wandering affections. As he craves a wide knowledge of life and of the earth, so also he craves a wide experience of emotion. In the first book he shows us how the *Wanderlust* of the heart may fall upon a man midway in life. That volume closes with the picture of a wounded woman bearing her hurt, as women do, for the sake of the next generation.

The "Doctor's Christmas Eve" gives us the second assault upon the monogamic principle, and the doctor, who is able, kindly and serviceable, lives out his life with the love of his friend's wife in his heart. It never reaches expression, but it causes an imperfect spiritual relation between the doctor and his wife and results in moral frailty in their two children—an impertinent and selfish little girl and a boy robbed of his greatest natural moral support—his love of his mother. One might be inclined to quarrel with Mr. Allen as to the working out of his story. The natural biological bond in a family is that between mother and son, father and daughter. That bond between the mother and son is the strongest natural tie on earth and is rarely broken except by the mother's unworthiness. The chances are that an unloved wife would have a son more like herself and more bound to her than other women. However, in Mr. Allen's story, the son turns wholly to the father, and his strongest dramatic climax is where the little boy, standing by his father's error, repudiates his mother. The boy suffers vicariously and dies for his father's sin. It seems almost an unnecessary amount of expiation for what is recorded as no more than an erring heart.

It is no new thing for an author to begin by being popular and then to produce books which will only be read after they have been adequately interpreted. Mr. Allen has been very popular, but his last two books are not light or easy reading. Even the hardened critic may come at them at first with a little impatience. Here is a biological problem, which we are accustomed to find treated with brutal realism or scientific accuracy, all veiled in symbolism and poetry. Moreover, it is a biological problem

etherialized, made purely psychic in our American air. There is no question of anything but a mental infidelity, and yet in an atmosphere where mind and spirit are as real as the body itself this error reaps physical vengeance.

There are passages of high poetry in Mr. Allen's book. There are four charmingly drawn children. There is all the breath and the air and the soil of Kentucky. One may take it, according to temperament, as a fault or a gain that Mr. Allen has reached the point where he can no longer tell a simple, realistic story. All the meanings of life, of growth, of death, press hurriedly into his consciousness. If the clock ticks, he hears the pulse of the ages. If a wild beast at the village circus gives forth his lonely jungle cry, he hears the tiger and the ape still mumbling in the soul of man and above it the high command that was uttered on Mount Sinai. In the speeches of children he hears the minds of their forefathers and knows the quality of the soil upon which they grew. When the hymn of Bethlehem sounds, he hears as overtones the prayer in Gethsemane.

In the beginning of the book there are touches of *naïveté* that baffle the reader, but he is a feeble and superficial critic who, reading the book carefully to the end, fancies that he has dealt with light matter.

THE BIRD IN THE BOX. By MARY MEARS. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1910.

The novel in our own land has almost completely divorced itself from literature. It has become to literature what the photograph is to painting —a cheap, convenient, serviceable substitute made of the narrow realism which is a poor substitute for truth. As one may have thousands of photographs more easily than one painting, so one may have thousands of novels for one scrap of literature. But there is and will always be a remnant of mankind who prefer art to artifice, truth, however large, to a small realism. It was then the artistic endeavor, the sheer love of beauty, the reach after a symbol which should contain some vestige of a higher truth, which we hailed some years since in "The Breath of the Runners," by Mary Mears. Since then Miss Mears has published some minor work, but the real successor to the "Breath of the Runners" has come in "The Bird in the Box." It is a poetic and noble treatment of a familiar subject, a woman's heart caught and prisoned in the wrong cage. Through labor and devotion and, finally, through the ultimate self-surrender in death, liberty is won. It is the study of a soul not wholly glad, but eager, agitated, sensuous, seeking deliverance from the solicitations of a pessimistic solution of life, and finding at last, in complete renunciation, the higher faith, the ultimate peace.

Miss Mears's especial gift is the artist's vision. Daughter and sister of artists, reared in the immediate environment of so great an artist as Augustus St.-Gaudens, Miss Mears not only sees more, but sees more beautifully than the average writer. Ships, seas, buildings, city streets, men and women are all seen afresh by the eye of a true artist. Moreover, she has told her story so that it awakens a given state of mind, induces a mood even as music does, and finally leaves a memory that smokes like a censer and smells like a rose. The supreme novel in this *genre* is, of course, Pater's "Marius," but wherever a writer, in even a slight degree, aims at

a real beauty he deserves recognition. Miss Mears has written a beautiful and convincing story. A moral problem is taken and set forth in a mosaic of lovely pictures. To catch and imprison the hidden essence of things: to see life and spirit and transmit them to the printed page; to sing again the songs of the city streets; to catch the fleeting lights and glories of sea and sky, the colors and shapes of objects, the lines and hues of streets—this is the business of the novelist, and it is this that Mary Mears is doing and doing with high poetic feeling and great insight. Her prose halts at times, but at others it reaches a rare lyric beauty. "The Bird in the Box" is a worthy successor of the "Breath of the Runners" and is a novel full of tenderness, beauty and high ideals.

The Finer Grain. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

IN one of his earlier books, Mr. Henry James has given advice to the young writer—"Emphasize the personal note," he cautions him, and no one can say that Mr. James has not consistently followed his own advice.

As to whether the results of this have been altogether successful or not must always depend upon the taste of the reader. Mr. James began with a remarkable endowment. He attained in his middle years to a perfect manner for his own subtle and psychological matter. But there are few readers of English who can follow his latest work without some irritability. Open the book at random and measure on any two pages the length of the sentence, and one finds the shortest statement will spread over five lines, and that the author does not hesitate to lengthen it out to fifteen. He is merciless as to parentheses and sentence-structure. As to a beginning of a tale, a middle where the crisis is at the highest point, and an end which is the *dénouement,* Mr. James will none of these old-fashioned artifices. The story only stops when Mr. James's interest flags.

"Life," he would seem to say, "does not present itself as a constructed round, then why should a story?"

Of the five tales contained in this volume, "The Bench of Desolation" is at once the finest and the most Jamesian. Somehow it recalls, although faintly, that absolutely perfect story, *The Altar of the Dead;* not that the content is the same, but that it likewise is a study in a long fidelity and continuity of purpose, and also Mr. James has evidently bent himself to handle it with great exquisiteness.

Always aloof from his characters, in a quite unusual and lofty manner the *deus ex machinâ,* he seems at times to move his creations with a humorous and gentle tenderness, as if even the creator understood the little passions and tenacious purposes by which they are moved.

Crapy Cornelia is one of Mr. James's studies in sordidness and smallness, for it must be admitted that Mr. James has always had a touch of that quality with which George Eliot endows Dr. Lydgate, the quality that believes that for some reason elegance and fineness really do reside in the best of furniture and the most modern of hangings.

"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER III

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—*Razumov, a student of philosophy at the University of St. Petersburg, is supposed to be the son of humble parents, but is under the protection of a powerful nobleman. At the moment when he has decided to compete for a scholarship medal a despotic Minister of State is assassinated. Razumov returning to his rooms finds Haldin, a fellow student, awaiting him. Haldin reveals the fact that he threw the bomb which killed the minister. Believing Razumov sympathetic, he asks him to assist him in his escape. Razumov, inwardly protesting against being involved in the affair, starts out to do as Haldin wishes. The plan, however, miscarries, and Razumov in desperation decides to lay the whole matter before Prince K——, his mysterious protector. The Prince approves Razumov's conduct and takes him at once to the house of General T——, by whom he is closely questioned. The General learning the time and place at which Haldin expects to meet the man who is to convey him from the city, sends Razumov back to his rooms. He finds Haldin still there and tells him that all is arranged. In a thoughtless outburst he permits Haldin to discover that he is not in sympathy with his deed and Haldin departs, leaving Razumov uncertain whether the police are on hand to make the arrest. Exhausted by his emotion, he sets down briefly his own political creed, and, pinning the paper to the wall, falls into a troubled sleep.*

APPROACHING this part of Mr. Razumov's story, my mind, the decent mind of an old teacher of languages, feels more and more the difficulty of the task.

The task is not, in truth, the writing in the narrative form a *précis* of a strange human document, but the rendering—I perceived it now clearly—of the moral conditions ruling over a large portion of this earth's surface; conditions not easily to be understood, much less discovered in the limits of a story till some key word is found; a word that could stand at the back of all the words covering the pages that remain to write; a word which if not truth itself may perchance hold truth enough to help the moral discovery which should be the object of every tale.

I turn over for the hundredth time the leaves of Mr. Razumov's record, I lay it aside, I take up the pen—and the pen being ready for its office of setting down black on white, I hesitate. For the word that persists in creeping under its point is no other word than Cynicism.

For that is the mark of Russian autocracy and of Russian revolt. In its pride of numbers, in its strange pretensions of sanctity, and in the secret readiness to abase itself in suffering the spirit of Russia is the spirit

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of cynicism. It informs the declarations of her statesmen, the theories of her revolutionists and the mystic vaticinations of prophets to the point of making freedom look like a form of debauch, and the Christian virtues themselves appear positively indecent. . . . But I must apologize for the digression. It proceeds from the consideration of the course taken by the story of Mr. Razumov after his conservative convictions diluted in a vague liberalism natural to the ardor of his age had become crystallized by the shock of his contact with Haldin.

Razumov woke up for the tenth time, perhaps, with a heavy shiver. Seeing the light of day in his window, he resisted the inclination to lay himself down again. He did not remember anything, but he did not think it strange to find himself on the sofa in his cloak and chilled to the bone. But the light coming through the window seemed strangely cheerless, containing no promise as the light of each new day should for a young man. It was the awakening of a man mortally ill or of a man ninety years old. He looked at the lamp which had burnt itself out. It stood there, the extinguished beacon of his labors, a cold object of brass and porcelain, amongst the scattered pages of his notes and small piles of books—a mere litter of blackened paper—dead matter—without significance or interest.

He got on his feet, and divesting himself of his cloak, hung it on the peg, going through all the motions mechanically. An incredible dulness, a ditch-water stagnation, was sensible to his perceptions as though life had withdrawn itself from all things and even from his own thoughts. There was not a sound in the house.

Turning away from the peg, he thought in that same lifeless manner that it must be very early yet; but when he looked at the watch on his table he saw both hands arrested at twelve o'clock.

"Ah! Yes," he mumbled to himself, and as if beginning to get roused a little he took a survey of his room. The paper stabbed to the wall arrested his attention. He eyed it from the distance without approval or perplexity; but when he heard the servant-girl beginning to bustle about in the outer room with the samovar for his morning tea, he walked up to it and took it down with an air of profound indifference.

While doing that he glanced down at the bed on which he had not slept that night. The hollow in the pillow made by the weight of Haldin's head was very noticeable.

Even his anger at this sign of the man's passage was dull. He did not try to nurse it into life. He did nothing all that day; he neglected even to brush his hair. The idea of going out never occurred to him—and if he did not start a connected train of thought, it was not because he was unable to think. It was because he was not interested enough.

He yawned frequently. He drank large quantities of tea, he walked about aimlessly and whenever he sat down he did not budge for a long time. He spent some time drumming on the window with his finger-tips quietly. In his listless wanderings round about the table he caught sight of his own face in the looking-glass and that arrested him. The eyes which returned his stare were the most unhappy eyes he had ever seen. And that was the first thing that disturbed the mental stagnation of that day.

He was not affected personally. He merely thought that life without happiness is impossible. What was happiness? He yawned and went on shuffling about and about between the walls of his room. Looking forward

was happiness—that's all—nothing more. To look forward to the gratification of some desire, to the gratification of some passion, love, ambition, hate—hate too indubitably. Love and hate. And to escape the dangers of existence, to live without fear, was also happiness. There was nothing else. Absence of fear—looking forward. "Oh! the miserable lot of humanity!" he exclaimed, mentally: and added at once in his thought, "I ought to be happy enough as far as that goes." But he was not excited by that assurance. On the contrary, he yawned again as he had been yawning all that day. He was mildly surprised to discover himself being overtaken by night. The room grew dark swiftly, though time had seemed to stand still. How was it that he had not noticed the passing of that day? Of course it was the watch being stopped. . . .

He did not light his lamp, but went over to the bed and threw himself on it without any hesitation. Lying on his back, he put his hands under his head and stared upward. After a moment he thought: "I am lying here like that man. I wonder if he slept while I was struggling with the blizzard in the streets. No, he did not sleep. But why should I not sleep?" and he felt the silence of the night press upon all his limbs like a weight.

In the calm of the hard frost outside, the clear-cut strokes of the town clock counting off midnight penetrated the quietness of his suspended animation.

Again he began to think. It was twenty-four hours since that man left his room. Razumov had a distinct feeling that Haldin in the fortress was sleeping that night. It was a certitude which made him angry because he did not want to think of Haldin, but he justified it to himself by physiological and psychological reasons. The fellow had hardly slept for weeks on his own confession and now every incertitude was at an end for him. No doubt he was looking forward to the consummation of his martyrdom. A man who resigns himself to kill need not go very far for resignation to die. Haldin slept perhaps more soundly than General T——, whose task —weary work, too—was not done and over whose head hung the sword of revolutionary vengeance.

Razumov, remembering the thick-set man with his heavy jowl resting on the collar of his uniform, the champion of autocracy, who had let no sign of surprise, incredulity or joy escape him, but whose goggle eyes could express a mortal hatred of all rebellion—Razumov moved uneasily on the bed.

"He suspected me," he thought. "I suppose he must suspect everybody. He would be capable of suspecting his own wife, if Haldin had gone to her boudoir with his confession."

Razumov sat up in anguish. Was he to remain a political suspect all his days? Was he to go through life as a man not wholly to be trusted—with a bad secret police note tacked on to his record? What sort of future could he look forward to?

"I am now a suspect," he thought again; but the habit of reflection and that desire of safety, of an ordered life, which was so strong in him came to his assistance as the night wore on. His quiet, steady and laborious existence would vouch at length for his loyalty. There were many permitted ways to serve one's country. There was an activity that made for progress without being revolutionary. The field of influence was great and infinitely varied—once one had conquered a name.

His thought, like a circling bird, reverted after four-and-twenty hours

to the silver medal, and, as it were, poised itself there. When the day broke he had not slept, not for a moment, but he got up not very tired and quite sufficiently self-possessed for all practical purposes.

He went out and attended three lectures in the morning. But the work in the library was a mere dumb show of research. He sat with many volumes open before him trying to make notes and extracts. His new tranquillity was like a flimsy garment and seemed to float at the mercy of a casual word. Betrayal! Why! the fellow had done all that was necessary to betray himself! Precious little had been needed to deceive him.

"I have said no word to him that was not strictly true. Not one word"—Razumov argued with himself.

Once engaged on this line of thought, there could be no question of doing useful work. The same ideas went on passing through his mind and he pronounced mentally the same words over and over again. He shut up all the books and rammed all his papers into his pocket with convulsive movements, raging inwardly against Haldin.

As he was leaving the library a long bony student in a threadbare overcoat joined him, stepping moodily by his side. Razumov answered his mumbled greeting without looking at him at all.

"What does he want with me?" he thought with a strange dread of the unexpected which he tried to shake off lest it should fasten itself upon his life for good and all. And the other, muttering cautiously with downcast eyes, supposed that his comrade had seen the news of de P——'s executioner—that was the expression he used—having been arrested the night before last. . . .

"I've been ill—shut up in my rooms," Razumov mumbled through his teeth.

The tall student, raising his shoulders, shoved his hands deep into his pockets. He had a hairless, square, tallowy chin which trembled slightly as he spoke, and his nose, nipped bright red by the sharp air, looked like a false nose of painted cardboard between the sallow cheeks. His whole appearance was stamped with the mark of cold and hunger. He stalked deliberately at Razumov's elbow with his eyes on the ground.

"It's an official statement," he continued in the same cautious mutter. "It may be a lie. But there was somebody arrested between midnight and one in the morning on Tuesday. That is certain."

And talking rapidly under the cover of his downcast air, he told Razumov that this was known through an inferior government clerk employed at the Central Secretariat. That man belonged to one of the revolutionary circles. "The same, in fact, I am affiliated to," remarked the student.

They were crossing a wide quadrangle. An infinite distress possessed Razumov, annihilated his energy, and before his eyes everything appeared confused and as if evanescent. He dared not leave the fellow there. "He may be affiliated to the police," was the thought that passed through his mind. "Who could tell?" But eyeing the miserable frost-nipped, famine-struck figure of his companion, he perceived the absurdity of his suspicion.

"But I—you know—I don't belong to any circle. I . . ."

He dared not say any more. Neither dared he mend his pace. The other, raising and setting down his lamentably shod feet with exact deliberation, protested in a low tone that it was not necessary, for everybody to belong to an organization. The most valuable personalities remained outside. Then very fast, with whispering, feverish lips:

"The man arrested in the street was Haldin."

And accepting Razumov's dismayed silence as natural enough, he assured him that there was no mistake. That government clerk was on night duty at the Secretariat. Hearing a great noise of footsteps in the hall and aware that political prisoners were brought over sometimes at night from the fortress, he opened the door of the room in which he was working, suddenly. Before the gendarme on duty could push him back and slam the door in his face, he had seen a prisoner being partly carried, partly dragged along the hall by a lot of policemen. He was being used very brutally. And the clerk had recognized Haldin perfectly. Less than half an hour afterward General T—— arrived at the Secretariat to examine that prisoner personally.

"Aren't you astonished?" concluded the gaunt student.

"No," said Razumov, brutally—and at once regretted his answer.

"Everybody supposed Haldin was in the provinces—with his people. Didn't you?"

The student turned his big hollow eyes upon Razumov, who said, unguardedly:

"His people are abroad."

He could have bitten his tongue out with vexation. The student pronounced in a tone of profound meaning:

"So! You alone were aware . . ." and stopped.

"They have sworn my ruin," thought Razumov.

"Have you spoken of this to any one else?" he asked with bitter curiosity.

The other shook his head.

"No, only to you. Our circle thought that as Haldin had been often heard expressing a warm appreciation of your character . . ."

Razumov could not restrain a gesture of angry despair, which the other must have misunderstood in some way, because he ceased speaking and turned away his black, lack-lustre eyes.

They moved side by side in silence. Then the gaunt student began to whisper again, with averted gaze.

"As we have at present no one affiliated inside the fortress so as to make it possible to furnish him with a packet of poison, we have considered already some sort of retaliatory action—to follow very soon . . ."

Razumov, trudging on, interrupted:

"Were you acquainted with Haldin? Did he know where you live?"

"I had the happiness to hear him speak twice," his companion answered in the feverish whisper contrasting with the gloomy apathy of his face and bearing. "He did not know where I live. . . . I am lodging poorly . . . with an artisan family. . . . I have just a corner in a room. It is not very practicable to see me there, but if you should need me for anything I am ready . . ."

Razumov trembled with rage and fear. He was beside himself, but kept his voice low.

"You are not to come near me. You are not to speak to me. Never address a single word to me. I forbid you."

"Very well," said the other submissively, showing no surprise whatever at this abrupt prohibition. "You don't wish, for secret reasons . . . perfectly . . . I understand."

He edged away at once, not looking up even; and Razumov saw his

gaunt, shabby, famine-stricken figure cross the street obliquely with lowered head and that peculiar exact motion of the feet.

He watched him as one would watch a vision out of a nightmare, then he continued on his way, trying not to think. On his landing, the landlady seemed to be waiting for him. She was a short, thick, shapeless woman with a large yellow face wrapped up everlastingly in a black woollen shawl. When she saw him come up the last flight of stairs she flung both her arms up excitedly, then clasped her hands before her face.

"Kirylo Sidorovitch—little father—what have you been doing! And such a quiet young man, too. The police are just gone this moment after searching your rooms."

Razumov gazed down at her with silent, scrutinizing attention. Her puffy yellow countenance was working with emotion. She screwed up her eyes at him entreatingly.

"Such a sensible young man. Anybody can see you are sensible. And now—like this—all at once. . . . What is the good of mixing yourself up with these Nihilists. Do give over — little father. They are unlucky people."

Razumov moved his shoulders slightly.

"Or is it that some secret enemy has been calumniating you, Kirylo Sidorovitch? The world is full of black hearts and false denunciations nowadays. There is much fear about."

"Have you heard that I have been denounced by some one?" asked Razumov, without taking his eyes off her quivering face.

But she had not heard anything. She had tried to find out by asking the police captain while his men were turning the room upside down. The police captain of the district had known her for the last eleven years and was a humane person. But he said to her on the landing, looking very black and vexed:

"My good woman, do you ask questions? I don't know anything myself. The order comes from higher quarters."

And indeed there had come, shortly after the arrival of the policemen of the district a very superior gentleman in a fur coat and a shiny hat, who sat down in the room and looked through all the papers himself. He came alone and went away by himself, taking nothing with him. She had been trying to put things straight a little since they left.

Razumov turned away brusquely and entered his rooms.

All his books had been shaken and thrown on the floor. His landlady followed him and, stooping painfully, began to pick them up into her apron. His papers and notes which were kept always neatly sorted (they all related to his studies) had been all shuffled up and heaped together into a ragged pile in the middle of the table.

This disorder affected him profoundly, unreasonably. He sat down and stared. He had a distinct sensation of his very existence being undermined in some mysterious manner, of his moral supports falling away from him one by one. He even experienced a slight physical giddiness and made a movement as if to reach for something to steady himself with.

The old woman, rising to her feet with a low groan, shot all the books she had collected in her apron on to the sofa, and left the room muttering.

It was only then that he noticed that the sheet of paper which for one night had remained stabbed to the wall above his empty bed was lying on top of the pile.

When he had taken it down the day before he had folded it in four, absent-mindedly before dropping it on the table. And now he saw it lying uppermost, spread out, smoothed out even and covering all the confused pile of pages, the record of his intellectual life for the last three years. It had not been flung there. It had been placed there—smoothed out, too! He guessed in that an intention—a profound meaning—or perhaps some inexplicable mockery.

He sat staring at the piece of paper till his eyes began to smart. He did not attempt to put his papers in order, either that evening or the next day—which he spent at home in a state of peculiar irresolution. This irresolution bore upon the question whether he should continue to live—neither more nor less. But its nature was very far removed from the hesitation of a man contemplating suicide. The idea of laying violent hands upon his body did not occur to Razumov. The unrelated organism bearing that label walking, breathing, wearing these clothes, was of no importance to any one, unless maybe to the landlady. The true Razumov had his being in the willed, in the determined future—in that future menaced by the lawlessness of autocracy—for autocracy knows no law—and the lawlessness of revolution. The feeling that his moral personality was at the mercy of these lawless forces was so strong that he asked himself seriously if it were worth while to go on accomplishing the mental functions of that existence which seemed no longer his own.

"What is the good of exerting my intelligence, of pursuing the systematic development of my faculties and all my plans of work?" he asked himself. "I want to guide my conduct by reasonable convictions, but what security have I against something—some destructive horror—walking in upon me as I sit here? . . ."

Razumov looked apprehensively towards the door of the outer room as if expecting some shape of evil to turn the handle and appear before him silently.

"A common thief," he said to himself, "finds more guarantees in the law he is breaking, and even a brute like Ziemianitch has his consolation." Razumov envied the materialism of the thief and the passion of the incorrigible old man. The consequences of their actions were always clear and their lives remained their own.

But he slept as soundly that night as though he had been consoling himself in the manner of Ziemianitch. He dropped off suddenly, lay like a log, remembered no dream on waking. But it was as if his soul had gone out in the night to gather the flowers of wrathful wisdom. He got up in a mood of grim determination and as if with a new knowledge of his own nature. He looked mockingly on the heap of papers on his table; and left his room to attend the lectures muttering to himself: "We shall see."

He was in no humor to talk to anybody or hear himself questioned as to his absence from lectures the day before. But it was difficult to repulse rudely a very good comrade with a smooth pink face and fair hair, bearing the nickname amongst his fellow students of "Madcap Kostia." He was the idolized only son of a very wealthy and illiterate Government contractor, and attended the lectures only during the periodical fits of contrition following upon tearful paternal remonstrances. Noisily blundering like a retriever puppy, his elated voice and great gestures filled the bare academy corridors with the joy of thoughtless animal life; provoking indulgent smiles at a great distance. His usual discourses treated of

trotting-horses, wine parties in expensive restaurants and the merits of persons of easy virtue, with a disarming artlessness of outlook. He pounced upon Razumov about midday somewhat less unroariously than his habit was, and led him aside.

"Just a moment, Kirylo Sidorovitch. A few words here in this quiet corner."

He felt Razumov's reluctance and insinuated his hand under his arm caressingly.

"No—pray do. I don't want to talk to you about any of my silly scrapes. What are my scrapes? Absolutely nothing. Mere childishness. The other night I flung a fellow out of a certain place where I was having a fairly good time. A tyrannical little beast of a quill-driver from the Treasury Department. . . . He was bullying the people of the house. I rebuked him. 'You are not behaving humanely to God's creatures that are a jolly sight more estimable than yourself,' I said. I can't bear to see any tyranny, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Upon my word I can't. He didn't take it in good part at all. 'Who's that impudent puppy?' he begins to shout. I was in excellent form as it happened, and he went through the closed window very suddenly. He flew quite a long way into the yard. I raged like—like a—minotaur. The women clung to me and screamed, the fiddlers got under the table. . . . Such fun! My dad had to put his hand pretty deep into his pocket, I can tell you."

He chuckled.

"My dad is a very useful man. Jolly good thing it is for me, too. I do get into unholy scrapes."

His elation fell. That was just it. What was his life? Insignificant; no good to any one; a mere festivity. It would end some fine day in his getting his skull split with a champagne-bottle in a drunken brawl. At such times too when men were sacrificing themselves to ideas. But he could never get any ideas into his head. His head wasn't worth anything better than to be split by a champagne-bottle.

Razumov, protesting that he had no time, made an attempt to get away. The other's tone changed to confidential earnestness.

"For God's sake, Kirylo, my dear soul, let me make some sort of sacrifice. It would not be a sacrifice really. I have my rich dad behind me. There's positively no getting to the bottom of his pocket."

And rejecting indignantly Razumov's suggestion that this was drunken raving, he offered to lend him some money to escape abroad with. He could always get money from his dad. He had only to say that he had lost it at cards or something of that sort, and at the same time promise solemnly not to miss a single lecture for three months on end. That would fetch the old man; and he, Kostia, was quite equal to the sacrifice. Though he really did not see what was the good for him to attend the lectures. It was perfectly hopeless.

"Won't you let me be of some use?" he pleaded to the silent Razumov, who with his eyes on the ground and utterly unable to penetrate the real drift of the other's intention, felt a strange reluctance to clear up the point.

"What makes you think I want to go abroad?" he asked at last very quietly.

Kostia lowered his voice.

"You had the police in your rooms yesterday. There are three or four

of us who have heard of that. Never mind how we know. It is sufficient that we do. So we have been consulting together."

"Ah! You got to know that so soon," muttered Razumov, negligently.

"Yes. We did. And it struck us that a man like you . . ."

"What sort of man do you take me to be?" Razumov interrupted him.

"A man of ideas—and a man of action, too. But you are very deep, Kirylo. There's no getting to the bottom of your mind. Not for fellows like me. But we all agreed that you must be preserved for our country. Of that we have no doubt whatever—I mean all of us who have heard Haldin speak of you on certain occasions. A man doesn't get the police ransacking his rooms without there being some devilry hanging over his head. . . . And so if you think that it would be better for you to bolt at once. . . ."

Razumov tore himself away and walked down the corridor, leaving the other motionless with his mouth open. But almost at once he returned and stood before the amazed Kostia, who shut his mouth slowly. Razumov looked him straight in the eyes, before saying with marked deliberation and separating his words:

"I thank—you—very—much."

He went away again rapidly. Kostia recovering from his surprise at these manœuvres ran up behind him pressingly.

"No! Wait! Listen. I really mean it. It would be like giving your compassion to a starving fellow. Do you hear, Kirylo? And any disguise you may think of, that, too, I could procure from a *costumier*, a Jew I know. Let a fool be made serviceable according to his folly. Perhaps also a false beard or something of that kind may be needed."

Razumov turned at bay.

"There are no false beards needed in this business, Kostia—you good-hearted lunatic, you. What do you know of my ideas? My ideas may be poison to you."

The other began to shake his head in energetic protest.

"What have you got to do with ideas? Some of them would make an end of your dad's money-bags. Leave off meddling with what you don't understand. Go back to your trotting-horses and your girls, and then you'll be sure at least of doing no harm to anybody, and hardly any to yourself."

The enthusiastic youth was overcome by this disdain.

"You're sending me back to my pig's trough, Kirylo. That settles it. I am an unlucky beast—and I shall die like a beast, too. But mind—it's your contempt that has done for me."

Razumov went off with long strides. That this simple and grossly festive soul should have fallen too under the revolutionary curse affected him as an ominous symptom of the time. He reproached himself for feeling troubled. Personally he ought to have felt reassured. There was an obvious advantage in this conspiracy of mistaken judgment taking him for what he was not. But was it not strange!

Again he experienced that sensation of his conduct being taken out of his hands by Haldin's revolutionary tyranny. His solitary and laborious existence had been destroyed—the only thing he could call his own on this earth. By what right? he asked himself furiously. In what name?

What infuriated him most was to feel that the "thinkers" of the University were evidently connecting him with Haldin—as a sort of confidant in the background, apparently. A mysterious connection! Ha, ha! . . . He

had been made a personage of without knowing anything about it. How that wretch Haldin must have talked about him! Yet it was likely that Haldin had said very little. The fellow's casual utterances were caught up and treasured and pondered over by all these imbeciles. And was not all secret revolutionary action based upon folly, self-deception and lies?

"Impossible to think of anything else," muttered Razumov to himself. "I'll become an idiot if this goes on. The scoundrels and the fools are murdering my intelligence."

He lost all hope of saving his future which depended on the free use of his intelligence.

He reached the doorway of his house in a state of mental discouragement which enabled him to receive with apparent indifference an official-looking envelope from the dirty hand of the dvornik.

"A gendarme brought it," said the man. "He asked if you were at home. I told him, 'No, he's not at home.' So he left it. 'Give it into his own hands,' says he. Now you've got it—eh?"

He went back to his sweeping and Razumov climbed his stairs, envelope in hand. Once in his room he did not hasten to open it. Of course, this official missive was from the superior direction of the police. A suspect! A suspect!

He stared in dreary astonishment at the absurdity of his position. He thought, with a sort of dry, unemotional melancholy: three years of good work gone, the course of forty more perhaps jeopardized—turned from hope to terror, because events started by human folly link themselves into a sequence which no sagacity can foresee and no courage can break through. Fatality enters your rooms while your landlady's back is turned; you come home and find it in possession bearing a man's name, clothed in flesh—wearing a brown cloth coat and long boots—lounging against the stove. It asks you "Is the outer door closed?"—and you don't know enough to take it by the throat and fling it down-stairs. You don't know. You welcome the crazy fate. "Sit down," you say. And it is all over. You cannot shake it off any more. It will cling to you forever. Neither halter nor bullet can give you back the freedom of your life and the sanity of your thought. . . . It was enough to dash one's head against a wall.

Razumov looked slowly all round the walls as if to select a spot to dash his head against. Then he opened the letter. It directed the student Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov to present himself without delay at the General Secretariat.

Razumov had a vision of General T——'s goggle eyes waiting for him—the embodied power of autocracy, grotesque and terrible. He embodied the whole power of autocracy because he was its guardian. He was the incarnate suspicion, the incarnate anger, the incarnate ruthlessness of a political and social régime on its defence. He loathed rebellion by instinct. And Razimov reflected that the man was simply unable to understand a reasonable adherence to the doctrine of absolutism.

"What can he want with me precisely—I wonder?" he asked himself.

As if that mental question had evoked the familiar phantom, Haldin stood suddenly before him in the room, with an extraordinary completeness of detail. Though the short winter day had passed already into the sinister twilight of a land buried in snow, Razumov saw plainly the narrow leather strap round the Tcherkess coat. The illusion of that hateful presence was so perfect that he half expected it to ask—"Is the outer

door closed?" He looked at it with hatred and contempt. Souls do not take a shape of clothing. Moreover Haldin could not be dead yet. Razumov stepped forward menacingly; the vision vanished—and turning short on his heel he walked out of his room with infinite disdain.

But after going down calmly the first flight of stairs it occurred to him that perhaps the superior authorities of police meant to confront him with Haldin in the flesh. This thought struck him like a bullet—and had he not clung with both hands to the banister he would have rolled down to the next landing most likely. His legs were of no use for a considerable time. . . . But why? For what conceivable reason? To what end?

There could be no rational answer to these questions; but Razumov remembered the promise made by the General to Prince K——. His action was to remain unknown.

He got down to the bottom of the stairs, lowering himself as it were from step to step, by the banister. Under the gate he regained much of his firmness of thought and limb. He went out into the street without staggering visibly. Every moment he felt steadier mentally. And yet he was saying to himself that General T—— was perfectly capable of shutting him up in the fortress for an indefinite time. His temperament fitted his remorseless task and his omnipotence made him inaccessible to reasonable argument.

But when Razumov arrived at the Secretariat he discovered that he would have nothing to do with General T——. It is evident from Mr. Razumov's diary that this dreaded personality was to remain in the background. A civilian of superior rank received him in a private room after a period of waiting in outer offices where a lot of scribbling went on at many tables in a heated and stuffy atmosphere.

The clerk in uniform who conducted him said in the corridor:

"You are going before Gregory Matvieitch Mikulin."

There was nothing formidable about the man bearing that name. His mild expectant glance was turned on the door already when Razumov entered. At once, with the penholder he was holding in his hand, he pointed to a deep sofa between two windows. He followed Razumov with his eyes while that last crossed the room and sat down. The mild gaze rested on him, not curious, not inquisitive,—certainly not suspicious—almost without expression. In its passionless persistence there was something resembling sympathy.

Razumov, who had prepared his will and his intelligence to encounter General T—— himself, was profoundly troubled. All the moral bracing up against the possible excesses of power and passion went for nothing before this sallow man who wore a full unclipped beard. It was fair, thin, and very fine. The light fell in coppery gleams on the protuberances of a high forehead. And the aspect of the flat, soft physiognomy was so homely and rustic that the careful middle parting of the hair seemed a pretentious affectation.

The diary of Mr. Razumov testifies to some irritation on his part. I may remark here that the diary proper consisting of the more or less daily entries seems to have been begun on that very evening after Mr. Razumov had returned home.

Mr. Razumov, then, was irritated. His strung-up individuality had gone to pieces within him very suddenly.

"I must be very prudent with him," he warned himself in the silence

during which they sat gazing at each other. It lasted some little time and was characterized (for silences have their character) by a sort of sadness imparted to it perhaps by the mild and thoughtful manner of the bearded official. Razumov learned later that he was the chief of a department in the third section of the Secretariat, with a rank in the civil service equivalent to that of a colonel in the army.

Razumov's mistrust became acute. The main point was, not to be drawn into saying too much. He had been called there for some reason. What reason? To be given to understand that he was a suspect—and also no doubt to be pumped. As to what, precisely? There was nothing. Or perhaps Haldin had been telling lies. . . Every alarming uncertainty beset Razumov. He could bear the silence no longer, and cursing himself for his weakness, spoke first, though he had promised himself not to do so on any account.

"I haven't lost a moment's time," he began in a hoarse, provoking tone; and then the faculty of speech seemed to leave him and enter the body of Councillor Mikulin, who chimed in approvingly:

"Very proper. Very proper. Though as a matter of fact . . ."

But the spell was broken and Razumov interrupted him boldly under a sudden conviction that this was the safest attitude to take. With a great flow of words he complained of being totally misunderstood. Even as he talked with a perception of his own audacity he thought that the word "misunderstood" was better than the word "mistrusted," and he repeated it again with insistence. Suddenly he ceased, being seized with fright before the attentive immobility of the official. "What am I talking about?" he thought, eyeing him with a vague gaze. Mistrusted—not misunderstood, was the right symbol for these people. Misunderstood was the other kind of curse. Both had been brought on his head by that fellow Haldin. And his head ached terribly. He passed his hand over his brow—an involuntary gesture of suffering, which he was too careless to restrain. At that moment Razumov beheld his own brain suffering on the rack—a long, pale figure drawn asunder horizontally with terrific force in the darkness of a vault and whose face he failed to see. It was as though he had dreamed for an infinitesimal fraction of time of some dark print of the Inquisition. . . .

It is not to be seriously supposed that Razumov had actually dozed off and had dreamed in the presence of Councillor Mikulin, of an old print of the Inquisition. He was, indeed, extremely exhausted, and he records a remarkably dream-like impression of anguish at the circumstance that there was no one whatever near the pale and extended figure. The solitude of the racked victim was particularly horrible to behold. The mysterious impossibility to see the face, he also notes, inspired a sort of terror. All these characteristics of an ugly dream were present. Yet he is certain that he never lost the consciousness of himself on the sofa, leaning forward with his hands between his knees and turning his cap round and round in his fingers. But everything vanished at the voice of Councillor Mikulin. Razumov felt profoundly grateful for the even simplicity of its tone.

"Yes. I have listened with interest. I comprehend in a measure your . . . But indeed you are mistaken in what you . . ." Councillor Mikulin uttered a series of broken sentences. Instead of finishing them he glanced down his beard. It was a deliberate curtailment which somehow made the phrases more impressive. But he could talk fluently enough,

as became apparent when, changing his tone to persuasiveness, he went on: "By listening to you as I did, I think I have proved that I do not regard our intercourse as strictly official. In fact, I don't want it to have that character at all. . . . Oh yes! I admit that the request for your presence here had an official form. But I put it to you whether it was a form which would have been used to secure the attendance of a . . ."

"Suspect," exclaimed Razumov, looking straight into the official's eyes. They were big, with heavy eyelids and met his boldness with a dim, steadfast gaze. "A suspect." The open repetition of that word which had been haunting all his waking hours gave Razumov a strange sort of satisfaction. Councillor Mikulin shook his head slightly. "Surely you do know that I've had my rooms searched by the police?"

"I was about to say a misunderstood person when you interrupted me," insinuated, quietly, Councillor Mikulin.

Razumov smiled without bitterness. The renewed sense of his intellectual superiority sustained him in the hour of danger. He said, a little disdainfully:

"I know I am but a reed. But I beg you to allow me the superiority of the thinking reed over the unthinking forces that are about to crush him out of existence. Practical thinking in the last instance is but criticism. I may, perhaps, be allowed to express my wonder at this action of the police being delayed for two full days, during which, of course, I could have annihilated everything compromising by burning it—for instance—and getting rid of the very ashes, for that matter."

"You are angry," remarked the official, with an unutterable simplicity of tone and manner. "Is that reasonable?"

Razumov felt himself coloring with annoyance.

"I am reasonable. I am even—permit me to say—a thinker, though, to be sure, this name nowadays seems to be the monopoly of hawkers of revolutionary wares, the slaves of some French or German thought—devil knows what foreign notions. But I am not an intellectual mongrel. I think like a Russian. I think faithfully—and I take the liberty to call myself a thinker. It is not a forbidden word, as far as I know."

"No. Why should it be a forbidden word?" Councillor Mikulin turned in his seat with crossed legs and, resting his elbow on the table, propped his head on the knuckles of a half-closed hand. Razumov noticed a thick forefinger clasped by a massive gold band set with a blood-red stone—a signet ring that, looking as if it could weigh half a pound, was an appropriate ornament for that ponderous man with the accurate middle parting of glossy hair above a rugged Socratic forehead.

"Could it be a wig?" Razumov detected himself wondering with an unexpected detachment. His self-confidence was much shaken. He resolved to chatter no more. Reserve! Reserve! All he had to do was to keep the Ziemianitch episode secret with absolute determination when the questions came. Keep Ziemianitch strictly out of all the answers.

Councillor Mikulin looked at him dimly. Razumov's self-confidence abandoned him completely. It seemed impossible to keep Ziemianitch out. Every question would lead to that, because of course there was nothing else. He made an effort to brace himself up. It was a failure. But Councillor Mikulin was surprisingly detached, too.

"Why should it be forbidden," he repeated. "I too consider myself a thinking man, I assure you. The principal condition is to think correctly.

I admit it is difficult sometimes at first for a young man abandoned to himself—with his generous impulses undisciplined, so to speak—at the mercy of every wild wind that blows. Religious belief, of course, is a great . . ."

Councillor Mikulin glanced down at his beard, and Razumov, whose tension was relaxed by that unexpected and discursive turn, murmured, with gloomy discontent,

"That man Haldin believed in God."

"Ah! You are aware," breathed out Councillor Mikulin, making the point softly, as if with discretion, but making it nevertheless plainly enough, as if he too were put off his guard by Razumov's remark. That last preserved an impassive moody countenance, though he reproached himself bitterly for a pernicious fool to have given thus an utterly false impression of intimacy. He kept his eyes on the floor. "I must positively hold my tongue unless I am obliged to speak," he admonished himself. And at once against his will the question, "Hadn't I better tell him everything?" presented itself with such force that he had to bite his lower lip. Councillor Mikulin could not, however, have nourished any hope of confession. He went on.

"You tell me more than his judges were able to get out of him. He was judged by a commission of three. He would tell them absolutely nothing. I have the report of the interrogators here by me. After every question there stands, 'Refuses to answer—refuses to answer.' It's like that page after page. You see, I have been intrusted with some further investigations around and about this affair. He has left me nothing to begin my investigations on. A hardened miscreant. And so you say he believed in . . ."

Again Councillor Mikulin glanced at his beard with a faint grimace, but he did not pause for long. Remarking, with a shade of scorn, that blasphemers also had that sort of belief, he concluded by supposing that Mr. Razumov had conversed frequently with Haldin on the subject.

"No," said Razumov, loudly, without looking up. "He talked and I listened. That is not a conversation."

"Listening is a great art," observed Mikulin, parenthetically.

"And getting people to talk is another," mumbled Razumov.

"Well, no—that is not very difficult," Mikulin said, innocently, "except of course in special cases. For instance, this Haldin. Nothing could induce him to talk. He was brought four times before the delegated judges. Four secret interrogatories—and even during the last when your personality was put forward . . ."

"My personality put forward," repeated Razumov, raising his head brusquely. "I don't understand."

Councillor Mikulin turned squarely to the table, and taking up some sheets of gray foolscap dropped them one after another, retaining only the last in his hand. He held it before his eyes while speaking.

"It was—you see—judged necessary. In a case of that gravity, no means of action upon the culprit should be neglected. You understand that yourself, I am certain."

Razumov stared with enormous wide eyes at the side view of Councillor Mikulin, who now was not looking at him at all.

"So it was decided (I was consulted by General T——) that a certain question should be put to the accused. But in deference to the earnest

wishes of Prince K—— your name has been kept out of the documents and even from the very knowledge of the judges themselves. Prince K—— recognized the propriety, the necessity of what we proposd to do, but he was concerned for your safety. Things do leak out—that we can't deny. One cannot always answer for the discretion of inferior officials. There was, of course, the secretary of the special tribunal—one or two gendarmes in the room. Moreover, as I have said, in deference to Prince K—— even the judges themselves were to be left in ignorance. The question ready framed was sent to them by General T—— (I wrote it out with my own hand) with instructions to put it to the prisoner the very last of all. Here it is."

Councillor Mikulin threw back his head into proper focus and went on reading, monotonously: "Question: Has the man well known to you, in whose rooms you remained for several hours on Monday and on whose information you have been arrested—has he had any previous knowledge of your intention to commit a political murder? . . . Prisoner refuses to reply."

"Question repeated. Prisoner preserves the same stubborn silence."

"The venerable Chaplain of the Fortress being then admitted and exhorting the prisoner to repentance, entreating him also to atone for his crime by an unreserved and full confession which should help to liberate from the sin of rebellion against the Divine laws and the sacred Majesty of the Ruler, our Christ-loving land—the prisoner opens his lips for the first time during this morning's audience and in a loud, clear voice rejects the venerable Chaplain's ministrations."

"At eleven o'clock the court pronounces in summary form the death sentence."

"The execution is fixed for four o'clock in the afternoon, subject to further instructions from superior authorities."

Councillor Mikulin dropped the page of foolscap, glanced down his beard, and, turning to Razumov, added in an easy, explanatory tone:

"We saw no object in delaying the execution. The order to carry out the sentence was sent by telegraph at noon. I wrote out the telegram myself. He was hanged at four o'clock this afternoon."

The definite information of Haldin's death gave Razumov that feeling of general lassitude which follows a great exertion or a great excitement. He kept very still on the sofa, but a murmur escaped him.

"He had a belief in a future existence."

Councillor Mikulin shrugged his shoulders slightly and Razumov got up with an effort. There was nothing now to stay for in that room. Haldin had been hanged at four o'clock. There could be no doubt of that. He had, it seemed, entered upon his future existence, long boots, astrachan fur cap and all, down to the very leather strap round his waist. A flickering, vanishing sort of existence. It was not his soul, it was his mere phantom that he left behind on this earth—thought Razumov, smiling caustically to himself while he crossed the room, utterly forgetful of where he was and of Councillor Mikulin's existence. This last could have set a lot of bells ringing all over the building without leaving his chair. He let Razumov come up quite to the door before he spoke.

"Come, Kirylo Sidorovitch. What are you doing?"

Razumov turned his head and looked at him in silence. He was not in the least disconcerted. Councillor Mikulin's arms were stretched out

on the table before him and his body leaned forward a little with an effort of his dim gaze.

"Was I actually going to clear out like this?" Razumov wondered at himself, with an impassive countenance. And he was aware of this impassiveness concealing a lucid astonishment.

"Evidently I was going out if he had not spoken," he thought. "What would he have done then? I must end this affair one way or another. I must make him show his hand."

For a moment longer he reflected behind the mask as it were, then let go the door handle and came back to the middle of the room.

"I'll tell you what you think," he said, explosively, but not raising his voice. "You think that you are dealing with a secret accomplice of that unhappy man. No, I do not know that he was unhappy. He did not tell me. He was a wretch from my point of view, because to keep alive a false idea is a greater crime than to kill a man. I suppose you will not deny that? I hated him! Visionaries work everlasting evil on earth. Their Utopias inspire in the mass of mediocre minds a disgust of reality and a contempt for the secular logic of human development."

Razumov shrugged his shoulders and stared. "What a tirade," he thought. The silence and immobility of Councillor Mikulin impressed him. The bearded bureaucrat sat at his post, mysteriously self-possessed like an idol with dim unreadable eyes. Razumov's voice changed involuntarily.

"If you were to ask me where is the necessity of my hate for such as Haldin I would answer you—there is nothing sentimental in it. I did not hate him because he had committed the crime of murder. Abhorrence is not hate. I hated him simply because I am sane. It is in that character that he outraged me. His death . . ."

Razumov felt his voice growing thick in his throat. The dimness of Councillor Mikulin's eyes seemed to spread all over his face and made it indistinct to Razumov's sight. He tried to disregard these phenomena.

"Indeed," he pursued, pronouncing each word carefully, "what is his death to me? If he were lying here on the floor I could walk over his breast. . . . The fellow is a mere phantom. . . ."

Razumov's voice died out very much against his will. Mikulin behind the table did not allow himself the slightest movement. The silence lasted for some little time before Razumov could go on again.

"He went about talking of me. . . . Those intellectual fellows sit in each other's rooms and get drunk on foreign ideas in the same way young Guard's officers treat each other with foreign wines. Merest debauchery. . . . Upon my word"—Razumov, enraged by a sudden recollection of Ziemianitch, lowered his voice forcibly—"upon my word, we Russians are a drunken lot. Intoxication of some sort we must have: to get ourselves wild with sorrow or maudlin with resignation; to lie inert like a log or set fire to the house. What is a sober man to do, I should like to know? To cut oneself entirely from one's kind is impossible. To live in a desert, one must be a saint. But if a drunken man runs out of the grog-shop, falls on your neck and kisses you on both cheeks because something about your appearance has taken his fancy, what then—kindly tell me? You may break, perhaps, a cudgel on his back, and yet not succeed in beating him off. . . ."

Councillor Mikulin raised his hand and passed it down his face deliberately.

"That's . . . of course," he said in an undertone.

The quiet gravity of that gesture made Razumov pause. It was so unexpected, too. What did it mean? It had an alarming aloofness. Razumov remembered his intention of making him show his hand.

"I have said all this to Prince K——," he began, with assumed indifference, but lost it on seeing Councillor Mikulin's slow nod of assent. "You know it? You've heard. . . . Then why should I be called here to be told of Haldin's execution? Did you want to confront me with his silence, now that the man is dead? What is his silence to me? This is incomprehensible. You want in some way to shake my moral balance."

"No. Not that," murmured Councillor Mikulin, just audibly. "The service you have rendered is appreciated. . . ."

"Is it?" interrupted Razumov, ironically.

". . . And your position, too." Councillor Mikulin did not raise his voice. "But only think! You fall into Prince K——'s study as if from the sky with your startling information. . . . You are studying yet, Mr. Razumov, but we are serving already, don't forget that. . . . And naturally some curiosity was bound to . . ."

Councillor Mikulin looked down his beard. Razumov's lips trembled.

"An occurrence of that sort marks a man," the homely murmur went on. "I admit I was curious to see you. General T—— thought it would be useful to . . . Don't think I am incapable of understanding your sentiments. When I was young like you I studied. . . ."

"Yes—you wished to see me," said Razumov in a tone of profound distaste. "Naturally, you have the right—I mean, the power. It all amounts to the same thing. But it is perfectly useless if you were to look at me and listen to me for a year. I begin to think there is something about me which people don't seem able to make out. It's unfortunate. I imagine, however, that Prince K—— understands. He seemed to."

Councillor Mikulin moved slightly and spoke.

"Prince K—— is aware of everything that is being done, and I don't mind informing you that he approved my intention of becoming personally acquainted with you."

Razumov concealed an immense disappointment under the accents of railing surprise.

"So he is curious, too! . . . Well—after all, Prince K—— knows me very little. It is really very unfortunate for me, but—it is not exactly my fault."

Councillor Mikulin raised a hasty deprecatory hand and inclined his head slightly over his shoulder.

"Now, Mr. Razumov—is it necessary to take it in that way? Everybody, I am sure, can . . ."

He glanced rapidly down at his beard, and when he looked up again there was for a moment an interested expression in his misty gaze. Razumov discouraged it with a cold, repellent smile.

"No. That's of no importance, to be sure—except that in respect of all this curiosity being aroused by a very simple matter . . . What is to be done with it? It is unappeasable. I mean to say, there is nothing to appease it with. I happen to have been born a Russian with patriotic instincts—whether inherited or not, I am not in a position to say."

Razumov spoke consciously with elaborate steadiness.

"Yes, patriotic instincts developed in a conservative direction by a

faculty of independent thinking—of detached thinking. In that respect, I am more free than any social democratic revolution could make me. It is more than probable that I don't think exactly as you are thinking. Indeed, how could it be? You would think most likely at this moment that I am elaborately lying to cover up the track of my repentance."

Razumov stopped. His heart had grown too big for his breast. Councillor Mikulin did not flinch.

"Why so?" he said, simply. "I assisted personally at the search of your rooms. I looked through all the papers myself. I have been greatly impressed by a sort of political confession of faith. A very remarkable document. Now, may I ask for what purpose? . . ."

"To deceive the police, naturally," said Razumov, savagely. . . . "What is all this mockery? Of course you can send me straight from this room to Siberia. That would be intelligible. To what is intelligible I can submit. But I protest against this comedy of persecution. The whole affair is becoming too comical altogether for my taste. A comedy of errors, phantoms and suspicions. It's positively indecent. . . ."

Councillor Mikulin turned an attentive ear.

"Did you say phantoms?" he murmured.

"I could walk over dozens of them." Razumov, with an impatient wave of his hand, went on headlong: "But really, I must claim the right to be done once for all with that man. And in order to accomplish this, I shall take the liberty . . ."

Razumov, on his side of the table, bowed slightly to the seated bureaucrat.

". . . To retire—simply to retire," he finished, with great resolution.

He walked to the door thinking: "Now he must show his hand. He must ring and have me arrested before I am out of the building or he must let me go. And either way . . ."

An hurried voice said,

"Kirylo Sidorovitch."

Razumov at the door turned his head.

"To retire," he repeated.

"Where to?" asked Councillor Mikulin, softly.

(To be Continued)

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THE POLITICAL PREDESTINATION OF WOODROW WILSON

BY THE EDITOR

Whether predestination is absolute or conditional is a cardinal point of controversy between the Calvinists and the Arminians whose determination is not essential to the purpose of the following argument. Equally foreign to need in welding the chain of reasoning is decision of the question of dominance over the world—whether of a personal God or of the powers of Nature. But two assumptions on the part of the reader are requisite to understanding: (1) That the laws of logic, growing out of conditions and circumstances, are irrefragable as applied to human affairs, and (2) that, even so, irrespective election of an individual, without reference to the use he may make of his moral agency, cannot be maintained.

Upon this hypothesis we confidently base the prediction that, barring accidents of a physical nature, the two chief opposing candidates for the Presidency of the United States in 1912 will be William Howard Taft, Republican, and Woodrow Wilson, Democrat. We do not presume to impute to dialectics the nomination of the former. That, frankly, must be taken for granted. The reasons for its assumption, however, are sufficiently obvious. (1) He is a candidate. (2) He controls the Federal patronage. (3)

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He has won the confidence and respect of the people in large measure and is gaining favor daily. (4) He is gradually acquiring the active friendship of the inevitably conservative business men, without whose support no candidate has been elected President since 1832. (5) He is and will be unopposed by Roosevelt for the very practical reason that defeat or election will spell the ending of his career as President, probably immediately, but surely at the expiration of four years. (6) His rejection by the National Convention would be unprecedented and would presage certain defeat of the party at the polls.

But one obstacle lies in his path—Insurgency. By a remote possibility the new and eager League of Radical Republicans may secure control of the Convention and nominate, not Cummins, the wheel horse, but La Follette, the resolute, imaginative, inspiring leader. In that event, the Democrats will nominate Judson Harmon in consequence of causes precisely analogous to those set forth below which render the choice of Woodrow Wilson as the opponent of President Taft a virtual certainty.

Logic predestines antithesis. Circumstances, Conditions, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, demand it. History decrees it. Invariably the opposing candidate has been named, not by the opposition itself, but by the party taking the lead—in all but three instances by the party in power.

Sift the records! Sharp alignment of political organizations was first made in 1840. Prior to that time the elements constituting general opposition had been segregated and their strength dissipated. Four candidates had entered the race against Van Buren in 1836 and each had received votes in the electoral college, but Jackson's representative had a majority over all.

1840.—Van Buren reaped where Jackson had sown and his administration was a failure. Nevertheless, his renomination was universally accepted as a certainty when representatives of the new Whig party assembled for the first time in National convention to designate a candidate for President. Much difficulty was experienced in reconciling the various discordant elements and great deliberation characterized the proceedings. Three days were consumed in conferences of committees representing the various delegations. Clay was recognized as the ablest man in the party, was the most popular, was the natural choice and, at the

beginning, was a prime favorite. Even as late as the second day the aggregate informal vote of the committees was: For Clay, 103; for William Henry Harrison, 97; for Winfield Scott, 57. And yet on the succeeding day Harrison was nominated by acclamation. Clay, the intellectual leader, the idol of the masses, the experienced statesman, had been found to be "unavailable." Why? He was too like Van Buren. Both were skilled in statecraft and politics; both were civilians; both were dependent for public favor upon recognition of their mental gifts and shrewd practices. An opposite was the requirement of the opposition. Harrison, the rough-and-ready soldier, the military hero, met the unconscious demand.

1844.—Clay's star was in the ascendant and he received every vote in the Whig national convention. Van Buren, who had been beaten by Harrison, was the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination. On the first ballot he received 146 votes to 83 for Lewis Cass and 24 for R. M. Johnson and he held the lead till the fifth. The delegates sympathized with Van Buren's desire for vindication. He was still considered the most sagacious political manager within the party. But on the ninth ballot the unknown Polk was nominated. Why? For the same reasons that Clay was defeated for the Whig candidacy against Van Buren in 1840. The similarity had continued too marked. Both had just declared themselves opposed to the annexation of Texas. Both had long records in political service to uphold and defend. Both were affirmative. Polk was wholly negative. His views were unknown; his convictions adaptable. Polk was chosen.

1848.—The Democratic convention named Lewis Cass to succeed Polk. Although he bore a military title, the nominee was noted chiefly as a lawyer and an orator. The leading candidates before the Whig convention were Clay, Daniel Webster, Scott and Zachary Taylor. Clay was still the idol of his party and Webster its greatest statesman. Both were lawyers and famous orators. Both were rejected. Of the two remaining candidates, Scott and Taylor, both were heroes of the Mexican War. But Scott was the more cultivated, the more diplomatic, the more courtly, and the prize went to "Old Zach," the uncouth, the very antithesis of Cass.

1852.—Millard Fillmore had succeeded to the Presidency,

upon the death of Taylor, in 1850. Clay had revived his famous compromise measures and secured their enactment, thereby so weakening the Whigs in the North without strengthening them in the South that the reunited Democrats aggressively demonstrated their confidence by holding their convention in advance of their opponents. On the forty-ninth ballot they nominated Franklin Pierce, an inconspicuous and inoffensive Governor of New Hampshire, who nevertheless embodied the spirit of the "young democracy." Two weeks later the Whigs assembled. Fillmore was the natural or "logical" candidate and led on the first ballot, but on the fifty-third General Winfield Scott, the opposite in all respects of the young civilian, Pierce, was nominated.

1856.—Pierce's administration was a failure and early in June the Democrats nominated James Buchanan, the experienced statesman and diplomat. The Whig party had perished and its successor, the Republican party, held its first convention in Philadelphia on June 17th, 1856. There was no expectation that a distinctive Republican could win. The only apparent possibility of success lay in finding a candidate who would draw the votes of both the Whigs and Americans. Such an one was the jurist, McLean, who received very strong support. But, as ever, when the time came for action McLean's similarity to the Democratic nominee proved fatal to his aspiration and the prize went to John C. Fremont, the dashing young general, "the millionaire without a dollar, the soldier who never fought a battle, the statesman who never made a speech," the man unlike Buchanan in more particulars than any other who could have been selected.

1860.—The Democratic party broke in twain at its National Convention in Charleston in April before a vote was taken for candidates. Upon the adoption of the Douglas platform the delegations from eight Southern States withdrew. Nobody could obtain two-thirds of the votes remaining, but Douglas held a plurality of nearly one hundred on fifty-seven ballots. The convention then adjourned to reassemble in Baltimore on June 18th. Meanwhile the seceders had arranged to meet in Richmond on June 11th.

This was the situation when the second Republican convention was called to order on May 16th. The nomination of Seward seemed assured. Who could hope to compete

with the foremost Republican statesman, the great Governor of the greatest State, the one commanding figure standing forth luminously against the background of the new organization? Thurlow Weed, the master of political managers, fully anticipated his nomination on the first ballot, and when the votes were cast a large plurality, 173½ to 102, did indeed go to Seward. But a clear majority was lacking and on the third ballot Abraham Lincoln was nominated.

Why? The result at Charleston, though not conclusive, had made clear the fact that the Republican candidate must oppose Douglas. Was Seward, the statesman of like class, the man for the undertaking? No; instead, Lincoln the rail-splitter, Lincoln the gaunt and awkward country lawyer, "Old Abe" the story-teller, yet one and the only one whose mettle had been proven in debate with the Little Giant himself—his nomination was decreed and inevitable.

1864.—Lincoln was renominated as a matter of course—the man of peace, the lover of concord, the rustic civilian. Instinctively and instantly the Democrats named in opposition General George B. McClellan, the man trained to war, the practised soldier, the accomplished gentleman.

1868.—Again a military hero—Grant, named with complete unanimity by the Republicans in May. The Democrats met in July. McClellan was not mentioned, but Hancock stood third on the first ballot. His time, however, was not yet, not against another military chieftain. Tradition forbade. On eighteen of the first twenty-one ballots not a solitary vote was cast for Seymour. Pathetically, when the tide seemed to be turning his way, he beseeched his fellow delegates: "Your candidate I cannot be." But remonstrance was unavailing. The Logic of Circumstance compelled the nomination of the "Peace Governor," the very opposite of Grant; and on the twenty-second ballot not a vote was cast against him.

1872.—Grant again! Grant the sturdy, silent, soldier President; Grant the Democrat turned Republican. Against him, Greeley the vociferator, Greeley the genius erratic, Greeley the Republican turned Democrat.

1876.—Hayes, the commonplace, the "safe-and-sane" Governor of Ohio, had been designated by the Republicans when the Democrats met in June. Hendricks of Indiana

awaited the Democratic nomination. A far stronger, more popular, more appealing statesman than Hayes, his supporters, led by the capable McDonald and aided by powerful Tammany, were more than confident of securing for their favorite the prize. But he, too, was a mid-Western Governor; he, too, was prudent, conservative. Tilden, the reformer, the radical, was named on the first ballot, and the men from Indiana sat in their seats as if stunned and refused to make the vote unanimous. They felt betrayed when, in fact, only the inevitable had happened.

1880.—Garfield was not named as a soldier, but as a statesman. He had become the chief figure in the House of Representatives, had just been elected to the Senate and was reckoned one of the most eloquent and persuasive orators in the land. Bayard was the most fit Democratic candidate, as he was the foremost Democratic statesman and orator, but therein he resembled Garfield. Tradition pointed unerringly to Hancock, graduated of the Military Academy, the "superb soldier" who neither possessed nor assumed to possess any knowledge of public affairs or any capacity for civil government.

1884.—Blaine at last—the dashing leader, the experienced statesman, the brilliant orator, the Plumed Knight. Again Bayard was a candidate. But he, too, was a Richard; he, too, had served long in Congress; he, too, was an eloquent speaker. Enter the stolid Cleveland, who then was famed only for common sense and sturdy courage, who uttered platitudes monotonously, who had never served in a legislative assembly and who had never even visited the National Capitol.

1888.—Cleveland renominated! But a different Cleveland. No longer conservative. Now an ardent tariff reformer, almost a free-trader, held to be a radical. Against him Harrison the ultra-conservative, "uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection."

1892. Again Harrison *vs.* Cleveland.

1896.—For the second time the opposition took the lead. McKinley the good, kindly, patient, painstaking, serious McKinley, was named on the first ballot. Three weeks later the Democrats met in Chicago. The radicals were in full control. Free Silver was the only cry and Bland, the apostle of Free Silver, was regarded as an almost certain

winner. But Bland differed little from McKinley. In their upbringing, in temperament, in method, in Congressional service, in previous attitude towards silver, even in manner, they were not unlike. It is commonly said that Bryan won the nomination with a striking speech. But who can tell what would have happened if that oration had not been delivered? It was a convention of radicals seeking a radical candidate. Bland could never have satisfied; nor Boies; nor Pattison; nor Campbell; nor any one bearing the slightest resemblance in thought, word or deed to the prudent McKinley. The nomination of a Bryan was inevitable—predestined by the Logic of Circumstance.

1900.—Again Bryan *vs.* McKinley.

1904.—Roosevelt had succeeded to the Presidency and had been unable wholly to resist the impulses of his ardent temperament to break away from the traditional policies of his party. Already he was recognized as embodying the spirit of the times which has since been termed progressiveness. He had, in fact, appropriated so many of Bryan's notions that the political inclinations of the two could hardly be contrasted with marked effect. So patent was his tendency that, but for the death of Hanna, the controlling elements of the Republican party would probably have tried to defeat him in the Convention. However, he was nominated without dissent.

Bryan had then been absolute master of the Democratic organization for eight years. He held undisputed control of the National Committee and his great personal popularity had not waned perceptibly. Had a Republican nominee of the McKinley type been designated his power would have been unbroken and he would have named the Democratic candidate. But the nomination of the promising radical, Roosevelt, fixed the outcome of the Democratic convention irresistibly. With all his authority and personal following Bryan could not hold even the one-third essential to the defeat of Parker, whom he had attacked viciously; and the staid and sober judge was named in opposition to the fiery Roosevelt.

1908.—Back swung the pendulum. Roosevelt's tempestuous administration was reaching its close. Taft was nominated—Taft the moderate, the pacificator, the judge considerate, patient, kind, the natural and proud successor, as he has since declared, of his prototype, McKinley. The

old Republican leaders breathed more freely. After all, the Roosevelt disturbance might prove to have been only an episode.

Such was the condition when the Democratic convention assembled in Denver. Only four years before the conservatives had dominated completely. They still controlled the National Committee. But they were as helpless in the face of the Taft nomination as Bryan had been in the face of Roosevelt's candidacy. Again the fetching orator became the standard-bearer of the Democracy and achieved the customary party disaster.

Such the record! In each and every instance the type of opposing candidate, if not the man himself, has been marked by the party making the first declaration. Invariably seemingly coherent certainty has yielded to the greater power of the Logic of Conditions—the irresistible demand of Circumstance for Antithesis.

SUMMARY.

1840.—The assured nomination of Van Buren compelled the nomination of Harrison in place of Clay.

1844.—The nomination of Clay compelled the nomination of Polk in place of Van Buren.

1848.—The nomination of Cass compelled the nomination of Taylor in place of Clay, Webster or even Scott.

1852.—The nomination of Pierce compelled the nomination of Scott in place of Fillmore.

1856.—The nomination of Buchanan compelled the nomination of Fremont in place of McLean.

1860.—The assumed nomination of Douglas compelled the nomination of Lincoln in place of Seward.

1864.—The renomination of Lincoln compelled the nomination of McClellan in place of Seymour.

1868.—The nomination of Grant compelled the nomination of Seymour in place of McClellan.

1872.—The renomination of Grant compelled the nomination of a Greeley.

1876.—The nomination of Hayes compelled the nomination of Tilden in place of Hendricks.

1880.—The nomination of Garfield compelled the nomination of Hancock in place of Bayard.

1884.—The nomination of Blaine compelled the nomination of Cleveland in place of Bayard or Randall.

1888.—The renomination of Cleveland compelled the nomination of Harrison.

1892.—The situation reversed.

1896.—The nomination of McKinley compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of Bland or Boies.

1900.—The situation reversed.

1904.—The nomination of Roosevelt compelled the nomination of Parker in place of Bryan or Cockrell.

1908.—The nomination of Taft compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of Parker or any conservative.

Therefore, in

1912 the renomination of Taft will compel the nomination of Wilson in place of Harmon, just as the nomination of La Follette would compel the nomination of Harmon in place of Wilson.

Why?

Obviously but one theme of inquiry demands consideration: Who is the real Antithesis of Taft? Bryan? Yes, as in 1908. But Bryan's races have been run. Gaynor? Yes; but Gaynor is disqualified by Fate. Folk? Yes; but Folk clearly is outclassed. Champ Clark? Theoretically, perhaps, but practically only as a pretty compliment. Dix? The carrier of water upon both shoulders? The upholder of party fealty, on the one hand, and the source of pretexts to bolters on the other? Neither opposite nor apposite is Dix. Remain Harmon and Wilson. Which, we repeat, is the Antithesis of Taft? Unroll the moving portraits. Note the points of similarity and of divergence:

CHARACTERISTICS	TAFT	HARMON	WILSON
Age in 1913	Fifty-five	Sixty-seven	Fifty-six
Physique	Robust, portly	Solid, heavy	Lithe, sinewy
Environment	Mid-west	Mid-west	South, East
Habitation	Ohio	Ohio	New Jersey
Ancestry	English	English	Scotch-Irish
Religion	Unitarian	Baptist	Presbyterian
Recreation	Golf to excess	Golf in Moderation	Golf at minimum
Temperament	Prudent	Cautious	Daring
Manner	Genial	Serious	Graceful
Address	Winning	Friendly	Charming
Nature	Grateful	Appreciative	Just
Grain	Compassionate	Stoical	Tenacious
Temper	Sweet, mellow	Cool, controlled	Quick, zealous
Intellect	Capacious	Plodding	Keen, imaginative
Knowledge	Wide	Restricted	Profound
Mental attitude	Tolerant	Considerate	Self-reliant
Disposition	Conciliatory	Steadfast	Uncompromising
Expression	Earnest, pleasing	Commonplace	Eloquent, persuasive
Diction	Fair	Ordinary	Fine
As lawyers	Judicial	Essentially sound	Analytical
Politics	McKinley Republican	Cleveland Democrat	Tilden Democrat
Political purpose	Steady progression	Stability	Reform
Political tendency	Mildly progressive	Conservative	Intelligently radical
Political character	Pure	Strong	Luminous
Political convictions	Constant	Firm	Immovable

In but one essential particular—that of age—is marked a greater dissimilarity between Taft and Harmon than between Taft and Wilson; and that seriously to Harmon's disadvantage, in view of the facts that the average age of Presidents at inauguration has been only fifty-three and that of the three elected when more than sixty-four two died within the year.

The contrast is complete, conclusive; the evidence overwhelming. The finger of Predestination, guided by Logic, Circumstance, Conditions and History, points unerringly to Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, as the opponent of William H. Taft, Republican, in 1912. Blessed Columbia!

THE EDITOR.

FORTIFY THE PANAMA CANAL

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

In approaching the question of fortifying the Panama Canal, it is well to remember at once that the Canal Zone, with the qualified exceptions of the cities of Colon and Panama, is United States territory. In the treaty of cession there is a clause providing for the extradition of offenders between the Zone and the Republic of Panama. Being, therefore, territory rather than property, to ask guarantees of neutrality from foreign states is to constitute over ourselves a kind of protectorate. It would also contravene our traditional policies, by inviting the participation of non-American states in the assuring of American conditions; a lapse the more marked when it is remembered that the Zone has become ours by acquisition from another American commonwealth. How grievously the nation resented co-partnership in the affairs of the Isthmus is testified by the whole history of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; a resentment which verged so closely on bitterness during the final twenty years of the discussion as to be a warning against any reconstitution of similar conditions. We should have perpetual discussions with foreign nations about American affairs; such as have enlivened and not sweetened much of Great Britain's occupancy of Egypt.

It is also to be remembered that, besides being American soil, the Panama Canal Zone cannot be looked upon as an isolated position such as the Philippines. The loss of the Philippines by war, as a material result, would be to us like the loss of a little finger, perhaps of a single joint of it. The Philippines to us are less a property than a charge. The Canal Zone, on the contrary, must be regarded in its geographical and military relations—the two adjectives are in this connection almost identical—to the United States as a whole and to other specific American stations.

In discussing the question of the advisability of fortifying the Zone, and especially the two entrances, or exits, it is to be said at once that I represent only myself. I speak for the opinions of no one else. I am entirely aware that there is a school of naval opinion, respectable in numbers as in other qualities, though I believe a minority, which so subordinates the question of fortification to that of the numbers of the fleet as to assert practically the needlessness of fortification. I myself have been taxed by a prominent exponent of this school in Great Britain with dereliction from my own position as an advocate of sea power, because of my strong insistence upon the general necessity for fortified seaports, as essential to the fleet's freedom of movement. Whatever dereliction there may seem to have been was coincident with the first formulation of my views upon sea power. Nearly twenty years ago I wrote, and I repeat with the conviction of the years since past: "Navies do not dispense with fortifications nor with armies; but, when wisely handled, they may save their country the strain which comes when these have to be called into play."

Upon the general question of seacoast fortification, as distinct from the special question of fortifying the Panama Canal, the reasons why fortification is an essential complement of a navy are twofold. Seacoast fortification supplies a navy with fortified bases, strictly analogous to the fortresses, or temporarily fortified positions, which are the home or the advanced bases of an army in campaign. To argue the advantage—nay, the need—of these would be to discuss military art from its foundation. It is sufficient to say that all military history testifies to it. One of the most distinguished of the opponents of the first Napoleon said: "An army which has to insure the protection of unfortified bases is crippled in all its movements." In a naval campaign the navy is the mobile army—in the field. It, too, requires bases concerning the security of which it need feel no apprehension.

The second office of seacoast fortification is that of simple protection. It is gravely argued that, because a recent international stipulation provides that unfortified seaports shall not be bombarded, therefore protection is unnecessary and even inexpedient. I presume the stipulation applies to all forms of military protection—submarine mines, and so forth; and it is a natural deduction that it similarly

applies to any form of military force opposing possession. That is, a hostile navy, or expedition, may not bombard an unprotected port; but it may take possession of it, and if the act be resisted, or recovery attempted, all military rights revive; bombardment included, if necessary. If this be so, and it seems strictly logical, the neglect to fortify can apply only to those points the occupation of which by an enemy is a matter of indifference to the country. There doubtless are many such. It is the province of a scheme of seacoast fortification, under joint army and navy supervision, to determine which these are, and the relative claims of those where defence is needed. An undefended neutrality of the Canal Zone would forbid an enemy's bombarding; but it would not deter his occupation, if at war with the United States, because the position is too valuable not to be secured, if possible.

To apply these general considerations to the specific case of the Panama Canal. What will be the value of the canal to the United States, and, incidentally, to the United States Navy? Primarily, and above all, it will be the most important link in the line of communications between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. There is throughout the whole length and extension of our seacoast, from Maine to Puget Sound, no single position or reach of water comparable to Panama in this respect. Communications, the free access to an army to its source of supplies,—or rather the free passage of supplies to it,—and the ability of one part of the army to reach the other for material support, or of the whole to move to any particular point of a theatre of war—communications, in this sense, are the most important factor in war. Communications dominate war in all its aspects. On a battle-field the connection of the several divisions of an army must be such that an enemy cannot break through. Advancing in campaign, the relations of army corps to each other must be such that they can unite before the enemy attacks either in force. Concentration, of which we hear so much and so justly, means simply communications so preserved as to enable the whole to live and the parts to unite betimes.

What is the meaning of the well-known urgency of the Pacific coast population that the Government divide the battle fleet, sending one-half to that coast? The most entirely suicidal act that could be contemplated. It is an uneasy

sense that the whole may not be able to reach the Pacific betimes, in case of the sudden outbreak of a Pacific war. In other words, they are uneasy about the communications, although very possibly the word in that sense is as foreign to them as is any reasoned knowledge of warfare. The absence of such knowledge is evident in this desire for division, which ignores the recent destruction in detail of the Russian navy.

The question of fortifying the Canal, therefore, is the question of preserving an essential line of naval communications. But, it will be replied, you beg the question; the navy will protect its own communications, the Canal not least. Will, then, the navy be tied to the Canal, or will it protect it by a big detachment, by dividing its numbers while the bulk of the fleet goes to some other assigned duty? Yes, it is replied, the money spent for fortifications, which are immobile, will be given to ships, which, though mobile, will remain for defence of the canal and yet, if required, can go to reinforce the fleet. Just so; if required, they will go away. One advantage of fortifications is that, being established in moments of calm consideration, they cannot be moved in moments of real or panicky pressure. A primary charge of Nelson for the naval defence of Great Britain, when invasion was feared, was that the "block ships," floating forts, established on a reasoned scheme, should on no account be moved in an apparent emergency. He recognized the danger which permanent fortification obviates. Moreover, to use active vessels for stationary defence is to lock up mobile force in an inferior effort. "To decrease our cruisers at sea by commissioning vessels for harbor defence," said St. Vincent, second only to Nelson, "will be a step that can lead only to our ruin."

It is often argued that, because an enemy intending the invasion of a country situated as the United States is must primarily possess a competent navy, therefore, the best defence against invasion on either large or small scale is a mobile navy. This is perfectly true, and applies with equal or greater force to the maintenance of oversea dependencies, such as Hawaii, Guantanamo and the Canal Zone. A navy at least equal to the enemy's is essential to their preservation, but it does not follow that the navy must be immediately present at either or all. A navy does not protect by local presence, but by action upon the lines of communication;

that is, upon the sea. Hence fallacy enters with the further assertion that all money spent on fortifications had better be spent on ships. The question is one of proportion. Coast fortification may be pushed, at times has been pushed, to an extravagant extent. But for the defence of points, the tenure of which is essential to military operations,—the operations of a fleet,—fixed works are better than floating because they secure the same aggregate gun defence at much less cost; or, if you prefer it so stated, much greater defensive strength for the same cost. In addition to the fact that they cannot be moved under popular apprehension,—such as kept the Flying Squadron in Hampton Roads during the war with Spain, a measure which would have cost the country dear with a more active enemy,—guns in forts cost far less, under normal conditions, than those in ships. Forts need no floating power, no motive machinery, no long storage of fuel. Moreover, they are less vulnerable; for the solidity of the ground permits the accumulation of armor or other protective covering, and they have not to dread the submarine or the floating-mine.

Guns on ships are also necessarily massed within the length of the ship, presenting a concentrated target, whereas on shore they may be dispersed indefinitely, and largely concealed, which is the modern practice. For such reasons, while vessels have usually been able to run by forts through an *unobstructed* channel, the same amount of artillery in ships has rarely been able to stand up against forts. Even with superior fire, ships have been able to dominate land-works only under peculiar conditions, which the all-big-gun ship does not possess; the conditions of very rapid fire from very numerous pieces at very close range. No one is going to take a ten-million-dollar battleship over an unexplored mine-field to get near the same number of guns ashore; nor will it be attempted to engage at a distance, because the ship is so much more open to fatal injury by a chance shot. Besides the two Japanese battleships destroyed by Russian mines, a third, the "Asahi," very narrowly escaped being struck by a shell which might well have caused serious injury. The forts were not seriously hurt by naval bombardment; and it may be profitably remembered that the work of repairing the battleships injured by the first torpedo attack was carried on in Port Arthur during the period in which the Japanese naval bombardments occurred.

Granting, then, that the United States intends to make sure of the use of the Canal in war, fortification will insure that peculiar end more cheaply, with less danger of losing the position, than the same amount of money expended in war-ships, unless there are abnormal peculiarities of the ground of which I have not heard.* It is to be taken for granted that the Board of Fortification, checked as it should be by a naval representation, will not pile Ossa on Pelion in needless multiplication of defences, but will have a due regard to the fundamental fact that the defences exist for the Canal, and not the Canal for the sake of being defended. That is, it will be remembered that from the broad military point of view, which includes the entire military establishment of the country as a composite whole—army, navy, coast defence—the value of the Canal is not its impregnability as a position, but its usefulness to the navy as the offensive defender of the whole national coast-line—Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago the then senior British naval officer at Gibraltar said to me, laughing: "The army fellows boast that they have so fixed things that the place cannot be taken; but I tell them, what does it matter whether Gibraltar be taken or not, unless its docks, stores and anchorage are equally secured for the fleet?" Nothing whatever; it would be a barren possession. Yet its history from its capture in 1704, then merely for a naval base, to the present day has demonstrated that the fortified impregnability of the Rock of Gibraltar has been a main factor in that supremacy of the British navy in the Mediterranean, which has largely shaped modern history. The Panama Canal has a still closer relation to the Pacific, the history of which is yet to make.

Mere defence is a poor thing; it is chiefly as conducive to liberating the offensive arm that it has military value. If ports are reasonably secure, the navy acts freely; if not, or if the people think not, a clamor will arise, as during our war with Spain, for ships to be scattered everywhere to defend; emasculating or neutralizing the fleet. The Panama Canal duly fortified will be a defensive provision which will permit the American fleet not only to leave it to itself

* Since these words were written President Taft, in a public speech, has stated that the estimated cost is $12,000,000; less than that of two completed battleships.

for a measurable period,—as the British fleet historically has left Gibraltar and Malta,—but will enable it to issue upon either ocean in effective order. It is to be remembered that one of the requirements of a fortified port is that it should cover the fleet while going out, through the always critical period during which it has to pass from the order imposed by the narrowness of a channelway to that which it wishes to assume for action. This corresponds to the deployment of an army from the relatively narrow roads, which permit columns of march, into the alignments of an order of battle which may extend over many features of country impracticable for marching. In column, undeployed, the fleet, if handicapped by the ground, as is usual near ports, has but partial use of its guns, and the rear vessels support the leaders imperfectly, or not at all. Under such circumstances an equal enemy is for the moment superior, and momentary superiority properly improved becomes permanent. This is the art of war in a nutshell. Guns on shore either will prevent the enemy from improving such an opportunity, or at the least will impose such caution and such distant fire as greatly to reduce it. No fleet will readily encounter shore guns when it expects immediately afterwards to meet an equal of its own kind.

This consideration applies also in measure to the maintenance of the neutrality of the Canal, which the United States guarantees. Our possession extends over the conventional three-mile limit to seaward. Within that distance the United States is responsible to any belligerent which may be attacked there by its opponent. We may, of course, " take it out of " the aggressor by any retaliation we please, up to and including making war upon him; but our responsibility to the sufferer is not thereby removed. In these days of excessive long range, the temptation to a fleet lying outside the three-mile limit to open upon one changing its array within it may transcend control. The knowledge that in such case shore guns could open would be a deterrent. Men are too prompt to assume scrupulous respect for neutrality. That it will be disregarded is—has been—asserted to be " unthinkable." As a matter of fact, the temptation to shave the line exists in this as it does in matters of more strictly legal obligation; and it is well known what shaving the line too often ends in. Under temptation, neutrality undefended has fared no better. A fleet lying at anchor may

be respected; but when coming out, is a change of order to one for battle to be considered a belligerent act justifying attack? How will it appear to the judgment of the outside commander? Certainly the one inside will not cross the three-mile limit undeployed, if he can manœuvre within. At this moment Europe can find no account for the proposed fortification of Flushing other than the prevention of a British force from proceeding up the Scheldt, the entrance of which Flushing commands, to maintain the neutrality of Belgium, which Great Britain is bound by guarantee to do.

It has been said that the Panama Zone is not to be looked upon as isolated, but in its relations to other American conditions. This is true of any scheme of coast defence, and emphatically in that of a country with two coasts as widely separated from each other as our Atlantic and Pacific. The primary value of Panama is that already indicated, of a connecting-link. In this sense it falls rather under the head of defensive ports; the preservation of the link being precedent to operations based upon the position. It is only in case of war simultaneously in both oceans that it would receive peculiar offensive value. As an offensive base Panama is less eligible than Guantanamo, which is at present one of the most valuable strictly military positions in the possession of the United States. New York, Guantanamo and the Canal, analyzed severally and collectively from the military point of view, present a very notable triad of positions. Should a nation having a navy somewhat superior to the American desire in case of war to obtain the Isthmus, a wish in no wise "unthinkable," seeing the value of the position,—seeing also that Great Britain did seize and still retains Gibraltar, and Germany did compel the cession of Kiao Chau,—if the Canal Zone be properly fortified it will be better defended by an inferior navy at Guantanamo than at the Isthmus; because Guantanamo as a position flanks all communications to the Isthmus through the Caribbean Sea, while also covering those of the Gulf of Mexico and in measure those of the Atlantic coast. In a foreign attempt to reduce the Canal Zone, an inferior American fleet at the Isthmus would be like the Russian at Port Arthur; at Guantanamo it would be as the Russian had it been concentrated at Vladivostok.

It remains true, however, that while such would be the better position for a navy slightly inferior, permanent in-

feriority means inevitably ultimate defeat, which fortification can only delay. Gibraltar itself was saved only by the British navy; but its fortifications obtained time to act for the navy, handicapped by many other calls to many other quarters, in some of which it was often inferior. Not five years, not three years, have elapsed since the "unthinkable"—in the eyes of many—has occurred in Europe; a treaty directly disregarded on the dictates of a passing emergency and discussion of the action refused. If the United States desires peace with security, it must have a navy second to none but that of Great Britain; to rival which is inexpedient, because for many reasons unnecessary.

A. T. Mahan.

A PEASANT OF ASSISI

BY AGNES LEE

The sun that traced of old the Umbrian Friars
Hung saffron in the mist of eventide.
The Angelus from a far tower had told
Its rosary of sounds and silences.
I wandered where the purple winding valley,
Steeped in a bloom of seven hundred years,
Still breathes so gently of Assisi's power
That I, to-day's deserter, went half watchful
At any little turning of a hill
To come upon the hooded Saint himself
In some sweet colloquy with bird or beast.
O purple winding valley, saffron sun,
And silver thoughts! When lo, at the path's edge,
Agleam from out a shadow rose a shrine,
Beneath whose ancient ark a streamlet ran
Along a dip of moss-enamelled stones.
Within a field a tawny peasant youth
Stood leaning on his hoe, content from toil.
And at my beck he dropped his hoe and hastened.
And, as I questioned of the place, his eyes
Grew soft, his answer coming clear, and eager
With repetition of the names he loved.

THE LEGEND

Lady, hither to this nook one noonday
Blessèd Francis walked with Brother Leo.
All the sky was fire that scorched the grasses.
Brother Leo lagged behind, entreating:
"O, forspent am I! O, find me water!
Verily my thirst hath overtried me!"
Everywhere sought Blessèd Francis vainly.
For the land was parched and stream-forsaken.

Then upon the ground sank Brother Leo.
And he slept. Beside him Blessèd Francis
Knelt and prayed full meekly and devoutly.
And he rose. And Brother Leo wakened.
At their feet, amid the stones upwelling,
Crystal water bubbled, laughed and sparkled!
And their hearts were glad. And Brother Leo
Slaked his mighty thirst. And Blessèd Francis
Stooped, and gathered to his lips the freshness.
And they went their way with praising pulses.

Here the shrine was set to mark the story.
Honored is my simple tongue to tell it.
All is true. Ah, who shall doubt it ever?
All is true. For, lady, look: The Water!

AGNES LEE.

THE REFORM OF OXFORD

BY RICHARD C. MACLAURIN

It is sometimes questioned nowadays whether "good Americans when they die go to Paris," but no one seems to doubt that of those who really live a large proportion go to Oxford. There are, indeed, few educated Americans who have not yielded to its charms, and even those with little claim to education find its calm, its beauty, and its dignity well-nigh irresistible. As an historic seat of learning it has made a very distinct impress on the Anglo-Saxon race, and the spiritual debt that we all owe to it is almost as clearly recognized on this side of the water as on the other.

Oxford is often referred to as "the home of lost causes," but it would be absurd even to suggest that it is wholly given up to such causes. There is more than a little leaven of modernism which proves its working, amongst countless other ways, by the demand for reform that has been growing in intensity for years within the university itself. This reform movement has been stimulated by two somewhat recent events. One of these was the discussion in the House of Lords, in 1907, of a motion made by Bishop Gore of Birmingham for the establishment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of affairs at Oxford and make suggestions for reform. Reform from without, by the compelling power of Parliament, had been experienced twice within the living memory of Oxford men, once in 1850 and again in 1877. The results had not seemed entirely satisfactory to the advocates of reform, and the experience had been peculiarly distasteful to the more conservative element in Oxford. And so it has come about that the fear of a repetition of this experience has stirred up some to-day who might otherwise rest content with things as they now are. Besides the debate in the House of Lords another

event took place that strengthened the forces of the reformers. This was the election of a new Chancellor in succession to the late Marquis of Salisbury. The position of the Chancellor at Oxford (or at Cambridge) is almost totally different from that of the Chancellor or the President of an American university. Here the Chancellor is actively concerned with the administration of the university, the conduct of its affairs being his sole or at least his main business. There the Chancellor rarely appears at the university at all and still more rarely takes any active share in its administration. The post is one of great dignity; the highest honor that the university can bestow on any man is to make him its Chancellor, but it does not even expect that he will concern himself much with its affairs. When Lord Salisbury died, the nominees for the Chancellorship put forward by the Liberal and Conservative parties were Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon, respectively, the latter being elected. It may suggest how little there often is in the names "Liberal" and "Conservative" to reflect that Lord Rosebery would probably have done little to initiate reform, whereas his "Conservative" opponent has thrown himself ardently into the camp of the reformers and placed himself at their head. His action has not commended him to the extreme section of the Conservative party of Oxford men, but it has greatly strengthened the cause of reform to have its claims set forth by a man of the Chancellor's temperament and well-known political proclivities.

The principal matters that are being pressed forward for consideration by the reformers may be grouped under some such heads as these: (1) The Constitution of the University, (2) The relations of the University and the Colleges, (3) Compulsory Greek, and (4) Finance.

I—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSITY

The constitutional question is potentially the most far-reaching, as on the answer to it may depend all future reforms that are to come from within. Those who know Oxford at all know that there have been keen reformers there for long, but they have effected little, and their own explanation of this seeming failure is that they have had to work under a constitution which makes their cause hopeless. Certainly the constitution is archaic; it has not been made, but has grown, and, being the growth of many cen-

turies, it carries with it many fossil remains of a bygone age which are doubtless interesting historically, but may be practically a nuisance. Lord Curzon says:

> "I have seen it described as the worst form of government ever devised by the wit of man. It is the result of a long historical development in which successive reformers have endeavored to shape to the needs of their time institutions that originated and grew up under widely remote conditions, and in the progress of which chance appears to have played an even larger part than design."

The government of the university is vested in three bodies: two large Houses—Congregation and Convocation, and a much smaller Cabinet — the Hebdomadal Council. This Council is intended to be the chief executive organ of the university and the main originator of its policy and legislation. Its proposals are submitted to Congregation and, if passed by that House, have then to run the gauntlet of Convocation—an Upper House designed to be thoroughly democratic, but, as will appear later, falling far short of this in actual practice. The Council is composed of twenty-five members, of whom five are *ex officio* and eighteen are elected by Congregation. These eighteen are elected in groups of six as representatives of different "orders." Six are chosen from amongst the heads of Houses—*i. e.*, the Presidents of the various colleges in Oxford (some twenty in number) that are recognized by the university. Another group of six is taken from the professors of the university, and the third group from the members of Convocation of five years' standing. In criticism of this constitution, it is urged that Heads of Houses should not be put in a class by themselves, for if they are to be chosen at all the selection should be made not because of their office, but because of their special aptitude for the work of the Council. In addition to this, the complaint is made that Council does not sufficiently represent the teaching of the university and that important studies, such as Modern History, are often entirely unrepresented in its ranks. There have, of course, been various suggestions for the reform of the Council. The one that has recently been recommended by the Council itself, after careful consideration of all the proposals, is the abolition of the "orders" and the throwing open of the eighteen places to all members of Convocation of five years' standing. This would give greater freedom of choice and should enable the electoral

body to choose the men best qualified for administrative and executive duties, irrespective of their order. It is generally recognized, however, that the " order " of professors should not be wholly lost sight of, otherwise the government of the university might become quite out of touch with those who are carrying on its real work—that of teaching and research. The recommendation of the Council as to the abolition of the " orders " is, therefore, made contingent on the carrying of other reforms to be described later, reforms that will secure to the professors an important position in the regulation of courses of studies and the conduct of examinations.

Any proposals that emanate from the Council are first submitted to the Lower of the two Houses that constitute the Congress or Parliament of the university. The Lower House is called Congregation and is composed at present of about five hundred members. It consisted originally of the actual teachers of the university, but the parliamentary legislation that placed it upon its present basis has produced some curious and probably unexpected results. A few of its members are *ex officio,* but the majority are those masters of arts who reside for twenty weeks in the year within a mile and a half of the centre of the city—which is known as Carfax. Thus an Oxford graduate who sells tobacco in the High Street may have a vote, while the ablest and most distinguished scholar living a couple of miles away has none. Such an absurdity has, of course, an historical explanation. At the time of the making of the law, this limit included practically every one who had any immediate interest in the university, and few men lived in Oxford who had not some duty to the university to perform. Since then changes have taken place that have almost entirely transformed the city. It has attracted a large non-academic population and its suburbs have spread out far and wide in every direction. Its teachers have ceased to live a purely academic life within the precincts of the colleges, and, having abandoned celibacy, they live with their families wherever suitable residences are to be found. A circle of a mile and a half in radius round Carfax no longer encloses the teaching staff of the university. It contains far less and far more. The residential qualification as established by law is thus quite unsuited, under modern conditions, for carrying out the purpose for which it was

designed. Council, therefore, proposes to abolish the geographical rule altogether and make Congregation consist of a certain number of university officials, including all the professors and university lecturers and also the members of the governing bodies of the colleges.

So much as to the Lower House—the constitution of the Upper House (Convocation) is subject to even stronger criticism. Its composition forms one of the many instances in which English practice is far more democratic than that of America. Here in most cases it is only after a struggle that the Alumni have obtained any considerable share in the government of their college or university, although their interest in and loyalty to their Alma Mater is, as a rule, much more intense than is that of the corresponding class in England. Yet in Oxford the Alumni have the *final* voice in *all* university legislation. A belief in this thoroughly democratic principle is, at least, the theory underlying the constitution of Convocation. The practice, however, falls far short of the democratic ideal. The Alumni that constitute Convocation are not the B.A.'s, but the M.A.'s and recipients of higher degrees. The distinction between B.A and M.A. at Oxford is merely pecuniary—that is to say, a B.A. of a certain standing can convert himself into an M.A. by a money payment and nothing more. It might have been expected that practically all B.A.'s would pay the necessary fees and that Convocation—the final court in all university matters—would thus consist of the whole body of Alumni. In practice, however, only about one-third of the B.A.'s pay the fees necessary to become M.A.'s, and this third is not distributed evenly, but is almost wholly confined to two classes of the Alumni—clergymen and teachers. It makes practically no difference to the lawyer, or doctor, or man of business or of affairs whether he has a bachelor's or a master's degree. With the cleric and the teacher it is otherwise; they find that preferment comes more readily when they possess the " higher " degree, this being partly due to public ignorance of the fact that the difference between the two degrees is merely pecuniary, and partly to the indirect advantages of closer touch with the colleges that the " higher " degree usually entails. To these classes the pecuniary sacrifice of paying for membership of Convocation may be justified financially, and whether that be so or not they form the predominant element in that body. It

thus comes about that the final court of appeal in university matters is composed of a special section only of the Alumni, and that section is least of all in touch with the actual world and is found in practice to resist reform on almost every occasion on which it acts consciously. It is not surprising, therefore, that it has encountered the most scathing criticism from the reformers for generations and that many an academic battle has been fought over proposals for its reconstitution. To-day the reformers are divided in their opinion as to the best method of effecting a change. Some would extend, while others would further limit its membership. The latter would make Convocation as little different as possible from what Congregation was designed to be—*i. e.*, the representatives of the actual teachers in the university. The objection to this is that it would place the control of the university almost completely in the hands of men who see the world through academic blinkers and who are apt in consequence to be out of sympathy with the men of intellect in the nation at large. The better opinion seems to lean towards the proposal of the Council which widens instead of straitening the gate. It is suggested that Convocation should consist of the B.A.'s instead of the M.A.'s—a thoroughly democratic suggestion, the only serious objection to which is the financial risk that is involved. It would mean, of course, a considerable loss of fees and dues for the M.A. degree, but the loss might be made up by charging a higher fee for the B.A. degree—a fair thing to do where the increased fee would carry with it a very important privilege. This or some other expedient for overcoming the financial difficulty will surely be resorted to, for it seems utterly monstrous that the university should be seriously handicapped in its progress merely for the lack of a few thousand dollars per annum.

II—THE RELATIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY AND THE COLLEGES

Oxford and Cambridge are universities of colleges. It is this that gives them their unique character and differentiates them from other universities in America and elsewhere. Indeed, the distinction between college and university as the terms are used in this country is wholly misleading if applied to the old English universities. No one can begin to understand Oxford or Cambridge who fails to appreciate the importance that the colleges play in these

seats of learning. At each university there are, in round numbers, about twenty colleges. Legally these are quite independent of one another and of the university. Each has its own property and is often much richer than the university; it has, as a rule, beautiful buildings and stately grounds; it has often a large teaching staff, and its tutors have developed the tutorial system which many regard as the chief source of the strength of Oxford. It has, in general, great traditions either of learning or of athletic activity or of social life. It is to the college rather than to the university that the Oxford (or Cambridge) man feels that his devotion is due. His enthusiasm for his college may be all-absorbing, whilst the university leaves him cold. So much is this the case that it is generally recognized to be one of the great problems in the old English universities to arouse a corporate spirit amongst the whole body of Alumni and to prevent the colleges from dominating the university and its teachers from overshadowing the professors, if not in repute, at least in actual influence. Certain defects in the system are so obvious as to force themselves on the attention of every one. Thus it is clear that if twenty independent bodies undertake teaching of the same kind in the same community there will be great waste in needless duplication of effort. If each is left to its whim, some matters will be wholly neglected in teaching, whilst others will receive undue consideration. Regulation of some kind seems imperative, and yet all who really understand the situation realize that it is a delicate and dangerous matter to interfere with the independence and the individuality of the different colleges. We have to deal with bodies that have long been accustomed to independence and that are in many cases justly proud of what they have achieved while independent. A centralizing policy might easily impair the tutorial system and weaken the personal element in teaching which it is so important to conserve. It might replace intimate and effective teaching by mere lecturing and thereby destroy the best means of handing on the torch of learning. And yet, it is generally recognized that some change is imperative. At present there is no single body to exercise any effective control over the teaching by being armed with powers to enforce any particular policy. Such control as is exercised is in the hands of the several Boards representing the various Faculties — theology, law, natural science, history, *literæ*

humaniores, and so forth. Each of these Boards is composed of the university professors lecturing in the subjects of the Faculty, together with an equal number of college tutors and lecturers in the same Faculty and a few co-opted members. In arranging their lectures the professors are enjoined to have "due and reasonable regard to the recommendations of the Board of the Faculty," and this Board is supposed to suggest changes that it deems expedient, and in case its recommendations are not regarded to report the fact to the Vice-Chancellor. In practice, however, the control of the Board is extremely slight, and instead of making a careful examination of the list of lectures it does little more than publish what has been submitted to it. Apart from this criticism of the existing procedure of the Boards, it is pointed out by the reformers that the Boards are not at all generally representative of the university teaching, many important subjects being either wholly neglected or inadequately represented. It is felt, too, by many that the Boards are too much concerned with examinations and not enough with teaching, and there can be little doubt that an undue importance is still attached to examinations in Oxford and almost everywhere else in the educational fields of England.

The whole question of the reorganization of the Faculties has been very carefully discussed by the Council, and its recommendations on this matter are perhaps the most valuable contribution that it has made to the cause of reform and the one that seems to have the most hope of being carried into effect. A statute embodying the policy of the Council has recently been presented to Congregation and its preamble carried in a full house by a majority of rather more than two to one. The main features of its proposals are the reconstitution of the Faculties, the establishment of a more definite class of university lectures than has hitherto existed, the drawing of a clearer line of demarcation between college and university teachers, and the setting up of a new piece of administrative machinery—the General Board of Faculties.

The General Board is intended to relieve the Council of the greater part of the business connected with *curricula* and examinations, as well as to exercise some control over the policy and administration of the several Boards of Faculties. It is to be composed of representatives of the

various Faculties, the number of representatives being approximately proportional to the number of teachers in the Faculties severally and to the traditional prestige or the growing importance of their respective subjects. In addition to its far-reaching powers of controlling the examinations of the university (subject, however, to the ultimate authority of Convocation) and of bringing pressure to bear on the various Faculties, the General Board is to be empowered to administer such a portion of the income of the university as may be assigned to it from time to time. With this portion it is to make provision for the encouragement of advanced study and research, and to meet from time to time the educational needs of the university by appointing Readers and Lecturers in subjects that have been insufficiently provided for from other sources.

The reconstitution of the various Faculties is based on the assumption that a Faculty should be regarded as a group of duly accredited teachers in the university, a group that is held together by the study of one subject or one group of allied subjects. The Faculty is not to be confined to university professors, but is to include certain college tutors and lecturers selected by the Boards of the Faculties with the approval of the General Board. Each Faculty is to have an administrative Board composed of certain officials and an equal number of members elected by the Faculty. In addition to the duty of appointing the university lecturers, this Board is to decide what intercollegiate lecturers will be recognized by admitting their lectures to the Faculty Lecture lists, to frame lecture lists in the subjects of the Faculty for each term, and to control the subjects in the Final Pass examinations and in those of the Honor Schools. The exercise of most of these powers is, however, to be subject to the aproval of the General Board, which may be expected to preserve the balance between the claims of different

III—COMPULSORY GREEK

The University of Oxford still insists on a modicum of Greek for all its would-be graduates, although the dose has been diminished to the very small quantity prescribed for Responsions. The question of the advisability of retaining this small residuum has been hotly discussed in academic circles for many a day. As far as American practice is concerned, the question has ceased to be a live one, but the

interest therein is maintained partly by the general recognition of the historic influence of the old English universities on our thought and life, and partly by the fact that a considerable number of our young men enter the Oxford schools, especially since the foundation of the Rhodes Scholarships. To these latter the question is certainly a live one, as they have generally to enter into special training in order to climb the Greek barriers that have been erected round the ancient university. In spite of this, the interest in the discussion could hardly be so keen were it not very generally believed that the retention of Greek in Responsions is the symbol for larger and more important things. It represents, to the eyes of many, the last stand against modernism in academic circles, while by some the noise of the controversy is regarded as evidence of the death throes of the classical tradition. It is urged by the "moderns" that the retention of so small an amount of Greek is wholly indefensible on rational grounds, even where it is admitted that much might be said for a more thorough treatment of Greek language and literature. The talk about the place of Greek in humanistic learning, the nobility of the Greek ideal, the splendor of the Greek literary stores, the stimulating effect of being carried by the study of Greek into regions of thought which differ profoundly from those of modern times, and so on, is wholly irrelevant and misleading in this discussion. None of these questions is in dispute. All the Greek that is actually insisted upon can be (and frequently is) crammed up in a few months, and the knowledge of the Greek language and the insight into Greek thought of all but a very small proportion of Oxford graduates is of the slightest.

The argument against the retention of Greek as a compulsory subject in Responsions is that so small an amount of Greek serves no purpose that is really useful for culture or anything else. It would be a mistake to suppose that the opposition to its retention comes exclusively from the "moderns" or from the devotees of natural science. Many of the more serious classical scholars oppose it almost equally strongly. It is thought, too, that the insistence on Greek excludes from Oxford some desirable students who would otherwise enter there. The number so excluded is, perhaps, generally exaggerated, for the amount of Greek required is so slight that able men will scarcely be kept out

by such a barrier. It seems unwise, however, to force these men to pursue a course which must generally prove a mere waste of valuable time. A more serious charge is that the retention of Greek as a compulsory subject produces an unfortunate effect on the schools that prepare for Oxford. They are compelled to force a modicum of Greek into unfit and irresponsive recipients, a dull and deadening process to teacher and pupil alike. Many of the teachers feel that it would be a great relief to confine the teaching of Greek to those really capable of profiting by it and a great advantage to save some of their time and energy for the handling of other subjects. Very serious, too, is the influence of the university's policy in this matter on the public attitude towards Oxford. It produces in many minds a feeling of deep distrust of the wisdom of the educational authorities and creates the impression that Oxford is hopelessly reactionary. The inference is unfair because the men that keep Greek in its place are not really representative of Oxford as a whole. Changes in this matter have frequently been advocated by leading men in Oxford, but the constitution of the university has hitherto made reform impossible. The Final Court, as has been explained above, is mainly composed of two classes—teachers and clerics. The former have often a professional interest in the maintenance of Greek, while the latter support it partly because of the tradition of Greek learning in the Church and partly from a vague feeling that the "moderns" are hostile to the best interests of the Church. Congregation, although somewhat broader in its outlook than Convocation, still contains a large proportion of the two classes that dominate the latter court. Reform can scarcely be expected, therefore, until there is some modification in the constitution of the university such as has been outlined above. After a careful consideration of the whole question, Council recently agreed almost unanimously to recommend the abolition of Greek as a compulsory subject in Responsions. When, however, the statute embodying this recommendation came before Congregation on November 22d last, the preamble was rejected by a majority of 188 to 152. The loss of the statute was largely due to the opposition to the particular form in which the proposals were framed. It was felt by many of the moderates that no proper opportunity had been afforded for a fair discussion of possible alternatives, and the

majority shrank from a measure that seemed to them unnecessarily drastic. Their action has led them to be acclaimed by some as the saviours of the university, but no one can seriously believe that they have settled the Greek question for all time. Already machinery has been set in motion that will reopen the whole matter, and we may be quite sure that there will yet be many excursions and alarums and much marching and countermarching over the old battle-ground.

IV—FINANCE

Education and finance cannot be separated in Oxford any more than elsewhere, and sound finance is the condition of most of the important reforms that have been mooted there. Any one familiar with the conditions of the leading American universities who examines the finances of Oxford must be struck by two things. One of these is the small revenue of the university, and the other is the cumbrous machinery that is employed to deal with such small amounts. In this field, as everywhere at Oxford, we must clearly distinguish between the university and the colleges. The former is undoubtedly poor, the latter in several cases are rich. The net income of the university from all sources other than what it receives from the colleges is only about $300,000—just about half the annual income of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It would, however, be misleading to regard this as the real income of the university, for the contributions, direct and indirect, from the colleges are substantial. The direct contributions are of three kinds:

(i) Contributions to the Common University Fund forced upon the colleges by Parliament about thirty years ago and amounting to about $35,000 per annum.

(ii) Statutory payments made by the colleges for the support of the University Library and the endowment of certain professorships, the annual amount being at present about $115,000.

(iii) Voluntary contributions, amounting to about $50,000, to increase the salaries of certain professors and other university officials.

It appears from this that the direct contributions from the colleges amount, in round numbers, to $200,000 per annum. However, this is not the full measure of the financial assistance that the colleges afford to the university.

To estimate this, account should be taken of the *indirect* contributions of the colleges, the money paid for Fellowships (other than those included in the estimate above), for scholarships and prizes of all kinds, making a total of about $575,000 which goes indirectly to the maintenance of the university's work of teaching and research. Of this over $300,000 goes to the support of Fellowships. These Fellowships afford great opportunities for men to do university work after graduation, and, although the position of a Fellow is sometimes abused, there can be no doubt that these Fellowships contribute very largely to the advancement of learning and the maintenance of the highest standards of scholarship.

Returning, however, from the colleges to the university and putting aside the indirect contributions to the latter that are entirely in the control of the colleges, it appears that the university has the disposal of less than $500,000 per annum. To American eyes the amount seems extraordinarily small for the work of a great university and occasions surprise that Oxford can carry on at all under such conditions. The surprise amounts to amazement when we turn our attention from the money available to the machinery employed in disposing of it. One would have thought that a small Board could manage the whole thing and that this Board, if for any reasons it were separated from Council, would at least be in the closest contact with that administrative organ. Council is supposed to be the chief initiator of Oxford's policy, and educational policy, like almost any other policy, is closely involved with finance. And yet Council has no direct, nor even any immediate indirect control over the finances of the university. There is no university treasury, but a number of semi-independent treasuries, the most important of which are the Chest and the Common University Fund, the latter being a Board to control the expenditure of the contributions of the colleges to the university and the former to deal with most of the other revenue. To these should, perhaps, be added as of growing importance, a third body—the trustees of the University Re-endowment Fund. None of these is in very close touch with the chief executive Board—the Council. If Council wishes to suggest a policy involving the expenditure of money, its first step is to apply to the Chest and ask if the means are forthcoming. The Chest may not be

interested in carrying out the policy of the Council and may object to any such expenditure. Then application must be made to the Fund, and if this is equally obdurate Council must go hat in hand to the Re-endowment Fund. That such a system should work at all is certainly a tribute to the good spirit and common sense of those who have had to put up with it, as well as to the long-suffering of Englishmen under archaic forms that have outlived their day. It would seem the better policy to sweep all this cumbrous machinery away and set up something simpler and more suitable for the working conditions of to-day. This, however, might require an appeal to Parliament and Conservative feeling is strongly against such an appeal.

The lack of a central Financial Board with adequate powers of control is shown in the difficulties that have arisen with reference to the contributions of the colleges towards general university purposes. This contribution is a modern innovation, but one that, on the whole, has been accepted by the colleges in a generous spirit. Indeed, as has been seen, some of them go considerably beyond the statutory requirements by making voluntary contributions for various university purposes. As, however, there is no single body whose duty it is to make a careful survey of the financial needs of the university and present the claims of the university as a whole, it naturally follows that the voluntary contributions are made in a haphazard fashion, according to the whim of individuals or colleges. Moreover, even with regard to the statutory contributions, there is need of some central Board of control. The amount of these contributions is fixed on the basis of a certain per cent. of the *net* revenue of the college, the exact per cent. being subject to a sliding scale so that the wealthier colleges contribute a larger percentage than the smaller. This rule as to net revenue is obviously open to abuse, and it is somewhat surprising that the abuses have not been greater. A college has merely to be extravagant with improvements, or repairs, or dinners, or anything else to reduce its net revenue to the vanishing-point and so escape from any contribution to the university at all. Obviously, too, if the rule as to net revenue is to work satisfactorily and fairly, there must be uniformity of practice in the method of estimating the net revenue, which in any given year must be affected by the system of bookkeeping that is adopted. There is need

of some authority to prevent the present diversity of practice from causing serious injustice, and, apart from this, it would be a great advantage to have the college and university accounts kept and presented in a more business-like manner—as might be done under the control of some central Board. At present the accounts that are published are most difficult to understand; it is hard to find out exactly how the revenue is expended, difficult to ascertain the exact cost of the teaching staff, almost impossible to estimate accurately how much is spent on this or that object or branch of study.

Instead of dealing with the whole financial problem drastically, the Council has deemed it wise to propose the establishment of another Finance Board to act merely in an advisory and supervisory capacity. It is to be composed of nine members, of whom three are nominated by the Council, three elected by Convocation and three nominated by the Chancellor. Some of these would doubtless be non-resident members placed upon the Board because of their proved capacity in dealing with matters of finance. The nomination of one-third of the Board by the Council is intended to keep these two bodies in close touch with one another. The main functions of this Finance Board are set forth by the Council in its recommendations as follows:

(*a*) To review the accounts of the university and of the colleges and to report thereon to Council, with a view to more economical administration and to the allocation of funds for university purposes.

(*b*) To make suggestions for the improvement of the forms in which university and college accounts are presented.

(*c*) To prepare annually a statement for Council showing the sums received and expended by the university and the colleges, with the several sources of such receipts and objects of such expenditure.

(*d*) To advise Council as to the best means of providing the funds that may be required to carry out its policy.

(*e*) To consider the statutory and other contributions made by the colleges to the university and to advise Council as to any action that may appear desirable with reference thereto.

This reform should go a long way towards removing some of the financial anomalies that have been referred to above, but it is open to the obvious objection that the establishment

of a new Board further complicates a situation that is already needlessly complex. There still remains a separation of the power of the purse from the Council; the Board can merely *advise* as to the wisdom of certain courses; it has no actual control over the colleges or the university. It will have been observed, moreover, that all these recommendations of Council as to reform deal only with the *machinery* of finance. The great problem of improving the financial condition of the university is only indirectly touched. It is at once obvious that the university is far too poor for the needs of a great university to-day. In the heyday of the classical tradition such a revenue might have sufficed, for all that was required then were books and a few (poorly paid) teachers. Many of the newer departments, especially on the scientific side, demand a costly equipment, and there are almost a score of "subjects" now for each one that was professed a century ago. And so it is not surprising that, while Oxford is still pre-eminent in some of the older fields of learning, she either wholly neglects or does little more than play in many others that claim most serious attention in the newer and better endowed universities. She must get more money and she must make a serious effort to get it both from the colleges and from the public. Many of the colleges are rich and their financial position has been improving, while that of the university has declined. There seems no good reason why the corporate spirit should not be encouraged and the colleges be induced to bear a larger share of the financial burden of the university. Some efforts have been directed towards securing a re-endowment fund from the public, but the response to the Chancellor's appeals has not been very generous. Of the class that goes to Oxford a large portion is much more engrossed in the problem of maintaining, or of founding, a great family than in that of advancing the cause of learning. It would appear that Englishmen have not such a real belief in education as have the Americans; they are certainly far less generous in their giving. Then it is to be noted that the Alumni are, as a rule, far less enthusiastic for their university than is the case here. This arises partly from the deep-cutting difference between the college and the university, a difference which goes to the very quick at Oxford. An Oxford man has, as a rule, few dealings with the university, and what he has are generally unpleasant. He is fined or arrested

by university proctors, worried at university examinations, or "fleeced" by university dues or fees. The affection that he feels for Oxford goes out primarily to his college, and if he gives at all it is to the college that his gifts will go. Then it must not be forgotten that in England there is practically a total lack of any organized effort to keep the Alumni in close touch with the university. This is a feature of American academic life that impresses every visitor from abroad, and it may well be that Oxford will remain impecunious until it takes a leaf out of America's book and sets itself strenuously to keep in closer touch with its own Alumni. Nor can Oxford afford any longer to neglect the rich and generous men who are not of its own family. There are many such even in England, but no systematic effort is made to keep the needs of the university before their eyes. Even when they are taken to Oxford, it is hard for them to realize that the university is poor. They see magnificent halls and lordly parks—worthy, as all would have them remain, of an historic seat of learning. None of these things gives the impression of poverty, and the visitor can scarcely be expected to appreciate the distinction between college and university and so to understand how the colleges may be so rich while the university is so poor. Apart from this the business man is apt to be repelled by the exhibitions of amateur finance and of amateur management of property that catch his eye. If he looks at college or university accounts he is bewildered. Many things thus conspire to make him feel that the university is out of touch with the modern world. A small thing in itself, but one of which he hears a good deal and which doubtless impresses him, is the insistence on Greek as an indispensable requirement from all candidates for degrees. Lord Curzon has made it known that a would-be benefactor offered a contribution of $150,000 to Oxford if the barrier of compulsory Greek could be removed. It is not probable that such a benefactor would approve of giving more than half the total amount that the colleges distribute annually in scholarships (over a quarter of a million dollars) to a single group of subjects—the classics. He would think that this indicated an almost hopelessly distorted view of the needs of the modern man, and he would direct his benefactions to the younger universities that are much more keenly alive to the needs of the day.

RICHARD C. MACLAURIN.

A FRENCH CHARLES LAMB

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Why is it that the few brief notes which accompany Lamb's selections from the old English dramatic poets live in the memory of all who love literature? It is because Lamb did not attempt to formulate principles, or grade perfections, or lay down everlasting rules for the guidance of poets, past and future. He was all alive himself, keenly sensitive to human joy and human passion, and he went unerringly to every trace of these things in the forgotten beauty before him, sometimes lending it his own life, but making it live always. "It is difficult to get rid of a woman at the end of a tragedy. Men may fight and die. A woman must either take poison, which is a nasty trick, or go mad, which is not fit to be shown—or retire, which is poor: only retiring is most reputable." This is not quite the manner of Aristotle or Lessing; but it makes us think, it makes us feel, and if it makes us smile also, where is the harm?

I wish that every one who loves Lamb might know the ten volumes of M. Jules Lemaître's "*Impressions de Théâtre.*" Not that M. Lemaître's temperament or view of life resembles Lamb's very closely. But there is the same treatment of the drama as a live thing, the same keen, petulant interest in all phases of humanity, often displaying itself in the discussion of a trifling subject or a minor personage. Lamb will make the most delicate turn of observation apropos of a dead play of Brome or Shirley. So M. Lemaître writes of a hissed piece by some forgotten author, and wit and grace and sympathetic insight make his criticism of far greater charm and permanent value than the thing criticised.

Nothing will show this better than a comparison of M. Lemaître's work with the collected volumes of articles by Sarcey, "*Quarante Ans de Théâtre.*" Sarcey's criticism

is of very great value and interest. It not only bears on the French drama of his own day, but is full of fruitful lessons for the dramatist of all time. Sarcey, however, is often accused of being conventional, of thinking only of the technical aspects of theatrical workmanship, of caring more about how a play was made than about the matter of it. It is, at any rate, true that he was keenly alive to popular success. "Plays were written to please the public," he argued, "and they must please. Let us find out, if possible, why some please and some do not." In making this curious investigation he, perhaps, did not sufficiently consider that there are publics and publics, perhaps identified himself a little too much with the average man, without reflecting that work aimed at the average man is likely to be average work. With his frank gayety, his good nature, his large common sense, he was perhaps something of an average man himself.

When we turn to "*Impressions de Théâtre*" we are in a totally different atmosphere. The subjects are the same, but the method is not. The perishable quality, the mere temporary fortune of a play, is of minor importance. Instantly the critic lifts it out of such trivial relations and discusses its failure or success in achieving human truth, not, however, with a cumbrous apparatus of philosophical theory, but with a sympathetic desire to get at the essence of things, as unpretentious as it is sincere. Nothing could be more charming than M. Lemaître's attitude towards Sarcey. The younger critic appreciates perfectly the elder's wide experience, his sane, large receptivity, his jovial common sense. Half a dozen times his talks on the older dramatists are reported by his brilliant rival with a delicate current of irony which must have delighted Sarcey more than any one else. In discussing the "*Antigone*" of Sophocles, M. Lemaître summarizes the article Sarcey would have written on the tragedy had it been the work of a young contemporary. "The play swarms with moral improbabilities . . . but in the eyes of these young literary enthusiasts the most established principles are mere old-fogeyism. There is a certain grandeur in the thing, I confess, and style. But it is not drama."

In M. Lemaître's work, then, we find dramatic criticism hardly more than an excuse for the finest and most delicate observation and study of human nature. The French term

"moralist," so different from the English, meaning not a preacher, but a student, not a reformer, but a psychologist, applies to him as much as to Joubert or Labruyère. Only, whereas those celebrated authors put their wisdom into detached, concentrated bits, not always comfortably readable, his is diffused in a continuous current flowing easily along a definite line and holding the attention almost as steadily as narrative or drama. For instance, he is writing about Meilhac and Halévy's "*Réveillon.*" The second act is a supper scene. He remarks that it is exceptional in being amusing, since almost all such scenes upon the stage are apt to be unnatural and dull. Then, in looking for the reason of this, he analyzes, with cunning insight, the psychology of a supper or dinner party—oh, not by laboratory methods or the metric system, but with sympathy and dramatic gift that make you feel as if you were there yourself—and shows that the authors, by an instinctive art, have contrived to put just this natural process on the stage. Or, in a more serious vein—though, as with Lamb, the serious and the gay with M. Lemaître go always hand in hand—take this fine analysis with which the critic—again in connection with Meilhac and Halévy—discusses the possibilities of profound truth underneath the lightest farce.

"I hesitate to assert that there is depth in this comedy. MM. Meilhac and Halévy have so much wit that perhaps they have enough to laugh at me if I assert it, and I assure you a man must be witty indeed to laugh at those who accuse him of profundity. . . . But don't you think that, taken by their serious side and brought down to human proportions, the personage of Blue Beard, as he sees himself, and that of Boulotte ending (oh, dark places of the heart) by loving Blue Beard, might become haughty and mysterious tragic figures so rich in substance that it would be possible to reason and debate about them as much at length as one may about Hamlet?"

As the converse of this, one should read also everything that M. Lemaître writes about Ibsen; for, mingled with a profound admiration for the great Norwegian, there is also an irony as keen as it is gentle, probing the solemn emptiness which clouds and deadens much of his work.

This irony, this delightful blend of wit with tenderness, much like Lamb's, though less riotous, less whimsical, less broadly frolicsome than Lamb's, appears on every page of M. Lemaître's writing and is one of its greatest charms. It is never intrusive, never inappropriate; you never feel —I never feel—that it in any way degrades great things;

but it lends grace to difficult matters and charm to dull ones. It is like the indefinable witchery of a Frenchwoman's talk, which makes you glad to listen to her even when she speaks of the indifferent or commonplace. This quality, which comes often nearer to English humor than to the true Voltairian wit, has appeared in what I have so far quoted and will in what I quote further; but over and over again in M. Lemaître's work it charms us purely for itself. Take, for instance, this petulant protest against modern nature worship. (Lamb, you remember, rebelled in the same way against the mute prostrations of his Lake friends.):

"For my part, if anybody says to me, 'Don't you adore the whispering of poplars in dark midnight?' I answer, 'Do you?' And if he adds, 'Don't you love the song of the linnet, the lark's cry and the brook's murmur?' I reply: 'Of course, of course. But, unfortunately, I don't hear such things often. And then—you can't live on them. And don't think badly of me—but really I know other pleasures that are a little keener than those.'"

Another delightful example of M. Lemaître's sense of comedy—this time surely humorous, if ever anything was—is his account of the meeting between Renan and the concert-hall singer, Victorine Demay:

"The author of the 'Life of Jesus,' with his well-known politeness and charming good nature, came up to the singer and said to her, 'Madame, I rarely visit concert-halls, but I shall enjoy listening to you, for I have heard your name often.' Demay, quite overcome and wishing to be as amiable as possible, made this reply, surely grand in its simplicity, 'I also know you very well, indeed.' Isn't that admirable when one imagines to oneself what Demay could know of M. Renan and what idea she could possibly have of him?"

Without doubt the freedom and the richness of M. Lemaître's criticism are closely connected with his theory of what criticism should be, and here again, though Lamb might not have agreed with him in the abstract, they are quite at one in their practice. The French love names, and M. Lemaître frequently proclaims himself an impressionist. Perhaps, with M. Anatole France, he is—or was at the time of writing the "*Impressions*"—the leading representative of that school. But names are cold and limiting, easily outgrown and too subject to definition by the ignorant. Probably M. Lemaître would always have admitted that certain principles lie at the bottom of all art judgment. Only he would have urged that these principles are too general to go far and are difficult of practical application. He would have heartily agreed with Sterne that "of all the cants

that are canted in this canting world, the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, but surely the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." To him the charm of art is its freedom, its variety. In practical action we must be hampered and trammelled by standards and conventions. Let us at least keep the art world as clear as possible from the formula of the professor and the tape-measure of the connoisseur. Let us recognize that every age has its right and every temperament its privilege, not insist too harshly on straining new thought into old moulds, above all, not fight, with bookish ingenuity, for old moulds because they are ours and we are used to them. The secret of life is growth, change. "Behold! I make all things new." To be sure, the new is rooted in the old and established upon it. We must know the past and love it. But we must be ready for every fresh revelation, open-minded, liberal, eager to adapt ourselves to new forms and new conditions, apt to reject what is dead when it is dead. Only so can we be sure of being fruitfully alive. The expression of these principles is everywhere to be found in M. Lemaître's work, in the earlier and, as I think, inferior, volumes of "*Les Contemporains*," more crude and combative, in the "*Impressions de Théâtre*" more subtle, more persuasive, more insinuating:

"For my part, I accept everything; I enjoy everything in its time, turn and turn about or even all at once: reality that is grotesque and low, reality that is ennobled by artistic treatment, classical idealism, romanticism, naturalism, Racine as well as Balzac, George Sand as well as Emile Zola, Bourget as well as Maupassant. . . . I like everything, because everything is true, even dreams. Whatever may be the aspect of things that presents itself to the artist, I will make it mine, provided the form of it is instinct with beauty."

This impressionist attitude of criticism is often objected to as being personal and so impertinent. You have nothing to give us but your own experiences, your own sensations: what do we care for those? It seems to me that in reality the opposite dogmatic fashion of criticising is the impertinent one. "This is beautiful by all the eternal laws and standards. *I* say so. You must accept it whether you like it or not." I find it hard to relish that, even when it comes from Ruskin or Arnold. The dogmatism, the sharp decisions, of a Brunetière are well enough when you agree with them. When you do not, they savor of egotism to a considerable degree. There are no sharp decisions in M. Lemaître. He would say:

"I do not ask you to follow me. I do not wish you to follow me. Certain things have moved me, touched me, helped me, delighted me. I will tell you of my delight, so far as I can, of the nature of it. It may be that the same delight will come to you also, or it may not. The result will be curious in either case."

And I do not find the least touch of undue egotism in any detail of personal experience by which the critic seeks to convey and make clear to me this æsthetic rapture of his own. For I know that he is a man, as I am, that much of his experience is my experience, and that what is not mine is that of millions of others and will throw light on mine by the very difference. He tells me that he is not a Christian, but that he loves Christianity; and that at once explains his attitude toward many plays and many dramatic characters. He tells me of his boyhood reveries and passions, and I understand his love for Musset. He tells me that he did not read Dumas till he was a grown man, and I understand why "Monte Cristo" bores him. Some persons may think it an odd thing for an author to write the criticisms of his own plays. It is perfectly consistent with M. Lemaître's theory, and in practice I find it not only charming, but most instructive as regards the author and the plays and some interesting questions of dramatic art in general. M. Lemaître himself has discussed this matter of introducing the critic's personality, and the following passage seems to me as reasonable as it is suggestive:

"A critic has the right to speak of himself, in so far as he is a critic and in his relation to the things he is called upon to criticise. It is even his duty, whenever he appreciates keenly what there is of the relative and the merely temporary in the judgments he formulates; whenever his personal confidences may help his readers to complete or to rectify his judgments; in brief, whenever he is not very sure of himself and feels himself to be particularly fallible. I would even say that in doing this he shows modesty, not assurance or presumption. There is much more pride in the criticism which is impersonal, because that does not avow its fragility."

Thus, like Lamb, M. Lemaître tells us a great deal about himself and herein lies much of his charm. He tells us frequently that he is French; but that was hardly necessary, it is so obvious. He is as French as Lamb is English. He is French in his ignorance—ignorance of other countries and their ways. "As I know very little of foreign countries and their literatures, I am not surprised at anything that comes from them." What English or German critic would even set up to be a critic after such a confession as that? But

M. Lemaître is French not only in his ignorance; he is so in his deplorable contentment to be ignorant. He thinks his country can afford to neglect the work of others because she is so fruitful in masterpieces of her own. And his taste is as thoroughly French as his equipment. I confess that I myself owe to him large revelations of the grace, the perfection, the moral insight; more than that, the high tragic power of Racine. But as a French critic he perceives depth and beauty in many portions of Racine's work where they are hidden from me. Conversely his frankness, not to say irreverence, in dealing with Shakespeare is to me refreshing as a sea breeze. I so often feel about our English idol what M. Lemaître himself says in regard to Corneille:

"When one tries to receive from these venerable authors impressions as direct and sincere as if one read them for the first time, one falls almost inevitably from superstition into irreverence. Thus there are books as to which I have no opinion whatever and never shall have. I am, as it were, condemned never to know them because I know them too well."

Therefore, when I read that the last two acts of "Hamlet" are "extremely tedious," that "the conduct of Claudius is absurd, the queen null and absolutely passive, the gravedigger's scene in no way useful to the action, a dismal sort of comedy which with time has become horribly commonplace," and that "the scene of Ophelia's madness reminds you of a chromo," while I may not agree, I am not wholly offended. But when the critic proceeds to reaffirm Voltaire's celebrated dictum about "the drunken savage," I cannot but remember that I too "speak the tongue which Shakespeare spake" and which M. Lemaître apparently has some difficulty in even reading.

French in morals also is M. Lemaître. Oh, not to any wild excess, but French. The delightful article on Renan's "*Abbesse de Jouarre*," for example, contains sound common sense about matters of sex. Any English critic would regard its substance as conservative and practical. But no English critic would dare to express himself on the subject with such airy frivolity. Again, the paper on Mary Magdalen is intended as a real, a sincere protest of reverence against the degradation of sacred things, but I should not venture to translate or even to paraphrase the vivid sparkles of Gallic wit which give it all its point and sting. These French employ such odd weapons in the service of morality that really— Yet no one can question the honesty of M.

Lemaître's intentions or his profound sympathy with what is pure, austere, and noble in love matters as in other things. Like a certain far more celebrated personage whose sympathies were sometimes stronger than his convictions, he

> "Saw
> Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw and pined
> His loss."

In morals non-sexual M. Lemaître's sensitiveness is even more keen, more delicate, more finely tempered. Not that he is anything of a preacher or assails vice with the stormy severity of a Ruskin or a Carlyle. Far from it. Irony is his weapon, an irony so tolerant, so sympathetic, that a hasty reader might not even feel its force. He lashes no wrong-doer: he knows too well himself the vast ease of human wrong-doing. Yet on every page you feel his resentment and protest against the hard, eager materialism of modern life, his ardent desire that somehow, somewhere, love might be substituted for hate, and pity for selfishness. Only he feels pity, not hatred, for the selfish and believes that they, after all, are the ones who suffer most for their own sins.

This note of pity is one of the most marked things about M. Lemaître's work, and it is the union of pity and the sense of human misery with his constant light and graceful humor which gives everything he writes its singular charm. If the consciousness of suffering may, perhaps, be called morbid, as in Zola, it is at least to be remarked that, as in Zola, it is absolutely impersonal. One never gets that impression of a tedious whine over the writer's own annoyances which is so characteristic of Carlyle and Thackeray. M. Lemaître's pity is for humanity at large, for the blind agony of millions struggling with adverse fate. He would say with Bosola:

> "In what a shadow or deep pit of darkness
> Doth womanish and fearful mankind live."

Especially is M. Lemaître's pity given to the poor and lowly. Here again he is French, and conservative Anglo-Saxons will, perhaps, find him too lenient to something like anarchism, too ready to impute to society and its present organization evils which are inherent in the nature of man in any society.

"Our industrial civilization, which, after all, is a benefit to only the small minority and imposes on such a number of men a life which is actually

*un*human. . . . There are in Paris thousands of women who, after they have done their household work, make garments ten hours a day to earn eight or ten cents. And what food! And what lodging! And what a life! And even these are not the most unfortunate."

Much as one may pity the laborer, one may also feel that the *bourgeois,* the middle class (especially when one belongs to it oneself) does not quite deserve all M. Lemaître's condemnation. "The true enemy of Jesus in all countries and in all ages has been the *bourgeois.*" Perhaps Jesus died even for the *bourgeois*—a little. Yet so simple, so genuine, so honest is M. Lemaître's sympathy that these brief bursts of rhetoric do not in any way detract from it. He himself is eager to disclaim the attitude of agitator or apostle, to prick the bubble of high-sounding phrases which are not built on action.

"It is disloyal and disgraceful to parade ideas which, if one were really possessed by them, would compel one to sacrifice and renunciation and acts of virtue of which one knows oneself to be quite incapable. But pity is beautiful, even indignant pity, if only it is humble, and if a little of the indignation is turned against ourselves. For then good works may follow, or at least a small beginning of good works and the effort for them."

So in M. Lemaître's criticism, where one would least expect it, in the discussion of a farce of Labiche or of a dance-hall ballad, you may find touches of the deepest, tenderest human feeling, just as you find them in Lamb when he speaks of an old dead tragedy or of an actor who has been forgotten a hundred years.

And as Lamb, speaking of a friend whose children were to be brought up in their mother's Catholic faith, remarks, "I am resolved that my children shall be brought up in their father's religion—if they can find out what it is," so M. Lemaître would doubtless bid us seek for his religion and would earnestly and devoutly join us in the search. I am not now speaking of later phases of M. Lemaître's career, as to which my information is somewhat conflicting. The writer of the "*Impressions de Théâtre*" is seeking, always seeking. It is to be noted how totally different this later nineteenth-century scepticism is from that of Voltaire. It has nothing of Voltaire's joyous certainty of denial, nothing of his militant confidence in a critical power to build up as well as to overthrow. The unbelievers of a later time, like Renan, France, Lemaître, have no desire to overthrow anything. The beliefs of the old age are too remote from them to be worthy of attack, too full of sweetness and ancient

reverence and manifold blessing to humanity to be treated with disdain. So far M. France and M. Lemaître, whose names are so often coupled, pull together. But only so far. M. France is a spiritual Epicurean, perfectly content to be nothing further. All phases of religious emotion are to him a delightful study, like the phases of other emotion, especially amorous. He analyzes them, he feels them, he loves them, and goes on his way. M. Lemaître is no Epicurean, though his spiritual delight is perhaps quite as keen as that of M. France. The pity of the world, its agony will not let him rest. Keen wit, buoyant gayety, broad sympathy with every form of beauty, do not hide or hush for him the eternal question. Perhaps they make it sting more sharply. He is too honest to take unsatisfactory answers. He is too earnest to rest wholly satisfied with none. And it is this constant restless sense of the deeper things of life, combined with human insight and with the most varied resource of literary charm, that make the "*Impressions de Théâtre*" far more than a mere parasitical comment on the ephemeral productions of the Paris stage, a collection of essays of choice and permanent value which ought to be read and enjoyed more and more as times goes on, if the overwhelming growth of literature leaves any man or woman time to read at all.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

A CONVENTION TO AMEND THE CONSTITUTION —WHY NEEDED—HOW IT MAY BE OBTAINED

BY WALTER K. TULLER

A LARGE majority of the people of the country are in favor of the election of United States Senators by direct vote. That this is a fact probably few will question. For years the question of direct election of Senators has been debated and the arguments pro and con advanced. But a large proportion of the public have now reached the conclusion that their election by direct vote will result in closer relations between the great body of people and their representatives in Congress and will tend to promote better government. This conviction has undoubtedly been brought about largely by the many and frequently disgraceful abuses which have resulted under the present system of choosing Senators. Many persons feel also that the members of the State Legislature should be chosen rather for their individual merit than for their party affiliations—that opinions on national issues have little to do with the desirability of candidates for a legislative body which has to pass on matters of local legislation. Under present conditions, however, most men feel the necessity of voting for their party candidate for the Legislature, even though they do not consider him the best qualified for the place, when he may have the choosing of a United States Senator. Hence the feeling that the popular election of Senators will tend to a higher standard in local legislation. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the Senators were considered as representatives of the States as separate entities. This had much to do with the manner provided in the Constitution for their election. When the Constitution was adopted we were a confederation of separate States. To-day we are a nation. We have reached a grander conception of our nationality. To-day the State and national Govern-

ment are mere agencies to conduct the business of the real sovereign—the people of the United States.

But the question that is now of paramount importance is: How is this change to be brought about? It requires, of course, an amendment to the Federal Constitution. Many States are attempting to reach the practical result by advisory popular votes more or less binding upon the Legislature. But this is a mere makeshift; better, perhaps, than the old state of things, but at most only a temporary expedient. The Constitution must be amended. There are two means by which amendments may be proposed. One is for Congress to submit a proposed amendment to the States for ratification. The other is for a constitutional convention to submit proposed amendments for similar ratification. Four times, twice without a dissenting vote, has the House of Representatives passed a resolution submitting an amendment providing for the popular election of Senators. Not one of these resolutions has passed the Senate. *Not one has even been allowed to come to a vote in that body.* It does not seem very probable that popular election of Senators will be secured in this way. But, as just stated, there is another means provided for securing amendments to the Constitution. Article V of that instrument provides:

"Section 1. The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress; *provided* that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight shall, in any manner, affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article; and that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

There are now forty-six States in the Union. Two-thirds of that number is thirty and two-thirds, or thirty-one applications required before Congress is obliged to call a constitutional convention. *The fact about to be stated may not be generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless; the Legislatures of twenty-eight States have already formally applied to Congress to call such a convention.* The following are the States whose Legislatures have made such applications:

Arkansas 1903	Missouri 1907
California 1903	Montana 1907
Colorado 1901	Nebraska 1903
Delaware 1907	Nevada 1907
Idaho 1908	New Jersey 1907
Illinois 1903–1909	North Carolina 1907
Indiana 1907	Oklahoma 1908
Iowa 1907–1909	Oregon 1901–1909
Kansas 1907	Pennsylvania 1901
Kentucky 1902	South Dakota 1908
Louisiana 1907	Tennessee 1901–1905
Michigan 1901	Texas 1899–1901–1908
Minnesota 1901	Utah 1908
Wisconsin 1908	Washington 1903

In other words, but three more such applications are required to impose upon Congress the duty of calling a constitutional convention. Should Arizona and New Mexico be admitted before this number of applications are made, there will be forty-eight States in the Union, or thirty-two such applications required. The text of these resolutions may be of interest. The following are typical:

LOUISIANA

"Whereas we believe that Senators of the United States should be elected directly by the voters; and

"Whereas to authorize such direct election an amendment to the Constitution of the United States is necessary; and

"Whereas the failure of Congress to submit such amendment to the States has made it clear that the only practicable method of securing a submission of such amendment to the State is through a constitutional convention, to be called by Congress upon the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of all the States: Therefore be it

"*Resolved by the general assembly of the State of Louisiana,* That the Legislature of the State of Louisiana hereby makes application to the Congress of the United States, under Article V of the Constitution of the United States, to call a constitutional convention for proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

"Sec. 2. That this resolution, duly authenticated, shall be delivered forthwith to the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, with the request that the same shall be laid before the said Senate and House."

KANSAS

"Whereas there is a wide-spread and rapidly growing belief that the Constitution of the United States should be so amended as to provide for the election of the United States Senators by the direct vote of the people of the respective States; and

"Whereas other amendments to the United States Constitution are by many intelligent persons considered desirable and necessary; and

"Whereas the Senate of the United States has so far neglected to take

any action whatever upon the matter of changing the manner of electing United States Senators, although favorable action upon such proposed change has several times been unanimously taken by the House of Representatives: Therefore be it

"*Resolved* by the House of Representatives of the State of Kansas (the Senate concurring therein), That the Legislature of Kansas, in accordance with the provisions of Article V of the Constitution of the United States, hereby apply to and request the Congress of the United States to call a convention for the purpose of proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States."

PENNSYLVANIA

"Whereas a large number of State Legislatures have at various times adopted memorials and resolutions in favor of election of United States Senators by popular vote; and

"Whereas the national House of Representatives has on four separate occasions, within recent years, adopted resolutions in favor of this proposed change in the method of electing United States Senators, which were not adopted by the Senate; and

"Whereas Article V of the Constitution of the United States provides that Congress, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, call a convention for proposing amendments, and believing there is a general desire upon the part of the citizens of the State of Pennsylvania that the United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people: Therefore be it

"*Resolved* (if the House of Representatives concur), That the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania favors the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution which shall provide for the election of United States Senators by popular vote, and joins with other States of the Union in respectfully requesting that a convention be called for the purpose of proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as provided for in Article V of the said Constitution, which amendment shall provide for a change in the present method of electing United States Senators so that they can be chosen in each State by a direct vote of the people."

WISCONSIN

"Whereas Article V of the Constitution of the United States provides that 'the Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States or by convention in three-fourths thereof,' etc.; and

"Whereas the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States has on four separate occasions passed by a two-thirds vote a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people; and

"Whereas the United States Senate has each time refused to consider or vote upon said resolution, thereby denying to the people of the several States a chance to secure this much-desired change in the method of electing Senators; therefore be it

"*Resolved* by the Senate and Assembly of the State of Wisconsin, That, under the authority of Article V of the Constitution of the United States, application is hereby made to Congress to forthwith call a constitutional convention for the purpose of submitting to the States for ratification an amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people."

All of the resolutions except that passed by the Legislature of Delaware referred principally to the matter of an amendment to provide for popular election of Senators. In the resolution passed by the Legislature of Delaware, the matter apparently moving that body was the desire to secure an amendment to prevent polygamy. The resolution, however, formally applies to Congress to call a constitutional convention.

In addition to the States above enumerated, the Legislatures of Wyoming and Alabama have declared themselves in favor of the proposed amendment in resolutions to Congress, although the somewhat unhappy wording of their resolutions probably prevents them from being operative as formal applications for such a convention.

In 1895 the Legislature of Wyoming passed and submitted to Congress a resolution or memorial reciting that the exciting and disturbing contest for seats in the Legislature in many of the States has been owing in great measure to impending contests for United States Senators; that in many States the sessions of the Legislature are limited to a specified time, and much of this time has been wasted and consumed in a fruitless effort to elect Senators, and providing further:

"The temptation to corruption and the inducements to influence legislators by questionable means would be entirely removed if the election of Senators were transferred to the people. It is believed the business of the Legislature should be confined to matters of legislation, and that the excitement attendant upon the selection of United States Senators by the Legislature interferes to a great degree with that business. The growth of a public sentiment in this direction we believe to be grounded upon good reasons, calling for an amendment of the Constitution in this respect,"

and urging Congress to submit a constitutional amendment to provide for popular election.

In 1910 the Legislature of Alabama passed and submitted to Congress a resolution providing in part:

"Whereas, Article V of the Constitution of the United States provides that whenever two-thirds of both Houses (of Congress) shall deem it necessary shall propose amendments to the Constitution, or, on application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention

for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes:

"And whereas the Legislatures of twenty-seven States have applied to the Congress of the United States for the submission to the States of an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people"

and petitioning Congress to submit an amendment providing for direct election of Senators.

While these resolutions clearly indicate the sentiment of these Legislatures, they can hardly be held, as above stated, to constitute such formal application for a convention as is required by the Constitution. It is entirely competent, however, for the Legislatures of these States to adopt resolutions hereafter formally requesting Congress to call such a convention.

But in view of the action of the Senate, as heretofore noted, on the proposition to submit an amendment directly, some may question whether it will concur in issuing a call for a constitutional convention even though two-thirds of the State Legislatures formally apply therefor. But when that number of States apply, Congress has, under the Constitution, absolutely no discretion. This will be more fully considered hereafter. It would hardly seem, therefore, that the Senate would wilfully violate the Constitution which every member is sworn to uphold. But assuming that it should do so—is there any remedy? In that event, it is believed Congress can be directly compelled to issue the call. At first blush this proposition may seem extremely radical and perhaps decidedly visionary. But it may not be so.

Let it first be clearly appreciated that, under the Constitution, Congress has no discretion in the matter of calling a convention when the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States have applied therefor. In that event, the Constitution provides that Congress "shall" call a convention. The word "shall," as there used, is equivalent to the word "must." The framers of the Constitution evidently adopted this provision advisedly and with this intention. By the first part of the provision Congress is authorized to propose amendments in its discretion. But this alone would obviously leave it within the power of Congress to forever prevent any amendment. A further means of proposing amendment was, therefore, provided with which Congress was to have no discretion. In other words, when the requisite number of applications are made, the Constitution

makes it the *positive duty* of Congress to call the convention regardless of whether that body considers it advisable or not. This is the express language of the Constitution, and the Constitution is "the supreme law of the land." (Article VI, Sec. 2.) The idea thus expressed is exactly the idea that the framers of the instrument intended it to express. That there may be no doubt on this fundamental proposition, let us present the direct proof. The following, taken from Elliott's "Debates of the Constitutional Convention of 1787," is believed to be all that appears upon this particular matter and conclusively establishes the proposition just asserted:

"*Tuesday, May 29*

"(P. 126) Mr. Randolph then opened the main business (of the convention):

". . . He observed that, in revising the Federal system, we ought to inquire, first, into the properties which such a Government ought to possess; secondly, the defects of the Confederation; thirdly, the dangers of our situation; and, fourthly, the remedy. . . . He proposed, as conformable to his ideas, the following resolutions, which he explained one by one. . . .

"(P. 128) '13. Resolved, that provision ought to be made for the amendment of the Articles of Union whensoever it shall seem necessary; and that the assent of the national Legislature ought not to be required thereto.'

"Mr. Charles Pickney laid before the House the draft of a Federal Government which he had prepared, to be agreed upon between the free and independent States of America; . . .

"(P. 132) Art. XVI. If two-thirds of the Legislatures of the States apply for the same, the Legislature of the United States shall call a convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution; or should Congress, with the consent of two-thirds of each House, propose to the States amendments to the same, the agreement of two-thirds of the Legislatures of the States shall be sufficient to make the said amendments parts of the Constitution."

"*Tuesday, June 5*

"(P. 157) The thirteenth resolution [of Mr. Randolph] to the effect *that provision ought to be made for hereafter amending the system now to be established, without requiring the assent of the national Legislature,* being taken up:

"Mr. Pickney doubted the propriety or necessity of it.

"Mr. Gerry favored it. The novelty and difficulty of the experiment requires periodical revision. The prospect of such revision would also give immediate stability to the Government. Nothing has yet happened in the States where this provision existed to prove its impropriety. The proposition was postponed for future consideration."

"*Monday, June 11*

"(P. 182) The thirteenth resolution for amending the national Con-

stitution hereafter, without consent of the national Legislature being considered, several members did not see the necessity of the resolution at all, nor the propriety of making the consent of the national Legislature unnecessary.

"Colonel Mason urged the necessity of such a provision. The plan now to be formed will certainly be defective, as the Confederation has been found on trial to be. Amendments, therefore, will be necessary; and it will be better to provide for them in an easy, regular and constitutional way than to trust to chance and violence. It would be improper to require the consent of the national Legislature, because they may abuse their power and refuse their consent on that very account. The opportunity for such an abuse may be the fault of the Constitution calling for amendment.

"Mr. Randolph enforced these arguments. The words 'without requiring the consent of the national Legislature' were postponed. The other provision in the clause passed *nem. con.*"

"*Monday, August 6*

"(P. 376) Mr. Rutledge delivered in the report of the committee of detail as follows, a printed copy being at the same time furnished to each member: . . .

"(P. 381) 'Art. XIX. On the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States in the Union for an amendment of this Constitution, the Legislature of the United States shall call a convention for that purpose.'"

"*Thursday, August 30*

"(P. 498) Article XIX [above] was taken up.

"Mr. Gouverneur Morris suggested that the Legislature should be left at liberty to propose amendments whenever they pleased.

"*The article was agreed to,** nem. con."

"*Monday, September 10*

"P. 530) Mr. Gerry moved to reconsider Article XIX, viz.: [quoting].

"This Constitution, he said, is to be paramount to the State Constitution. It follows, hence, from this Article that two-thirds of the States may obtain a convention, a majority of which can bind the Union to innovations that may subvert the State Constitution altogether. He asked whether this was a situation proper to be run into.

"(P. 531) Mr. Hamilton seconded the motion; but, he said, with a different view from Mr. Gerry. He did not object to the consequences stated by Mr. Gerry. There was no greater evil to subject the people of the United States to the major voice than the people of a particular State. It had been wished by many, and was much to have been desired, that an easier mode of introducing amendments had been provided by the Articles of the Confederation. It was equally desirable now that an easy mode should be established for supplying defects which will probably appear in the new system. The mode proposed was not adequate. The State Legislatures will not apply for alterations, but with a view to increase their own powers. The national Legislature will be the first to perceive, and will be most sensible to, the necessity of amendments; and ought *also*†

* Italics author's.

† Italics author's.

to be empowered, whenever two-thirds of each branch should concur, to call a convention. There could be no danger in giving this power, as the people would finally decide in the case.

"Mr. Madison remarked on the vagueness of the terms, 'Call a convention for the purpose,' as sufficient reason for reconsidering the Article. How was a convention to be formed? By what rule decide? What the force of its acts?

"[Motion to reconsider carried.]

"Mr. Sherman moved to add to the Article 'or the Legislature may propose amendments to the several States for their approbation, but no amendments shall be binding until consented to by the several States.'

"Mr. Gerry seconded the motion.

"Mr. Wilson moved to insert 'two-thirds of' before the words 'several States.'

"[Motion lost.]

"Mr. Wilson then moved to insert 'three-fourths of' before 'the several States,' which was agreed to *nem. con.*

"Mr. Madison moved to postpone the consideration of the amended proposition in order to take up the following:

"'The Legislature of the United States, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem necessary, or on the application of two-thirds of the Legislatures of the several States, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, which shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part thereof, when the same shall have been ratified by three-fourths, at least, of the Legislatures of the several States or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Legislature of the United States.'

"(P. 532) Mr. Hamilton seconded the motion.

"[The clause preventing amendments affecting slavery prior to 1808 added.]

"On the proposition of Mr. Madison and Mr. Hamilton [carried]."

"*Saturday, September 15*

"Article V [just quoted].

"(P. 551) Mr. Sherman expressed his fears that three-fourths of the States might be brought to do things fatal to particular States; as abolishing them altogether or depriving them of their equality in the Senate. . . .

"Colonel Mason thought the plan of amending the Constitution exceptionable and dangerous. As the proposing of amendments is in both the modes to depend, in the first immediately, in the second ultimately, on Congress, no amendments of the proper kind would ever be obtained by the people if the Government should become oppressive, as he verily believed would be the case.

"Mr. Gouverneur Morris and Mr. Terry moved to amend the Article so as to *require** a convention on application of two-thirds of the States.

"Mr. Madison did not see why Congress would not be as much bound to propose amendments applied for by two-thirds of the States as to call a convention on the like application. He saw no objection, however, against providing for a convention for the purpose of amendments, except only that difficulties might arise as to the form, the quorum, etc., which in constitutional regulations ought to be as much as possible avoided.

* Italics are author's.

"The motion of Mr. Gouverneur Morris and Mr. Gerry was agreed to, *nem. con.* . . .

"(P. 552) Mr. Gouverneur Morris moved to annex a further proviso—'that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.'

"This motion, being dictated by the circulating murmurs of the small States, was agreed to without debate, no one opposing it or on the question saying no. . . .

"The Constitution was then ordered engrossed, and the House adjourned."

"*Monday, September 17*

"(P. 553) The engrossed Constitution being read . . . the members then proceeded to sign the Constitution, as finally amended, as follows: . . .

"Article V [as quoted in the beginning of this discussion]."

It appears, therefore, that it was the express will of the convention that there should be a means of amending the Constitution without the consent of Congress; that pursuant to this idea the provision as originally adopted by the convention gave Congress no discretion whatever in regard to amendments, and the provision giving Congress power to propose amendments directly was a later addition and was intended simply to provide an additional and more speedy method of proposing amendments, but that throughout it was intended that when two-thirds of the States applied for a constitutional convention it should become the unqualified duty of Congress to issue a call.

Hence it is submitted that when the specified conditions have been performed, it becomes the absolute duty of Congress, under the Constitution, to call a convention, regardless of its ideas as to the necessity or propriety thereof. It is clear that a failure to act is equivalent to a refusal to perform this duty. The immediate question, therefore, is: Should Congress refuse to perform this duty, is there any method, under the Constitution, of compelling it to call a convention? If there is not, then the intention of those who framed and adopted the Constitution, and the express mandate of that instrument, are nullified, for it still rests with Congress absolutely to prohibit any amendments; if there is not, *then there exists in this nation and under our Constitution a body that is above the law, above even the Constitution.*

If the power to compel this action exists at all, clearly it must rest with the judiciary. The question, then, is reduced to this: Should Congress refuse to perform this duty, has the judicial department of the Government the au-

thority, under the Constitution, to compel it to do so? The negative of this proposition will undoubtedly be urged on the ground that the three branches of the Government—executive, legislative and judicial—are co-ordinate and co-equal and each supreme within its sphere, and therefore that the judicial department has no authority or jurisdiction over the legislative to compel it to perform any act. That the three departments are co-ordinate and co-equal and each supreme within its sphere is unquestionably one of the fundamental principles on which our plan of Government is based. Under this principle, when Congress is engaged in legislative business, it is clear beyond the possibility of dispute that no other department of the Government has any authority to determine its action. Equally, when the executive branch of the Government is engaged in performing its executive functions, no other department has any authority over it. But this is because the matter of determining, in such cases, what action shall be taken is delegated by the Constitution to the discretion of that branch of the Government. So long, therefore, as Congress is acting in a legislative capacity,—that is, in all cases where the Constitution has vested in it the discretion to determine whether any action at all, or what action, shall be taken,—the judiciary has no authority over it. But it is equally beyond dispute (and this is the proposition of the greatest importance that is sometimes overlooked) that the supremacy of the several departments is *under the Constitution;* it arises out of, depends upon and is subservient to the Constitution. In calling a convention when the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States have applied therefor, it has been shown that, under the Constitution, Congress has no discretion. In this one instance, which is perhaps the only one, *Congress acts not in a legislative, but in a purely ministerial capacity.* Whether an act is legislative or ministerial depends not upon the person appointed to perform it, but on the nature of the act itself; and, as has been shown, in this case Congress is simply the agent appointed and commanded by the Constitution to perform a specific act when certain specific conditions have been fulfilled. That Congress is commanded to do the act, regardless of its discretion, demonstrates beyond the necessity of argument that it is a ministerial duty. Had that office been created by the Constitution, it might equally well

have been provided that upon the performance of the specified conditions the Secretary of State should issue the call. Had this been done, it is believed no one would seriously question that the act would be purely ministerial and that the courts might compel its performance. The nature of the act remains the same, whomsoever is appointed to perform it; being ministerial in its nature, it remains ministerial, though Congress is the agent appointed by the Constitution to carry it into execution.

Where the law imposes a specific duty upon a person or a body, it is pre-eminently within the jurisdiction and the duty of the judiciary to enforce it. This is one of the chief, if not indeed the primary, object for which courts are created. In enforcing the performance of such a duty, then, the judiciary is not invading or infringing upon the province of any other department of the Government. On the contrary, it is simply performing the functions and fulfiling the obligations imposed on it by the Constitution. Thus in the celebrated case of Marbury *vs.* Madison (1, Cranch, 137), decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1803, the opinion being delivered by Chief-Justice Marshall, it was held that the judiciary has the authority, under the Constitution, to compel the executive department to perform ministerial acts commanded by law. That case established the rule that, notwithstanding the principle that the various departments of the Government are co-equal and each supreme within its sphere, the judicial department has the authority and the duty, under the Constitution, to compel the executive to perform acts commanded by law in regard to which no discretion is left to the executive.* This principle has been reaffirmed and enforced both in the Federal and State courts times almost without number and no principle of constitutional law is more thoroughly settled. It was clearly stated by Mr. Justice Bradley in Board of Liquidation *vs.* McComb, 92, U. S., 531, 541, as follows:

"But it has been well settled that when a plain official duty, requiring no exercise of discretion, is to be performed and performance is refused, any person who will sustain personal injury by such refusal may have a mandamus to compel its performance."†

* See also the strong opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Thompson in the almost equally celebrated case of Kendall *vs.* U. S., 12 Peters, 524.

† See also Garfield *vs.* Goldsby, 211 U. S., 249, 261; Noble *vs.* Union River Logging R. R., 147 U. S., 165, 171, collecting numerous authorities to the same effect.

It may be taken as established, then, that the judicial department has the authority, under the Constitution, to compel the executive to perform a ministerial act, and this does not infringe upon the independent supremacy of that department of the Government within its sphere. It is believed that it has been proved that the act of calling a convention, under the provision of the Constitution heretofore quoted, is a purely ministerial act. Upon what principle, then, can it be maintained that the judicial department is without authority to compel the performance thereof? Is the executive liable to be compelled to obey the law and yet the legislative department free to disobey even the Constitution? The very proposition first urged against the authority of the court, that the several branches of the Government are co-equal, would seem to demonstrate that the legislative branch cannot claim such an exemption to which the executive is not entitled.

The right to compel performance of the constitutional mandate is simply the converse of the principle which is thoroughly established, that it is the function and duty of the judiciary to *nullify* any act of Congress which is in conflict with the Constitution. It no more infringes upon the principle of the independence and separate functions of the three branches of the Government to compel Congress to perform an act which the Constitution positively commands than to nullify an act of that body which it prohibits. Both rest upon the same principle, that the supremacy of Congress within its sphere is *under,* and not independent of, the Constitution.

It is submitted, therefore, that the act of calling the convention being purely ministerial and commanded by the Constitution, the judicial department of the Government has the authority and jurisdiction, under the Constitution, to compel Congress to perform it; and this in no wise violates the principle that the three departments of the Government are co-ordinate and co-equal and each supreme within its sphere.* As heretofore noted, this is probably the

* In this connection the case of State *ex rel.* Benton vs. Elder, 31 Neb., 169, is of interest. Respondent Elder was the Speaker of the Nebraska House of Representatives. The Constitution of that State required him to open and publish at a specified time and place the returns of the election for officers of the executive department of the State Government. The relator Benton brought this proceeding in the Supreme Court, praying for a writ of mandamus to compel Elder as Speaker of the House to

only case in which Congress, as a body, acts in a ministerial capacity and hence the only one in which the courts would have this power over it.†

The authority or jurisdiction of the judicial department to make an order must not be confused with its physical ability to compel obedience thereto. Were it to come to a question of comparative physical strength between the judiciary and the executive, for instance, the latter, with the Army and Navy behind it, would, of course, be vastly superior. That fact, however, does not impair the constitutional authority of the former to make an order commanding the executive to perform an act which the law requires him to do. So, if it came to a matter of comparative physical strength, Congress might be able to summon more force than the courts, but the latter's authority, under the Constitution, depends on no such consideration. The Government is a unit. It is composed of co-ordinate branches working together under the same supreme law, not of separate antagonistic bodies. Every officer, of whatever branch, is sworn to support and obey the Constitution, and it is the natural presumption, fully justified by our history, that none will refuse to obey its mandates as interpreted by that body whose function and duty it is to do so.

The form of remedy for compelling Congress to act would seem clearly to be a writ of mandamus. It is believed that

perform this duty, alleging that he had refused to do so. Elder answered, setting up that as Speaker and presiding officer of the House of Representatives he represented an independent and co-ordinate branch of the Government and that the court had no jurisdiction over his acts. This contention, however, the court overruled, holding that inasmuch as the Constitution imposed upon him a specific duty in regard to which he was left no discretion, he could not refuse to perform it, and that, although a legislative officer, it was as much the duty of the courts to compel him to perform the ministerial act as to compel any other officer or person to perform a similar act.

The case of Valley Paper Company *vs.* Smoot, *et al.*, decided by the court of the District of Columbia in February last, is also interesting in this connection. In that case it was held that the courts have the jurisdiction to compel the Congressional committee to perform a duty imposed upon it by law and in regard to which it is left no discretion.

Cf. also Attorney-General *vs.* Taggart, 66 N. H., 362, in which it was held that the court had jurisdiction to compel the Lieutenant-Governor to perform the duties of Governor in the incapacity of the Governor, that duty being required by law.

† In this connection, however, see the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, which may impose a further ministerial duty upon Congress. In determining this question the case of State *ex rel.* Benton, 31 Neb., 169, cited in the preceding note, is important.

such a proceeding may be instituted by any citizen. Every citizen of the country has a direct interest that the Constitution shall be obeyed, and that interest is none the less real and entitled to recognition and protection by the courts that it is not capable of financial computation. Indeed, the very fact that he has no other remedy serves rather, under the established principles governing its issuance, to emphasize his right to this writ. Since the Constitution does not confer original jurisdiction upon the Supreme Court to issue writs of mandamus (see Marbury *vs.* Madison, *supra*), it would be necessary to commence the action in the courts of the District of Columbia. It has been settled since the decision of Kendall *vs.* United States, *supra,* that those courts have jurisdiction to issue the writ of mandamus as an original proceeding. From the decision there an appeal can be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

It may be urged that, even conceding the jurisdiction of the courts in a proper case, there is no duty on Congress at the present time, for the reason that the applications from the various State Legislatures have not been simultaneous, but have extended over a period of years. There is nothing in the Constitution, however, providing that the applications must be made simultaneously or within a certain period of time. That being so, it is not perceived how either Congress or any other body can place a limit thereon. The very nature of the case would seem to demonstrate the falsity of the proposition that this is necessary. The United States is a nation. The desire for a change in the fundamental instrument of government may be, and in most cases is, of slow growth. The conditions making necessary a change may be felt in one portion of the country many years before they are forced home to the people of a different section. Because it takes a number of years to reach such an agreement, it can hardly be urged that the duty of Congress to respond thereto is thereby abated. Such a proposition seems too obviously fallacious to require extended discussion. The error of the proposition is equally shown in another way. Though the Legislature of a State should make application to Congress to call a convention, it is clearly competent for it to withdraw the same at any time before the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States have applied, should it change its mind in regard to the

necessity therefor. In other words, an application made to Congress and not withdrawn presents a *continuing* request or application. When there are before Congress unwithdrawn applications from the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, their effect, therefore, is the same as if they had all been presented concurrently.

Another question that may be raised is, How extensive would be the authority to propose amendments of a convention called pursuant to this provision? The answer would seem clearly to be that there are no limits. The Constitution imposes none. On the contrary, it confers the most general authority upon the convention. "The Congress . . . shall propose amendments to this Constitution or . . . shall call a convention for proposing amendments." The extent, number or nature of the amendments which Congress may propose is not limited in any manner; no more is the authority of the convention limited. The Legislatures are not required to specify in any particular what amendments are desired. It would seem clear, therefore, that the convention may propose as many amendments and of whatever nature as it may see fit. It is to be borne in mind, however, that all the convention can do is to propose amendments; they acquire no validity until ratified by three-fourths of the States.

While the matter of securing direct election of Senators is probably more important, there are several others which will almost certainly receive the attention of the convention. One which should be considered is the advisability of providing that, in the future, a constitutional convention shall be called upon the application of less than two-thirds of the States. The Constitution must be essentially a stable instrument—sufficiently stable that it will not be changed by merely passing ideas. But since it operates not only as a grant, but as a limitation of the powers of the Government, it must not be so rigid that it cannot be altered to meet the needs of the times, as new and different conditions affecting the national life arise. The Constitution must be above light and whimsical changes, but it must not be so rigid and unyielding that it cannot be moulded to fit the conditions under which the nation actually exists. If it is, it is almost certain to be, not a guaranty of liberty and advancement, but a hindrance to progress, and it may eventually become an instrument of oppression. When a large

majority of the people are convinced that the best interests of the nation require a certain change in the Constitution, it should not be within the power of a small minority to block their action. The two requirements of a Constitution just mentioned are of equal importance. The framers of the Constitution recognized this fact, and while making ample provision for the stability of that instrument they also provided a direct means by which it could be amended in response to the voice of the people. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution there were but thirteen States. The concurrence of two-thirds of them was not a matter of very great difficulty. But in the hundred and twenty-three years since the Constitution was framed the country has grown enormously, probably beyond the fondest dreams of any man then living. To-day there are forty-six States. To secure the concurrence of two-thirds of the States, which was a matter of comparative simplicity then, has become one of the greatest difficulty. It would seem that it might be well to amend Article V of the Constitution to provide that whenever one-half of the States concur in applying therefor a constitutional convention shall be called.

The stability of the Constitution is amply guaranteed. The extreme difficulty of securing the concurrence of three-fourths of the States on any proposed change itself insures that no amendment will be adopted without careful and critical analysis. The danger to-day, as our social, industrial and governmental activities are becoming more and more complex, is that the Constitution will become too far removed from the people, and through its unelasticity and the extreme difficulty of changing it to meet the conditions under which the people actually live will become a hindrance to those advances which are essential to the common good.

Another matter which many feel requires consideration is the power of the Federal Government to regulate corporations or monopolies in whatever form. New economic conditions within the past half-century have caused, or permitted, the growth of great corporations which have obtained in many instances practical control of many of the necessities of life. Operating through numerous, if not indeed through all the States, no single State can control or even adequately regulate them. The monopoly thus affected is not necessarily injurious. The elimination of competition which most of them effect is an elimination of waste and

makes possible cheaper production. The difficulty lies in this: without adequate governmental regulation such corporations, while lessening the cost of production, are able at the same time, through gaining a monopoly on the necessities of life, to increase the price with no limit except "what the tariff will bear." We are gradually coming to realize two basic truths: First, that at least in the great industries of the nation, competition is wasteful and destructive, and that even if it were desirable, it is practically impossible to legislate against such a basic economic principle; second, that monopoly without real (as distinguished from merely nominal) regulation and control means a great increase in the cost to the consumer, and at the same time the amassing of private fortunes so enormous that they are a grave menace to society. This measure of regulation must be secured, and secured promptly. It can probably be done only by extending somewhat the powers of the Federal Government. If this be true, then such extension must be made at the earliest possible moment.

These questions, with perhaps some others, will undoubtedly receive the fullest consideration from the convention. The strongest and ablest men in the nation should and probably will be selected by their respective States as delegates to the convention. The gathering of a considerable number of such men, with the careful consideration of basic principles and mutual exchange of ideas which will result, can scarcely fail to be productive of much good.

No attempt was made in the Constitution to provide the rules by which the convention should be governed. As appears from the proceedings of the original Constitutional Convention already quoted, this was intentionally left to be determined by the subsequent conventions themselves. Nor is any provision made as to the representation of the several States. Following the precedent of the original convention, however, as well as from the very nature of the body as being a convention of the several States, it is indisputable that all are entitled to an equal voice therein. Whether the votes shall be taken by States, as in the original convention, or, the States being equally represented, by individual members, is a matter which it would seem competent for the convention itself to decide.

To show that by the action of a few more States a constitutional convention can be secured, and that when the

requisite number of States apply an absolute duty is imposed on Congress to call the convention, which duty can be directly enforced if disregarded by that body, has been the chief purpose of this article. There are many other questions in connection with the general subject of the convention that merit discussion, but it would unduly extend this article to attempt to consider them here. It is to be hoped that during the coming year a sufficient number of States, through their Legislatures, will apply therefor to secure the early meeting of the first convention for considering the Constitution since the adoption of that instrument nearly a century and a quarter ago.

WALTER K. TULLER.

OUR LOST OPPORTUNITY ON THE PACIFIC

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

WHAT would the occupants of the "Tonquin," as that vessel surged across the bar and entered the Columbia River, have thought if it had been intimated to them that they were writing the preface to a chapter of American expansion which would be read with interest generations later? And yet that disclosure would have been fact.

March 24th, 1811, was the date. The "Tonquin," 290 tons burden, Captain Jonathan Thorn, commander, with a crew of twenty-one persons, was one of the supply-ships of John Jacob Astor. Several of its thirty-three passengers —Duncan McDougall, Alexander McKay, David Stuart and his nephew, Robert Stuart—were partners with Astor in the Pacific Fur Company, and the others were mechanics, voyageurs, clerks and hunters. The ship left New York on September 8th, 1810, rounded Cape Horn, passed into the Pacific on Christmas Day, and touched at Hawaii on February 11th, 1811. The expedition was to establish a fur-trading post at the mouth of the Columbia, and this ship's company laid the foundation of Astoria, the first American colony planted on the Pacific.

Another party, comprising fifteen hunters and forty-five Canadian voyageurs, under charge of Wilson P. Hunt, who was to be in command on the Pacific, accompanied by Donald McKenzie, Robert McLellan, Joseph Miller and Ramsey Crooks, other partners of Astor in this enterprise, was making its way overland from St. Louis, following, during much of its course, the route traversed by Lewis and Clark half a dozen years earlier, taking a look over the ground for the purpose of selecting strategic points for the erection of fur-trading stations in the interior. Beset by Indians, impeded by cold, heat, hunger and the obstacles of mountains, deserts, dense forests and swift, deep and tortuous rivers, many lives were lost, and the expedition, broken into

several sections, reached Astoria at different dates between January, 1812, and January, 1813.

The projector of this undertaking, with his headquarters in New York, had larger designs and expectations than any of his partners, and not only had the imagination to conceive them, but he had the money to set them on foot. But to him the financial side of the enterprise was not the only side, as we shall see later.

At the time that the "Tonquin" was sailing into the Columbia, two large and several small fur-trading companies, under British charters, were at work in Canada. One of these, with headquarters in London, had Prince Rupert, Charles I's dashing cavalry leader, among its original projectors, and received its patent from Charles II, back in 1670, under the title of the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay," and claimed sovereignty over the vast region draining into that sea. The other, the Northwest Company, with headquarters in Montreal, was organized by merchants in that city in 1783 as a rival to the big corporation farther to the northward. These two, with such feeble opposition as the smaller companies set up, dominated the whole of British America and extended their operations into the northern portion of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. The Russian Fur Company, chartered at St. Petersburg, monopolized the trade in Russian America, our Alaska since 1867.

A glance backward a few years will here be necessary. In 1803, as a new war between France and England was about to begin, in which England, through her ascendancy on the ocean, might be able to seize Louisiana, Bonaparte thrust that province for $15,000,000 on Jefferson, who had opened negotiations for the purchase of the locality at the mouth of the Mississippi. With the New Orleans district east of that river, the Louisiana territory stretched westward to the Rocky Mountains. Spain owned Mexico from the time of Cortez, and in 1811 it included our present States of Texas, Utah, Nevada and California, the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and the southwest corners of Colorado and Wyoming.

The rest of our present domain north of California, Nevada and Utah, comprising Oregon, Washington and Idaho and part of the western ends of Montana and Wyoming, was in dispute between Spain, Russia, England and the United

States. In the treaty of 1819 in which we obtained Florida, Spain gave up all her pretensions to any territory north of California, and in a pact between us and Russia in 1824 that country surrendered her shadowy rights to the region below the latitude fifty-four degrees, forty minutes, the southerly line of the present Alaska.

But even before those two countries stepped out of the dispute the United States' most formidable antagonist in the controverted region was England. Her claims were based on these circumstances chiefly: On his voyage in the Pacific Drake saw the coast of Oregon in 1580; Cook touched it in 1778; Vancouver made some explorations there in 1793.

The United States' claims were more tangible. Captain Robert Gray, a Boston sailing-master, discovered the Columbia in 1792, sailed up the river thirty miles, did some trading for furs with Indians on its banks and remained in the bay several days. Under the theory of that time that fact gave the United States a title to all the territory drained by that stream, which has its northern source in Canada. From St. Louis as a base Lewis and Clark, under Government auspices, traversed the Columbia from its southern source in the Rocky Mountains to its mouth in 1805-06, where they camped for several months.

This was the situation in the first decade of the nineteenth century. Letters and talks by Gray, Vancouver and earlier navigators told of sea-otters, seals and beaver on the Pacific coast. The journal of Patrick Gass, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, published in 1807, seven years before the official report of those chieftains saw the light, spoke of the abundance of fur-bearing animals encountered by those explorers between the mouth of the Missouri and the mouth of the Columbia. And almost at the door of the trader who would establish himself on the Pacific coast lay China, the best fur-buying market of the world at that day.

One man in America grasped the possibilities of wealth and power which would be in the hands of a company that would form a line of fur-trading posts along the southern border of the Great Lakes to the Mississippi and thence onward by way of the Missouri and the Columbia and their principal tributaries to the Pacific, with a base at some available point on that coast. At their own game the great British companies to the northward would be beaten. And at the same time, from the base on the great western ocean, the

whole of the region on the sunset side of the Rocky Mountains up to the Arctic Circle could be brought under tribute, England could be shut out of all the country west of that range, and the entire Pacific coast up to Russian America could eventually and peacefully be placed under the Stars and Stripes.

Many enterprising fur-traders were in the United States in the opening years of the nineteenth century. Manuel Lisa founded the Missouri Fur Company in 1808. William Clark, Lewis's former partner in the exploration, was here. So were the Chouteaus, Charles Gratiot, Andrew Henry, Sylvester Labadie, Pierre Menard, William Morrison and many others who were prominently identified with the trade in peltries in St. Louis and vicinity, which was the collecting centre of this activity in this country at that time.

But none of these originated this expansive design. Its author was born in the village of Waldorf, in Germany, in 1763, just as France, at the close of the Seven Years' War, was ceding Canada to England; he sailed to our side of the Atlantic in 1783, when George III, in the treaty of Paris, was acknowledging our independence and when the merchants of Montreal were establishing the Northwest Company. He became a fur-dealer, gradually gained control of the trade south of Lakes Huron and Superior, except that which was in the hands of the Mackinaw Company, and won a reputation as a daring and resourceful operator which made his name known in Montreal, St. Louis, London and Canton. He had a dozen vessels afloat, representing a capital of $1,000,000, carrying furs to England and China in 1800; and at the time that the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 pushed our boundary to the Rocky Mountains, he was the wealthiest and most successful merchant in the United States. His name was John Jacob Astor.

Could Astor carry out his vast conception? To President Jefferson and other eminent Americans to whom he communicated his purpose it seemed feasible. Astor obtained a charter from the State of New York for the American Fur Company in 1808 with a capital of $1,000,000, all of which he subscribed himself. He planned to enter into a working arrangement with the Russian Fur Company of Alaska, whereby his vessels would furnish supplies to that corporation, as well as to his own posts on the Pacific, taking furs from the Russians in exchange for the supplies, selling

these and his own in Canton, and disposing of other furs there for the Russian company on commission. And this arrangement was actually made later on. With one base at St. Louis, which he intended to set up, from which the supplies for the posts east of the Rocky Mountains could be carried, and with the other at the mouth of the Columbia, which would be reached by his annual supply-vessels, he would have a decisive advantage over the Northwest Company both in collecting furs in the interior and on the Pacific coast and in marketing them in China.

Some of the Northwest Company's supplies would be obtained at Fort William, north of Lake Superior, but much of them would have to be carried from Montreal, which would make the cost far greater than for Astor from St. Louis. Moreover, while Astor would have a free hand between the Pacific points and China, for the furs which he would collect from his own trappers and from the Indians whom he could reach, as well as for those which he would obtain from the Russian posts, the Northwest Company, even if it could get a base upon the Pacific, would be impeded by the fact that the British East India Company had a monopoly of England's part of the commerce of the Pacific. He had no fear of any competition which the Hudson's Bay Company could give him in the far western field. The operations of that big concern were all east of the Rocky Mountains.

Annually, from his own headquarters in New York, Astor would send his vessels round Cape Horn to the mouth of the Columbia, carrying supplies for his own posts and Russia's. The vessels would convey the furs to Canton, exchange them there for teas, disposing of these in London for British manufactures, which he would carry to New York, the entire circuit of the globe thus made to take about two years. Nor was this altogether an untried field for him. Already he had vessels making a circuit of the globe in the British and Chinese trade. He was acquainted with shippers and importers in every country which his vessels touched.

Nevertheless, with the desire of averting any possibility of jealousy or rivalry on the part of the Northwest Company, Astor told his plans to its officers before attempting to carry them into execution, asking them to take a third interest in the enterprise. They declined, but grasping the importance of the project, endeavored to occupy the ground ahead of him.

Then it was that politics and patriotism, which he probably had in his mind tentatively all along, definitely entered the scheme. He determined to shut England and its fur-traders out of all the region west of the continental divide, not only in the territory comprised in the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, but in that covered by the present provinces of British Columbia and Yukon up to the southerly line of Russian America and the Arctic Ocean.

This brings the story to 1810. Realizing that the alert and ambitious Northwest Company would attempt to forestall him when they learned his intentions, Astor obtained a charter for the Pacific Fur Company in that year with the partners already named, he contributing the money, the vessels and the supplies and holding half of the stock, the other half being distributed among his associates. This corporation was to operate at the far western end of the transcontinental chain of posts covering the activities contemplated by the American Fur Company.

Then began the race for the mouth of the Columbia between Astor's "Tonquin," which started from New York on September 8th, 1810, going by way of Cape Horn, and his overland party under Wilson P. Hunt, which left St. Louis six weeks later, and the Northwest Company overland from one of its western bases. So far as the Northwesters imagined or cared, it was a race for trade supremacy only. This, too, was all that any of Astor's partners saw in it. To Astor himself, however, it was a race for political ascendancy over half a continent.

When on March 24th, 1811, the "Tonquin" crossed the breakers and sailed into the River of the West the race was won for America. Thus, to our claims to the whole of the "Oregon country," comprising the discovery of the Columbia by Gray in 1792 and the Lewis and Clark exploration of that river and some of its southern tributaries in 1805-06, the Astoria colony established the still stronger title by occupation. With a few others, Astor in 1811 bought out the Mackinaw Company, which he named the Southwest Company, to work along the southern end of the lakes and form another link in his chain of posts to extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The preliminary steps for the conquest of the Pacific coast had been carried out successfully by Astor. From a base near the head-waters of the Peace River Alexander Mac-

kenzie, one of the partners of the Northwest Company, crossed the Canadian Rocky Mountains in 1793 and reached the Pacific near Cape Menzies in the present British Columbia. One of his companions was the Alexander McKay who was afterward one of Astor's partners in the Pacific Fur Company. Simon Frazer, David Thompson, John Stuart and others of the Northwesters also crossed the Canadian Rockies and gave their names to streams or other landmarks on the Pacific slope. In 1804-06 Lewis and Clark met agents of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies at several points on the upper Missouri in the present Dakotas and Montana. Pike saw some of the Northwesters on the upper Mississippi in 1805, when he was seeking the sources of that river. But at the time that Astor's partners laid the foundations of Astoria, the Hudson's Bay Company did not have a single post west of the Rocky Mountains in either the United States or Canada, and the few that the Northwest Company had in the valleys of the Thompson and the Fraser were isolated and far removed from all connection with their stations on the east side of that range.

With eight Canadian voyageurs at the paddles and flying the British flag, a canoe swept down the Columbia, passed the mouth of Cathlamet Bay, rounded Tongue Point, and pulled up at Point George, where the Astorians were building their trading-house and headquarters. The commander stepped ashore and introduced himself as David Thompson, astronomer, and one of the partners of the Northwest Company. This was the remnant of the expedition which had set out with orders to get ahead of Astor at the mouth of the Columbia. The date was July 15th, 1811. By more than three and a half months the Northwesters had lost the race.

With Alexander McKay as supercargo the "Tonquin" had sailed out of the Columbia on June 1st and had gone north along the coast to Nootka Sound, on Vancouver Island, to open trade with the Indians. Posts at many points in the interior—on the Willamette, the Okanagan, the Spokane and other streams — were projected. Hunt, McKenzie, Crooks and the overland party were well on their way to the mouth of the Columbia. Astor's base on the Pacific was apparently on the point of being buttressed so as to command the trade up to Alaska. Moreover, the Astorians were building a vessel for themselves, the "Dolly," which they

were soon to launch, while Astor's second annual vessel, the "Beaver," which was to re-enforce the "Tonquin" on the route to the Columbia, was to start from New York a few months later.

Nevertheless, Thompson made a proposition to the Astorians which, had they been wise, they would have accepted. This was that if the Pacific Fur Company would pledge itself not to interfere with the trade of the Northwesters east of the Rocky Mountains they would withdraw their posts west of that range and leave Astor in undisputed possession of the trade of the coast and interior up to Alaska. Unfortunately, the offer was declined.

For at least two reasons that proposition was favorable to the American company. The Pacific field was new and far richer than the eastern region. East of the mountains the Northwesters already had rivals in Manuel Lisa's Missouri Fur Company and other United States concerns which would prevent permanent or harmful occupations by the Canadians.

McDougall, who had been a former attaché of the Northwest Company and who was to command at Astoria until Hunt arrived, extended an effusive hospitality to Thompson and also furnished him supplies for his homeward journey. On the other hand, Stuart, who viewed Thompson as a spy in the camp, thought that these favors to a rival in the trade were not fair to Mr. Astor.

On July 23d Stuart, with four clerks and four boatmen, started up the Columbia in canoes, accompanied by Thompson and his voyageurs as far as the Dallas, 200 miles from Astoria, where they separated, Stuart and his party pushing on to the mouth of the Okanagan. On the east bank of that stream, a few miles above where it flows into the Columbia, in a locality abounding in fish and game, with a climate wonderfully genial for that latitude and peopled by friendly Indians, the first interior post of the Pacific Fur Company was planted. The spot was in Okanagan County, in the northern part of the present State of Washington, 540 miles by water from Astoria, and the date of Stuart's arrival was September 2d, 1811.

The reader must have noticed that the Macs of the various prefixes — Duncan McDougall, Alexander McKay, Donald McKenzie and Robert McLellan—figure with considerable profusion in this narrative. Here is the explanation: From personal acquaintance with many of the partners of the

Northwest Company Astor gained a high opinion of their energy and capability. These were Scotch, French and English, with the Scotch in the preponderance, while most of its employees of the humbler ranks were French Canadian half-breeds.

When Astor was forming his Pacific Fur Company he sent Wilson P. Hunt to Montreal to get recruits from the dissatisfied members of that company. From it and the one at Mackinaw, also a British corporation, he obtained most of his partners and a large majority of his lower employees. McDougall, McKay and McKenzie and also David and Robert Stuart had been connected with the Northwest Company and all were British subjects. Except McKenzie, who was a member of Hunt's overland expedition, these are the partners who went out on the "Tonquin" and established the trading-post at Astoria. By birth or allegiance three-fourths of the clerks, mechanics and voyageurs who went out on the "Tonquin" were also British. Ramsey Crooks, who was engaged by Hunt at Mackinaw, was born in Scotland and was a British subject at the time he entered the Pacific Fur Company, but years afterward he became an American citizen. McLellan and Miller, who entered the service after Hunt arrived in St. Louis preparatory to his journey westward, were Americans. So also was Hunt.

In view of the conflict between the United States and England which was impending, the fact that all the partners who went out on the "Tonquin," as well as nearly all the subordinates, were British subjects, was a circumstance of fateful import for Astor.

Astor's experience in the fur trade, his wealth, his wide acquaintance with public men and great national issues, and his soaring imagination enabled him to plan on a vast scale and to take many exigencies and accidents into the account. But there were some mischances which no human foresight could have discerned. Disaster was lurking in the shadow. Here are some of the circumstances which wrecked the Astoria enterprise:

Disobedience of orders by some of Astor's subordinates. The War of 1812. President Madison's failure to grant Astor the small privilege which would have allowed him to defend his far western post. The absence of his special representative, Hunt, when the crisis came at Astoria. The treachery of his partners at that point.

" Treat the Indians fairly, but don't trust them too far. Every disaster which has taken place in the trade with the Indians arose from ill-using them or from placing too much confidence in them. Guard against surprises and sudden attacks."

These were Astor's words of warning to Captain Thorn just as the " Tonquin " was about to sail out of New York for Oregon. The record of the mishaps in the fur trade on the Pacific coast in the dozen previous years attested the need of these precautions. Yet when Thorn left Astoria in June, 1811, accompanied by Alexander McKay, on the trading cruise up the coast to Nootka Sound, he disregarded the injunction in each of its precepts. While at that place he insulted an Indian chief and allowed too many of the chief's tribe, who were bent on revenge, to get on his vessel. Then the inevitable happened. At a preconcerted signal they turned on the crew and killed Thorn, McKay and all the others except three or four, who met death later. A wounded man lured a large body of the Indians on the vessel the next day and then in retaliation ignited the powder in the magazine, killing himself and scores of the Indians. Thus, in a mad orgy of vengeance, the " Tonquin " disappeared.

This was the first entry in the chapter of calamity. Carried down the coast from band to band among the Indians, by vague rumor the report percolated through to Astoria by November. Diffusing itself through the interior, Stuart and his men heard it far up in the neighborhood of the Okanagan. Pushing westward from St. Louis, Hunt, McLellan and the others learned the dread tidings while still hundreds of miles from their objective point. Weakened as they were by the loss of the vessel and its crew, by the absence of Stuart and his party, disturbed by the uncertainty as to the fate of the overlanders, and menaced by threats of attack from the Chinooks and other Indians in their vicinity, the disaster to the " Tonquin " struck terror to the hearts of the Astorians.

Yet with the light-heartedness of veteran adventurers in the wilderness, the Astorians celebrated Christmas of 1811 with such feasting as was possible with their scanty stores gleaned from forest, river and sea, and New-Year's of 1812 was ushered in with salutes of artillery at the fort and with dancing and drinking until midnight. The overlanders, too, in their various divisions, some near and some far from their

goal, halted a moment to welcome in the year which they hoped would bring fortune to their undertaking.

But a more tumultuous greeting was sounded by the guns of the fort on January 18th, when two well-loaded canoes, floating down the Columbia, rounded Tongue Point and landed at Astoria. Their occupants were McKenzie, McLellan and their nine comrades, the first detachment of the overland expedition. By the Columbia route also arrived Hunt and his party on February 15th, followed by Crooks, John Day and their rescuers of David Stuart's party on May 11th. Each detachment had encountered perils and hardships unparalleled in transcontinental adventure up to that time. On his arrival Hunt assumed command at Astoria as Astor's personal representative on the Pacific coast.

A day earlier than the advent of Crooks and Stuart the "Beaver," the second of Astor's annual vessels, arrived at the mouth of the Columbia with supplies for Astoria and for the Russian Fur Company, bringing John Clarke, another partner, and a few clerks and attachés. So far as Hunt, McDougall and their associates could see, prosperity for their enterprise was assured. Posts had been established in the interior, much fur had been gathered by the trappers, and a profitable trade had been opened with the Indians along the Columbia and some of its tributaries. On June 29th Robert Stuart, with Crooks, McLellan and a few others, started to cross the continent to report to Astor the situation on the Pacific, and, after great suffering and the loss of some lives, they reached St. Louis on April 30th, 1813, and arrived in New York in June.

But now a greater disaster than the destruction of the "Tonquin" was about to strike the Oregon colony. Congress declared war upon England on June 18th, 1812, eleven days before Stuart and his party set out for St. Louis, but the news did not reach the mouth of the Columbia until several months later. And Hunt, who, on August 4th, sailed away in the "Beaver" to New Archangel, in Alaska, to carry out Astor's plans with the Russian Fur Company, did not hear of the war until June 20th, 1813, and by a series of fatal mischances was unable to reach Astoria on his return until August 20th of that year.

As soon as war was declared, Astor applied to President Madison for letters of marque to arm and equip a vessel, at his own cost, to defend his far western settlement. The

appeal was ignored. Though he repeated it several times and pointed out the influence which the colony would have toward extending American sway on the Pacific, neither Madison nor his Secretary of State, Monroe, even deigned to reply.

Writing a few years ago William Waldorf Astor, great-grandson of the founder of his house, attributed the administration's refusal of Astor's request to the typical American's "democratic antipathy to private fortune" at that time. Probably he is mistaken. A more plausible explanation would be the danger which Madison, a constitutionally timid person, saw nearer home, and his lack of the imagination which would have permitted him to grasp the political significance and possibilities of the Oregon enterprise.

"I learn with great pleasure the progress you have made toward an establishment on Columbia River. I view it as the germ of a great, free and independent empire on that side of our continent, and that liberty and self-government, spreading from that as well as from this side, will insure their complete establishment over the whole. It must be still more gratifying to yourself to foresee that your name will be handed down with that of Columbus and Raleigh as the father of the establishment and the founder of such an empire."

These were Jefferson's words in a letter from Monticello to Astor in 1813. Unknown to either of them, however, events were shaping themselves on the Pacific at that moment which would take the Oregon posts out of their existing owner's hands and destroy the hope of that American control of the entire northern Pacific coast of which Astor and Jefferson dreamed.

The alert Northwesters at Montreal, hearing of the declaration of war only a few days after the news reached Astor at New York, apprised their Government of the work which Astor had done and which he contemplated doing on the Pacific and urged the capture of his stations. Early in 1813 several British war-vessels rounded Cape Horn and turned their bows toward the mouth of the Columbia. They also despatched messengers to the far west with the tidings, and one day in December, 1812, John George McTavish, the partner who had charge of the Northwest Company's posts in the Rocky Mountain region, told McKenzie, of the Pacific Fur Company, at his newly established station on the Spokane, of the existence of war between England and America. Embarking in his canoe, McKenzie sped down the Columbia

and carried consternation to McDougall and his associates at Astoria by the tale which he told when he landed there on January 15th, 1813.

In that fateful moment, with Hunt absent, with British subjects in control at Astoria, the thing which happened was not surprising. Nevertheless, it was not only regrettable, but needless. Believing that the war had cut off all connection with Astor, fearing that the "Beaver," which was long overdue on its return from Canton, had either met the "Tonquin's" fate or had been lost at sea, and believing also that England had the ascendancy on the ocean, McDougall and McKenzie decided to evacuate Astoria on June 1st, 1814, and cross the continent to safety. Stuart and Clarke opposed this course, but they were at last constrained to acquiesce, and an agreement to this effect was signed on July 1st, 1813. McDougall, the commander, took the lead in urging abandonment, and he was re-enforced in his arguments by the arrival of McTavish at the post with the report that British war-vessels were sailing up the coast.

Arriving at Astoria on August 4th, 1813, after an absence in Alaska and Hawaii of more than a year, Hunt was angry at the action of his associates, but, believing that the decision could not be altered, departed for the Sandwich Islands to get a vessel in which he could carry away Astor's furs and other property at Astoria and close his business there. But even the movable assets of the station were taken out of his hands by his perfidious partners. John Stuart and Joseph McGillivray, of the Northwest Company, arrived at Astoria from the interior by way of the Columbia on October 7th with power to buy the posts, and not only did McDougall sell these to them, but he also sold them all the furs there for about $58,000, or less than half of their market value, by a contract signed on October 23d.

The "Raccoon," 26 guns and 120 men, arrived off the mouth of the Columbia on November 30th, the British flag went up at Astoria and the post was renamed Fort George. In the treaty of peace of December 24th, 1814, in which each belligerent regained the territory which it had at the beginning of the war, Astoria was handed back to the United States.

But that was the end for Astor on the Pacific. He offered to re-establish his stations in Oregon if the United States Government would give him the protection of the flag and a

file of soldiers, but again Madison ignored his overture. Then, under the name of the American Fur Company, he concentrated his operations along the lakes and onward to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. He quickly regained the millions which he had lost on his Pacific venture and acquired a greater power even than the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest companies, although these consolidated in 1821 under the title of the former corporation.

"From the account given in this chapter the reader will see with what facility the establishment of the Pacific Fur Company could have escaped capture by a British force. It was only necessary to get rid of the land party of the Northwest Company, who were completely in our power, then remove our effects up the river upon some small stream and await the result. The sloop-of-war arrived, it is true; but, as in the case I have supposed, she would have found nothing, she would have left after setting fire to our deserted houses. None of their boats would have dared follow us even if the Indians had betrayed to them our lurking-place."

Thus does Gabriel Franchere, one of the clerks who went from New York on the "Tonquin" and who was at Astoria from the beginning until the transfer of that station to the Northwest Company, indict McDougall for treachery or incapability or both. These words are from Franchere's "Narrative," published in French in Montreal in 1820, and translated into English in 1854. Although a Canadian and in sympathy with England in the War of 1812, he was loyal to his employer, Astor.

Betrayal of the Astorians was the last thing that the Chinooks, the tribe which occupied the territory at the mouth of the Columbia, would have thought of doing. Comcomly, their one-eyed chief, who could see farther and clearer than many men with two eyes, had his warriors armed, painted and ready to slaughter McTavish and the rest of the Northwesters, who had neither ammunition nor food save what McDougall gave them and only awaited a word from McDougall to begin the attack. As the "Raccoon" could not come within six miles of Fort Astoria, and as its men would have to land in small boats, Comcomly asked permission for his warriors to kill them as they came to the shore, and he denounced McDougall for his treachery or cowardice in allowing the British to lower the American flag at that post and to put up the British emblem in its place.

"McDougall, as a reward," said Franchere, "for betraying the trust reposed in him by Mr. Astor, was made a part-

ner in the Northwest Fur Company." "Had our place and our property," wrote Astor to Hunt afterward, "been fairly captured I should have preferred it. I should not feel as if I were disgraced."

Thus the British fur trade was allowed to strike its roots deeply on the Pacific coast, and a vast region, containing millions of inhabitants to-day, was allowed to remain in dispute between England and the United States. Through private enterprise, chiefly through settlement in the valley of the Columbia, our title at last became so manifest that it was recognized in the Anglo-American treaty of 1846 by which we obtained undisputed possession of all the territory up to the forty-ninth parallel.

But this is only half of the territory which we would have gained if the Astor project had been carried out. The present provinces of British Columbia and Yukon, which were not valued highly by either the British Government or the few hundred thousand people of Canada, nearly all of whom were thousands of miles to the eastward, would have passed into our possession by the peaceful process of occupation and expansion. And then, when California came into our hands in 1848 and when Russia handed Alaska over to us in 1867, we should have had an unbroken coast-line from San Diego up to Point Barrow, far above the Arctic Circle.

Whatever form may be taken by the observance in March, 1911, of the centenary of the establishment of the Astoria colony, let the American people render due tribute to the memory of the immigrant from Waldorf, the "village in the wood," whose continent-spanning prevision would have placed the Great Lakes and Hudson's Bay in the centre of the United States if the treachery of some of his associates and the blindness and cowardice of the head of the United States Government had not stepped in to thwart his plans.

CHARLES M. HARVEY.

MARIE HAY, INTELLECTUAL ROMANTIC

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

MRS. FRASER, in her delightful book, "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands," sums up in the following quotation the most blighting influence that the letters of any country has ever known:

"There was something about Agassiz which I missed even in Lowell, and do miss in the make-up of most learned Americans—vitality. They may be truly learned, courteous and refined, but the temperament seems to me to be below par. Could one test it with a clinical thermometer, I am sure it would fall short of normal heat—the point in which in corporeal sickness the physicians prescribe stimulants. The nice, good, cultured American strikes us more vigorous Europeans as either fundamentally effete or temporarily under-vitalized; you can never get a good hot flame or a hard hit out of him. He is more of an eclectic than a producer, an intellectual epicurean whose loves and hates are represented by a careful yet tepidly neutral attitude of criticism or approval."

This is really an arraignment of one of the most striking phenomena in the youngest and most energetic of the nations: a thoroughly artificial standard in its literature, with all that that means; artificiality in manners and morals; a narrow horizon contracting the mere surface of life; hypocrisy, pusillanimity; and a cold, flat style which would be out of date in the oldest country in Europe.

Putting Hawthorne and Poe beside the question and alluding only to the Boston Bores, I have a theory that these founders of our literature, timid, but taking themselves very seriously indeed, came to a tacit agreement to model their style upon the "Spectator" of Addison and praise one another into fame. With such an indubitably respectable model, and all writing alike, they argued that they could not go wrong; and who, pray, in that busy new country was there to criticise them? In a young nation teeming with the originality and audacity of youth the men that composed this group seem to have been the only ones without a spark

of either of our native characteristics; but they had a sort of sneaking cleverness which enabled them to form a trust and hang on to it while the majority of their fellow countrymen were making cities and history.

These men burrowed along, weak in the knees, but putting forth the dried fruit of their labors with an air of omniscience which deluded those that had time to read. Success multiplies itself; they set the magazine standard; the new recruits, knowing of nothing better, or not wishing to starve, imitated them; but the fell result was that the reading world, gradually growing wider, was inoculated with the aged virus until its blood was almost as white as that of the Literary Fathers. But what else could happen to the poor things? Ambition being their inheritance, they went in for intellect as soon as they could, and were grateful for a recipe.

That was several generations ago; the Boston Bores are dead and for the most part forgotten; their disciples to-day, after a brief career with the critics and *les précieux*, go to the dust-bin and stay there; but, curiously enough, in spite of the fact that during the last ten or fifteen years we have learned to think for ourselves, learned that no style is worth anything that is not individual expression, the taint of that old influence still lingers. Many new writers, possibly because they are conscious of having brains without originality, imitate that flat, anæmic, safely "literary" style of our Addisonian ancestors, and a certain order of critic clings to the old standard as to the Rock of Ages. Both author and critic may be dull and doomed, but at least they can tell all who will listen that they are too good to be appreciated; and people seem to get more pleasure in this attitude than the really great from their hard-earned fame. When one reflects that in a population of ninety million people there must be a sufficient number of intelligent readers to make the rarest genius famous, this attitude is not merely pitiful, but absurd; and the consistent failure of those that cling to or adopt it should by this time have convinced them that the United States has done with the old methods once for all.

An elderly spinster, who, I understand, is a professor in a girls' college, while reviewing one of last year's novels, pronounced that as the holy fathers and their disciples had proved themselves unable to deal with the human passions,

it was not for any one else to undertake the hopeless (and, presumably, indelicate) task; the inference being that there are no human passions in the United States. Oh, Boston! Boston! Even now you do not realize that your Nemesis is the West.

All of this brings me to Marie Hay and the astounding fact that her vivid, pulsing, historical romance, "The Winter Queen," has been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin Company. It was sufficiently startling that Charles Scribner's Sons should have risked contamination with "A German Pompadour," but that the firm which for so long has been synonymous with Boston itself should publish a work of historical fiction which is alive from first to last with the passions of real men and women, the work of a writer for whom conventions, particularly when handling love scenes, do not exist, would be paralyzing in its effect were it not that for some time past it has been manifest to the close observer that this old firm (never, at least, a coward, for it published Bret Harte and his naughty people) had loosened the bonds of tradition.

It is not the purpose of this article to write a criticism of "The Winter Queen" (that would require almost as much space as the book covers itself), but to call attention to this new personality in English letters so strangely shepherded by two of the most Puritanical firms in the United States. One is driven to wonder, by the way, if either of these good shepherds would have taken to their fold so wayward a lamb of their own nationality. I fancy not. So let us be thankful that these two remarkable books have come to us from overseas and bear so respectable an imprint. The last will reassure the timid reader into buying or borrowing; and, incidentally, he will receive much enlightenment.

Marie Hay (Baroness Hindenburg), a young Scotch woman of two great historic families, whose childhood was one of the most extraordinary and tragic with which a future writer of fiction was ever blessed, and an extensive knowledge of the world, has chosen to begin her literary career with the historical novel, or, to be more accurate, the fictional biography; but beyond accepting the form she adheres to none of the popular recipes. With that curious attitude to life that all Americans who have lived in England have observed in men and women of her rank, she assumes that,

like the rest of the privileged class, she dwells in a separate and rarefied stratum. No laws exist for her! If she has anything to say she says it, and results are not even considered. Being a consummate woman of the world, however, she exercises this prerogative and causes her diplomatist husband no embarrassment. It is all a question of taste, and probably it is only in women of the world that taste is unerring.

Being also a woman of originality, as well as of an exceptionally vigorous mind, she has put far more life, audacity, and truth into these people dug out of dusty archives, than is to be found in many of the best of modern novels. In reading this pathetic and tragic life of Elizabeth, granddaughter of Mary of Scots, and Queen of Bohemia for a winter, we not only find a sort of epitome of all the Stuarts, but a modern woman who lives and suffers, fascinates and sacrifices. Not a character in the book is an historical puppet; they are, indeed, almost disconcertingly alive: so strong is the force of habit, one sometimes resents being deprived of the detached attitude bred in us by historical romances, in being forced to live with these people dead and dust three hundred years ago.

No woman in the frankest of modern novels has been probed more deeply than Elizabeth Stuart in this long biographical romance bristling with facts. That she was a good woman (although she humanly resented this self-imposed necessity more than once) makes the achievement the more remarkable. The heroine of "A German Pompadour," being as wicked as she was clever, was born to coruscate in romance, and the wonder is that no one extracted her from the Stuttgart archives before Madame von Hindenburg, with too much time on her hands at the dull little court, took refuge in the past. But Elizabeth, who, in spite of a profound capacity for romantic love, of one of the keenest temptations that ever assailed a woman, and a mannikin for a husband, yet remains virtuous, is made in the hands of this author, at least, to appear far more complex and fascinating than her naughty predecessor; even her life blood flows more vigorously, her pulses beat louder. This, as all psychological authors know, is a very great achievement. To make a good woman really interesting in fiction which does not depend upon the mere story to carry it, is about the hardest task a novelist can set himself. Marie

Hay's achievement in this book is curiously like that of Berta Morena's portrayal of Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser": she makes that usually colorless maiden as seductive as Venus—plus virtue.

Marie Hay's power, no doubt, lies in the fact that not only is she a born artist, but that she has a mind both intellectual and romantic—a most unusual combination. No matter how deeply she probes, how relentlessly she exposes hidden sores and ugly recesses, the romance in her soul is never cool for an instant; it even burns during the necessarily long intervals of narrative and description, flooding them with light and color. On the other hand, this rare gift for pure romance never obscures her vision, distorts the mass of facts so laboriously collected, diminishes the value of her work as history. Before she lets her imagination go in scenes of singular felicity, passion, or tragedy, she gathers and arranges sound historical data, and to this foundation she adds a deeper knowledge of life and human nature than is to be found in the work of any living Briton. The other Englishwomen now making novels have a very narrow range. Most of them treat London as if it were Cranford, and the most popular among them has too much reverence for her position as an estimable British matron to give her real talent for fiction full scope. She could create human beings. She manufactures a perfect skeleton, clothes it in garments that have thrilled the novel-reading world; but between there is dough. Perhaps she is afraid (like some of our own) of not conveying the impression of high aristocracy. Marie Hay, being born an aristocrat, fears nothing. There is one more good argument against socialism.

Just now there is a great fuss being made in England over the more recent group of novelists, because they are devoting their attentions to the dreariness of small middle-class life. Every class should have its chroniclers, and many of the novels of this group are valuable and interesting; no doubt, of that. Petty as the details necessarily must be, sordid the tragedies, narrow the range in writing of people that have seen nothing of life, one is compelled to read every line for the sake of the truth that is in it. But sometimes one questions whether these brilliant writers see the whole truth themselves, earnest and eager in its pursuit as they are. Arnold Bennett, for in-

stance, in "An Old Wives' Tale," makes a curious failure with the most interesting woman he ever drew, the girl who ran away to Paris and stayed there for thirty years. Whether Mr. Bennett was determined to keep every page of his long book upon the same plane of highly charged monotony, or whether he knows nothing at all about the unusual woman (to which class this heroine of his belonged), no one but himself can tell; but certainly no woman writer canny in the psychology of her sex would have turned that girl from a powder-magazine into an automaton.

To return to Marie Hay (one can never write of one author without thinking of many others), it seems to me that she shows more promise of becoming a great novelist, when her historical loves are disposed of, than any woman now writing in England. Nor do I see that she has much to fear from the men. She has the grand manner—possessed by none of them—a wholly unself-conscious fearlessness and audacity, the genuine story-telling faculty, a knowledge of the world from A to Z, an extraordinarily facile and plastic imagination, and a mind in which romance and the power of psychological analysis are evenly balanced. That she is out for a long literary career, no one that has read these two books will doubt, for no mortal conditions will ever satisfy a nature like that. The world for inscrutable reasons goes on multiplying itself from ants up to humans (the last with egos which they call souls), but the only true life and the only true religion is art. The few that are called become slaves of another sort, but their compensation is that they have two egos instead of one; and who, pray, after that experience, can be driven back to what the world with its limited vocabulary calls Life? That is what makes the critics so funny.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

ARMY MORALS AND THE CANTEEN

BY JAMES H. BLOUNT

A RECENT editorial in the New York "Evening Mail" on the Army Canteen says:

"With the publication of the annual reports of the commanders-in-chief of the various military departments of the United States one fact becomes additionally clear, and that is that the liquor question in the army is still an unsolved problem. It appears to be a fact that a considerable majority of officers immediately associated with troops heartily favor the restoration of the canteen system under which the sale of beer and light wines was permitted at army post exchanges. Yet not all of them."

The law which abolished the "canteen system" was passed February 2d, 1901. It reads:

"Section 38. The sale or dealing in beer, wine or any intoxicating liquor by any person in any post exchange or canteen or army transport or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States is hereby prohibited. The Secretary of War is hereby directed to carry the provision of this section into effect."

In the House of Representatives on December 19th, 1910, Mr. Bartholdt of Missouri introduced a bill, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs and ordered to be printed, proposing the repeal of this law.

This law having now been on trial for about a decade, and the "canteen system" having previously been in vogue for about the same length of time, it might be well to compare the two, since matters affecting the efficiency of the army are vital to the national defence.

The army is not near enough to the people. They are proud enough of it when they happen to recollect that it exists, but they do not know its needs as do its officers. That is why, before it had settled down to the routine of peace after the Spanish War, in an hour of general and justifiable disgust at the exceptional excesses of certain soldiers, a group of well-intentioned persons with a pet idea were able to put through Congress the law revoking the

license of the soldier's club and relegating him for recreation to public houses. That is also why the same influences, aided, though not co-operated with by the obvious pecuniary interest of the whiskey people, have been able to prevent the repeal of the law, despite the soldier's chorus of protest which is led annually by the Commanding General of the army, supported by the Surgeon-General and accompanied by ominous echoes from the fighting machine itself.

Any man may properly impute to himself love of country. And any man acquainted with the facts who loves his country would like to see the law in question wiped off the statute-books. Hence this attempt to present the facts.

The writer has no wish to draw the "Mail" into the Ten Years' War between the total-abstinence ladies and the army as to who should run the army, but he will take the liberty of using its editorial aforesaid as a text for a plea for the restoration of the canteen.

In the first place, the entirely fair and impartial editorial in question is based upon a mistake of fact. It is entitled "When Doctors Disagree" and says:

"Major-General Frederick D. Grant, commanding the Department of the Lakes, who formerly urged a return to the canteen, has abandoned that view of the case and favors the retention of the present system, under which the sale of intoxicants on military reservations is prohibited. The other side of the controversy is taken by Major-General Ramsay D. Potts, commanding the Department of Luzon, Philippines division, who earnestly recommends the restoration of the canteen as a means of saving American soldiers in the islands from the hideous effects of native liquors sold near army posts."

As a matter of fact, the only official utterances General Grant has ever made concerning the canteen are the following. In 1903, while commanding the Department of Texas, he said:

"It is hardly necessary to state that the prohibition of the sale of beer in the post exchange has resulted in a great increase in the number of saloons, generally of the lowest class, in the vicinity of all posts and consequent injury to discipline."*

In 1904, while commanding the Department of the Lakes, he said:

"The Chief Surgeon says there is little question in his mind that the abolition of the canteen has increased the consumption of strong drink

* War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. III, p. 123. Quoting and concurring in the opinion of his judge advocate, of which, unfortunately, space does not permit reproduction in full here.

among the enlisted men of the army and that its restoration would be a move in the practical promotion of temperance."*

In 1905, while commanding the Department of the East, he said:

"It is my belief that fully seventy-five per cent. of these trials (courts-martial) were due to the use of bad liquor dispensed to our soldiers by persons who conduct dens of vice in the vicinity of military posts. These depraved creatures and lewd women use every device in their power to induce the soldiers to patronize their brothels, where those who yield to temptation are frequently drugged and robbed. It is distressing that the *prosperity of the keepers of vile resorts is due to the activity of good and worthy, though misguided, citizens who have succeeded in abolishing the canteen in the army.* With the establishment of the canteen, which was the soldier's club, the influence of these demoralizing resorts near army posts would be greatly reduced and many of them would disappear."†

In 1906, while commanding the Department of the East, he said:

"After another year's study . . . I am convinced that I underestimated the proportion. . . . I now believe that no less than ninety per cent. of all the troubles that occur in the army are due to the use of liquor." (Note the word—not beer, but "liquor.")‡

As to General Potts, the following extract from his report for 1910 as Commanding General of the Department of Luzon, Philippine Islands—regrettably abbreviated for lack of space—will suffice to show that this is *not* a case "Where Doctors Disagree."

"An examination of the court-martial records for the past year indicates very clearly that a majority of the cases tried by inferior courts, and a considerable number of those tried by general court-martial, are directly traceable to the use of native liquors.

"At the post of Fort William McKinley a great proportion of the sickness results from the use of such liquor, in the first place, and the subsequent reckless association with disreputable women. The effect of such upon young Americans serving in these islands is too serious to temporize with. I can only suggest the removal of temptation by providing a substitute for the vile native liquors in the shape of beer and possibly light wines through the post exchange."

An examination of the full text of this report will show that it is a violation of the law of the islands to sell liquor to soldiers, but that American colonial experience in this matter is not unlike that of the genial commercial traveller who said: "The only difference I find between a prohibition State and any other is in the *quality* of the liquor."

* War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. III, p. 55.
† War Department Reports, 1905, Vol. III, p. 16.
‡ War Department Reports, 1906, Vol. III, p. 19.

A Washington despatch to the New York "Times," dated December 7th, 1910, quotes General Duvall, commanding the United States troops in the Philippines, as making, in his annual report, a similar protest and also as expressing the conviction that an investigation by a committee of Congress would result in prompt remedial legislation.

General Corbin was (practically) in command of the army in 1902, General Young in 1903, General Chaffee in 1904-05, General Barry in 1906, General Bell in 1907-08-09, and General Wood in 1910.

General Corbin was by many considered to have been the ablest administrative officer the army has known since the Civil War. He had a genius for administration, for directing great affairs, which the nation at large first learned at the time of the Spanish War. His testimony, clear as a bugle call, rings true to the soldier's instinct for organized efficiency. Referring to the stubborn fact that, as he puts it:

"The almost universal testimony of post and company commanders is that many more men will leave the post to get drink when none can be obtained thereon than if there were beer and light wines sold at the post exchange,"

he says, with the eloquence of intelligent and intense conviction:

"If it were possible by my act to absolutely stop the manufacture and use of intoxicating drinks of any kind, I would do so; if it were possible by my act to prevent the use by any person in the military service of intoxicating drinks, I would do so; but realizing that the impossible, however desirable, must give way to what is possible and practicable, I am firmly of the opinion that it would be in the interests of discipline to re-establish the canteen feature of the post exchange, recognizing that in this way the evil of the use of drink can be minimized."*

Two years later the same witness says:

"It would seem unnecessary to argue to a fair-minded person the superiority of a system which provides a mild alcoholic beverage at reasonable cost in moderate quantities, under strict military control, to one which results in luring the soldier away from his barrack to neighboring dives where his body and soul are poisoned by vile liquors, with the accompanying vice of harlotry, and where his money is taken from him by gamblers and thieves."†

Such was the opinion of one who ranked among the modern masters of military administration.

Next we come to a military commander whose specialty

* Quoted by General Chaffee in 1904. War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. I, p. 231.

† War Department Reports, 1906, Vol. III, p. 75.

was fighting. In 1903 General Young was at the head of the army. Says he, in part:

"Reports received from officers of all grades . . . exhibit practical unanimity of opinion as to the evil effects of this restriction (the law under discussion) . . . in increased drunkenness; in loathsome diseases contracted while men are under the influence of a bad or drugged liquor; in increased desertion resulting from the same cause, the men while in a drugged condition being robbed by depraved associates of both sexes and for this reason reluctant to return to their posts."*

In 1904-05 General Chaffee was at the head of the army. General Chaffee has, perhaps, done hard fighting in more different places on the globe and been brevetted more different times for gallantry in action than any other American officer now living. He served through the Civil War, many Indian campaigns, the Santiago campaign and in the Philippines, and commanded the American forces in the advance of the Allied Armies on Peking during the Boxer troubles of 1900. In his report for 1904† we find expressions of opinion of which the following are samples:

"These desertions can be in large part attributed to the malign influences of saloons and brothels situated near the reservations, seducing enlisted men from the paths of decency."

"The canteen provided places of amusement and social intercourse, where men could get light refreshments under restraining, decent and orderly influences."

"If men are unable to get a glass of beer in a decent and orderly manner in the garrison they will resort to the vile brothels which cluster around the borders of the reservations, where they drink all manner of alcoholic beverages and often sink into debauchery and ruin."

"With the beginning of the work on the addition to the post of Fort Sam Houston it is observed that the prices of business property immediately in the rear of the new reservation have materially advanced and that arrangements are already being made for the construction of the usual assortment of saloons and dives that the virtual abolition of the canteen feature of the post exchange has made a universal accompaniment of every military post."

"I think it is beyond question that permission to sell beer in the post exchange would drive out of business at least two-thirds of the lower resorts in the vicinity of posts."

The next witness whom General Chaffee introduces is Brigadier-General William H. Carter, well known to the readers of the REVIEW as a writer on military subjects and a soldier of splendid ability. He reports to the War Department from his station in the Philippines, where at the date

* War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. I, p. 142.
† War Department Reports, Vol. I, p. 230, *et seq.*

of writing he was in command of one of the three military departments into which the archipelago is divided:

"The construction of some of the posts has been followed by the usual crop of saloons. With the well-regulated post exchange of former days the weak had a choice of evils and generally chose the less—the pure beer of the exchange. So long as the misguided Christian women of America insist upon carrying the "canteen" question into politics, young soldiers whose powers of resistance to temptation are below the normal, or not firmly exercised, will continue to fall victims to the plagues of service in India and the Orient generally—drunkenness, dissolute company and venereal diseases."

General Barry, who was acting head of the army in 1906; General Bell, who occupied the same high and responsible station in 1907-09, and General Wood, now Chief of Staff, are, like all their predecessors since the law passed, as united against it as if it were a foreign invader.

Be it remembered here, circumspectly and with reverence, that we are talking about efficiency, not evangelization. And even from the latter standpoint there should be more joy over the one soldier that is saved from killing a comrade in a drunken brawl originating in the low resorts outside of an army post, set up to catch the soldier trade, than over the ninety-and-nine that are safe inside the reservation.

If the distinguished gentleman from prohibition Maine who fathered this anti-canteen law in the national House of Representatives and has ever since refused to perceive any congenital deformity in his progeny had left Congress to become a judge in the Philippines, as did one of his colleagues, it might have fallen to his lot to preside at the trial of just such a case, and if he had done so, in sentencing a fellow countryman to serve out a large part, perhaps all, of the rest of his natural life in some far-away Philippine prison, he would have had brought home to him a fair sample of some of the workings of his law and would then and there beyond peradventure have exclaimed with an humble and a contrite heart, "Father, forgive me, for I knew not what I did."

This is no labored fancy. Just such a case was once tried by the writer, who, though not then knowing the name of the author of this most unwise law and being entirely free from any prejudgment concerning it, pondered the Spanish criminal code in every phase of its application to

the facts in an effort to find the minimum sentence it would permit him to impose. The circumstances of the killing did not show that " abandoned and malignant heart " which enters into the legal definition of murder. And, fortunately, for the wish to extend mercy which tempered the process of interpreting and administering the law of the case, the Spanish law, unlike our own, provides, very sensibly, that the circumstance of intoxication may be taken into consideration in mitigation of the severity of the punishment, provided the intoxication is not shown to be habitual and the intention to kill was not conceived *before* the defendant became drunk, the philosophy of the second proviso being to head off the too frequent excuse or plea in mitigation that the deed was done under a sudden heat of passion in a drunken frenzy and not with malice aforethought. The case alluded to is that of Highfill *vs.* United States, Vol. IV, pp. 384-9, Philippine Reports, where the verdict of the trial court was affirmed.

The Highfill case was one of those many tragedies which have occurred in the army as a result of the operation of the law abolishing the canteen. It presents a pathetic glimpse at what some modern Hogarth might cartoon as " An Anti-Canteen Law Pay-day."

We have already listened to the several generals who have been in command of the army since the anti-canteen law and to some of their more eminent subordinates. Volumes of similar testimony swell the chorus. There are some four thousand commissioned officers in the army and those who would not like to see the canteen restored " for the good of the service " are as rare as proselyted Catholics. Let us now turn to the expert medical testimony available.

Says the Surgeon-General of the United States army, in his report for 1910 (page 59):

> " The venereal peril has come to outweigh in importance any other sanitary question which now confronts the army, and neither our national optimism nor the Anglo-Saxon disposition to ignore a subject which is offensive to public prudery can longer excuse a frank and honest confrontation of the problem."

The total number of admissions to hospital for the cause indicated for the fiscal year were 14,640, or about twenty per cent.—*one-fifth of the total enlisted strength of the army.* Says the report:

"An increase not only over the preceding year, but *over any other year of which there is record* except 1905. These figures are out of all proportion to those which obtain in the European armies."

The mean annual rate of admission to hospital for the same cause during the decade prior to the Spanish War (1888-1897), when the canteen kept the soldier more at home, was seven and one-half per cent.*

The figures covering the tenth year of the anti-canteen law will not be available until the issuance of the annual report of the Surgeon-General for 1911 in the coming fall, but the figures for the last nine years concerning the percentage of enlisted men admitted to hospital for diseases resulting from immorality are horrible enough. Watch the barometer:

1901 (13,911 men, out of 92,491)	15%	(a)
1902	16%	(b)
1903 (a fraction over)	15%	(c)
1904 (nearly one-fifth of the whole army)	20%	(d)
1905 (more than one-fifth of the army, or a fraction over)	20%	(e)
1906	19%	(f)
1907	19 6/10%	(g)
1908	19 4/10%	(h)
1909	20%	(i)

The report of the Surgeon-General of the army for 1907† says:

"This office concurs in the opinion expressed by most medical officers of the army that the abolition of the sale of beer in the post exchanges has had much to do with the increase of venereal diseases and alcoholism in the army by driving the soldiers to disreputable resorts outside of the post and beyond control of the post authorities."

In his annual report for 1903‡ the Surgeon-General says:

* 70.60 per thousand. War Department Reports, 1902, Vol. II, p. 622. The military medical statistics always give the number of men per thousand, but to a layman percentages are more immediately intelligible. The canteen was not authorized until February 1st, 1889 (see War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. I, p. 230). Those who have not access to the unpublished archives of the War Department must take such tables as its reports furnish.

(a) War Department Reports, 1902, Vol. I, p. 621.
(b) War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. II, p. 162.
(c) War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. II, p. 153.
(d) War Department Reports, 1905, Vol. II, p. 95.
(e) War Department Reports, 1906, Vol. II, p. 88.
(f) War Department Reports, 1907, Vol. II, p. 82.
(g) War Department Reports, 1908, Vol. II, p. 96.
(h) War Department Reports, 1909, Vol. II, p. 122.
(i) Surgeon-General of Army, Pamphlet Report, 1910, p. 59.

† War Department Reports, 1907, Vol. II, p. 92.
‡ War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. II, p. 163.

"In February, 1901, the sale of beer was prohibited in post exchanges and admission rates (for alcoholism) increased markedly that year.

"It is impossible also not to attribute a large part of the steadily increasing venereal disease of the army to the loss of the canteen, where the soldier, if he so desired, could get his beer throughout the month, but was *not subjected to temptations to intemperance and vice now attendant upon the expenditure of a full month's pay at the low resorts infesting the outskirts of our military reservations.*"

The year the canteen was established, 1889, the Surgeon-General reported:

"Prohibition on the military reservation has been suggested *and tried,* but this has immediately invited the establishment of dens of dissipation and disease just beyond the jurisdiction of the commanding officer. License *on* the reservation, in the opinion of our medical officers, is infinitely preferable to unbridled license outside of it. *It is believed that the canteen system will have a greater effect in reducing statistics of alcoholism than any measure that has yet been tried.*"*

Let us see how this prophecy turned out.

The reports of the successive Surgeons-General of the army since 1901 furnish the following information concerning the number of men relatively to the total enlisted strength of the army admitted to hospital for alcoholism in past years.

Mean annual rate for decade 1879–1888 (before canteen)	5 7/10%
Mean annual rate for decade 1889–1898 (under canteen)	2 9/10%
Rate for 1889	4 1/10%
Rate for 1890	4 %
Rate for 1891	4 %
Rate for 1892	3 7/10%
Rate for 1893	3 4/10%
Rate for 1894	3 1/10%
Rate for 1895	3 %
Rate for 1896	2 9/10%
Rate for 1897	2 8/10%

"In 1898 the altered conditions consequent on the Spanish-American War prevented further comparisons. There is less drunkenness among troops in active service than in command doing garrison duty in time of peace."

This last remark is also pertinent to the years of the fighting in the Philippines, 1899 and 1900, when the rate was one and one-half per cent.

"The steady decrease of late years (before the Spanish War) in the admissions for alcoholism among the men of the regular army is a matter for congratulation. *Military officers may be said* to be unanimous in their opinion that this was mainly the result of the establishment of the post exchange or canteen at military posts."†

* Quoted in Surgeon-General's report for 1903, War Department Reports for 1903, Vol. II, p. 163.

† War Department Reports, 1901, Vol. II, p. 710.

Now let us turn to the statistics of the Surgeon-General concerning alcoholism *since* the act of February 2d, 1901. Observe this barometer also:

1901	2 2/10% (a)
1902	2 3/10% (b)
1903	2 5/10% (c)
1904	2 5/10% (d)
1905	3 % (e)
1906	3 2/10% (f)
1907	3 6/10% (g)

The percentage for 1908 (three per cent.) shows the patient rallying somewhat and that for 1909 (two and one-half per cent.) a further rally, but to deny the relation of cause and effect established by the above tables is to forfeit the presumption of amenability to reason.

It was not such a great while after our brief war with Spain that in response to a wave of righteous disgust and mortification which swept over the country at the drunken excesses of some of our returning " heroes " prior to their muster out, to say nothing of those who enlisted to fight Spaniards, but who, unlucky enough not to be ordered to the front, remained at home in garrison to fight a more insidious foe on pay-days " on the bloody fields of " Newport, Chickamauga and elsewhere, Congress passed the law abolishing the canteen feature of the army post exchange. It was put through Congress at a time when the hearts of the mothers whose sons had participated in the Spanish War or its Philippine sequel were still either buoyed with happy or bowed with solemn pride, according as the son came home " with his shield " or " on it." The pulse of the country had not yet settled down to normal. The heart of the nation still glowed with pardonable pride in the glory then lately won for it by Sampson's fleet and Hobson's feat, and the Rough Riders and the Regulars, in the western hemisphere, and by Dewey and Funston in the eastern, and by Lawton in both. As a record of the state of public feeling at the time we may recall that during the short session of Congress of the winter of 1900-01, at which the bill was passed, when the hero of El Caney and

(a) War Department Reports, 1902, Vol. I, p. 622.
(b) War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. II, p. 162.
(c) War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. II, p. 157.
(d) War Department Reports, 1905, Vol. II, p. 115.
(e) War Department Reports, 1906, Vol. II, p. 100.
(f) War Department Reports, 1907, Vol. II, p. 92.
(g) War Department Reports, 1909, Vol. II, p. 138.

San Mateo was shot through the heart in the forefront of battle in the hour of victory, leaving a grief-stricken widow in meagre circumstances, the people of the United States raised by popular subscription within a very short time and presented to Mrs. Lawton $100,000 in cash. What a felicitously sentimental period of the country's history for the total abstinence societies to descend upon Congress!

It appears that in 1898 an official of a certain civic-welfare society had witnessed at a fort near Newport what he termed "the canteen in operation on pay-day." What he and other probably worthy but presumably paid advocates reported of this and other like cases undoubtedly had much to do with arousing the Christian women of the country, and through them public sentiment, to demand of Congress the summary abolition of such foul things as they made people believe all army canteens to be. What wonder that Congress abolished the canteen if it believed that a description like the following was typical of the daily operation of the canteen at a regular army post in time of peace:

"Behind the bar stood a soldier and a professional bartender, both drenched in perspiration and beer, dealing out drinks as fast as they could to the soldiers, who stood four deep in front, howling for it, in all stages of intoxication, while a 'skin game' of gambling on the floor at one end of the bar was making away with all the money that had not been spent," etc.*

The witness goes on to say that they went from what he terms this "preparatory course in beer" to "deeper drinking in the city saloons, which they crowded, where they had more gambling; and from this second course many went on to a third, which I need not mention."

Then while admitting that "canteens are not all alike, any more than outside saloons," he insists:

"But I have pictures and testimony to prove *that* one fairly representative."

Note as to the use of the words "saloon" and "canteen" that he apparently considers both equally vile. Your simon-pure prohibitionist refuses to recognize any difference in principle relative to legislation concerning public order, health or morals, between a beer-garden run by an honest German, where people of Teutonic antecedents or tastes may take their families or friends, and a gin-mill run

* See an article by the president of the W. C. T. U. in the REVIEW for February, 1903.

by a thug, ably assisted by a staff of "cadets." All are alike intolerable.

From the debate on the "anti-canteen amendment" to the Army bill (December 6th, 1900) it is evident that its passage was a foregone conclusion from the start. The Prohibitionists manipulated cleverly a temporary balance of power. Democrats and Republicans alike voted with them. Various members felt it necessary to "explain their vote"—to their constituents at home, of course. The author of the law, Mr. Littlefield, confident of a safe majority and desiring to cut off debate and get the thing done with, said:

"I care not what reasons men may have . . . so long as they *record their votes.*"

Mr. Fitzgerald of Massachusetts in vain sought to stem the tide. He said:

"I think he [Mr. Littlefield], as well as every sensible member of this House, must realize the fact that the canteen system as now practised and carried out in the army is easily the best method of handling this great question. It seems to me that if we are not going to act as hypocrites we ought to vote down the amendment offered by the gentleman from Maine. . . ."

And he added, as a parting shot from the vanquished at the victor, this reference to the State where prohibition was born:

"There is more liquor sold [in Maine] and as openly as in any community in the United States. . . . The gentleman knows I am speaking the truth."

Mr. Hay of Virginia was under the very general misapprehension that strong drink, as well as beer, was allowed to be sold at the canteen; and when corrected by Mr. Slayden of Texas replied that a man could get just as drunk on beer as on whiskey, to which Mr. Slayden replied, "Hardly."

In examining the debate, one reads *in* as well as *between* the lines grave apprehension upon the part of good men and true that the effect of the law would be bad for the soldier and grave doubt as to whether he would be "*protected from the evils of intemperance by this legislation,*" as the author of the bill so cheerily promised in speaking for it.

Having served, while an officer of the Volunteer Army of Cuban Invasion, in 1898, on General Wood's Headquarters Staff, after the fall of the city of Santiago de Cuba, as Judge-Advocate of the Department of Santiago, the writer sent a

copy of the foregoing article to his old commander, with a request for comment. His answer is as follows:

"War Department,
Office of the Chief of Staff,
Washington

"*December 19th 1910.*

"Dear Captain Blount,—I have read the within article with interest. I agree with the general conclusions which you reach as to the effect of doing away with the canteen. The effect of the abolition of the canteen has been almost unqualifiedly bad. There were doubtless here and there, due to poor discipline or inefficient officers, canteens which were badly handled, and in which excesses may have occasionally occurred. Personally, I have never seen such a one, nor have I had occasion to pass upon reports indicating the existence of such a condition of affairs. A large proportion of our soldiers are of German descent—German-Americans—who have had beer in their homes from childhood and who use it, not as a stimulant, but as an article of ordinary daily consumption, like their bread and meat. In doing away with the canteen we required all these men to go to the ordinary beer-hall or bar room, to get the glass of beer which they have been accustomed to. The general object of those in control of these establishments is to secure as much of the soldier's money as possible and in the minimum of time. It is in these places that he falls into the hands of the harpies, male and female, who make it their business to fill him up and get posession of his money, through one means or another, as rapidly as possible. If total abstinence in the community were possible of accomplishment, it would undoubtedly be a consumation devoutly to be wished, but the most we can hope for now is a well-ordered temperance. The canteen, properly handled, secured this result. It was, in effect, the soldier's club-room. Here he found simple and wholesome amusements, and was able to purchase something to smoke or had a glass of beer if he wished it. Intoxication in these establishments was rare. The great majority of the men found here all that they wanted, a place to meet their fellows, a game of billiards or a game of cards, and, if they wished it, a glass of beer. Its abolition has sent them to places just the reverse in character. I have always believed in the canteen as a force for good in the service for the reasons above outlined.

"Very truly yours,
Leonard Wood."

The fact that a medal-of-honor man who has often distinguished himself in command of troops in battle and is now at the head of the United States army was once and still is "a physician and surgeon of acknowledged skill," and thinks that the canteen should be restored, makes this a peculiarly felicitous time to submit to rational people the folly of allowing the total-abstinence societies to keep saddled upon the army a law which, according to all the expert testimony, tends steadily to increase the constantly non-effective ratio by multiplying the wages of sin.

James H. Blount.

THE LEAVES OF THE TREE

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

II—PROFESSOR NEWTON

THE first time I saw Professor Alfred Newton, the great ornithologist, was in 1884, when I was acting in the "Birds" of Aristophanes, which was being performed at Cambridge. The chorus were dressed as birds; they had the heads of birds superimposed upon their own, and their own faces looked out from the gullets of the birds. They wore tunics, with painted wings in the place of sleeves, manipulated by sticks held in the hand and fastened into the tips of the feathers, so that the wing could be suddenly unfurled.

The whole thing was very picturesque and absurd. I do not know what realistic Don had the idea of consulting a professed ornithologist as to the exact scientific appropriateness of the birds; but in an ardent moment it was resolved to ask Newton to inspect them. I suppose he had possibly furnished a list beforehand.

We, the performers, were sitting about in full dress at one of the last rehearsals, when a strongly built man of about fifty, leaning heavily on a stick, with a brisk alert face and bushy gray side-whiskers, came into the room with one of the Committee. He seemed to me to bristle with decision and alertness. He wore an old-fashioned tall top-hat, very high in the crown, with a flat brim; and a short full-skirted tail-coat. He looked sharply from bird to bird, and then said, suddenly, "That scarlet Ibis is all wrong; the *head* ought not to be scarlet—it is preposterously absurd; it must be darkened at once."

The Ibis was the headgear of a friend of mine, Willy Boyle, an extremely good-natured, able, rather indolent Eton man, with much musical ability. He took off the head. It was a pleasing object, made of a long-haired rough red plush, with a curved black beak and large, shining, roguish

black eyes, represented by means of a sort of glazed metal stud.

Some paint was brought, and Professor Newton daubed over the bird-head with it, giving it a dusky draggled air. The owner looked on ruefully. The professor said, sharply: "There; that is better now, but it is still ridiculous! An Ibis with a scarlet *head!* Who ever heard of such nonsense?" It was not better at all; it was much worse, though perhaps it was ornithologically correct; but it sacrificed a pretty point of color.

Boyle gave me the head and dress. The latter I fixed up in my rooms at King's with an inscription, and left it there when I went down. It was used, I believe, as a model for the bird dresses at a later performance, perhaps twenty years after, and I dare say has never been replaced. The head I still have, with its elastic strap and tapes. The eye is still bright, but the beak is broken, and the complexion is daubed and stained with the professor's paint.

That was my only sight of the professor at that date. He seemed to me decided, brisk, peremptory, not very good-natured, not a man to oppose in any way.

Alfred Newton was born in 1829, the son of William Newton, M.P., for Ipswich. His mother was a cousin of the late Lord Houghton, so that he belonged to what may for convenience be called the upper class, and inherited the traditions of birth, breeding and descent. He appreciated in a quiet way his social advantages, and never undervalued them in others; but it was a part of his old-fashioned and magnanimous code that the more adventitious advantages a gentleman possessed, the less he put them forward or alluded to them in any way.

I must not here attempt to estimate the extent or value of his scientific work; but it may be said that he was one of the leading ornithologists of his day, that the range of his investigation was very wide, though his name is connected with no great definite discovery of first-rate importance, and his accuracy prodigious. There have probably been few ornithologists who have added so much to the detailed knowledge of the science, or done so much to reduce existing knowledge to order; while both as a guide and inspirer of younger students, and as a stern and inflexible critic of the work of other investigators his influence can hardly be overestimated.

In 1904 I was elected a Fellow of Magdalene, and a Cambridge friend wrote to congratulate me. He said in his letter that I should find Newton, who was a Fellow of the College, very friendly and very interesting. "He is the only man I have ever known," he added, "who has *all* the characteristics of John Bull."

My first encounter with the professor, as we all called him at Magdalene, was at dinner at the Lodge. He was then over seventy-five years of age, and had resided at the College for more than fifty years. I recognized him at once. He was older, balder, whiter and much lamer. He walked with two sticks and with great difficulty. He had been lame in one leg since infancy, and had latterly injured his sound leg by a fall out yachting. But his complexion was as clear and rosy as ever, and he looked like a man who enjoyed life heartily. I had written to him upon my election, and had received a courteous non-committal sort of reply. He greeted me dryly but kindly. His fine old-fashioned manners impressed me. He would not allow any one to help him, though he moved with great difficulty; and the way in which he plumped into a chair and crossed his legs, in a peculiar fashion, showed that standing caused him great uneasiness. His profound bow was delightful, and the deft way in which he gathered his sticks in his left hand, in order to have his right hand free to shake, was very characteristic. The hand itself was firm, strong and cool, and the pointed fingers had a well-bred look. His manner was quick and decided and his talk trenchant enough. He spared no loose statement, and his courtesy was not of the kind that sank differences of opinion. He combated any view with which he disagreed, and it was eminently necessary to be wary in talk with him; his manner to me was a mixture of friendliness and caution.

On the following day he made his appearance at Chapel, occupying the next stall to myself. I was talking to the Master at the Library door, when he appeared at the postern which led from his house. He wore the familiar tall hat, a full surplice and a hood flung on anyhow, torn in several places, the white silk lining having become a sort of coffee-color from age and dust. He made his way very slowly to his place. When he was seated, he produced and put on a very old and battered skull-cap. His edition of the service, so to speak, was the quaintest I ever heard. He had all sorts

of curious omissions. For instance, he never said the last words of the Lord's Prayer, from "For thine is the kingdom" to the end, supposing it, I imagine, to be a later addition. In the first clauses of the Litany he never said the ascription, but began at the words "have mercy upon us"; and the same was the case with all similar suffrages. In the Communion Service he joined almost fiercely in the Lord's Prayer at the beginning, which is generally and rightly left to the celebrant, and said the responses to the Commandments with a strong emphasis on the word "*this* law." Add to this an extreme rapidity of utterance, which hopelessly distanced all competitors, and a peremptory rasping tone, as though he were rating a dishonest footman rather than making a personal petition at the Throne of Grace. I never heard so strange a performance, and it was never varied in the smallest particular. I never quite gathered what his religious opinions were. He was a zealous Conformist, and I should suppose would have described himself as an old-fashioned High Churchman. He attended the Sacrament at due intervals, and received the elements, reverently standing at the altar steps. Shortly after this date music was introduced into the service. There had not been a musical instrument in the Chapel since 1680 or any species of music, and the introduction of the harmonium was a sore blow to the professor, who had hitherto successfully resisted all attempts to establish an organ in the Chapel. When hymns were introduced, it was an unfailing amusement to see the professor open a hymn-book and survey the scene with ill-concealed disgust. He used to shut the book with a snap before the end and sit ostentatiously down with an air of relief. He always said a loud Amen at the ends of the prayers; but when the Master introduced a little prayer for the College, from the old Compline service, the professor used to turn to the pages of his Prayer-book, look round with dramatic bewilderment, as though he thought the Chaplain was delirious, and hold his lips stiffly sealed at the conclusion, for fear he should forget himself and add the endorsement of an Amen to any petition of so singular a character.

That first service over, I went out with the Master and the professor. The latter lived in an odd, low, one-storied house, adjacent to the College and stretching north from the Master's drive. It was called the "Old Lodge," and was

in fact the back rooms of the original Master's Lodge, converted into a curious little dwelling, with large cellars underneath it. In front of it is a small dark court, separated from the street by a high ancient wall with gates. In this space the late Master used to keep cows, but at some recent time the cows had been given up, and the professor, who had long occupied the house, built a bedroom on the site of the cowshed, and turned the byre into a tiny, ill-kept, smoke-dried garden. There was but one entrance from the street, front and back door alike, entered through a high postern across a flagged passage. At the back the professor had added another bedroom for himself. The shrubs grew thickly in front of the windows. A great box hedge shut off the view into the Master's garden; here, in the summer, bracken, originally planted by the professor, grew high and luxuriant in the secluded angle between the Master's drive and the professor's house. A flight of steps, much overgrown with moss, led down into the cellars, and there were one or two erections of iron rods supporting little platforms holding a dish for water, over which the professor used to crumble bread for the birds that came to his call. A tiny gravel walk led into this strip of ground from the Master's drive, and by ascending a few steps you reached the professor's study window, which opened to the ground, and which formed his usual egress to go into College and the ingress by which his friends in College were permitted to visit him.

That first morning, the Master, with a good-natured desire to increase cordiality between myself and the professor, unadvisedly suggested that I should go in with him to have a talk. Unadvisedly, I say, because the professor was a man of strict routine and always employed the morning hours in answering letters, of which he received a large number, and which he always answered with a blunt pen in a somewhat illegible hand, by return of post; accordingly, I went in. The professor said, politely, that he was proud to make my acquaintance, and added in a somewhat menacing tone that he was gratified to learn from my letter to him that I meant to devote myself to the College. He did not invite me to sit down, but a moment after held out his hand, saying, "I won't detain you—we shall meet in Hall to-night." I felt myself dismissed and hurried away. I confess that he inspired me with considerable awe.

In Hall that evening I met him. He appeared in a black bow tie, a very high-cut waistcoat, a roomy dining-coat, a thin silk gown and a tall hat, with his two sticks. The dinner consisted of a clear soup, fish, roast beef, a goose, plum pudding, cheese. In those days the hour was seven, and the carving was done on the table. I learned afterwards that the meal was invariably the same, though pheasants and chickens were substituted in due season for the goose. It was the professor's idea of an appropriate English dinner. I gathered that if there was any alteration whatever in the menu he was profoundly vexed, and he had hit upon a plan by which it should be always the same. The menu was brought to one of the Fellows in residence, who occasionally made some alterations. But the professor ordered that the menu should be brought to him last, when he always struck out the alterations and substituted the original dishes. He did this even when he did not dine in Hall. Not only did he prefer a settled order himself, but he could not bear any deviation from it, even when he was not present. This was an interesting trait in the professor's character. If he approved of a thing, and ninety-nine other people approved of something else, he would still have had his own preferences carried out, in spite of their wishes, and even if he were not personally affected by the change. He could not bear even to think of us as eating any other meal than that which he preferred. If he had known, for instance, that a leg of lamb had been substituted for roast beef at the Sunday dinner, even if he himself had been dining in his own house, he would have eaten a plate of roast beef in solitude, and thought in disgust and dudgeon that those in Hall were eating something different, even though it was their preference to do so. He had no sense of the rights of others in the matter. I have heard him say a dozen times, when some change of detail was being discussed, and it was represented to him that every one else preferred it, "Then every one else are fools."

It is the custom to have a guest-night on Sundays in Magdalene, and the Fellows are bound by an unwritten law to dine in Hall. The professor always had a couple of guests. He ate an extraordinarily good meal, a full plateful of everything that appeared, washed down with abundance of claret. He strenuously preserved the old custom of "taking wine," and it was a pleasure to see him fill his glass, insist on his

partner filling his, and then bow gravely over the uplifted goblet. He always sprinkled his plum pudding with salt. I used to wonder how he kept his health, because the dinner he ate would have been a large one for a man living an active life; but he took neither luncheon nor tea, and breakfasted late. He did suffer terribly from gouty eczema, and I have little doubt that had he duly regulated his diet, which was quite inappropriate to his age, his life might have been prolonged.

We adjourned to the Combination-room afterwards, the professor working his way very slowly up the steep stairs. We had dessert sitting at small tables in a semicircle round the fire. This ritual again was dear to the professor's heart. I remember on a later occasion that the Master innocently suggested that for a change we should sit round the big oval table. The professor was speechless with indignation, and sate sullenly through the proceeding, scarcely opening his mouth except to say that he would hardly have known the place. Nothing vexed him more than the least variation from the convivial routine. It is the duty of the junior Fellow to look after the comfort of the guests and to see that the wine and dessert are duly circulated. The Sunday-evening parties became larger at this time, as there were more Fellows in residence, and the only way to secure the comfort of the guests was to take the wine round and fill the glasses; otherwise the bottles used to get stuck, and one was always jumping up to pass it on. The professor disliked extremely being ministered to. "You're very good," he would say if one filled his glass, adding, testily: "Can't you let the things be *passed* round? That is the custom here—*passed,* not handed. Do put that decanter down, and let us help ourselves!" A Fellow who was present ventured on one occasion meekly to suggest that if that wine was not handed round it did not always circulate. "Do put it down!" said the professor; "I hate to see people fussing about. It's not our custom here." But with the little tables duly spread, and a good dinner inside him, he was generally in high good-humor. He was always full of talk. He remembered everything, and remembered it exactly. I have heard him retell a story I once told him, and I think he preserved my exact phrases. I once gave him an anecdote about a common friend of ours, A——. "An excellent story," said the professor, "but not in the least char-

acteristic of A——! Now, if it had been told of B——, I should not have been surprised." I discovered afterwards that it really was an anecdote of B——, and the professor's delight, when I told him this, was great. He had travelled a good deal, he knew almost every one of a past generation that was worth knowing, he was full to the brim of picturesque personal details, and he seemed to be acquainted with almost every book one could mention of a certain date. He had the strongest prejudices. Some one quoted a saying of Charles Lamb's to him in my presence. "Very apposite and amusing!" said the professor; "but I have a very poor opinion of Charles Lamb. He was a monkey, and a snivelling monkey." He disliked all argument; he seldom spoke of politics; and if ethical or religious matters were alluded to, he changed the conversation as quickly as possible. He liked to talk of definite facts and definite people, and his acquaintance with family histories and genealogies was very wide. He was a perfect mine of information about the history and traditions of the College.

He was always very jealous of outside interference. On one occasion he was dining in Hall with one other Fellow, when a considerable uproar arose at one of the undergraduates' tables. The professor sent down a message requesting that order might be restored; and the monition had its effect. A Trinity undergraduate, who had been dining with the noisy party, was much vexed at the occurrence, waited till the Hall was empty, and then came up to the high table in order to apologize for his part in the disturbance. He had hardly uttered a word, when the professor said, in indignant tones: "How dare you come and speak to me in that gown! A Trinity gown in Hall—most improper! I must ask you to be so good as to go away at once."

When I began to reside in College, in 1905, I found that Newton appeared little in public. He was really very infirm, though his alertness and cheerfulness, and the remarkable healthiness of his face and demeanor, gave the opposite impression. He had long given up lecturing, and paid a deputy, Mr. W. Bateson, of St. John's, the distinguished biologist, to discharge this duty for him. I learnt a curious thing: that he was always very nervous when lecturing, and disliked it greatly, putting his lecture at one o'clock to discourage would-be attenders. He wrote out his discourses, and delivered them exactly as they were written. A friend of mine

who was on one occasion the solitary auditor of a lecture tells me that the professor addressed him throughout in the phrase—"some of you may possibly object that there are obvious exceptions to this"—not having sufficient confidence even to substitute the singular for the plural. It is said, too, that at due intervals, at each rhetorical climax or natural division of the discourse, a pointing hand was drawn in the margin, with a note appended, DRINK WATER HERE; but for the truth of this I cannot vouch. It was a curious trait, for any man less shy or nervous in a party I never saw. One would have thought him wholly indifferent to and unconscious of an audience. But I have seen the same tendency come out once or twice. There was a sudden call on him one evening to say grace in Hall, and a more stuttering and stumbling performance I never heard. As to his discharging the ostensible duties of his post by deputy, no doubt he considered that he was mainly paid for research work; and in this respect his energy was prodigious and unflagging. He certainly did far more for his subject by his untiring industry than if he had contented himself with delivering the stipulated lectures, and no more. Besides, he thought it his duty to encourage in every way the students of his subject. He invited them to his house, he answered any question referred to him with endless courtesy and patience, and held up a high ideal of strict investigation and laborious accumulation of facts. Neither did he amass money. He always lived like a poor man. The clothes he wore were the oldest I have ever seen: there was a suit he wore in summer which was like sacking, and a funny little round hat, green with age, adorned his head out-of-doors. He used to drive down to the Museum every day in a cab, and sometimes went a little farther into the country. As far as appearance went, he had the faculty of always looking like a gentleman: one would have supposed him to be a prosperous professional man, perhaps a lawyer. The routine of his day was absolutely fixed: he rose late and breakfasted about ten o'clock. I once had to see him on business, and went in, finding him at breakfast. I never saw such a meal for a sedentary man suffering from gout. He had a cold beefsteak pie, a captain's biscuit and two cups of tea poured out, so that they might be of the same heat and strength when required. After breakfast he wrote his letters; and it may be added that he never destroyed a let-

ter—even an invitation to dinner. His house was full of stored papers. At noon he went down to the Museum. He could not bear to be called upon except at stated times. He dined by himself early, and did most of his work late at night. He was a slow worker, and verified everything; and the act of getting up from his chair, finding the necessary book, looking out the passage and putting the book back consumed much time. He went to bed about two or three in the morning. He imbued his pupils with the sense of the necessity of verifying references—so much so that, though he left at his death an immense mass of verified references, the pupil to whom the task of editing them fell said that he would not be true to the professor's principles unless he verified them all again. He was always at home on Sunday evenings. In old days his pupils used to come in considerable numbers, and he set great store by this social function. I remember his once deploring to me rather pathetically the fact that of late so few people came to see him. But it was not a very exhilarating performance. The room was lighted with a blaze of gas, to which of recent years he added electric light. His eyes must have been marvellously strong, for he used to read quite small print without glasses. A number of hard chairs were set out in a circle round the fire, which was always lighted, even on comparatively warm evenings. He himself sate in an easy-chair by the door, and the appearance of the room was as though it were arranged for some species of class instruction. He used to sit smoking and making paper spills out of half-sheets. The conversation was general, as a rule, and not always entertaining, though one became aware what a marvellous memory the professor had, and how wide a knowledge he possessed both of books and people. His judgments on the latter were trenchant and a little superficial. He was fond of humorous stories. and I can recall very clearly his look when he was amused or telling some amusing story. His hand was upraised, his mouth elongated and drawn down at the corners into a very genial smile. I never saw him out of spirits. He was occasionally vexed, but never melancholy or tired or suffering. I used to meet him also at the meetings of an old dining club called the Family, which met once a fortnight, at which he was always in the best of spirits, and ate and drank everything that was handed to him.

His house was very characteristic. It was hideous be-

yond the nightmares of æsthetes. It was not even homely or comfortable. The hall was hung with a paper made to look like blocks of granite; the rooms were papered in a faded buff color; the new bedroom was painted a strong purple. The furniture was either old and shabby or new and pretentious. There were a few dusty pictures hung rather high; books everywhere, crammed into deal shelves; heaps of papers, pamphlets, packets of letters lumbering up the tables. The carpets worn, the curtains dim and drab. There was hardly an object on which the eye could rest with a sense of pleasure or even of comfort. In his bedroom was a huge four-post bedstead, many books, bottles of medicine, ointment in saucers; nothing seemly or stately. The professor was entirely unconscious of it all; he disliked ornament, and had just the things he wanted. The large parlor, with its flaring gas and piercing electric lights in milky globes, was the most uncomfortable room I ever saw.

In College matters he was generally in opposition. I can hardly ever remember an occasion when he consented willingly to a change of any kind. I never could quite understand his attitude to the College: he was fond of it and proud of it in a way; he desired that it should flourish and prosper, but only on the lines which he preferred. There is a rule at Magdalene that all resident Fellows are members of the governing body, and he never missed a meeting. He was always very genial and full of talk on these occasions, and indeed used to delay the progress of business. He was always very much opposed to anything being made a precedent, and used to hamper any concession that was suggested with all sorts of precautionary conditions.

I remember a few salient instances of his method. At one time it was suggested that the Hall should be repainted. It was formerly a light buff color, and the paint was so scorched and blistered by the sun that it had the appearance of being smeared with stale mustard. We adjourned to the Hall to see the effect of certain strips of color hung upon the walls. The professor pleaded shrilly and fiercely for the same color to be restored. It was useless to point out that there was not a single member of the College who approved of the buff tint, and that visitors invariably commented upon its dinginess. "They are all fools," said the professor. A subcommittee was eventually appointed to act with full powers, and the panelling was stained a rich brown,

enormously improving the appearance of the place. The first time we dined there after the painting, the Master said, cheerfully, to the professor, "Well, what do you think of it?" The professor looked round in disgust and said, "I don't like to say what I think: it is like what I may politely call *Gehenna*."

On another occasion it was proposed that ladies should be admitted, in restricted numbers, to the Chapel service. The discussion was amicable, and a system was suggested. To my surprise, the professor took very little part, except to interject an occasional sneer; but when the motion was to be put to the vote, the old man grew suddenly white, and in a voice strangled with passion made a most vindictive speech. He said that he disapproved of all the alterations in the Chapel service; that it was no longer the least pleasure to him to attend. Everything done or suggested was utterly out of keeping with the ideal of a plain collegiate service. He disliked it all from the bottom of his heart; and he wound up by saying that we might pass what votes we liked, but that if one lady was admitted to the Chapel service he should never set foot in the building again.

We sate appalled at the tempest. One of the Fellows said that, though he approved of the motion, he thought that the professor's feeling overbalanced the advantages. The Master concurred, expressed his concern at the professor's view of the alterations that had been made hitherto, and withdrew his motion. The old man sate grimly silent, and it evidently never entered his head to make, or to wish to make, the least concession; he did not care what any one else thought or wished, and he would prevent any change if he could.

The only thing I have ever heard him express a wish to see changed in the Chapel was a certain window, which had been painted in the professor's undergraduate days by some members of the College, himself included—I suppose about 1850—under the direction of an artistic Don. It was a very poor affair, the colors thin and staring, the figure panels small, muzzy and mean, the ornament clumsy and feeble. But it had an historical value, having been made in the early days of the Gothic revival, and the personal associations made it more interesting still.

An embarrassing scene occurred when one of the Fellows asked leave that his daughter's marriage might be celebrated

in Chapel. The professor exploded in wrath. He had never heard such a preposterous suggestion. A College Chapel was not intended for such things as weddings; the young lady could have no association with the place; he regarded it as a most improper and entirely unaccountable proposal. On that occasion the rest of the governing body were rather indignant at the attitude of the professor to what seemed a very reasonable request; the matter was put to the vote, and the Chapel placed at the disposal of the Fellow in question. At the following College meeting the Fellow said that he withdrew his request. His daughter had been so unfortunate as to break her leg while playing lawn-tennis, and was lying ill in the house where the accident had occurred. She was to be married quietly in the neighboring village church as soon as she could get about. The professor smiled and said, with really incomparable humor, "*Solvitur non ambulando.*"

One great scene took place when an organ was offered by one of the Fellows to the College Chapel. It was thought that the professor would object so strongly that the proposal was deferred. Eventually, however, it was brought forward. The Master began by saying, "I have a proposal to make about the Chapel, which I fear you will not like, Professor." The professor flared up and said, "No, indeed; I never come here now without hearing something that I dislike very much." The offer was then stated, and every one welcomed it with cordiality and enthusiasm. The professor waited till they had done, and then, with a little bow to the donor, said: "Words entirely fail me to express my sense of the generosity and public spirit which prompts this offer. But I am bound to say that I object *in toto* to music in a College Chapel. It is entirely out of character, and I am therefore bound to oppose what I believe to be against the best interests of the place." The usual scene took place, the professor voting in a minority of one. But when the organ was erected, he contrived to say something pleasant to the giver about its improving the appearance of the Chapel.

For one thing must be recorded. I never saw a man who took a defeat better. He fought to the last moment, and when he was outvoted, he accepted the situation gracefully and good-humoredly. I never heard him make any sort of criticism or recrimination afterwards; and, indeed, when a thing was once done and had become part of the place, the

professor's Toryism invested it with a sort of sanctity, and he would have opposed its removal with the same zeal that he had opposed its erection.

In November, 1905, he had a bad fall while coming out of Hall. I never saw a man collapse so completely; but this was evidently deliberate, as an attempt to save himself would have no doubt produced a worse strain. He was badly shaken, but I saw him later in the evening, and he did not appear to be much the worse. But he was never quite the same again. The last time he dined in Hall we were a very small party, and he was troubled by a violent cough. The death of a sister distressed him greatly, and he began to say that he had outlived all his friends. Then dropsical symptoms intervened. I believe that if he had made any effort to live he could have thrown his illness off—there was nothing organically wrong—but he determined to consider himself doomed. He used to reply to inquiries about his health with a grim shake of the head. He still came to Chapel and Hall, and looked much the same; only I used to notice in Chapel how his hands trembled.

The last time I ever saw him alive was in his own house. I went in one Sunday evening, and found him alone. He did what he seldom did: shook hands with me, retaining my hand in his own for a minute. I think he regarded it as a farewell. A great crowd came in that evening; he seemed a little oppressed, and presently left the room. When I went out I found him in the passage. "Must you be going?" he said and added, "Yes, there is rather a crowd to-night —too much of a good thing." He dropped his stick, and I picked it up. "You're very good," he said, with the familiar formula—and so I saw him no more. He suffered a good deal at the last, and could only sleep in his chair; lying in bed brought on palpitations. But he never complained; he made all his arrangements for death, and faced it as a gallant old English admiral might.

The evening before he died the Master was sent for. The professor's articulation was very faint. The Master said a prayer. The professor thanked him, and then wished him good-by. Then, with long pauses, he said, "God bless all my friends—God bless the College," adding, with a smile, "And may the study of Zoology continue to flourish in this University!" He was in bed for the last few days, and very weak; but just before the end he said, "Lift me up—I must

die in my chair, like dear Bradshaw." Bradshaw was one of his old friends, the University librarian, who died in his rooms in 1886, after returning from a dinner-party, and was found dead in the morning sitting in his chair. So on June 7th, 1907, the end came.

His funeral was a very striking sight from the number of old pupils and friends who followed him to the grave. The coffin was brought into the Chapel in the morning, and there was a short service for the College. In the afternoon it was wheeled through the Court, out of the gate and up the street to St. Giles's. A long procession followed bareheaded, the Visitor, Lord Braybrooke, following the bier, with the Fellows behind him. The old man had left the severest injunction that there was to be no music at the service, and it was consequently one of the most dismal ceremonies I have ever attended.

Newton's was a very happy life, full of enjoyment, fame, work, honor and friendship. I do not think he suffered much from his restrictions, or even from his physical disabilities. He had been more or less lame from infancy, and his face testified to his contentment and happiness. It was hardly at all lined, and he had the complexion of a very young man. He was a man of great courage, and without imagination. He did not anticipate evil, and lived joyfully in the day and for the day. One could see that he hated sentiment; what he loved was the interest of life, social intercourse, conviviality, stir, science, work. His courtesy was innate and instinctive; one always felt him to be well born and well bred. He loved to have his own way, and for a long time I believe he entirely dominated the College. He undoubtedly had mellowed much in later years, but I should think he had no pity to spare for weakness or sensibility. He valued success and liked distinguished people, not in a deferential way, but out of genuine interest in a successful performer. He had nothing mean or petty about him, and in controversy, however strongly he felt, he would have scorned to use any subterfuges or to have outstepped his strong code of honor. He had a truly kind heart. I began by fearing him, I went on to admire him and I ended by loving him. He was not at all a typical Don, though he had certain donnish characteristics; but his touch with the world was wide and his outlook was liberal. Though restricted in aim, he was not a narrow-minded man. He had no pro-

gramme about doing good, because he instinctively realized that the best way to help the world is to do one's appointed work with all one's might and main. Of course there were qualities he did not possess, but he never pretended to possess them; and he was a vigorous Briton—a man cast in a big mould.

The significance of Newton's life is twofold. It has no touch of weakness about it; yet this very characteristic, which seems at first sight to be its strength, is in reality, if we appraise it justly, a limitation, and a serious limitation. It was not that he despised sentiment at all. No one ever had a stronger sense of manly comradeship, a deeper passion for study, a greater consciousness of his responsibility to kindle the torches of those who came after him; and he had, too, a proud patriotism, an almost fierce sense of honor, and a fanatical reverence for tradition. The weakness lay in his intense personal dominance, in the doctrinaire certainty of the exact proportions in which common sense and feeling should be mingled—the feeling that not only was his instinct a law to himself, but that it ought also to be a pattern to others. What he lacked was imaginative sympathy. He did not recognize the rights of other people to their own visions and aspirations. His view, for instance, of art was that certain sorts of sculptures and pictures and music were approved by connoisseurs, and therefore might be temperately enjoyed and applauded. But he could tolerate no development in art, and any new tendency was humbug and moonshine. He would have indignantly denied that he was swayed by the verdict of the world, because he was quite capable, for instance, of declaring that any one could see at a glance that the writings of Browning were metaphysical twaddle; but he had formed his taste before the year 1860, and all subsequent developments were decadent innovations. If it had been argued in his presence that the world changed from generation to generation, he would have replied with absolute conviction that change was not always progress, but might be degradation; and thus he was really a pessimist in his despair of the future and in the eager way in which he welcomed all the signs of increasing deterioration which seemed to result from principles, social or political, opposed to his own.

But in looking round upon the world, however much one may regret the miserable waste of time, the halting and

uncertain progress of truth and justice, the ugly tyrannies and prejudices of humanity, one must face the fact that it is only through the resistance of such sturdy temperaments as Newton's that progress is solid and secure. One does not want life to be overwhelmed in a rush of fluid and hasty experiments. Toryism is not only the drag upon the wheel, it is the caution and the prudence that annihilate hasty and sentimental theories. Justice is not done by trampling on prejudices and flouting traditions, but by recognizing the needs and the aims which they express. Little happy and solid work can be done under a sense of general insecurity, and in guarding against anarchy much genuine and fruitful eagerness must be sacrificed. The professor represented, in a militant form, the stable element of society; and though the structure of the world rises above and beyond the reluctances of the prudent, it is upon their doggedness that the soaring arch is based and founded.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

THE VITAL DECADE OF OUR COMMERCIAL HISTORY

BY JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

In the first seven months of 1902 we exported wheat to the value of sixty million dollars and imported pure luxuries to an almost equal amount. In the similar period, seven months of 1910, on the contrary, we exported only ten millions worth of wheat, but imported pure luxuries to the value of one hundred and forty-five millions. Thus, in eight years our wheat *exports fell* from sixty millions to ten millions, while luxury *imports grew* from sixty to one hundred and forty-five millions.

For the eight years, in other words, wheat exports *decreased* eighty-five per cent. and luxury imports *increased* sixty per cent. We never before have bought so many luxuries abroad, so many diamonds, laces, pictures, wines, tobacco, furs and feathers—and we have never sold to other nations so small a quantity of the foodstuffs which only three-quarters of a century ago made up seventy-five per cent. of all our exports. And that means simply this: That the amount of gold which we as a nation pay for pure luxuries, without which we could live in all well-being, is *fourteen and a half times the amount* of gold which we receive from other nations for our sales of foodstuffs—the fundamental necessity of our existence. The other nations have not only ceased buying our necessities; they have immensely increased their sales to us of their product of luxuries. We have entered into a new era in our trade relations—the era in which we must face these facts and deal with them; the critical period when we must manage to supply an unfavorable balance of trade with some substitute for the foodstuffs which formerly were illimitable foundations of our foreign commerce, but which are vanishing rapidly as our

home consumption broadens and as arable areas in other countries enter into the world's great harvest with wheat crops of their own. The only substitute is our output of manufactured goods, and how to market them in sufficient and increasing quantities is the problem of this new period—The Vital Decade in the Commercial History of the United States.

Perhaps as much as a billion and a half of dollars in gold goes out of America every year in one way and another—a billion one hundred million to pay for our importations from other countries, one hundred million more in cash shipped back to their homes by emigrants, a hundred million in interest payments on American securities held abroad, another hundred million in profits from American enterprises paid out in dividends to foreign stockholders and others, and finally at least another hundred million left in Europe and other parts by our travellers, the most restless and the most liberal in the world. Only a few financiers take note of the seven or eight millions of dollars additional which must be sent abroad by us annually in interest on one year's bond sales made in Paris and London; but in the mass the figures are impressive, and they point the way to truth. The balance of trade tends to swing against us and we must find a larger foreign market for our manufactured goods. As the "Wall Street Journal," August 23d, 1910, puts it: "The great commercial question which confronts us relates to our foreign trade—to the problem of how to make and maintain markets for our surplus manufactures." This was the basis for the orders issued to the writer in June, 1910, by the Secretary of State to come to the United States for the purpose of bringing the attention of the country to the situation toward which it has been moving. Secretary Knox's policy in this regard has been more advanced than that of any previous head of his department; in that it has comprehended not only the "open door" for American goods in every foreign market, but the creation of a greater volume of manufactured exports and the development of more scientific methods for their exploitation.

It would seem easy to believe that our industries, with their fifteen billions of capital invested, their annual consumption of ten billions in material and their annual output of fifteen billions in product, would find even for such vast figures a satisfying market among our own people.

It is only when we study the statistics of the world's trade that it becomes apparent that if we continue manufacturing as we have been in the last quarter of a century, and if in the next twenty-five years the industry of agriculture and the volume of its product continue that tendency to a steady and progressive decrease which has already reduced us far below the level of many smaller nations in the exportation of foodstuffs, we shall want a broader outlet for our goods.

In 1909 we exported shipments to the value of $1,660,000,000, apparently an impressive sum, although a decrease of two hundred millions over that of the previous year and a smaller amount than we shipped in any year since 1905. But when we consider that in the same year of 1909 the commercial district of Chicago alone produced goods to the value of $1,200,000,000, when it thus appears that one of our great producing centres alone turned out manufactured articles which nearly equalled the entire value of our exportation to every one of our foreign customers, there is apparent an amazingly narrow margin. The commercial district of the city of New York, for instance, produces goods to a value of more than two billions and a half each year, as much as the entire value of all the importations into the United Kingdom, and more by nearly a billion of dollars than the total exportations of the United Kingdom, France or Germany. Let us continue these comparisons briefly. The following table shows how the output of manufactured articles in only ten American cities equals the total purchases made by four of the great buying nations of Europe—the United Kingdom, Germany, France and the Netherlands:

Annual Production of:		*Imports into:*	
New York	$2,500,000,000	United Kingdom	$2,900,000,000
Chicago	1,200,000,000	Germany	2,000,000,000
Philadelphia	1,000,000,000	France	1,100,000,000
Boston	500,000,000	Netherlands	1,100,000,000
Pittsburg	500,000,000		
St. Louis	400,000,000		
Baltimore	300,000,000		
Detroit	250,000,000		
San Francisco	250,000,000		
Rochester	200,000,000		
Total	$7,100,000,000	Total	$7,100,000,000

This output of but ten American commercial centres includes manufactured articles only and contains practically no raw material. As will be seen by the table, the total equals that of the foreign purchases of four great nations. It is almost exactly twice as much in value as the foreign purchases made by Italy, Austria, Belgium, Russia, Argentina and the British colonies put together. And when it is remembered that to that vast sum must be added the value of the products of all the other States and all the other industrial communities in America, together with $660,000,000 a year in coal, $500,000,000 in farm products, $75,000,000 in tobacco, 14,000,000 bales of cotton, 700,000,000 bushels of wheat and 1,250,000 tons of sugar, a different idea may be gained of the true headway to which our national industries have risen.

Indeed, when account is taken of the fact that of our total exportations only about a billion of dollars' worth is in manufactured articles, it will be seen that our real hold upon the world's markets is comparatively slight.

Nor is there likely to be a change in these conditions without a decided effort on the part of industrial America as a whole to check the influence of certain natural forces which are operating to change and reverse the balance of trade which we have long enjoyed. The first of these forces is the progressive decrease in our exportations of foodstuffs already mentioned; and the second is the rapid advance and the superior competition manifested in the nations of the continent of Europe and in South America and the Far East, where many of those who were once our most active customers have become our rivals.

In 1860 agricultural products amounted to about eighty per cent. of our total exports, while in 1909 they had dropped to a little over fifty per cent., taking all the shipments under this heading. Meantime exports of foodstuffs, which formerly constituted at least fifty per cent., and sometimes as much as seventy-five per cent., of our annual exports, fell off to about twenty-five per cent. The truth is that the United States since the Civil War has been undergoing a gradual transformation. There has been more and more tendency to supply ourselves with what we eat and sell to others what they use. More and more in the last half-century the American food-supply has tended to narrow down to a point where it is used merely as fuel for driving the motive power

while lies beneath our industries—that is to say, to keep alive the forces of our labor-supply. As this tendency progresses during the next quarter-century, the balance of trade will shift heavily against us unless we supply the lack and make good the decrease by enlarging our shipments of manufactured articles. This is the question which is engaging the attention of the foremost minds of America as we enter upon the second and vital decade of the century.

The total value of the manufactured articles and raw material purchased by the nations of the world from the other nations, which is to say the sum total of import trade of the entire world, is about thirteen billions of dollars annually, in which tremendous total the part of the United States is about one-seventh. In sales of manufactured articles to other countries our part of international trade is about one-tenth, the balance of our share being, of course, our exportations of foodstuffs, coal, cotton, tobacco and other of the great staples with which we supply so large a portion of mankind.

Large as our share is, however, the fact remains that we have but scratched the surface of the vastly larger volume of business which might be ours as a reward of more highly organized effort. It is difficult to explain to those who have not made a direct study of the foreign field to what extent we could dominate that field by trying. It is difficult for many of us to understand how the rapid social transformation in Europe and South America, and how even the slower process of development in the Orient in the last quarter of a century, have served to open up territory formerly regarded as presenting no demand for high-grade manufactured goods. This process of extension and of development, carrying with it every inevitable desire for better conditions of living and the inevitable demand for the conveniences followed by the luxuries of life, has proceeded so silently from year to year that we realize imperfectly in many instances how nearly like ourselves our cousins abroad have grown; how their wants have followed in the train of our wants; how the character of their existence has become more complicated; how from the plain requirements of heretofore backward and somewhat simple people they have learned the lesson of labor-saving and time-conserving devices in exact proportion as the money cost of their labor has risen under the impetus of the higher price of food.

Italy, formerly one of England's best customers in certain lines of cotton textiles and, by many of us, once considered to be a decidedly old-fashioned country, has in the last twenty-five years become one of the great exporters of textiles, manufactured in her own mills largely from American raw cotton. In 1909 Italy imported from Great Britain only about two million dollars' worth of cotton textiles, being cloth which, on account of the dry Italian climate, she could not weave herself, while Italian exports of cotton in 1909 amounted to about thirty millions of dollars in value, an increase of about seven millions over the previous year. Thirty years ago there was not a cotton-mill in Italy, which since 1870 has so developed internally that where she sold America only a few millions of dollars' worth of goods, in 1909-10 she shipped us over fifty millions, a like amount to Switzerland, thirty-five millions to Great Britain, sixty millions to Germany, forty millions to France and thirty millions to Austria-Hungary. This bespeaks a high degree of national character and a very marked advance in development of every kind. In other words, a small country, formerly regarded by us and still regarded perhaps by some of us, as hardly more than the source of a very convenient immigration by means of which we have been able to construct our transcontinental railroad systems, a country with a population of only thirty-three millions and with a national history dating only from 1862, has advanced almost imperceptibly to a high rank as a manufacturing nation and as a complex buying community. Eighty million dollars represented our sales to those wonderful people in 1909, about half of that amount being raw cotton in the bale.

In Germany less than twenty years ago British manufacturers of agricultural implements and machinery enjoyed one of their most attractive markets. To-day the Germans have so developed their internal resources and have so applied their remarkable genius and economy that they are not only supplying themselves with these articles, but are engaging on an extensive scale in exporting them. It is only within the last few years that we in America have begun to realize that the vigorous way in which Germany is contesting for export trade in every market of the earth is the result of a systematic effort, a carefully planned intention, and a steady development in the individual and in the society of the Empire, which has been going on since 1870.

Nor is it easier for us to comprehend how Argentina, which not many years ago we regarded almost as an outpost of our civilization and as a protégé of the larger countries of the north, has so expanded in the direction of food production alone that where in 1880 she imported 575,000 bushels of wheat, in 1908 she exported one hundred and thirty-three millions of bushels and had a total production of nearly two hundred million bushels. Here again is a case of that imperceptible development which goes on in the less prominent nations from one year to another until we suddenly awake to the fact that where we formerly had a customer we have now both customer and rival. We awake to the fact that every dollar which other nations pay to Argentina for that great export of breadstuffs is used to develop the consuming power, to stimulate the buying appetite and to broaden the social and mental outlook of a people who are taking their place beside us in the unending struggle for domination.

Nearly everything manufactured in America can be sold at a profit abroad. Now, the first objection which we usually encounter when stating that proposition to manufacturers is that on account of the higher cost of our labor we cannot compete successfully with the manufacturers of other countries where labor can still be had at a low price. It cannot be denied that in Japan and China, where fairly able labor can be had for fifteen cents a day, we have a condition which we cannot meet on anything but special terms. But the equalizing process of a like development, regardless of national boundaries and of different forms of government, has done its work so well that to-day the difference between actual cost of production in the older countries and in America is becoming very small. It is a disappearing quantity and there are many instances in which the slight remaining difference in the cost of labor on a manufactured article in America is nearly, if not quite, eliminated by our greater rapidity of production and of handling our goods to market. In fact, I would almost be willing to believe that when we have begun to feel the full effect of this new spirit of economy and conservation which has so taken hold upon industrial America, when, in other words, we have become better masters of those economies in operation of which so much account is being taken to-day among us, we shall be able to market many of our products on equal terms with most of our competitors while still maintaining that higher

quality and finish for which we are renowned at present. I doubt if many appreciate the reputation which our goods enjoy abroad for quality. And it is upon our superior quality rather than upon the price that high-grade goods will sell the better. One does not need to emphasize to salesmen of experience the fact that price is better made the secondary element.

It is a fact that in the markets which we have won we have taken them and held them on superior quality and on efficiency in results, in spite of the fact that we have generally refused to meet a foreign buyer even half-way and have held so aloof from him that he has been obliged to come to us from across the sea to find out what we have to sell. Six or seven years ago, for instance, the manufacturing of motor-cars in Italy began to enjoy a sudden expansion under the influence of the spectacular victories gained by the marvellous Italian drivers and by the good reports of Italian cars in service. At that time a feeble competition for the equipment for automobile factories in Italy was put forward by some of our manufacturers of machine tools, but the Italian buyers, attracted by the low prices, the long terms of credit and the persistent salesmanship of the other representatives, bought their first outfits from our rivals and put them into operation. It is significant of the true situation, and I do not know a better illustration of the meaning of American quality, at whatever price, that to-day when the Italian motor trade has developed into the front rank among the great producers, it is equipped almost throughout with American machine tools bought at prices running from twenty to forty per cent. higher than the European and on terms so rigid and so thoroughly American that they had been before that time regarded as prohibitive. The American machine, higher in cost and delivered to the buyer at a much greater sacrifice of capital and of credit than he had before experienced, did work in operation and at such a low percentage of charge for depreciation and repair that we secured the business almost in spite of ourselves.

In office appliances of every character, office furniture, sewing-machines, wood-working machinery, farm machinery and innumerable other lines the report would be the same. In typewriters alone the American product at $140 is outselling everywhere the inferior European competing machine at $100 or even less. I was told the other day by a

French engineer of long experience that an average motor-engine, such as is produced in a French factory for a cost of $170, can be produced in America for about $100, so that here is an example where in cost alone, as well as in efficiency, we can successfully meet the foreign competition. We cannot take it for granted that the articles which we manufacture so successfully for the home market cannot be sold under similarly favorable circumstances abroad. We cannot take it for granted that what we suppose to be an insuperable difference in cost will work out as an impassable barrier to sales. No people in the world are so careful and thrifty and so open to the appeal of genuine economy as the buyers of the continent of Europe, and they have communicated these qualities with remarkable precision to the people of South America and the Far East. No people in the world can be better approached with the argument of that truer economy which takes account of quality and of service rather than of original price. It is very largely a matter of education by direct representation.

In approaching a foreign market, no unusual or extravagant methods are required. In dealing with the foreign market as with the home market, we must have three elements to successful business: first, the goods; second, the salesman; and third, a knowledge of the field. It is a common error among American manufacturers to eliminate one or two of these essentials when attempting to enter export trade.

Of all the world's rewards to which there may be said, with truth, to be no royal road the rewards of foreign trade constitute, perhaps, an unusual example. There is but one way to secure them, and it is a fact that the methods employed in securing them by any one of our great competitors are the methods employed by all. There is practically nothing new about it. Forty years ago, when our exports were not much more than a fifth of what they are to-day, the few American experts on duty in foreign countries were sending back home advices which but for the differences in date and a revision in statistics might be used to-day with equal force.

As to the goods, we may properly assume that we have them and the facilities for producing them, at least for producing them as well as our competitors can produce them, and at a cost which, in spite of the better conditions under which the American working-men and factory hands and

office employees are enabled to live, is not too high to exclude us from a fair competition in every market.

But the element of salesmanship is quite another matter. Here, at the start, we are at an important disadvantage in that we have no schools of practical training into which we can put young men to ultimately fit them for service in foreign countries. Here there enters the condition of language, for, generally speaking, a salesman cannot operate successfully unless he speaks and writes with fluency the language of the people among whom he attempts to make his sales. The few conspicuous examples of salesmen who have been able to do a continuous business in territory where they have not been able to speak the language and to read and write it serve only to prove the rule. School and college instruction give a groundwork only. They teach nothing of the actual spoken language of another country.

Language to be taught with the best success must be given and acquired in youth and, if possible, before the age of twenty. Methods of teaching must be revised and in most cases absolutely reversed. No one can learn to speak a language by the study of a grammar. If we are to train young men for service in the foreign field of trade, we ought to teach them in their youth to speak the essential foreign languages, which is to say, both French and German and, if possible, Spanish. I look to see the more enterprising of our American colleges institute courses in French and German, by which young men having in mind the export trade as a career can study not the grammar and the rule of language, but the languages as they are actually spoken in their countries. Before we can engage in export trade upon a basis so thorough and scientific as that now made use of by our great competitors we must begin training American young men for this field of effort.

In the mean time, however, we can take advantage of the number of intelligent and ambitious men in foreign commercial centres who can be secured as representatives. This is a perfectly practical method and a large part of our present very extensive foreign trade is in such hands. Hundreds of these men are familiar with American conditions either by residence or by visits here, and it can always be remembered of them that they descend in a direct line from those wonderful tradesmen of medieval Europe who were merchants and manufacturers and exporters before America

was discovered. Scores of them are always in touch with our Consular Service in every country and correspondence can be opened with them without difficulty, and in English. At all events, whether our salesman is an American man reared and trained in his own country for service in Europe or South America or the Far East, or whether he is a foreigner selected after careful study of his references and endorsements, the fact remains that our trade must be secured and must be held by direct representation.

Now, as referring both to the element of salesmanship and to the element of study of the field, let us consider what our rivals do and upon what they are basing that competition which is closing the doors of foreign markets to our output.

The Germans begin the training of their foreign representatives and foreign salesmen in extreme youth. They send them to technical schools and as soon as they are old enough they are withdrawn and put into foreign countries, where they secure subordinate positions as office-boys, correspondents or sometimes even as janitors. There they study the commercial system of the country, perfect themselves in the language, master the method of banking and of credit and keep their eyes open to secure all general information regarding that particular territory. Very frequently these young men are paid a certain sum for expenses by the firms which send them out, in order that they may not be required to let pass an advantageous position simply on the score of insufficient pay. After several years of this service they are brought home, ordered into the factory and encouraged to apply their knowledge and to study the processes of manufacture through which the goods are put, and we can imagine that when these men go out as salesmen into the field where formerly they were engaged as office-boys and clerks they have little difficulty in approaching the trade and in making sales.

Italian silk and cotton manufacturers, when opening up new territory, select experienced men and send them out with samples which are shown generally throughout the territory. Criticisms are invited, suggestions asked for and copious notes are taken of the peculiarities of the market and the special wants of the people. No effort whatever is made to sell goods in this preliminary part of the campaign, and all that is required is that these advance agents shall come home with detailed reports upon the taste of the

territory in color, texture, width and other items in the make-up of the textiles.

One European country has practically lost a very large and profitable trade which it had in Turkey and which it held through agencies established at the Turkish ports, through the competition of another country, whose salesmen ignored the ports, and, after mastering the dialect of the up-country districts, went into the great fairs held every year at the end of the harvest season and sold their goods directly to the people. The main reason why Chile, which last year bought one hundred million dollars' worth of goods in other countries, bought only about ten millions of that total in the United States, was because the English and the Germans, who secured nearly sixty per cent. of that market, did so through direct connections and direct steamship lines and the personal services of well-trained men. Practically everything which Chile buys abroad is made by us and could be sold to her by us. Direct personal methods such as I have described gave Germany, small as she is by comparison, sales in Italy in 1909 of over fifty-five millions of dollars in manufactured articles, which was nearly double our own sales of manufactured articles in the same market. Yet practically everything sold to Italy by Germany can be made and sold to her by us. In that one instance alone is a market of about fifty millions of dollars a year which, in so far as the goods themselves go, could be supplied from the American workshop as well as from the German.

It is to this work that the American Consular Corps, numbering a thousand well-trained men, is being manœuvred as a solid, quick-moving body of trade outposts, under the command of Mr. Wilbur J. Carr, whom Secretary Knox has made Director of the Consular Service. This is a new office of which no nation has anything exactly similar, and it is well known abroad that Mr. Carr's achievements with the American service in the last few years have caused something of a stir in several other Governments.

And in summing up what I have said on the subject of the extension of our foreign trade, I want to call attention again to a certain condition in our exports. Seventy-five years ago wheat, corn and other foodstuffs constituted the greater part of our foreign shipments. We raised more foodstuffs than we could consume and sold the rest abroad. Even as late as about 1898 foodstuffs constituted the larger

part of our exports. But then there began that period of intense internal expansion in the midst of which we still find our industries to-day; and in the rapid development of manufacturing of every kind, and in the great absorption of capital and labor which our increasing manufactures have involved. American agriculture has declined by comparison as a national industry, until in the five years ending with 1909 the difference becomes emphatic. Where in 1879 foodstuffs constituted about fifty per cent. of all our exports, in 1909 they constituted only a little more than twenty-five per cent., and a very competent American authority has recently estimated that if our wheat exports continue to fall off at approximately the same rate they will cease entirely in twenty-seven years, while our corn exports, at the same rate, will cease in twenty-eight years. Certain it is that if America is to keep a proper balance in her favor in the world's trade she will have to increase her exports of manufactured articles as the falling off in foodstuffs and other raw material grows more apparent. There is more than one sign that our monopoly of some of the great staples cannot endure. Great as is our present export of raw cotton, for instance, growing as it is from one decade to another through the immense expansion of the cotton-spinning industry in many of the older countries, we must remember that in Russia in 1909 our cotton sales fell off to the extent of several millions of dollars, and that in southern Brazil, in Peru and Argentina, the Italian colonies in Africa and other promising quarters of the earth, steady progress in acreage and length of staple is being made by planters whose intention it is, at least, to some day force us to divide the field.

Nearly six hundred millions of dollars represented in 1908 the volume of our exports of raw materials, fully two-thirds of our total. In manufactured articles I venture to say that we could sell twice as large a quantity in foreign markets every year as we do to-day. Great as the volume of our export is, essential to many foreign buyers as appears to be the noteworthy quality of our output, even when we offer it at higher prices or do not offer it at all, I believe that we have scarcely scratched the surface of that vastly greater volume of trade which may be ours if we care to organize as our competitors are organizing to secure it.

In the last quarter of a century Germany has increased

her export trade by use of such methods as I have here described by nearly two hundred per cent. Those methods and those results are still going on in every country to a greater or less degree. Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay constitute a market for more than twenty millions of dollars' worth of cotton goods, of which less than three millions of dollars' worth is secured by the United States. In the boot and shoe trade, though we make the finest footwear in the world at lower relative prices than any other and though foreign tariffs are distinctly favorable to us, our total export amounts to only ten or twelve millions, though we could with a little effort dominate the shoe-market everywhere.

There is a principle of warfare which teaches that a general should occupy and hold positions which he expects to need in a forthcoming battle while yet occupation can be effected without too great a sacrifice. With American industries expanding and increasing their output, as they are expanding and increasing it to-day, and with the crops of the United States producing relatively less from year to year, the day will come when we shall want more foreign trade than we want it now. And the day may come when the manufacturer who now believes himself to be too busily engaged at home to occupy himself with things so far away will find it more than convenient to be able to market his surplus in some well-cultivated foreign field.

Nothing which has ever been written on this subject has been more to the point than these paragraphs which one finds in the message sent by President Taft to Congress on December 6th, 1910, under the heading "Fostering Foreign Trade":

"The Argentine battleship contracts, like the subsequent important one for Argentine railway equipment and those for Cuban Government vessels, were secured for our manufacturers largely through the good offices of the Department of State.

"The efforts of that department to secure for citizens of the United States equal opportunities in the markets of the world and to expand American commerce have been most successful. The volume of business obtained in new fields of competition and upon new lines is already very great and Congress is urged to continue to support the Department of State in its endeavors for further trade expansion.

"Our foreign trade merits the best support of the Government and the most earnest endeavor of our manufacturers and merchants, who, if they do not already in all cases need a foreign market, are certain soon to become dependent on it. Therefore, now is the time to secure a strong position in this field."

JAMES EDMUND DUNNING.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

BIOGRAPHY

LIFE OF VOLTAIRE. By S. G. TALLENTYRE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

THERE are books so full of delight, and delights so throbbing with life and the pageant of life, that one lays them down with a sudden sense of a relapse; a whole mirage world has subsided again into dust and ashes. Such a book as this is Mr. Tallentyre's "Voltaire," though one would not wish to claim any transcendent literary merit for it other than just this one of pulsating vitality. The illusion is perfect. For the time of reading we are in France in the eighteenth century moving with that gay, lithe, slim, buoyant bubble of humanity, Voltaire. If one wishes to detract from the author's achievement by saying that it would be impossible to write anything but a lively book upon so alive a theme, the reply is that Voltaire is in no wise so incontinently blithe in Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" or in his critical essays; nor yet is he so reasonable a thinker or consistent a character in the "Memoirs" of Madame d'Epinay or the reminiscences of Longchamp and Wagnière. Carlyle was egregiously unsuited to deal with Voltaire as a subject. With a mind of Gothic structure and a style of super-Teutonic pomposity, he refused to touch any theme until he had taken his readers "galumphing" through the Infinite and brought them up breathless and exhausted at the threshold of his subject. He devotes much of his space in the critical essay to pointing out that life to Voltaire "was not a mighty drama enacted in the theatre of Infinitude with suns for lamps and Eternity as a background," etc., etc. No, Voltaire was very much of his day and his country; keenly alive to the affairs of the moment. "Vif" he was always called by his friends and servants and "*volontaire*" he was dubbed in babyhood. He was quick and headstrong, with an incisive swiftness and neatness of speech which has no parallel in the history of human thought. Bernard Shaw approaches him but distantly in philosophic humor and tolerant cynicism; Whistler, an infinitely slighter figure, had but a tithe of his swiftness and neatness of mind. Could even a Whistler at nineteen have been ready with Voltaire's reply to the Regent Philip when released from the Bastille to which he had been committed for imprudent wit? The Regent warned the young offender to be prudent. "Be prudent," he said, "and I will provide for you." "I shall be delighted," said the audacious youth, "if you will give me my board, but pray take no further trouble as to my lodgings." Volumes could be made of his *mots*. Grimm tells of an Englishman who had been visiting Haller and then came to visit Voltaire; Voltaire said of the former host: "He is a great man, a great poet, a great naturalist, a great phi-

losopher," to which the Englishman replied: "What you say, sir, is the more admirable, because Mr. Haller does not admit the same of you." "Ah, well, we may both easily be mistaken," replied Voltaire.

Perhaps his retort to Rousseau's letter accusing him of pessimism and urging upon him the view that this is the best of all possible worlds and that what is, is right, is the only effective reply to an easy optimism. In a very short note M. de Voltaire mentions that the weather is exceedingly bad; that his niece, who is with him, is ill and her life despaired of; that he himself has been suffering continuously for some days. "I am waiting," he concludes, "until all this shall be past, when I shall be happy to agree with you."

Ridicule is destructive lightning to superstition and to sentimentality, and Voltaire was a god flashing forth lightning; no man has wielded it before or since with such adroitness, such killing skill. With a passion for liberty of thought and action, a keen sense of rectitude, a never-failing sympathy for the defeated and exploited, an inexhaustible fund of gayety and buoyancy, Voltaire was by turns imperious and cringing; bold to the point of foolhardiness and a coward; a fury and a ready pardoner; but never once did he turn aside really from the great warfare he led against the shackled mind. He lied readily and constantly. He denied his own works. He was no thunderer; he did not kill by thunderbolts. He was a skilful fencer, and his only weapons were adroitness and cunning.

"What is it they want me to say?" he exclaimed to Madame du Deffand when she and Madame du Châtelet were trying to restore him to ministerial favor. They thought a complete disavowal of his opinions advisable. "Very well!" He was complacent. "I will declare that Pascal was always right . . . that all priests are disinterested . . . that the Jesuits are honest . . . that the Inquisition is the triumph of humanity and tolerance: in fact, I will say anything they like if they will leave me in peace." Well might he promise this, for being left in peace meant the continuation of his warfare. No one would or could believe his disavowal, but they could pretend to do so, and he could be free for that utterance which was to light the torch of revolution.

Taking into account the easy morals of the day, Voltaire's relations to women were singularly exalted and pure. His connection with Madame du Châtelet was in great measure an intellectual friendship, as the comedy of its ending proves. His beneficence and patience with his nieces was proverbial, his kindness and generosity to his servants and to all those needing help was inexhaustible. Having summed up poverty in early life as being that which "most saps the courage," he set himself about winning an independence, and with his usual shrewdness and ability he accomplished the end in short order. Beginning with an income of 800 francs a year, he raised it, in time, to 80,000 francs by soliciting pensions and promotions, speculating in funds, trading with America and with Jew pawnbrokers. Vain all his life, keen for worldly honors and advancements, constantly punished and exiled, he finally returned to his native land to be killed by the glory he had yearned for. As Carlyle says: "He was drowned in a sea of applause."

Mr. Tallentyre has thrown aside all time-honored methods of biography and contented himself with sifting out of the many volumes of material a swift, terse, straightforward narrative. He gives no quotations, nor makes any particular acknowledgment of sources. For sheer readableness the

book is as enthralling as the liveliest fiction. This may be the reason it has already reached a third printing. It has in it, this "Life of Voltaire," the material of a dozen novels, a score of dramas and a century of poems.

LORD CHATHAM: HIS EARLY LIFE AND CONNECTIONS. By LORD ROSEBERY. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Quite as much as the poet, the true biographer is born and not made. Above all else, he must have the sense of personality, and given this, a man can make the dullest life of vital moment, while without it the life of the greatest genius may be so sterilized as to be worthless. Happy, then, is the public man who has Lord Rosebery for his biographer. Though the materials for an orthodox biography are all so meagre, nevertheless Lord Rosebery's "Chatham" is much more than a "torso," as the biographer modestly calls it. The biographer is himself so able, is so steeped in a knowledge of the times and of the men who made the times, has so unmistakably this rare sense of personality, that he has evoked a fairly distinct and very "questionable shape." The materials may be slight, yet the author has so skilfully used them as to make a constant appeal to the interest and imagination of the reader; and this "Early Life" has one of the most delightful qualities of either history or fiction—it is *suggestive.* Lord Rosebery has so charged his subject with his own fine sagacity that whatever is lacking of Pitt is made up for by Rosebery. Successfully to be the historian of either a single life or of an epoch a man must be born —in Scott's phrase—"a citizen of the world"; must have at every point the human touch, the human interest. To such an one men may be dull relatively, but never absolutely, and it is this lambent, flame-like interest in life, in men, that makes delightful these pages. Any man who could do justice to George II has accomplished an historical and intellectual feat and Lord Rosebery has achieved even this. Being an heir of the Whig traditions, Lord Rosebery's own political acumen and actual experience are ably seconded by an admirable temper and unusual wit and humor. His descriptive analysis, his vivid portrayal of individuals and groups—as of the Grenville Brothers, for instance—his penetrating comment and fine historic sense, would enliven and illumine any subject. Summing up his account of the Grenvilles, he says: "It is a singular story; there is nothing like it in the history of England; it resembles rather the persistent annals of the hive."

The turbulent Pitts, thriving apparently upon internal dissensions, with their touch of genius allied to insanity, are all memorable. Perhaps they seemed more intractable than they really were, since they did all their quarrelling in public, but even so they were a most irascible and incalculable race. Ann Pitt, with her unsheathed wit and sharp-edged mind, too clever and formidable for "human nature's daily food," born for society as William for public life, is quite as interesting as her famous brother. Their temperamental and intellectual likeness, the deep mutual love which evidently brightened and sweetened their early years, give a sense of tragedy to the estrangement—far greater on her part than on his—which followed. Love of this sister seems to have been the real affection of Chatham's life. For his marriage, whatever may have been the devotion of his wife, was evidently to him much more of an alliance than a union. "My brother, who has always seemed to guess and understand all I felt of every kind,"

Ann wrote in 1757, a sentence which is a clew to all. For such a feeling bespeaks hearts and minds that are attuned. And Lord Rosebery is right to dwell at some length upon this happier time of their lives. It is, indeed, as he says, "invaluable to a student of Pitt's career. It lights up the only expressed tenderness in his life; it is the one relief to his sombre nature; it is the sole record that we have of the unbending of that grim and stately figure."

Certainly the family temper and want of self-control may account for Chatham's stern self-repression and reserve, on the one hand, but, on the other, it would seem as if his nearest and dearest, they who came most immediately in contact with him, were not people of the "experiencing mind." For whether a man successfully hides himself or eludes observation depends upon his associates. It was a very formal age and one in which the little touches that tell so much were loftily ignored. Think how much of what we know is due to Walpole, born gossip that he was, in addition to all his other gifts. Then the circumstances of Chatham's political life, his enforced political associations and entangling political alliances, all tended to throw him back upon himself rather than to draw him out. Yet his character is everywhere subtly suggested, though not revealed, suppositions are warranted, but not pressed too closely, in this fascinating study. Lord Rosebery has clearly recognized the necessary limitations of his subject and yet has done his materials full justice. For lightness of touch and clearness of vision, for the much in little, the characterization of George II is an admirable piece of historical and political discrimination and judgment; it really restores the balance of historic truth. And how easily does Lord Rosebery take all Carlyle up when he says "hero worship makes bad history." So the swift and accurate delineation of the middle part of the eighteenth century, with its befuddling, stupid and greedy wars, is a positive boon to the general reader. For it is always a delight and a profit to have history taken from the category of duty and have it placed in that of pleasure. To be thus made partaker of Lord Rosebery's knowledge, fine temper and delightful, clarifying humor is a great favor. May he generously increase our obligations by adding a necessary second volume of Pitt's later life to this of his earlier and ascending years.

THE JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited by ELIZABETH BISLAND. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910.

When the first two volumes of Lafcadio Hearn's "Letters" were published some years ago, they took place at once among the great letters of the last century, rich in personal memoirs and delightful correspondence. The "Letters" of Hearn rank with the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, Edward Fitzgerald, the Carlyles, the Brownings, Keats and Shelley. Indeed, for sheer charm and valuable content they totally outrank the letters of Shelley and Keats, which are chiefly valuable as furnishing data of notable personalities.

It is sufficient to say of these last letters of Lafcadio Hearn that they are equal to the first instalment. The present volume consists chiefly of Hearn's letters to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain and were sent from Kumamoto when the first fine frenzy of Hearn's delight in Japanese life was cooling. They are of especial worth as being written to a trusted and congenial friend, interested in just the same exotic and rare matters of

life and literature as Hearn himself. Therefore, they contain his freest utterance on religion, art, nature, literature and philosophy. The volume as it stands deserves to be reviewed in three ways: first and foremost as the revelation of a beautiful, though suffering soul. Secondly, as an invaluable volume of literary criticism; and, thirdly, as a vivid and faithful study of Oriental life, temperament, tendencies.

Lafcadio Hearn was one of those folk of whom the world takes account a little too late. It has a wasteful habit of letting such die before it bestirs itself to investigate their worth, to foster their existence. Yet just such souls are the hope of humanity. They have moved far along from the tiger and the ape; they have no claws and talons, no robust assurance of their right to live and share the world's joy and no great power of resistance, so they cower in the corner and leave life's prizes to be bickered over or fought for by the noisy armed competitors of modern life. None the less, such souls as Hearn's are the world's great treasures. They are those for whom the giant Time has labored through the ages, showing us

> "That life is not as empty ore,
> But iron dug from central gloom
> And heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
> And battered with the shocks of doom
> To shape and use."

As it is, we owe these beautiful letters of Hearn's to his rare incapacity for modern life; to a certain shy loneliness of soul which was the result of wider thinking, higher sensibilities, nobler theories, than are the stock in trade of the common run. It was no defect that divorced him from men in general, but his higher endowment. Yet with all the defeats and difficulties of his life, defenceless against the inimical warfare of existence, he never lost the zeal of those who miss the prize; never ceased his arduous labor. Mrs. Bisland Wetmore, who was his lifelong friend and has done more than any one else could to save Hearn from detractors—missionaries who misunderstood his philosophic breadth of view, and enemies who, in the disguise of friendship, have attempted to undermine his character and his claim to fame—Mrs. Bisland Wetmore says that the distinguishing characteristics of his personality were "artistic rectitude and an unusual sensitiveness." None who know Hearn through his work and his letters but will grant the truth of this.

"He was abnormally responsive to the faintest wind of beauty," writes Mrs. Wetmore, and these letters are compact of exquisite impressions, rare observations, delicate echoes of strange and beautiful harmonies keyed to the high pitch of his own sensitive heart.

No man of whom we have a full record was more aware of the ancestral souls living within him and becoming, through transmission, the very impulse and instinct of his being. Few had wider views of the eternal import of the moment, the majestic growth from tiniest seed, so that crime, in the light of his philosophy, became to him "a crime against not only the totality of all human experience with right and wrong, but a distinct injury to the universal tendency to higher things—a crime against not humanity only, but the entire cosmos—against the laws that move a hundred millions of systems of worlds."

The volume is likewise invaluable as a mass of literary criticism. Whole

essays on Kipling and Pater might be made of the chance and casual utterances of Hearn in his friendly letters. Loti he viewed with a combined delight in his high-wrought, nervous art and a total disapproval of his moral nature. For the young Kipling, at that time doing his most exuberant work, he had nothing but whole-hearted admiration. Certain of his ballads he could read seven times in succession and find new beauties every time. One letter full of delight in the younger author ends up with spontaneous cheer: "Great is K——!"

Whole essays upon the French romanticists could be made out of the book, as well as a wonderful study of Hearn's theories of art; his sense of the "colors and tints of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the dream flutes and dream drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words." For him, he writes elsewhere, "words have color, form, character. They have faces, parts, manners, gesticulation;—they have moods, humors, eccentricities;—they have tints, tones, personalities." Noguchi says of Hearn: "He wrote with his life-blood." So do all those whose writings live. The very best of Hearn's product is in these letters, for in these he was free of all shyness; he was unveiling his personality for a friend who loved him, and great and beautiful as was his art his personality was greater, more beautiful.

William Sharp. Fiona MacLeod: A Memoir. Compiled by Elizabeth A. Sharp. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

Those who turn to this Life and its Letters for *bona fide* material of a psychic or pathological nature will very likely be disappointed. The total impression in finishing the volume is that the very most has been made of what is, after all, not an unusual phenomenon. Sharp lived in the very centre of the Celtic Renaissance. The old poetry was being unearthed and studied and all the old magic and superstitions, legends and phrases, revived. It was a good mine for literary digging, and the stuff thrown up made the prominence of not a few young men of pretty fancy and swiftly fired imagination. A hard-headed critic, of the classical school, having waded through a mass of Celtic revival poetry, remarked, dejectedly, "The trouble is there is such a thin sprinkling of genius over the whole bunch."

William Sharp, like thousands of other people, seems to have had at least two sides to his nature; he was an industrious, studious, hard-working hack-writer, and alongside of this he had a visionary, sentimental, mystery-loving, feminine endowment. This latter side of his nature was very susceptible to beauty and to the charms of nature. There can be but little doubt that had William Sharp published his Fiona writings under his own name, it would have detracted from his reputation as a sober literary critic. There is just as little doubt in many minds that some of Fiona MacLeod's high reputation was due to the mystery in which she was shrouded. One has a dim feeling that if the Sunday papers had published her photograph, and the ladies' journals given pictures of her walking costumes and her pets, fewer of her books would have sold. Mystery is as good an advertisement as any; indeed, it is better than most, and it served its purpose here.

W. B. Yeats asserts that when Sharp had been talking and acting in what we may call the Fiona mood and then returned to himself as William Sharp he had no recollection of the preceding conversation. But this idea,

Mrs. Sharp admits, was poetic license. There was no forgetting of Fiona's sentiments, and Sharp passed from the one mood to the other as unconcernedly and with as clear a recollection as the average hack-writer might turn from the practical details of ordering dinner to writing this review. The difference in the two moods or the two personalities seems no greater, for example, than the difference Shelley shows in his love lyrics and his hard-headed political propaganda.

A careful and exhaustive comparison of the vocabulary, sentence structure and idea content of the writings published under the two names might yield fruitful results. There is no space for such a work in an ordinary review, but picking up at random a critical essay by William Sharp and turning the pages swiftly, the eye may be caught by such phrases as the following:

"The animating principle is always of necessity greater than the animated form, as the soul is superior to the body."

"Not a living thing is visible, though far up on a vast expanse of unbroken white a tiny blue-black shadow moves like a sweeping scimitar."

"How much greater is life than its noblest manifestation."

"The sombre shadow of Ben Ledi—"

"The Hill of God—sombre, notwithstanding the white garment of snow in which it is enveloped."

"One sheet of dark ice."

"Soothing solitude.—Majestic silence.—Secret and holy lair—"

"Pipes a solitary tune of life, its love, its devotion, its fervor, its prophetic exaltation, its passion, its despair, its exceeding bitterness."

Do these phrases and words not seem to belong to the stock in trade of Fiona MacLeod? They are taken from an essay on the technical structure of the sonnet by William Sharp.

This is no attempt to belittle Sharp's fame or to detract from the beauty of Fiona's writings. Those who admire Fiona rate her work very high. It is simply a warning that pathological data is here in rather small quantity, and to the plain man there will perhaps seem to be just a suspicion of charlatanry in the double-personality talk. After a very brief and cursory examination of two of Sharp's essays and three of Fiona's books, both writers are found to be addicted to "vastness," "latency of fire," "unbroken white expanses" and "glimmering blue-black shadows," "white faces," together with all sorts of omens, croaking ravens, general vehemence, careering and careening, dreams, visions, etc. Mrs. Sharp testifies that she was often with her husband while he was in trance, and that during such times she felt the "room throb with heightened pulsations." She also says that Sharp often mentioned to her that curious "dazzle of the brain," which preceded the falling away of material things and the awakening of the visionary world. This is very interesting, and it would have been helpful to have had Sharp's trances more minutely described and carefully recorded. "That dazzle of the brain," when material things seem to become for the instant translucent, is too general an experience to question. The great matter as to that is whether the results of the experience are of any value, and only time and the gathering of much-scattered data can answer the question.

There are many interesting letters in the volume; none more so than a long letter of that rare and authentic genius, A. E. (George Russell). Sharp's letters show a lovable and interesting personality, a man of unusual gifts fighting a hard fight to earn a literary living. Some of his

dreams as recorded in the Conclusion are interesting, although every term but one in the first recorded dream is a quotation. "Dark with excess of light" dates back as far as Plotinus, serves again for Milton's "Paradise Lost" (Book III, l, 380), and the idea undoubtedly creeps out again in Vaughn's

"There is in God
A deep but dazzling darkness."

PLUTARCH'S CIMON AND PERICLES. With the Funeral Oration of Pericles (Thucydides, ii, 35-46). Newly translated with introduction and notes by BERNADOTTE PERRIN, Lampson Professor (Emeritus) of Greek Literature and History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

Those who gladly welcomed Professor Perrin's admirable first volume of Greek worthies, "Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides," will probably give an even warmer reception to the second, "Cimon and Pericles." Here is, indeed, a labor of love strengthened by fine scholarship so that to the student and general reader alike these two "Lives" must come with a double grace. Even literary loves, however, are sometimes tinged with jealousy lest the object of affection be deprived of due honor, but these latest "Lives" only reinforce that old, dear, heavy, quarto of our childhood which so royally introduced us to "the glory that was Greece, to the grandeur that was Rome." Here all Plutarch's sources of information are closely followed, scrutinized and arranged, with the result of rather strengthening his worth as a historian while in no wise taking from his power in "artistic ethical portraiture." And a seasonable word in passing may not be amiss concerning this particular view of Plutarch, "Prince of Biographers." That he was a moralist first and a historian afterwards, that it was the ethical content of a life and the way in which it might be used to woo men on to virtue that chiefly interested him, scarce seems a rightly proportioned view of Plutarch. Lover of virtue he surely was, but he was equally a lover of what he so frequently calls "fundamental truth" and which he, like other historians, found so hard to reach. The ethical content, with its possibilities of self-knowledge, self-control and self-improvement, are never separable in his thought and work from the hard actual fact. Indeed, what *may be* is based upon what *is*, and he earnestly tries to show the essential connection between the two. Plutarch did not conceive of history as does Lord Acton, also a great historical genius; but the personal equation must be allowed for quite as much in Acton as in Plutarch; must be allowed for in all historians. For the only real historian is the Recording Angel and to his records we have no access. No man was ever so set in the heart of things that he could give more than a tithe to what was going on about him, and that tithe is inevitably deep-dyed in the Tyrian hue of his own personality. "*De Bello Gallico*" is admirable history, but it is a far more comprehensive study in Roman and Cæsarian egotism. That Plutarch's hand seems sometimes hesitating, that his colors are frequently fluent rather than fixed, that the "artistic ethical portraiture" is by no means self-consistent, is all so much evidence of his love of this "fundamental truth." He nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice. He gives the limning of both friend and foe. Whenever and wherever possible, he not only presents the estimate of the trained observer and thinker,

but also gives the popular feeling of the inconstant yet instinctive rabble as well. The very fact that Plutarch wrote his "Lives" in pairs and with parallels shows the sifting and discriminating side of his mind and should make us chary of over-emphasizing the idealization of the portrait. Love in the sense of admiration he constantly shows, but love in the sense of blind hero worship never, and his love in the sense of service to truth is greatest of all. The "Life of Pericles" seems almost the keystone of the arch of these biographies. Pericles, the Olympian, so wonderful a bloom of Greek genius—Pericles, the man, with his dignity and gentleness and calm, must have peculiarly appealed to Plutarch. And yet how careful he is, how finely restrained is his enthusiasm, how unfaltering is the withholding of the hand. To Greek art, history, literature and speculative thinking the world owes an incalculable debt. Greece is an inexhaustible quarry for the human mind and her beauty and power are radioactive still. Plutarch feels this and is instinctively conscious that Greek life is best expressed in the lives of her great men. And something more. There is a wistfulness in Plutarch, an unasked, haunting question after whose answer he dimly gropes. Why, with such beauty and power, did Greek civilization fail? For a civilization that does not furnish both for the individual and the race a permanent ideal and a permanent hope is foredoomed to failure. Greek civilization, wonderful and fructifying as it is, affords neither this ideal nor this hope. Plutarch seems dimly to have felt this. It is the implicit meaning of his "Lives." In them he sifts men's lives in an instinctive effort to discover whether it is really in man that walketh to direct his steps. He asked, yet got no answer. Nevertheless, there is a patient hope in his pages and a fine prescience of some dawn. May Professor Perrin be permitted to give us those other "Lives" which he has so generously planned.

George Sand. By René Doumic. Translated by Alys Hallard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

A combination of René Doumic's popular but unpleasing literary opinions, with the awkward English of Alys Hallard, cannot be said to make a very valuable biography. A literary critic, however illustrious, who prefers George Sand to Flaubert and believes that the chief function of literature is to console and to divert cannot, in the present day, be accorded a very serious reception. M. Doumic's opinions coincide perfectly with those of a large majority of newspaper hack-writers and contributors to the cheaper periodicals. The opinions may be summed up as the apotheosis of the cheap and the mediocre; proves, above all else, that it is easy writing which makes sleepy reading. In a final paragraph M. Doumic sums up his theory of the novel. "Its function may," he says, "be summed up in a few words—to charm, to touch, to console." A list of the novelists who must be erased from the tablets of fame, if this criterion were allowed, might be an effective reply. As a mere beginning we should be obliged to throw out Balzac, Flaubert, de Maupassant, Zola, the de Goncourts, Loti, Bourget, Stendhal, all the great Russian novelists in one heap, Sterne, Fielding, Smollet, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, Hardy, Meredith, Conrad, Henry James, Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy; but the list is too long to follow out. Novels, like all artistic creations, are written in the hope of bringing men to a fuller consciousness of life, by revelation and ex-

planation. Who does not understand more of life and humanity by studying that department of literature which depicts them? A sense of truth and reality, craftsmanship, learning, power to set forth the inner conception, are the fundamental endowments of a novelist.

To begin with, then, M. Doumic—with all due apologies to his eminent position—sets all his theories of art and literature on a toppling basis. His views are washed over with a cheap religiosity and thin veneer of conventionality. He is one of those respectable people whom we can always rely upon to think wrong because they are trying so hard to be safe. To think right demands courage and vigor, as well as judgment. But his theories of art and his theories of life are tinged by an unwholesome and unbracing tradition. It is customary to suppose that such views, appealing as they do to the timid, the convention-ridden, the mediocre, are signs of health. But surely health means initiative, free creation, the power to make new laws, new governments, new worlds. All progress depends upon courage. The courage to wound, if necessary, so that fresh ideas may be inoculated.

Nothing can make a life of George Sand decent reading. Despite the extraordinary opulence, the extravagance of her nature, she was a light woman, of light brains and very light morals. Her will-o'-the-wisp love-affairs are as unsavory as any reading one can find. Her genius—such as it was—does not make up for the radical coarseness of her mind. The freedom of speech in her letters is exceedingly distasteful, and in the present volume M. Doumic has unearthed hitherto unpublished letters permissible to print only in a medical treatise and to be read only by students of pathology—not of literature. But if anything could add further vulgarity to an account of her life it is the light veneer of a mind like that of M. Doumic.

The translation is poor. The book abounds in unfinished sentences, bad grammar, poor idiom and awkward constructions.

Les Sœurs Brontë. Par E. Dimnet. Paris: Bloud et Cie, Éditeurs, 1910.

An account of just how far the sombre and powerful genius of the Brontë Sisters makes appeal to the French people would be data of psychological interest. The French have a *flaire* for vitality. They were readier than Americans to appreciate Poe. They have shown astounding comprehension of Whitman and have published in the last few years an excellent and voluminous translation of his poetic work.

M. Dimnet points out that, considering the wide-spread interest in English literature which has obtained in France in the past decade or so, it is surprising that no book has been published about the geniuses of the Yorkshire moors. Madame Darmesteter (Agnes Mary Robinson, an Englishwoman and author of a life of Emily Brontë) contributed in 1899 and 1900 some able articles on the Brontë Sisters to the "*Revue de Paris.*" A translation of "Wuthering Heights," published in Paris some years ago, and the eloquent and beautiful tribute of M. Maeterlinck to Emily in "*La Sagesse et la Destinée,*" must have done much toward stimulating interest in the three sisters.

M. Dimnet has written a very charming account of the lives of the three writers in this volume. He seems to have had access to all the best bio-

graphical material extant and rightly places Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" first; he recognizes Clement Shorter as a collector rather than a critic and realizes how inappropriate is Mr. Birrel's light cynicism —*ce demi sourire*—in coping with characters as real and as impassioned as were these Brontës. To speak of Mrs. Humphry Ward (who is much overrated by M. Dimnet) as a woman who sets living far above any profession or vocation is the error surely of one who does not know Mrs. Ward's career.

The story of the Brontës is charmingly told with that grace and fluency, that ease and elegance of narrative, which seems to be the birthright of French and the despair of English artists. M. Dimnet's suggestion that Charlotte's unhappiness in Brussels was due to a love-affair with the husband of her employer is French—very French—but shows a total lack of knowledge of the ingrained principles of such a nature as he is dealing with. Charlotte Brontë was the true daughter of a Yorkshire vicar even if she was a genius.

We should have been grateful to the author for more literary criticisms and for fuller comparisons of the Brontë girls with the women writers of France, but this perhaps would have broken the narrative and have been less suitable for the French audience to whom the book is addressed.

The last few pages the author devotes to decrying what he seems to think is a present-day tendency to overrate the work of the brain and underrate the value of character. Perhaps, however, character and brain power are more closely allied than any of us realize and all such divisions are more or less futile and artificial.

"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER IV

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—*Razumov, a student of philosophy at the University of St. Petersburg, is supposed to be the son of humble parents, but is under the protection of a powerful nobleman. At the moment when he has decided to compete for a scholarship medal a despotic Minister of State is assassinated. Razumov returning to his rooms finds Haldin, a fellow student, awaiting him. Haldin reveals the fact that he threw the bomb which killed the minister. Believing Razumov sympathetic, he asks him to assist him in his escape. Razumov, inwardly protesting against being involved in the affair, starts out to do as Haldin wishes. The plan, however, miscarries, and Razumov in desperation decides to lay the whole matter before Prince K——, his mysterious protector. The Prince approves Razumov's conduct and takes him at once to the house of General T——, by whom he is closely questioned. The General learning the time and place at which Haldin expects to meet the man who is to convey him from the city, sends Razumov back to his rooms. He finds Haldin still there and tells him that all is arranged. In a thoughtless outburst he permits Haldin to discover that he is not in sympathy with his deed and Haldin departs, leaving Razumov uncertain whether the police are on hand to make the arrest. Exhausted by his emotion, he sets down briefly his own political creed, and, pinning the paper to the wall, falls into a troubled sleep. Still uncertain as to Haldin's fate, Razumov goes about his university work. He finds that his radical fellow students believe him sympathetic. He is told of Haldin's arrest and is offered assistance. His rooms are searched by the police and he is summoned before Councillor Mikulin, who has in his possession Razumov's political creed written on the night of Haldin's visit. He is told of Haldin's trial and execution and is closely questioned by the Councillor, to whom he resents bitterly the suspicion which has been attached to him. The narrative here leaves Razumov for the moment and the current instalment opens in Geneva, where Haldin's mother and sister are living.*

IN the conduct of an invented story there are, no doubt, certain proprieties to be observed for the sake of clearness and effect. A man of imagination, however inexperienced in the art of narrative, has his instinct to guide him in the choice of his words and in the development of the action. A grain of talent excuses many mistakes. But this is not a work of imagination; I have no talent; my excuse for this undertaking lies not in its art, but in its artlessness. Aware of my limitations and strong in the sincerity of my purpose, I would not try (were I able) to invent anything. I push my scruples so far that I would not even invent a transition.

Dropping then Mr. Razumov's record at the point where Councillor

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Mikulin's question, "Where to?" comes, with its air of an insoluble problem, I shall simply say that I made the acquaintance of these ladies about six months before that time. By "these ladies," I mean, of course, the mother and the sister of the unfortunate Haldin.

By what arguments he had induced his mother to sell their little property and go abroad for an indefinite time, I cannot tell precisely. I have an idea that Mrs. Haldin, at her son's wish, would have set fire to her house and emigrated to the moon without any sign of surprise or apprehension; and that Miss Haldin—Natalia, caressingly Natalka—would have given her assent to the scheme.

Their proud devotion to that young man became clear to me in a very short time. Following his directions, they went straight to Switzerland—to Zurich—where they remained the best part of a year. From Zurich, which they did not like, they came to Geneva. A friend of mine in Lausanne, a lecturer in history at the university (he had married a Russian lady, a distant connection of Mrs. Haldin's), wrote to me suggesting I should call on these ladies. It was a very kindly meant business suggestion. Miss Haldin wishes to go through a course of reading the best English authors with a competent teacher.

Mrs. Haldin received me very kindly. Her bad French, of which she was smilingly conscious, did away with the formality of the first interview. She was a tall woman in a black silk dress. A wide brow, regular features and delicately cut lips testified to her past beauty. She sat upright in an easy-chair and in a rather weak, gentle voice told me that her Natalka simply thirsted after knowledge. Her thin hands were lying on her lap, her facial immobility had in it something monachal. "In Russia," she went on, "all knowledge was tainted with falsehood. Not chemistry and all that," she explained. The government corrupted the teaching of its own purposes. Both her children felt that. Her Natalka had obtained a diploma of a Superior School for Women and her son was a student at the St. Petersburg University. He had a brilliant intellect, a most noble, unselfish nature, and he was the oracle of his comrades. Early next year, she hoped, he would join them and they would then go to Italy together. In any other country but their own she would have been certain of a great future for a man with the extraordinary abilities and the lofty character of her son—but in Russia. . . .

The young lady, sitting by the window, turned her head and said:

"Come, mother. Even with us things change with years."

Her voice was deep, almost harsh, and yet caressing in its harshness. She had a dark complexion, with red lips, and a full figure. She gave the impression of strong vitality. The old lady sighed.

"You are both young—you two. It is easy for you to hope. But I too am not hopeless. Indeed, how could I be with a son like this."

I addressed Miss Haldin, asking her what authors she wished to read. She directed upon me her gray eyes shaded by black eyelashes, and I became aware, notwithstanding my years, how attractive physically her personality could be to a man capable of appreciating in a woman something else than the mere grace of femininity. Her glance was as direct and trustful as that of a young man yet unspoiled by the world's wise lessons. And it was intrepid, but in this intrepidity there was nothing aggressive. A naïve yet thoughtful assurance is a better definition. She had reflected already (in Russia the young begin to think early), but she

had never known deception as yet, because obviously she had never yet fallen under the sway of passion. She was—to look at her was enough—very capable of being roused by the idea or simply by a person. At least, so I judged, with I being an unbiassed mind; for clearly my person could not be the person—and as to my ideas! . . .

But we became excellent friends in the course of our reading. It was very pleasant. Without fear of provoking a smile, I shall confess that I became very much attached to that young girl. At the end of four months I told her that now she could very well go on reading English by herself. It was time for the teacher to depart. My pupil looked unpleasantly surprised.

Mrs. Haldin, with her immobility of feature and kindly expression of the eyes, uttered from her armchair in her uncertain French, "*Mais l'ami reviendra.*" And so it was settled. I returned—not four times a week as before, but pretty frequently. In the autumn we made some short excursions together in company with other Russians. My friendship with these ladies had given me a standing in the Russian colony which otherwise I could not have had.

The day I saw in the papers the news of Mr. de P——'s assassination—it was a Sunday—I met the ladies in the street and walked with them for some distance. Mrs. Haldin wore a heavy gray cloak, I remember, over her black silk dress, and her fine eyes met mine with a very quiet expression.

"We have been to the late service," she said. "Natalka came with me. Her girl friends, the students here, of course don't. . . . With us in Russia the Church is so identified with oppression that it seems almost necessary when one wishes to be free in this life to give up all hope of a future existence. But I cannot give up praying for my son."

She added, with a sort of stony grimness, coloring slightly, and in French, "*Ce n'est peut être qu'une habitude*" ("It may be only habit").

Miss Haldin was carrying the prayer-books. She did not glance at her mother.

"You and Victor are both profound believers," she said.

I communicated to them the news from their country which I had just read in a café. For a whole minute we walked together fairly briskly in silence. Then Mrs. Haldin murmured:

"There will be more trouble, more persecutions for this. They may be even closing the university. There is neither peace nor rest in Russia for one but in the grave."

"Yes. The way is hard," came from the daughter, looking straight before her at the Chain of Jura covered with snow, like a white wall closing the end of the street. "But concord is not so very far off."

"That is what my children think," observed Mrs. Haldin to me.

I did not conceal my feeling that these were strange times to talk of concord. Natalia Haldin surprised me by saying, as if she had thought very much on the subject, that the Occidentals did not understand the situation. She was very calm and youthfully superior.

"You think it is a class conflict, or a conflict of interests, as social contests are with you in Europe. But it is not that at all. It is something quite different."

"It is quite possible that I don't understand," I admitted.

That propensity of lifting every problem from the plane of the understandable by means of some sort of mystic expression is very Russian.

I knew her well enough to have discovered her scorn for all the practical forms of political liberty known to the Western world. I suppose one must be a Russian to understand Russian simplicity, a terrible corroding simplicity in which mystic phrases clothe a naïve and hopeless cynicism. I think sometimes that the psychological secret of the profound difference is that that people detest life, the irremediable life of the earth as it is, whereas we Westerners cherish it with perhaps an equal exaggeration of its sentimental value. But this is a digression indeed. . . .

I helped these ladies into the tram-car and they asked me to call in the afternoon. At least, Mrs. Haldin asked me as she climbed up, and her Natalka smiled down at the dense Westerner indulgently from the rear platform of the moving car. The light of the clear wintry forenoon was softened in her gray eyes.

Mr. Razumov's record, like the open book of fate, revives for me the memory of that day as something startlingly pitiless in its freedom from all forebodings. Victor Haldin was still with the living, but with the living whose only contact with life is the expectation of death. He must have been already referring to the last of his earthly affections, the hours of that obstinate silence, which for him was to be prolonged into eternity. That afternoon the ladies entertained a good many of their compatriots —more than was usual for them to receive at one time; and the drawing-room on the ground floor of a large house on the Boulevard des Philosophes was very much crowded.

I outstayed everybody; and when I rose Miss Haldin stood up, too. I took her hand and was moved to revert to that morning's conversation in the street.

"Admitting that we Occidentals do not understand the character of your people . . ." I began.

It was as if she had been prepared for me by some mysterious foreknowledge. She checked me gently.

"Their impulses—their . . ." she sought the proper expression and found it, but in French . . . "their *mouvements d'ame*."

Her voice was not much above a whisper.

"Very well," I said. "But still we are looking at a conflict. You say it is not a conflict of classes and not a conflict of purposes. Suppose I admitted that. Are antagonistic ideas then to be reconciled more easily—can they be cemented with blood and violence into that concord which you proclaim to be so near?"

She looked at me searchingly with her clear blue eyes without answering my reasonable question—my obvious, my unanswerable question.

"It is inconceivable," I added, with something like annoyance.

"Everything is inconceivable," she said. "You and I—and mother, here, are inconceivable to each other's cold reason. There are too many contradictory irreconcilable ideas implied in our existence. The whole world is inconceivable to the strict logic of ideas. And yet the world exists to our senses and we exist in it. There must be a necessity superior to our conceptions. You are thinking of parliamentarism, no doubt—which is not concord at all. It is a very miserable and a very false thing to belong to the majority. We Russians shall find some better form of national freedom than an artificial conflict of parties—which is wrong because it is a conflict and contemptible because it is artificial. It is left for us Russians to discover a better way."

Mrs. Haldin had been looking out of the window. She turned upon me the almost lifeless beauty of her face and the living benign glance of her big dark eyes.

"That's what my children think," she declared.

"I suppose," I addressed Miss Haldin, "that you will be shocked if I tell you that I haven't understood—I won't say a single word; I've understood all the words. . . . But what can be this era of disembodied concord you are looking forward to? Life is a thing of form. It has its plastic shape and a definite intellectual aspect. The most idealistic conceptions of love and forbearance must be clothed in flesh, as it were, before they can be made understandable."

I took my leave of Mrs. Haldin, whose beautiful lips never stirred. She smiled with her eyes only. Natalia Haldin went with me as far as the door very amiable.

"Mother imagines that I am the slavish echo of my brother Victor. It is not so. He understands me better than I can understand him. When he joins us and you come to know him you will see what an exceptional soul it is." She paused. "He is not a strong man in the conventional sense, you know," she added. "But his character is without a flaw."

"I believe that it will not be difficult for me to make friends with your brother Victor."

"Don't expect to understand him quite," she said, a little maliciously. "He is not at all—at all—Western at bottom."

And on this unnecessary warning I left the room with another bow in the doorway to Mrs. Haldin in her armchair by the window. The shadow of autocracy, all unperceived by me, had already fallen upon the Boulevard des Philosophes in the free, independent and democratic city of Geneva, where there is a quarter called "*La Petite Russie.*" Whenever two Russians come together, the shadow of autocracy is with them, tinging their thoughts, their views, their most intimate feelings, their private life, the public utterances—haunting the secret of their silences.

What struck me next in the course of a week or so was the silence of these ladies. I used to meet them walking in the public garden near the university. They greeted me with their usual friendliness, but I could not help noticing their taciturnity. By that time it was generally known that the assassin of Mr. de P—— had been caught, judged and executed. So much had been declared officially to the news agencies. But for the world at large he remained anonymous. The official secrecy had withheld his name from the public. I really cannot explain from what cause.

One day I saw Miss Haldin walking alone in the main alley of the Bastions under the naked trees.

"Mother is not very well," she explained.

As Mrs. Haldin had, it seemed, never had a day's illness in her life this indisposition was disquieting. It was nothing definite, too.

"I think she is fretting because we have not heard from my brother for rather a long time."

"No news—good news," I said, cheerfully, and we began to walk slowly side by side.

"Not in Russia," she breathed out, so low that I only just caught the words. I looked at her with more attention.

"You too are anxious?"

She admitted, after a moment of hesitation, that she was.

"It is really such a long time since we heard. . . ."

And before I could offer the usual banal suggestions she confided in me.

"Oh, but it is much worse than that. I wrote to a family we know in Petersburg. They had not seen him for more than a month. They thought he was already with us. They were even offended a little that he should have left Petersburg without calling on them. The husband of the lady went at once to his lodgings. Victor had left there and they did not know his address."

I remember her catching her breath rather pitifully. Her brother had not been seen at lectures for a very long time, either. He only turned up now and then at the university gate to ask the porter for his letters. And the gentleman friend was told that the student Haldin did not come to claim the last two letters for him. But the police came to inquire if the student Haldin ever received any correspondence at the university and took them away.

"My two last letters," she said.

We faced each other. A few snowflakes fluttered under the naked boughs. The sky was dark.

"What do you think could have happened?" I asked.

Her shoulders moved slightly.

"One can never tell—in Russia."

I saw then the shadow of autocracy lying upon Russian lives in their submission or their revolt. I saw it touch her handsome open face nestled in a fur collar and darken her clear eyes that shone upon me brilliantly gray in the murky light of a beclouded inclement afternoon.

"Let us move on," she said. "It is cold standing—to-day."

She shuddered a little and stamped her little feet. We moved briskly to the end of the alley and back to the great gates of the garden.

"Have you told your mother?" I ventured to ask.

"No. Not yet. I came out to walk off the impression of this letter."

I heard a rustle of paper somewhere. It came from her muff. She had the letter with her in there.

"What is it that you are afraid of?" I asked.

To us Europeans of the West all ideas of political plots and conspiracies seem childish, crude inventions for the theatre or a novel. I did not like to be more definite in my inquiry.

"For us—for my mother specially, what I am afraid of is incertitude. People do disappear. Yes, they do disappear. I leave you to imagine what it is—the cruelty of the dumb weeks—months—years! This friend of ours abandoned his inquiries when he heard of the police getting hold of the letters. I suppose he was afraid of compromising himself. He has a wife and children—and why should he, after all. . . . Moreover, he is without influential connections and not rich. What could he do? . . . Yes, I am afraid of silence—for my poor mother. She won't be able to bear it. For my brother, I am afraid of"—she became almost indistinct—"of anything."

We were now near the gate opposite the theatre. She raised her voice.

"But lost people do turn up even in Russia. Do you know what my last hope is? Perhaps the next thing we know we shall see him walking into our rooms."

I raised my hat and she passed out of the gardens, graceful and strong, after a slight movement of the head to me, her hands in the muff crumpling the cruel Petersburg letter.

On returning home, I opened the newspaper I received from London, and, glancing down the correspondence from Russia—not the telegrams, but the correspondence—the first thing that caught my eye was the name of Haldin. Mr. de P——'s death was no longer an actuality, but the enterprising correspondent was proud of having ferreted out some unofficial information about that fact of modern history. He had got hold of Haldin's name and had picked up the story of the midnight arrest in the street. But the sensation from a journalistic point of view was already well in the past. He did not allot to it more than half a dozen lines out of a full column. It was quite enough to give me a sleepless night. I perceived that it would have been a sort of treason to let Miss Haldin come without preparation upon that journalistic discovery which would infallibly be reproduced on the morrow by French and Swiss newspapers. I had a very bad time of it till the morning, wakeful with nervous worry and nightmarish with the feeling of being mixed up with something theatrical and morbidly affected. The incongruity of such a complication in those two women's lives was sensible to me all night in the form of absolute anguish. It seemed due to their refined simplicity that it should remain concealed from them forever. At an unconsciously early hour, at the door of their apartment, I felt as if I were about to commit an act of vandalism. . . .

The middle-aged servant-woman led me into the drawing-room, where there was a duster on a chair and a broom leaning against the centre-table. The motes danced in the sunshine; I regretted I had not written a letter instead of coming myself, and was thankful for the brightness of the day. Miss Haldin, in a plain black dress, came lightly out of her mother's room with a fixed uncertain smile on her lips.

I pulled the paper out of my pocket. I did not imagine that a number of the "Standard" could have the effect of Medusa's head. Her face went stony in a moment—her eyes—her limbs. The most terrible thing was that, being stony, she remained alive. One was conscious of her palpitating heart. I hope she forgave me the delay of my clumsy circumlocution. It was not very prolonged; she could not have kept so still from head to foot for more than a second or two; and then I heard her draw a breath. As if the shock had paralyzed her moral resistance and affected the firmness of her muscles, the contours of her face seemed to have given way. She was frightfully altered. She looked old—ruined. But only for a moment. She said, with decision:

"I am going to tell my mother at once."

"Would that be safe in her state?" I objected.

"What can be worse than the state she has been in for the last month? We understand this in another way. The crime is not at his door. Don't imagine I am defending him before you."

She went to the bedroom door, then came back where I sat to ask me in a low murmur not to go yet. For twenty interminable minutes not a sound reached me. At last Miss Haldin came out and walked across the room with her quick, light step. When she reached the armchair she dropped into it heavily as if completely exhausted.

Mrs. Haldin, she told me, had not shed a tear. She was sitting up in bed, and her immobility, her silence, were very alarming. At last she lay down gently and had motioned her daughter away.

"She will call me in presently," added Miss Haldin. "I left a bell near the bed."

I confess that my very real sympathy had no standpoint. The Western readers for whom this story is written will understand what I mean. It was, if I may say so, the want of experience. Death is a remorseless spoliator. The anguish of irreparable loss is familiar to us all. There is no life so lonely as to be safe against that experience. But the grief I had brought to these two ladies had grewsome associations. It had the associations of bombs and gallows—a lurid, Russian coloring which made the complexion of my sympathy uncertain.

I was grateful to Miss Haldin for not embarrassing me by an outward display of deep feeling. I admired her for that wonderful command over herself even while I was a little frightened at it. It was the stillness of a great tension. What if it should suddenly snap? Even the door of Mrs. Haldin's room, with the old mother alone in there, had a rather awful aspect.

Natalia Haldin murmured, sadly:

"I suppose you are wondering what my feelings are?"

Essentially that was true. It was that very wonder which unsettled my sympathy of a dense Occidental. I could get hold of nothing but of some commonplace phrases, those futile phrases that give the measure of our impotence before each other's trials. I mumbled something to the effect that for the young life held its hopes and compensations. It held duties, too; but of that, I was certain, it was not necessary to remind her.

She had a handkerchief in her hands and pulled at it nervously.

"I am not likely to forget my mother," she said. "We used to be three. Now we are two—two women. She's not so very old. She may live quite a long time yet. What have we to look for in the future? For what hope and what consolation?"

"You must take a wider view," I said, resolutely, thinking that with this exceptional creature this was the right note to strike. She looked at me steadily for a moment, and then the tears she had been keeping down flowed unrestrained. She jumped up and stood in the window with her back to me.

I slipped away without attempting even to approach her. Next day I was told at the door that Mrs. Haldin was better. The middle-aged servant remarked that a lot of people—Russians—had called that day, but Miss Haldin had not seen anybody. A fortnight later, when making my daily call, I was asked in and found Mrs. Haldin sitting in her usual place by the window.

At first one would have thought that nothing was changed. I saw across the room the familiar profile, a little sharper in outline and overspread by a uniform pallor, as might have been expected in an invalid. But no disease could have accounted for the change in her black eyes, smiling no longer with gentle irony. She raised them as she gave me her hand. I observed the three weeks' old number of the "Standard" folded, with the correspondence from Russia uppermost, lying on a little table by the side of the armchair. Mrs. Haldin's voice was startlingly weak and colorless. Her first words to me framed a question:

"Has there been anything more in your newspapers?"

I released her long emaciated hand, shook my head negatively, and sat down.

"The English press is wonderful. Nothing can be kept secret from it and all the world must hear. Only our Russian news is not always easy

to understand. Not always easy. . . . But English mothers do not look for news like that. . . ."

She laid her hand on the newspaper and took it away again. I said:

"We too have had tragic times in our history."

"A long time ago. A very long time ago."

"Yes."

"There are nations that have made their bargain with fate," said Miss Haldin, who had approached us. "We need not envy them."

"Why this scorn?" I asked, gently. "It may be that our bargain was not a very lofty one. But the terms men and nations obtain from Fate are hallowed by the price."

Mrs. Haldin turned her head away and looked out of the window for a time with that new, sombre, extinct gaze of her sunken eyes which so completely made another woman of her.

"That Englishman, this correspondent," she addressed me, suddenly, "do you think it is possible that he knew my son?"

To this strange question I could only say that it was possible, of course. She saw my surprise.

"If one knew what sort of man he was one could perhaps write to him," she murmured.

"Mother thinks," explained Miss Haldin, standing between us, with one hand resting on the back of my chair, "that my poor brother perhaps did not try to save himself."

I looked up at Miss Haldin in sympathetic consternation, but Miss Haldin was looking down calmly at her mother. That last said:

"We do not know the address of any of his friends. Indeed, we know nothing of his Petersburg comrades. He had a multitude of young friends, only he never spoke much of them. One could guess that they were his disciples and that they idolized him. But he was so modest. One would think that with so many devoted. . . ."

She averted her head again and looked down the Boulevard des Philosophes, a singularly arid and dusty thoroughfare, where nothing could be seen at the moment but two dogs, a little girl in a pinafore hopping on one leg, and in the distance a workman wheeling a bicycle.

"Even amongst the Apostles of Christ there was found a Judas," she whispered as if to herself, but with the evident intention to be heard by me.

The Russian visitors, assembled in little knots, conversed amongst themselves meantime in low murmurs and with brief glances in our direction. It was a great contrast to the usual loud volubility of these gatherings. Miss Haldin followed me into the anteroom.

"People will come," she said. "We cannot shut the door in their faces."

While I was putting on my overcoat she began to talk to me of her mother. Poor Mrs. Haldin was fretting after more news. She wanted to go on hearing about her unfortunate son. She could not make up her mind to abandon him quietly to the dumb unknown. She would persist in pursuing him in there through the long days of motionless silence face to face with the empty Boulevard des Philosophes. She could not understand why he had not escaped—as so many other revolutionists and conspirators had managed to escape in other instances of that kind. It was really inconceivable that the means of secret revolutionary organizations should have failed so inexcusably to preserve her son. But in reality the

inconceivable that staggered her mind was nothing but the cruel audacity of Death passing over her head to strike at that young and precious heart.

Miss Haldin mechanically, with an absorbed look, handed me my hat. I understood from her that the poor woman was possessed by the sombre and simple idea that her son must have perished because he did not want to be saved. It could not have been that he despaired of his country's future. That was impossible. Was it possible that his mother and sister had not known how to merit his confidence; and that, after having done what he was compelled to do, his spirit became crushed by an intolerable doubt, his mind distracted by a sudden mistrust?

I was very much shocked by this piece of ingenuity.

"Our three lives were like that!" Miss Haldin twined the fingers of both her hands together in demonstration, then separated them slowly, looking straight into my face. "That's what poor mother found to torment herself and me with for all the years to come," added this strange girl. At that moment her indefinable charm was revealed to me in the conjunction of passion and stoicism. I imagined what her life was likely to be by the side of Mrs. Haldin's terrible immobility inhabited by that fixed idea. But my concern was reduced to silence by my ignorance of her modes of feeling. Difference of nationality is a terrible obstacle for our complex Western natures. But Miss Haldin probably was too simple to suspect embarrassment. She did not wait for me to say anything, but as if reading my thoughts on my face, she went on, courageously:

"At first poor mother went numb, as our peasants say; then she began to think, and she will go on now thinking and thinking in that unfortunate strain. You see yourself how cruel that is. . . ."

I never spoke with greater sincerity than when I agreed with her that it would be deplorable in the highest degree. She took an anxious breath.

"But all these strange details in the English paper," she exclaimed, suddenly. "What is the meaning of them? I suppose they are true? But is it not terrible that he should be caught wandering alone, as if in despair, about the streets at night? . . ."

We stood so close to each other in the dark anteroom that I could see her biting her lower lip to suppress a dry sob. After a short pause she said:

"I suggested to mother that he may have been betrayed by some false friend or simply by some cowardly creature. It may be easier for her to believe that."

I understood now the poor woman's whispered allusion to Judas.

"It may be easier," I admitted, admiring inwardly the directness and the subtlety of the girl's outlook. She was dealing with life as it was made for her by the political conditions of her country. She faced cruel realities, not morbid imaginings of her own making. I could not defend myself from a certain feeling of respect when she added, simply:

"Time, they say, can soften every sort of bitterness. But I cannot believe that it has any power over remorse. It is better that mother should think some person guilty of Victor's death than that she should connect it with a weakness of her son or a shortcoming of her own."

"But you yourself don't suppose that . . ." I began.

She compressed her lips and shook her head. She harbored no evil thoughts against any one, she declared—and perhaps nothing that happened

was unnecessary. On these words, pronounced low and sounding mysterious in the half obscurity of the anteroom, we parted with an expressive and warm handshake. The grip of her strong, shapely hand had a seductive frankness, a sort of exquisite virility. I do not know why she should have felt so friendly to me. It may be that she thought I understood her much better than I was able to do. The most precise of her sayings seemed always to me to have enigmatical prolongations, vanishing somewhere beyond my reach. I am reduced to suppose that she appreciated my attention and my silence. The attention she could see was quite sincere, so that the silence could not be suspected of coldness. It seemed to satisfy her. And it is to be noted that if she confided in me, it was clearly not with the expectation of receiving advice for which indeed she never asked.

CHAPTER V

Our daily relations were interrupted at this period for something like a fortnight. I had to absent myself unexpectedly from Geneva. On my return, I lost no time in directing my steps up the Boulevard des Philosophes.

Through the open door of the drawing-room I was annoyed to hear a visitor holding forth steadily in an unctuous deep voice.

Mrs. Haldin's armchair by the window stood empty. On the sofa Natalia Haldin raised her charming gray eyes in a glance of greeting accompanied by the merest hint of a welcoming smile. But she made no movement. With her strong white hands lying inverted in the lap of her mourning dress she faced a man who presented to me a robust back covered with black broadcloth and well in keeping with the deep voice. He turned his head sharply over his shoulder, but only for a moment.

"Ah, your English friend. I know. I know. That's nothing."

He wore spectacles with smoked glasses, a tall silk hat stood on the floor by the side of his chair. Flourishing slightly a big soft hand, he went on with his discourse, precipitating his delivery a little more.

"I have never changed the faith I held while wandering in the forests and bogs of Siberia. It sustained me then—it sustains me now. All the great Powers of Europe are bound to disappear—and the cause of their collapse will be very simple. They will exhaust themselves struggling against their proletariat. In Russia it is different. In Russia we have no classes to combat each other, one holding the power of wealth and the other mighty with the strength of numbers. We have only an unclean bureaucracy in the face of a people as great and as incorruptible as the ocean. No, we have no classes. But we have the Russian woman. The admirable Russian woman! I receive most remarkable letters signed by women. So elevated in tone, so courageous, breathing such a noble ardor of service! The greatest part of our hope rests on women. I behold their thirst for knowledge. It is admirable. Look how they absorb, how they are making it their own. It is miraculous. But what is knowledge? . . . I understand that you have not been studying anything especially—medicine, for instance. No? That's right. Had I been honored by being asked to advise you on the use of your time when you arrived here, I would have been strongly opposed to such a course. Knowledge in itself is mere dross."

He had one of those vast bearded Russian faces without shape, a mere appearance of flesh and hair with not a single feature having any sort

of character. His eyes being hidden by the dark glasses, there was an utter absence of all expression. I knew him by sight. He was a Russian refugee of mark. All Geneva knew his burly black-coated figure. At one time all Europe was aware of the story of his life written by himself and translated into seven or more languages. He had led an idle, dissolute life. Then a society girl he was about to marry died suddenly, and thereupon he abandoned the world of fashion and began to conspire in a spirit of repentance; and after that his native autocracy took good care that the usual things should happen to him. He was imprisoned in fortresses, beaten within an inch of his life, and condemned to work in mines with common criminals. The great success of his book, however, was the chain.

I do not remember now the details of the weight and length of the fetters rivetted on his limbs by an "administrative" order, but it was in the number of pounds and the thickness of links an appalling assertion of the divine rights of autocracy. Appalling and futile, too, because this big man managed to carry off that simple engine of government with him into the woods. The sensational clink of irons is heard all through the chapters describing his escape—a subject of wonder to two continents. He had begun by concealing himself successfully from his guards in a hole on a river bank. It was the end of day. With infinite labor he managed to free one of his legs. Meantime night fell. He was going to begin on his other leg when he was overtaken by a terrible misfortune. He dropped his file.

All this is precise, yet symbolic; and the file had its pathetic history. It was given to him unexpectedly one evening by a quiet, pale-faced girl. The poor creature had come out to the mines to join one of his fellow convicts, a delicate young man, a mechanic and a social democrat with broad cheek-bones and large staring eyes. She had worked her way across half Russia and nearly the whole of Siberia to be near him and, as it seems, with the hope of helping him to escape. But she arrived too late. Her lover had died only a week before.

Through that obscure episode, as he says in the history of "Ideas in Russia," the file came into his hands, and its possession inspired him with an ardent resolution to regain his liberty. When it slipped through his fingers it was as if it had gone straight into the earth. He could by no manner of means put his hand on it again in the dark. He groped systematically in the loose earth, in the mud, in the water; the night was passing, meantime, the precious night on which he counted to get away into the forests, his only chance of success. For a moment he was tempted by despair to give up, but recalling the quiet, sad face of the heroic girl, he felt profoundly ashamed of his weakness. She had selected him for the gift of liberty, and he must show himself worthy of the favor conferred by her feminine indomitable soul. It appeared to be a sacred trust. To fail would have been a sort of treason against the sacredness of self-sacrifice and womanly love.

There are in his book whole pages of self-analysis whence emerges like a white figure from a dark confused sea the conviction of woman's spiritual superiority—his new faith confessed since in several volumes. His first tribute to it, the great act of his conversion, was his extraordinary existence in the endless forests of the Okhotsk Province, with the loose end of the chain wound about his waist. A strip torn off his convict shirt secured the end firmly. Other strips fastened it at intervals up his left leg to

deaden the clanking and to prevent the slack links from getting hooked in the bushes. He became very fierce. He developed an unsuspected genius for the arts of a wild and haunted existence. He learned to creep into villages without betraying his presence by anything more than an occasional faint jingle. He broke into outhouses with an axe he managed to purloin in a wood-cutters' camp very early in the story. In the deserted tracts of country he lived on wild berries and hunted for honey. His clothing dropped off him gradually. His naked, tawny figure glimpsed vaguely through the bushes with a cloud of mosquitoes and flies hovering about the shaggy head spread tales of terror through whole districts. His temper grew savage as the days went by, and he was glad to discover that there was so much of a brute in him. He had nothing else to put his trust in. For it was as though there had been two human beings indissolubly joined in that enterprise. The civilized man, the enthusiast of advanced humanitarian ideals thirsting for the triumph of spiritual love and political liberty; and the stealthy primeval savage, pitilessly cunning in the preservation of his freedom from day to day like a tracked wild beast.

The wild beast was making its way instinctively eastward to the Pacific coast, and the civilized humanitarian followed in fearful anxious dependence, watching the proceedings with awe. Through all these weeks he could never make up his mind to appeal to human compassion. In the wary primeval savage this shyness might have been natural, but the other, too, the civilized creature, the thinker, the escaping "political," had developed an absurd form of morbid pessimism, a form of temporary insanity, originating perhaps in the physical worry and discomfort of the chain. These links, he fancied, made him odious to the rest of mankind. It was a repugnant and suggestive load. Nobody could feel any pity at the disgusting sight of a man escaping with a broken chain. His imagination became affected by his fetters in a precise, matter-of-fact manner. It seemed to him impossible that people could resist the temptation of fastening the loose end to a staple in the wall while they went for the nearest police official. Crouching in holes or hidden in thickets, he had tried to read the faces of unsuspecting peasants working in the clearings or passing along the paths within a foot or two of his eyes. His feeling was that no man on earth could be trusted with the temptation of the chain.

One day, however, he chanced to come upon a solitary woman. It was on an open slope of rough grass outside the forest. She sat on the bank of a narrow stream; she had a red handkerchief on her head and a small basket was lying on the ground near her hand. At a little distance could be seen a cluster of log cabins, with a water-mill over a dammed pool shaded by birch-trees and looking bright as glass in the twilight. He approached her silently, his hatchet sticking in his iron belt, a thick cudgel in his hand; there were leaves and bits of twig in his tangled hair, in his matted beard; bunches of rags he had wound round the links fluttered from his waist. A faint clink of his fetters made the woman turn her head. Too terrified by this savage apparition to jump up or even to scream, she was yet too stout-hearted to faint. . . . Expecting nothing less than to be murdered on the spot, she covered her eyes to avoid the sight of the descending axe. When at last she found courage to look again she saw him sitting on the bank six feet away from her. His thin sinewy arms hugged his naked legs; the long beard covered the knees on which

he rested his chin; all these clasped, folded limbs, the bare shoulders, the wild head with red staring eyes, shook and trembled violently while the bestial creature was making efforts to speak. It was six weeks since he had heard the sound of his own voice. It seemed as though he had lost the faculty of speech. He had become a dumb and despairing brute till the woman's sudden, unexpected cry of profound pity, the insight of her feminine compassion discovering the complex misery of the man under the terrifying aspect of the monster, restored him to the ranks of humanity. This point of view is presented in his book with a very effective eloquence. She ended, he says, by shedding tears over him, sacred, redeeming tears, while he also wept with joy in the manner of a converted sinner. Directing him to hide in the bushes and wait patiently (a police patrol was expected in the settlement), she went away toward the houses, promising to return at night.

As if providentially appointed to be the newly wedded wife of the village blacksmith, the woman persuaded her husband to come out with her, bringing some tools of his trade—a hammer, a chisel, a small anvil. . . . "My fetters," the book says, "were struck off on the banks of the stream in the starlight of a calm night by an athletic, taciturn young man of the people kneeling at my feet, while the woman, like a liberating genius, stood by with clasped hands." Obviously a symbolic couple. At the same time they furnished his regained humanity with some decent clothing and put heart into the new man by the information that the seacoast of the Pacific was only a very few miles away. It could be seen, in fact, from the top of the next ridge. . . .

The rest of his escape does not lend itself to mystic treatment and symbolic interpretation. He ended by finding his way to the West by the Suez Canal route in the usual manner. Reaching the shores of south Europe, he sat down to write his autobiography—the great literary success of its year. This book was followed by other books written with the declared purpose of elevating humanity. In these works he preached generally the cult of the woman. For his own part, he practised it under the rites of special devotion to the transcendental merits of a certain Madame de S——, a lady of advanced views, no longer very young, once upon a time the intriguing wife of a now dead and forgotten diplomat. Her loud pretensions to be one of the leaders of modern thought and of modern sentiment she sheltered (like Voltaire and Madame de Staël) on the republican territory of Geneva. Driving through the streets in her big landau, she exhibited to the indifference of the natives and the stares of the tourists a long-waisted, youthful figure of hieratic stiffness, with a pair of big gleaming eyes rolling restlessly behind a short veil of black lace, which, coming down no farther than her vividly red lips, resembled a mask. Usually the "heroic fugitive" (this description is applied to him in a review of the English edition of his book) accompanied her, sitting, portentously bearded and darkly bespectacled, not by her side, but opposite her, with his back to the horses. Thus facing each other, with no one else in the roomy carriage, their airings suggested a conscious public manifestation. Or it may have been unconscious. Russian simplicity often marches innocently on the edge of cynicism for some lofty purpose. But it is a vain enterprise for the sophisticated Europe to try to understand these doings. Considering the air of gravity extending even to the physiognomy of the coachman and the action of the showy

horses, this quaint display might have possessed a mystic significance, but to the corrupt frivolity of a Western mind like my own it seemed hardly decent.

However, it is not becoming for an obscure teacher of languages to criticise a "heroic fugitive" of world-wide celebrity. I was aware from hearsay that he was an industrious busybody, hunting up his compatriots in hotels, in private lodgings, and—I was told—conferring upon them the honor of his notice in public gardens when a suitable opening presented itself. I was under the impression that after a visit or two several months before he had given up the ladies Haldin—no doubt reluctantly, for there could be no question of his being a determined person. It was, perhaps, to be expected that he should reappear again on this terrible occasion as a Russian and a revolutionist to say the right thing, to strike the true, perhaps a comforting note. But I did not like to see him sitting there. I trust that an unbecoming jealousy of my privileged position had nothing to do with it. I made no claim to a special standing for my silent friendship. Removed by the difference of age and nationality, as if into the sphere of another existence, I produced even upon myself the effect of a dumb, helpless ghost, of an anxious immaterial thing that could only hover about without the power to protect or guide by as much as a whisper. Since Miss Haldin, with her sure instinct, had refrained from introducing me to the burly celebrity, I would have retired quietly and returned later on had I not met a peculiar expression in her eyes which I interpreted as a request to stay, with the view, perhaps, of shortening an unwelcome visit.

He picked up his hat, but only to deposit it on his knees.

"We shall meet again, Natalia Victorovna. To-day I have called only to make those feelings towards your honored mother and yourself, the nature of which you cannot doubt. I needed no urging, but Eleanor—Madame de S—— herself had in a way sent me. She extends to you the hand of feminine fellowship. There is positively in all the range of human sentiments no joy and no sorrow that woman cannot understand, elevate and spiritualize by her interpretation. That young man newly arrived from St. Petersburg I have mentioned to you is already under the charm."

At this point Miss Haldin got up abruptly. I was glad. He did not evidently expect anything so decisive, and at first, throwing his head back, he tilted up his dark glasses with an air of bland curiosity. At last, recollecting himself, he stood up hastily, seizing his hat as he did so off his knees with great adroitness.

"How is it, Natalia Victorovna, that you have kept aloof so long, from what, after all, is—let disparaging tongues say what they like—a unique centre of intellectual freedom and of effort toward giving body to a high conception of our future? In the case of your honored mother I understand in a measure. At her age new ideas—new faces are not, perhaps. . . . But you! Was it mistrust—or indifference? You must come out of your reserve. We Russians have no right to be reserved with each other. In our circumstances, it is almost a crime against humanity. The luxury of private grief is not for us. Nowadays the devil is not combated by prayers and fasting. And what is fasting, after all, but starvation? You must not starve yourself, Natalia Victorovna. Strength is what we want. Spiritual strength, I mean to say. As to the other kind, what could withstand us Russians if we only put it forth? Sin is different in our day,

and the way of salvation for pure souls is different, too. It is no longer to be found in monasteries, but in the world, in the. . . ."

The deep sound seemed to come from under the floor, and one felt steeped in it to the lips. Miss Haldin's interruption resembled the effort of a drowning person to keep above water. She struck in with an accent of impatience:

"But, Peter Ivanovitch, I don't mean to retire into a monastery. Who would look for salvation there?"

"I spoke figuratively," he boomed.

"Well, then, I am speaking figuratively, too. But sorrow is sorrow and pain is pain in the old way. They make their demands upon people. One has got to face them the best way one can. I know that the blow which has fallen upon us so unexpectedly is only an episode in the fate of a people. You may rest assured that I don't forget that. But just now I have to think of my mother. How can you expect me to leave her to herself? . . ."

"That is putting it in a very crude way," he protested in his great, effortless voice.

Miss Haldin did not wait for the vibration to die out.

"And run about visiting amongst a lot of strange people. The idea is distasteful for me; and I do not know what else you may mean?"

He towered before her, enormous, deferential, cropped as close as a convict; and this big pinkish poll evoked for me the vision of a wild head with matted locks peering through parted bushes, glimpses of tawny limbs slinking behind the masses of sodden foliage under a cloud of flies and mosquitoes. It was an involuntary tribute to the vigor of his writing. Nobody could doubt that he had wandered in Siberian forests naked and girt with a chain. The black broadcloth coat invested his person with a character of common and austere decency—something recalling a missionary.

"Do you know what I want, Natalia Victorovna?' he uttered, solemnly. "I want you to be a fanatic."

"A fanatic!"

"Yes. Faith alone won't do."

His voice dropped to a still lower tone. He raised for a moment one thick arm; the other remained hanging down against his thigh, with the fragile silk hat at the end.

"I shall tell you now something which I entreat you to ponder over carefully. Listen: we need a force that would move heaven and earth—nothing less."

The profound, subterranean note of this "nothing less" made one shudder, almost, like the deep muttering of wind in the pipes of an organ.

"And are we to find that force in the salon of Madame de S——? Excuse me, Peter Ivanovitch, if I permit myself to doubt it. Is not that lady a woman of the great world, an aristocrat?"

"Prejudice!" he cried. "You astonish me. And suppose she was all that. She is also a woman of flesh and blood. There is always something to weigh down the spiritual side. In all of us. But to make of it a reproach is what I did not expect from you. No; I did not expect that. One would think you have listened to some malevolent scandal."

"I have heard no gossip, I assure you. In our province how could we? But the world speaks of her. What can there be in common in a lady of that sort and an obscure country girl like me?"

"She is a perpetual manifestation of a noble and peerless spirit," he broke in. Her charm—no, I shall not speak of her charm. But, of course, everybody who approaches her falls under the spell. . . . Contradictions vanish, trouble falls away from one. . . . Unless I am mistaken—but I never make a mistake in spiritual matters—you are troubled in your soul, Natalia Victorovna."

Miss Haldin's clear eyes looked straight at his soft, enormous face. I received the impression that behind those dark spectacles of his he could be as impudent as he chose.

"Only the other evening, walking back to town from Château Borel with our latest interesting arrival from Petersburg, I could notice the powerful, soothing influence—I may say reconciling influence. . . . There he was all these kilometres along the shores of the lake, silent, like a man who has been shown the way of peace. I could feel the leaven working in his soul, you understand. For one thing he listened to me patiently. I myself was inspired that evening by the firm and exquisite genius of Eleanor—Madame de S——, you know. It was a full moon and I could observe his face. I cannot be deceived. . . ."

Miss Haldin, looking down, seemed to hesitate.

"Well, I will think of what you said, Peter Ivanovitch. I shall try to call as soon as I can leave mother for an hour or two safely."

Coldly as these words were said, I was amazed at such a concession. He snatched her right hand with such fervor that I thought he was going to press it to his lips or his breast. But he only held it by the finger tips in his great paw and shook it a little up and down while he delivered his last volley of words.

"That's right. That's right. I haven't obtained your full confidence as yet, Natalia Victorovna, but that will come. All in good time. The sister of Victor Haldin cannot be without importance. . . . It's simply impossible. And no woman can remain sitting on the steps. Flowers, tears, applause—that has had its time; it's a mediæval conception. The arena, the arena itself is the place for women!"

He relinquished her hand with a short flourish, as if giving it to her for a gift, and remained still, his head bowed in dignified submission before her femininity.

"The arena! . . . You must descend into the arena, Natalia."

He stepped back a pace, bowed his enormous body, and was gone swiftly. The door fell behind him. But immediately the powerful resonance of his voice was heard addressing in the anteroom the middle-aged servant-woman who was letting him out. Whether he exhorted her to descend into the arena I cannot tell. The thing sounded like a lecture, and the slight crash of the outer door cut it short suddenly.

(To be Continued)

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THE PROBLEM, THE SOLUTION AND THE MAN

BY THE EDITOR

THE fact that we live in an age of action, not of thought, is charged with more meaning for us than for those of older countries. They have as guides the beacon lights of their own histories, but the conditions confronting us are without precedent either at home or abroad. Hence the vital need of pausing at intervals in order that we may determine, so far as possible, whether we are being swept unresistingly along a torrent to certain doom or are gliding passively down the river of natural progress to a haven of peace, equality and common happiness. So, while comforting our souls with the reflection that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come, it nevertheless behooves us, as a prudent people, to remedy artificial evils, which invariably have their genesis in want of thought, by the application of thought itself. The poet Lowell expressed the idea to homely perfection.

> "I honor the man who is ready to sink
> Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
> And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
> Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak,
> Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
> Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower."

THE TARIFF AND REVENUE

What, then, is the one great problem upon whose solution

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depends the future of our country and our people? That, in a commercial age, it is economic goes without saying. That, in a sense, it is moral may be accepted as an obvious fact. Recent manifestations of the instinct of an alert-minded people to seek and concentrate upon the concrete readily induce the suggestion that it is the tariff. But the tariff is not a problem. It is no more than a phase become a political issue. Whether imposts should be laid for revenue or protection is a question of importance, to be sure, but of far less importance than in former years when academic judgment outweighed practical considerations. It would be the height of folly to blind our eyes to the conditions that now exist and cannot be changed. We rightfully lament and condemn governmental extravagance, but none can deny that application of the most rigid economy would counterbalance but temporarily the increasing cost of administration of a rapidly growing commonwealth. Despite the enormous revenues now derived from various sources, each day adds two hundred thousand dollars to the deficit, and this sum would have been doubled by the enactment of the absurd pension law recently approved by the House of Representatives. We must, moreover, accept as a fact that actual needs will multiply rather than diminish.

How are these colossal sums to be obtained? By reducing the tariff to a revenue basis? In part, perhaps, but by no means to an extent sufficient to meet the requirements. Let us not deceive ourselves in this regard. No intelligent man now advocates the destruction of our great manufacturing industries through the adoption of free trade with other nations. The utmost that is sought is a lowering of excessive and prohibitive rates to a standard that would enable reasonable competition to kill monopoly. The effect would be a reduction in the cost of products to the consumers and to that extent it would be beneficial. But, clearly, there would ensue no material increase in revenues unless the manufacturer were driven out of business entirely—an outcome contemplated and desired by no one. There is well-grounded belief that manufacturing profits, as a rule, are excessive and should be brought within bounds to the advantage of the consumer, but since there is no thought of abolishing them altogether the industries will survive and prosper, though more moderately, and will continue to meet

the market demands. It is idle, then, to anticipate any increase in revenues approaching adequacy from a lowering of the rates. The tariff, as we have said, is no more than a phase—a phase, indeed, of only a part of the real problem, because essential as the procurement of money for government undoubtedly is, it is as a bagatelle compared with the collateral results.

THE PARAMOUNT PROBLEM

The vital problem now confronting the people of the United States, the problem involving the perpetuity of free institutions, the problem which transcends all economic, political and moral issues, is how to make equitable distribution of the combined earnings of labor and capital without rending the fabric of popular government. The apothegm of Ricardo, still upheld by certain powerful but short-sighted classes in England, to the effect that the laborer is entitled to just enough food and clothing to keep the machinery of his body working until it shall wear itself out, finds no adherents here. We have advanced at least far enough to recognize that humanity is a part, and a very large part, of political economy. But this is only a step. We have much farther to go to insure the supremacy of evolution over revolution as an effective force in the development of civilization. Our colossal fortunes have sprung into being so quickly that there has been hardly time to effect a readjustment of the relationship of Wealth to the State which conserves it, but no thoughtful mind can fail to appreciate that readjustment must be had and soon, not merely for the relief of Labor, but quite as much, if not more, for the protection of Capital itself. We cannot equalize fortunes. "When two men ride a horse, one must ride behind." Nor would we, if we could, sound the death knell of individualism. But we can try to correct methods and influences which have produced great inequalities, and which, if unchecked, cannot fail to make the disparities yet more enormous. True it is that never before and nowhere else has Wealth been so sensible of its duties as it is now and here. It builds hospitals, libraries, schools and colleges without number, but such remedies serve only to palliate the disease. They do not extirpate the germs. The process, moreover, is artificial, discriminatory and offensive to, if not indeed destructive of, the self-respect of the masses.

Less charity and more justice is what the American people want and what they are entitled to receive.

INTERDEPENDENCE AND CO-OPERATION

That is the problem. Where lies the solution? Primarily in the spirit with which the subject is approached. Not independence, but interdependence, has become the law of life in this country. Co-operation, a drawing together in frank and unselfish tolerance of one another's opinions, is positively essential to the settlement of every great question. And this concurrence must be general, must come not only from all groups, but from all sections. Invariably and naturally the older and richer community is the more conservative, the more reluctant to accept innovation, the more obtuse in recognizing either the equities or necessities of change. That the West does not appreciate the extent of its obligation to the East is apparent to the most casual observer, but no less manifest is the East's obduracy in ignoring the teachings of the West. The historian, Woodrow Wilson, depicts with insight and accuracy "the moral of our history."

"The East," he writes, "has spent and been spent for the West: has given forth her energy, her young men and her substance for the new regions that have been a-making all the century through. But has she learned as much as she has taught or taken as much as she has given? The westward march has stopped upon the final slopes of the Pacific. Populations now turn upon their old paths, fill in the places they passed by as neglected in their first journey in search of a land of promise; settle to a life such as the East knows as well as the West—nay, much better. With the change, the pause, the settlement, our people draw into closer groups, stand face to face, to know each other and to be known: and the time has come for the East to learn in her turn; to broaden her understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere. Let us be sure that we get the national temperament; send our minds abroad upon the continent, become neighbors to all the people that live upon it and lovers of them all."

THE SOUTH AS TEACHER

This is the true spirit—the essence of patriotism indicative of the brotherhood of man. We need not dwell upon the West's resentment against the East nor the East's distrust

of the West. But we do know and must recognize that these unhappy sentiments have pervaded the two sections in the past and have not yet been wholly eradicated. The cure lies in better understanding, to be acquired through fuller acquaintanceship. The South is the natural arbiter because the South, revivified and prosperous, more philosophical as a consequence of enforced conditions, has become less dependent upon its sister sections than either the West or the East. By virtue of the genius for statesmanship and clear thinking which it developed in the early days, it was the leader for scores of years and should be the leader now.

Its duty is plain. Out of the happy outcome of its own patient sufferance it may well indicate to the impatient West the advantages to be derived from the exercise of tolerance. From its own bitter experience it can point out clearly to the East that, while great possessions may be lost temporarily to a community, that which a free people come to recognize as a vital truth can never die, that the test of a man's strength and worth is not so much what he achieves as what he overcomes, that brawn weighs less than brain and brain less than character, that even from a selfish view-point it is cheaper to lift human beings up than to hold them down, and that the soundest security for property lies in interesting the largest number of individuals in its preservation and the smallest number in its destruction. Hence the value, the incalculable value to all, of equitable distribution of the combined earnings and accumulations of labor and capital.

How to obtain such apportionment is the question. Not by violence surely. The exercise of mere force, whether physical or legislative, is destructive, not creative, and at best can only clear the way for something different and probably worse. Not by decreeing a new system of government as one would order a new suit of clothes, for the simple reason that the tailor does not live and never has lived who could make it fit. And yet not by compromise of principle which has been aptly described as a good enough umbrella for politics, but a poor roof for statesmanship. It is quite as essential, in this land at this time, that our methods should be orderly as that our aims should be rational.

THE DIRECT TAX

May it not be that the remedy lies in direct taxation?

Why not frankly acknowledge that our government can no longer be fed by those who have little and are constantly getting less, and must be supported by those who have much and are steadily acquiring more? Attempts have been made from time to time to impose adequate taxes upon incomes and inheritances. Some have been insincere; all for one reason or another have been abortive. Is it not now time to undertake the task with resolute determination to succeed? Can a better solution of our most vital problem be devised?

Advocacy of legislation making such imposition does not involve assault upon a class. It is not a contest of classes at all. It is no more or less than recognition of the natural rights of free men to establish a system under which all members of each present and succeeding generation shall possess substantially equal privileges. A tax upon incomes is not, as is so frequently said, a tax upon industry. It is rent of exceptional opportunity, a just payment for peculiar advantages levied in proportion to the gains derived from their exercise. And a tax upon inheritances is not a tax upon the earner, but upon the beneficiary who, having played no part in the making, should be willing to share his bequest with the State whose aid was essential to its acquirement and whose protection continues to be requisite to its preservation.

We are accustomed to regard our very rich as broader and more generous-minded than the very rich of other lands and we set forth in evidence their magnificent benefactions. But making big gifts is quite different from paying big taxes. The former not only gratifies vanity, but presumably paves the way to a place among the angels, while the latter merely discharges a just obligation. So we must expect that the opposition will continue as strong as ever and that the usual arguments must be confuted in fairness and reason. But this is not difficult. There need be no question of double taxation and no antagonism between State and Nation. Co-operation alone is essential. It is useless for a commonwealth to impose a tax which can be evaded by a mere change of residence. But the Federal Government can make such a tax general and conserve all State prerogatives by allowing a reduction equivalent to the amount paid under similar enactment to the State. The would-be dodger would then be compelled to leave the country to avoid bearing his fair share of the total burden. And the

justice of the proposal is indicated by the fact that there is no civilized land from England to Italy to which he could go and obtain better terms than the highest we would think of exacting for the protection of his property.

RECIPROCITY

Other questions, other issues, there are, to be sure, but all are allied with and subordinate to that which is vital and fundamental. We have seen that governmental needs not only exceed present revenues, but must of necessity increase, along with growing population at home and multiplying responsibilities abroad. Clearly, under these conditions, other sources of income must be found before ordinary business prudence will permit the general lowering of tariff rates so much as a shade below the revenue basis. The pending reciprocity bill is a neighborly and commendable act, but none can deny that its practical effect will be a very considerable increase in the present deficit. Its espousal, then, by a responsible Administration, which fails to indicate simultaneously an alternative method of meeting the enhanced deficiency, is political rather than statesmanlike, a mere expedient to appease public wrath, not the inauguration of a policy which could be made general. Proper taxation of incomes and inheritances, however, would render the development possible, feasible and greatly advantageous to the toiling masses.

THE ROOT OF DISCONTENT

No less direct is the relationship to our chief problem of all proposals to loosen the bonds of representative government by the substitution of primaries for conventions, by the election of Senators by popular vote, by adoption of the initiative, referendum and recall. The genesis of these questionable devices is the common and warrantable belief in the minds of the people that the poor bear burdens that should be borne by the rich, and that the failure, so far, of popular will to find expression through enactment of laws makes a change in the system itself essential to readjustment. The present trend towards pure democracy as a substitute for the government of delegated powers established by the Fathers is directly traceable to the obduracy of that alliance of Greed and Wealth which for so many years has controlled the dominant political party. Whether

or not this revolutionary tendency is healthful is a question which need not now be considered. It suffices to point out the causes of its origin and growth — and these are manifest. Can any one believe that assaults upon the principle of representative government would ever have attained their present proportions but for the conviction in millions of minds that the many are being grossly discriminated against in favor of the few, especially in the matter of taxation, and that refusal to tax incomes and inheritances has been deliberate in order to make necessary for revenue purposes heavy imposts upon products essential to maintenance of very existence? There can be no question as to the root of the prevailing discontent and there can be no doubt of the people's full comprehension or of their firm determination to shift the burdens by prudent methods if possible, but by radical measures if necessary.

NO HOPE FROM THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Who is best equipped to meet the situation? One can perceive little ground for hope from the Republican party until it shall be put out of power and be kept out long enough to dissolve its accumulated special partnerships. However good the intentions of a Republican President and even a portion of a Republican Congress may be, recent history proves conclusively that they count practically for naught. The party is tied hand and foot, has made so many trades with all sorts from Mammon to Mormon, has accepted so many favors, has become so dependent upon the power of money, that it is utterly helpless to break its bonds. The Democratic party is inexperienced; it may be ignorant; it has yet to prove itself capable. But it is a fortuitous circumstance that nobody in recent years has considered it worth bribing. Consequently it is at least free, free to do its best without fear or favor, and, so being, should be preferred.

LIBERAL OR CONSERVATIVE

Fifteen months hence the two leading candidates for President will be placed in nomination. One will be labelled Republican, the other Democratic. But the time has passed when a live issue can be raised between mere appellations. The sharp line of demarcation once drawn between the two great organizations has worn away in the roaring

loom of time. The reality will find one regarded by the people as a conservative and the other as a liberal or progressive. Assuming, as we may with reasonable certainty, the renomination of President Taft, but one question in practical politics will confront the Democratic convention. That will relate to the tendency of the great body of voters. Is it towards liberalism or conservatism? If the former, then clearly the Democrats, if wise, will name a man generally recognized as more progressive than Mr. Taft; if the latter, they will designate one regarded as less radical. The relative personal merits of proposed candidates will be weighed naturally and properly, but the final determination will, or should be reached through a balancing of their respective tendencies. All will resolve to the making of the most effective contrast, the one way or the other, with the Republican nominee. It cannot be a difficult task. Mr. Taft occupies middle ground. He is a stand-patter in so far as he pronounces the present tariff law the best ever enacted, and he is an insurgent in his advocacy of that trifling sop to the whale called reciprocity. Although sincerely in favor of improving the government, he is by no means a zealous reformer. His bent is mildly and slowly progressive—and yet sufficiently advanced to be regarded as liberal in contrast with an old-time conservative.

BACKWARD OR FORWARD?

The Democratic party, then, when the time comes to make a choice, will be at the parting of the ways. Which road shall it take? The old familiar path through the meadows, travelled in 1904 and leading presumably to stability and non-interference with things existing, or the new highroad to reform? Shall it wear the garment of the Old Democracy or don the fresh mantle of the New? Shall it face cautiously sidewise, even perhaps a trifle backwards, or shall it raise its eyes fearlessly to the beacon light high up on the mountain-top? The question will be one of judgment no less than of right and all shades of opinion, from the reactionary views of Wall Street to the vagaries of Oregon, will merit consideration. But a careful diagnosis of the present temper of the people clearly indicates that, if an election were to be held to-morrow, a Democratic candidate regarded by the people as less progressive than President Taft would be defeated, and that a candidate generally recog-

nized as being more progressive, more liberal, more radical, if you like, than President Taft would almost as surely win.

There need be no qualification of the first declaration because there appears no statesman answering that description whose intellectual and moral merits could be held to be in any way superior to those of President Taft; nor is there one whose powers of fascination are equal to those of our popular Chief Magistrate. There would be then no compensatory advantages, and the differentiation in policy would shape the result.

It does not follow, on the other hand, that any person reckoned as more progressive or liberal could win. Far from it. President Taft will be a strong and attractive candidate. He has amply demonstrated his good intentions, has fully proven his exceptional abilities and is gradually developing notable capacity for true leadership. In opposition to him, irrespective of political tendencies, must be pitted a man equal in all respects except experience, equal in intellect, in courage, in loyalty to the Constitution, in understanding of democratic institutions, in nobility of character and purpose, in freedom from wrongful influence of class or section, in fidelity to the interests of all the people whose lives, liberties, prosperity and happiness must be safeguarded and conserved by the great Republic which belongs to them and to them alone.

THE DEMOCRATIC FACTIONS

Grant that such an one be found. Can the Democratic party act as a unit? In four successive national elections one faction has defeated the other. Cleveland Democrats voted against Mr. Bryan and Bryan Democrats did not vote for Mr. Parker. Do the differences which have eventuated thus fatally continue irreconcilable now when success seems almost within reach? What reason is there to believe that, left to themselves, the factions divided by the Alleghanies will coalesce without reserve? Can Eastern Democrats be induced to accord freely to Mr. Bryan the position, not of dictator, but of leader, which is rightfully his until the next candidate for President shall be named? Can Mr. Bryan be persuaded to desist from seeking truth in the well so constantly that his vision is circumscribed to his own image? Is a more tolerant, a more considerate, a more

respectful attitude on both sides within the range of possible attainment?

Candor demands the admission that Eastern Democrats have been unjust to Mr. Bryan. To disavow what is honestly believed to be a false doctrine, even to oppose a policy regarded as fatal or wrong, may be and often is a conscientious duty. But to question a man's sincerity, to insinuate sordid motives, to discredit his purposes without cause or proof, is only to invite just resentment and swift retribution. It is not surprising that Mr. Bryan should still consider the seaboard metropolis, if not the enemy's country, at least as unfairly inimical.

MR. BRYAN AND THE EAST

But the East has no monopoly of wilful uncharitableness. When Mr. Bryan declares that any possible candidacy supported by the New York "World," the New York "Times" and "Harper's Weekly" "must be viewed with suspicion" he implies much that he must know to be unwarranted. Surely he must be aware that many years before he himself became a public character Joseph Pulitzer began a warfare upon plutocracy which has been continued unwaveringly and unceasingly. If ever there was a public journal of proven independence and unsusceptibility to wrongful influence everybody knows that the New York "World" is that newspaper. Nor can Mr. Bryan be ignorant of the consistently high-minded and conscientious course of the New York "Times." Of "Harper's Weekly" it suffices to say that the only man whose advice with respect to shaping its policy its present editor has ever sought or received is William Jennings Bryan. True, there have arisen differences of opinion, but Mr. Bryan has no reason whatever to assert that the views of those journals have been one whit less honest or less rightfully intentioned than his own, whose perfect sincerity may be granted. No fair-minded person can withhold admiration of Mr. Bryan's amazing prescience of popular tendencies, but events have seemed to demonstrate that, in a practical sense, it is no less fatal to be too far ahead of the procession than to linger too far behind. The time may come when the people will demand prohibition, for example, or government ownership or initiative, referendum and recall, but that time seemingly is not yet. Consequently, from motives of policy

no less than of principle we suppose we should again differ with Mr. Bryan; but even so, should disagreement upon mere side issues be permitted to prevent unison in upholding fundamental truth?

Herein lies the opportunity of the unbiassed, uncommitted South, the mother of Democracy—to act not merely as umpire between these two factions, but to take the lead, to insist that resentments so ancient as to have become childish be buried, to demand from both greater consideration, more respect for and greater faith in one another, and to make it perfectly clear that manifestations of churlishness by either will meet with stern and effective rebuke.

THE MAN

Let the apportionment of responsibilities be even. The West has furnished the party, as well as the opposition, with the majority, though not the greatest, of its issues. The South is to enforce harmony and amalgamation. The East presents the man—Woodrow Wilson, the highly Americanized Scotch-Irishman, descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and now delivering from political bondage the State of New Jersey.

Great occasions find great men. Here is one who, if he had lived in the days of Jefferson and Madison, would have rivalled the one as a champion of the people and would have equalled the other in comprehension and lucid expression of fundamental law. No other living personality so happily combines the dominant traits of those two great statesmen; no other has evidenced so perfect a blending of profound knowledge and simple devotion to humanity; no other has shown so clearly how quickly the old truths will spring into new light and power when touched by the magic wand of full sincerity; no other more surely embodies the authority of sustained thought, of unremitting labor for unselfish ends, the spirit of sacrifice and devotion, the instinct of independence, the love of perfect freedom. Born a polemic and controversialist, intellectually combative and self-reliant; fearless to the verge of temerity; indifferent to applause or censure for its own sake; incapable of intrigue; prompt to accept conclusions based upon right *versus* wrong without inquiring or caring whether they be politic or even expedient; persuasive in oratory, but devoid of artifice; too intent, too earnest to employ cheap and paltry de-

vices; his pockets filled with moral dynamite; his every thought springing from knowledge that all of the basic principles in our political order, including conservatism, emerged from the well of the most radical democracy, and that democracy itself is only letting in light and air; at the height of his powers of intellect and judgment; upon the high plateau of middle life, best adapted to noble and enduring achievement, stands the man, the liberal, the progressive, the radical, if you will, wide-eyed, open-minded, calm, resolute, exact in thought, effective in action, the most vivid and virile personality, save one, developed on American soil in half a century. Such, without exaggeration or undue emphasis, is Woodrow Wilson.

The old South has bred great statesmen from the beginning of the Republic. To her greatest, the peerless son of Virginia, we owe the political emancipation of the people from oligarchical rule and the establishment of the political party which has survived the assaults of a century. Now let the new South give to the new Democracy another true leader, armed with the power of his faith in the people and their faith in him, and the quickened spirit which enabled Jefferson to break the bonds of paternalism will again become the glory of the Nation.

THE EDITOR.

THE NAVY AND ITS NEEDS

BY REAR-ADMIRAL S. B. LUCE, U.S.N.

History furnishes some notable examples of the degeneration of navies after a great war. It is the natural result of action and reaction. Such was the experience of the United States Navy following the Civil War. For twenty years after the close of that war the United States had dropped out of the list of naval powers.

In undertaking the building up of the "new navy,"* as it has been called with questionable propriety, there are certain well-established facts that must be taken into account. First of all, we are, as a people, averse to "entangling alliances." We abjure the use of force. We "seek peace and ensue it." The genius of our people lies in the direction of trade, commerce, the industries and the development of the vast resources of the country. We have no known enemies. Our only fear, and that a remote one, is in being drawn into the quarrels of others.

President Taft well expressed the feeling of our people when he declared recently that all international disputes should be settled by arbitration. But while awaiting the establishment of the International Court of Arbitral Justice, so earnestly advocated by Mr. Root, when Secretary of State, every American must subscribe to the sound views of Mr. Roosevelt as expressed in his address before the Nobel Prize Commission—to wit: "*Each nation must keep well prepared to defend itself until the establishment of some form of international police power competent and willing*

* "The Forty-seventh Congress during its sessions of 1881-82 and 1882-83 authorized the construction of three steel cruisers and one steel despatch-boat. These ships were the nucleus of the New American Navy, the development of which, in peace, has potently aided the upbuilding of numerous industries of the nation and the achievements of which in war rival in glory and results those for which the Old Navy is justly famous." ("The New American Navy," by Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy.)

to prevent violence as between nations."* That our development as a naval power is to proceed on those lines—the prevention of hostilities by preparation for them—has already been declared by Congress through its building programme of two first-class battleships a year and by its liberal appropriations for the maintenance of the naval establishment. Such being the naval policy of Congress, it is in order to examine into the constituents of a navy to the end that a healthy, all-round growth may be assured.

With the regeneration of the United States Navy in 1881 there arose the necessity for the adoption of three measures of the highest importance—namely:

1. The placing of the administration of the affairs of the navy on a war footing.
2. The creation of a fleet.
3. The establishment of naval bases.

The first measure is in a fair way of accomplishment. The second, a fleet, is an accomplished fact, leaving only the third measure to be considered.

In the building up of a navy the public mind seems to be centred on ships alone. Tables are published from time to time showing the comparative strength of navies as measured by the number of battleships of each country, together with their tonnage and gun power. Engrossed by the continued development of the battleship, we overlook the important fact that there should be maintained a fixed ratio between tonnage and personnel. With the increase of number and size of battleships, moreover, comes the increased demand for the means of taking proper care of them, which necessitates ample docking facilities and repair-shops. Keeping the under body of a battleship clean enables her to maintain her normal speed (her cruising radius) without an undue expenditure of coal (or oil), a very important factor during hostilities. A battleship should be docked for cleaning at least once every six months.

But the very important item in the process of naval development is the establishment of naval bases. A base, in a military sense, is simply a basis of operations or a point from which supplies may be drawn.† A naval base means that and much more.

* Mr. Roosevelt's address at Christiania, Norway, May 5th, 1910.

† "The first point in a plan of operations is to be assured of a good base; this name is applied to the extent of the frontiers of a state from whence

The term "naval base," it may be observed, is new to our naval vocabulary. Naval students knew of such things only through reading of them. For, having no fleet, naval bases did not enter as a factor into our naval life. Our first ships after the termination of the Revolutionary War—those built during the latter part of the eighteenth century—were set up, some of them at least, in private shipyards which were conveniently located for the purpose. These were utilized by the Secretary of the Navy and their purchase was subsequently authorized by Congress. Such was the shipyard owned by John Jackson. It was situated on or near a mud flat on Wallabout Bay, Brooklyn, New York. It was here that the "Adams," a small twenty-eight-gun frigate, was built for the Government by Jackson in 1779. It seems to have been the policy of that day to utilize whatever happened to be at hand and to make the most of it. Those private shipyards, coming under Government control, gradually took on the character of, and came to be known as, navy-yards. They served their purpose in their day, but for some of them that day has long passed. The utilitarian policy no longer obtains. In looking to the further growth of the navy, we must adjust, and readjust, our focus to modern conditions, as they grow and expand, that all the various elements that go to make up a navy may be seen in their true proportions and their proper relations. The old navy-yards were naval bases only in such a very limited sense that they were never known as such. The selection of sites was dictated by utility, not by reason of their strategic position or their value in a military sense.

In fitting out a fleet and its auxiliaries during war, or in anticipation of war, a permanent naval base in a situation favorable for operations in the field of hostilities is of the first importance. After a battle a naval base is a necessity, whatever may be the result of an engagement. We know from recent naval history that even a victorious fleet will suffer serious losses and will be obliged, in parts at least, to fall back on its base for supplies and repairs. If worsted in the fight, then the whole fleet, or what is left of it, will have to seek the shelter of its base, and badly damaged ships—ships, perhaps, in a sinking condition—must be speedily

an army will draw its resources and reinforcements; that from whence it will have to depart for an offensive expedition and where it will find a refuge in time of need."—JOMINI.

docked, or beached, or go down in deep water. A naval base, moreover, is necessary for the assembling of the reserves of battleships of the second category—ships with all but perishable stores on board and ready at short notice to fill gaps in the line of battle. A glance at foreign Naval Powers will show the military value attached to naval bases and to the imperative necessity of organizing the reserves of the line of battle.

The great military ports of England, Germany, France, Russia, Italy and Japan serve as illustrations in point. After the unification of Italy in 1859 there was constructed at Spezia a dockyard that for capacity and completeness was equal to all of our navy-yards of that day combined. It was designed for nine building-slips and ten dry docks. At Kiel and at Wilhelmshaven the Germans boast of two of the finest dockyards in the world, the creation of recent years. The magnificent roadstead and dockyard of the former (Kiel) has been rendered impregnable by the defensive works planned by a commission presided over by von Moltke himself. Wilhelmshaven, with its three dry docks, each one capable of taking in a battleship of 25,000 tons displacement, gives one an idea of what constitutes a primary or permanent naval base. In addition to these, there was begun in May, 1909, at Brunsbettel on the Elbe, just at the entrance of the Kiel Canal, two dry docks which surpass any yet constructed. They are in length 330 metres (1,072.50 feet) and 45 metres (146.25 feet) wide, to cost thirty million marks.

England, fully alive to the possibilities of the near future, has established new naval bases at Malta, Gibraltar (new by reason of the new dry docks), Dover and Rosyth. It is the intention of the Admiralty, according to recent reports, to establish still another naval base. Harwich, on the North Sea, is the place designated. It is already strongly fortified. The old dockyards at Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke and others no longer suffice. The Government dry dock No. 1 at Gibraltar is 863 feet long and 95 feet wide. The harbor recently opened at Dover is said to be the largest artificial harbor in the world. It encloses an area sufficient for the accommodation of a fleet of twenty-five first-class battleships and auxiliaries. Dover harbor was begun in 1898 and is said to have cost $20,000,000.

"This harbor has taken eleven years to construct and has cost the Government $20,000,000. By its erection the ancient English port of Dover has been transformed into a powerful naval base. The reason for this transformation is not far to seek. It is the policy of the British Admiralty to have the strength and bulk of their ships lie nearest their strongest rival. That rival to-day is Germany, hence the desirability of equipping Dover with an efficiently protected harbor, where the ships can lie safely at anchor and yet be in a position to strike quickly at the North Sea."*

Rosyth, on the north side of the Firth of Forth, Scotland, is now nearing completion.† Japan has at Yokohama three dry docks and four at Yokosuka. The French have their principal military ports at Brest, Cherbourg, Toulon and Bizerta, near Tunis, where there are three dry docks. Then we have Port Arthur and Vladivostok as other examples of great military ports.

In the scheme for the rehabilitation of the Chinese navy, one of the very first steps has been the establishment of a primary naval base. This has been done, not at one of the commercial ports, but at Hai Fu Wan in Nimrod Sound. This strategic point bears about the same relative position to the Sea of Japan that Dover (England) does to the North Sea.

There are *military* ports, it may be observed in passing, and there are *commercial* ports. Out of the experience of long and exhausting wars, as in the past between England and France, the importance of certain harbors on either side of the Channel and in the Mediterranean became manifest. They were those most conveniently situated for projecting naval campaigns against an enemy and as harbors of refuge in cases of disaster or defeat. They were the principal strategic points within the theatre of belligerent operations. As bases for such operations they gradually developed into military ports. In the absence of the stern school of war naval students, in anticipation of possible hostilities of the future, have determined the most important strategic points on their coasts for the establishment of naval bases, such as we have seen at Wilhelmshaven in Germany, and Dover, England, and Rosyth in Scotland, looking to coming events forcing the centre of disturbance in the

* The recent proposition to fortify the mouth of the Scheldt with a view to the establishment there of a naval base is fraught with danger. If carried into effect it would not only prove a serious menace to England, but would lead, undoubtedly, to international complications of the gravest character.

† See "Engineering" of March 13th, 1908.

North Sea. Commercial ports, on the other hand, grow out of the necessities of commercial enterprises without regard to military considerations.

The following in regard to German naval bases is taken from a recent English paper:*

"Wilhelmshaven and Emden, Borkum and Heligoland,† the greatest quadrilateral of naval fortresses the world has ever beheld, are nearing completion. Within two-thirds of a day's steaming of the British coasts, within half a day's reach to the entrance of the Baltic, they proclaim to the world that Germany is preparing for a great naval conflict."

The recent transfer of the principal German naval base from Kiel to Wilhelmshaven

"is the announcement that the fortified island of Borkum combines with Emden to accentuate the importance of the Ems estuary in the new scheme for the future, while Borkum connects with Heliogoland through the impassable chain of the East Frisian Islands; and Heligoland—the northern Gibraltar—closes to an enemy the estuaries of the Weser and the Elbe and completes, with the mighty fortress harbor of Wilhelmshaven, the vast quadrilateral, Emden, Borkum, Heligoland, Wilhelmshaven, which encloses in its enormous bastion configuration—one hundred miles long on each of its faces and sixty on each of its flanks—a score of islands bristling with forts, together with linking positions on the mainland of huge strength and extent. The great waterways of the Ems, the Weser and the Elbe bring the resources of populous provinces to the wharves and quays. A vast system of strategic railways can carry thousands of trained soldiers to the mighty embarkation docks of Emden. It is appalling to think of the situation if those unparalleled preparations and armaments represent enemies or rivals."

The foregoing, while somewhat hysterical in style, presents some interesting features of Germany's naval projects and conveys a good idea of what constitutes a permanent naval base of the first order. From *our* point of view the great works the writer describes are all in the interests of peace. From an examination of these and other of the great military ports of the world we are led to conclude that the constituents of a naval base of the first order are, roughly speaking, about as follows:

1. Its situation must be at the best strategic point within the area under consideration.

2. It must afford a safe harbor for a fleet of at least from twenty-five to thirty battleships with their auxiliaries, aggregating a total of about sixty heavy-draught ships and numerous small craft.

* "Pall Mall Gazette," April 8th, 1910.

† Heligoland is an islet only about one-fifth of a square mile in area.

3. Such anchorage must be within the lines of defence.

4. It must afford ample docking facilities, at one and the same time, at least four ships of 45,000 tons displacement, each of, say, thirty-eight feet draught.

5. The interior lines of communication to the sources of supply should be such as may be fully secured in time of war.

6. It should be easy of access and egress and admit at mean low water, and without constant recourse to dredging, ships of the heaviest draught of water—say, thirty-eight feet.*

7. It should be in proximity to a community able to furnish skilled labor in the departments of iron shipbuilding and marine enginery.

8. The facilities of the neighborhood for furnishing the materials which enter into these industries should be ample.

9. The character of the soil of the littoral should be such that the dry docks and wet basins in numbers sufficient to meet all probable demands of the future can be constructed at moderate cost and its area sufficient for all the structures that may be needed for a repairing yard and a naval arsenal combined.

10. It should enjoy a salubrious climate.

11. It should be difficult to blockade.

With the exception of Wilhelmshaven and one or two other of the great military ports of Europe, it is not to be assumed that all these conditions can be found at any one place. But accepting the principal points, it is plain that the United States has no naval bases. All the components of naval bases exist save only the will to assemble them.

Twenty years ago America had no fleet. All the various parts that go to make up a battleship lay scattered about in every direction. By the exercise of the creative power the thousand and one units have been marshalled into order, and first a battleship and then a fleet have sprung into existence. So far so good. But our naval development has been one-sided. In the ardor of building a fleet naval bases have been overlooked. In this respect the constructive genius is still wanting. We have navy-yards, naval

* We have not yet reached the limit of size of ships. The White Star liners "Olympic" and "Titanic" are 860 feet long, 92 feet beam and at 37½ feet draught have a displacement of 60,000 tons. These ships could be docked at Gibraltar.

rendezvous; but, in a technical sense, we have no naval bases. The elements have yet to be assembled. This one-sided growth is not progress. We may double the number of battleships and still make no naval progress unless the other constituents of sea power keep pace with the building programme.

With the development of the battleship goes, or should go, the development of all that makes her an efficient instrument of war; her motive power, armament, personnel, munitions, victualing, means of repairing, docking, and so forth. And as battleships increase in numbers and size so must all the heterogeneous elements that contribute to their efficiency increase, otherwise there is no real naval progress. The visible manifestations—the great ships and their war-like appearance—delude the public into thinking increase of tonnage is progress. Those of the profession know better. It is their duty to point out defects and instance cases of retarded development in the several parts.

On examining the map of our Atlantic seaboard, to which this discussion is confined, three principal strategic points* at once attract attention: Narragansett Bay, Chesapeake Bay and the Florida Keys. Chesapeake Bay has the making of a permanent or primary naval base. In the days of the old navy, Hampton Roads fulfilled all the requirements of our little floating force. Fort Monroe furnished the necessary defence, and the navy-yard at Norfolk, established in 1801, with its narrow approaches and limited facilities, was equal to the light demands made upon it. Those advantages no longer suffice. The army is already planning for an advanced line of defences. In 1906 the "Taft National Coast Defence Board," so called because the Hon. William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, was its president, in recommending the fortification of the entrance of Chesapeake Bay reported in part as follows:

"Commercially and strategically Chesapeake Bay is to-day, as it always has been, of the very first importance. With the entrance unfortified, as it is now, should a hostile fleet gain control of the sea, it could establish a base on its shores without coming under the fire of a single gun. It could pass in and out at pleasure, have access to large quantities of supplies

* "Every point in the theatre of war which should have a military importance, either from its situation at the centre of communication or from military establishments and fortified works of whatever description which would have an influence over the strategic field, will be, in reality, a territorial or geographical strategic point—not a geometrical point."—JOMINI.

of all kinds and paralyze the great trunk railway lines crossing the head of the bay." (Coast Defence of the United States Report, February 1st, 1906.)

The proposition is to create an artificial island on the Middle Ground whereon to erect a fort mounting heavy guns. These, with heavy guns on Capes Charles and Henry, would effectually close the entrance of the bay to an enemy.

If, coincident with the construction of these defensive works by the army, the navy should build up-to-date dry docks at some carefully selected point in the bay for the docking of the 30,000-ton ships now provided for, Chesapeake Bay would become in time a naval base of the first order.

Key West, Florida, is the most important strategic point on the southern coast. The prospect of the early completion of the Panama Canal emphasizes its value from a naval point of view. Its great natural advantages have been materially enhanced by the construction of the Florida East Coast Railway, which connects it with the mainland. An interesting report on Key West as a naval base will be found in the " Congressional Record " of April 5th, 1910, page 4436.

Guantanamo, Cuba, is valuable as an advanced post or rendezvous for the same reasons that apply to Key West. In the event of the Caribbean Sea becoming the theatre of naval operations, it would prove as a strategic point of very great importance. It cannot, however, come within the category of permanent naval bases, unless Congress should authorize the expenditure of money for defensive work, machine-shops and dry docks. Situated in an alien country and its lines of communication and sources of supply liable to be cut off by an enemy, its defences should be of the most formidable character. It would still be wanting in skilled labor.

Limon Bay, Panama, itself furnishes an advanced naval base. The entrance to the Canal must be strongly fortified and ample docking facilities will without doubt be provided: dry docks of at least 1,000 feet in length and wide in proportion.

At the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Convention, Norfolk, Virginia, November 17-20, 1909, President Taft is quoted as speaking of Norfolk as the " most important navy-yard and navy base that we have in the United States . . . and

Chesapeake Bay as the greatest strategical point of naval rendezvous in the United States."

Accepting that authoritative statement, it may be confidently affirmed that next after Chesapeake Bay comes Narragansett Bay, which is the " greatest strategical point of naval rendezvous " north of the Capes of Virginia. Narragansett Bay seems to have been intended by nature for a permanent naval base of the first order.

English naval officers who had become familiar with our coasts and harbors were quick to recognize that fact at an early day. In 1773-74 British engineers made a careful study of Narragansett Bay with a view to the establishment of an extensive naval station with dry docks, shipyards, marine hospital and a system of fortifications. In a report to the Board of Admiralty, under whose instructions the work was undertaken, it is stated that:

"The whole bay is an excellent man-of-war harbor, affording good anchorage, sheltered in every direction and capacious enough for the whole of His Majesty's navy were it increased fourfold. There are no dangerous ledges or shoals within the bay or near its entrance, which is easy of access with all winds. Another advantage it possesses over any other harbor on the northern coast in the winter season is that it is very seldom obstructed by ice, and the tide is not sufficiently strong to render drift ice dangerous to ships lying at anchor. The harbor has not been frozen up so as to prevent ships coming in to safe anchorage since 1740, and the oldest inhabitants do not recollect to have heard that it was ever so frozen up before since the settlement of the colony. It has other advantages that cannot be found elsewhere in America. A whole fleet may go out under way and sail from three to five leagues on a tack, get the trim of the ships and exercise the men within the bay, secure from attack from an enemy. The vicinity of the ocean is such that in one hour a fleet may be from their anchorage to sea or from the sea to safe anchorage in one of the best natural harbors the world affords. Its central situation also in His Majesty's North-American colonies and its proximity to the West Indies are advantages worthy of consideration, as it regards the protection of every part of His Majesty's widely extended possession in this quarter. . . .

"Whether it is feasible of defence is a question which your lordship [the Earl of Sandwich] very justly considers of the highest importance and to which my particular attention is directed. . . . Of expense I say nothing. . . . Suffice it to say that it is completely feasible and that the importance of the position as a naval station is worth the expense, be what it may."

Written one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, the natural advantages pointed out in this report which Narragansett Bay affords as a naval station exists to-day, while the defensive works suggested in the report have been thor-

oughly carried out by our own military engineers. The breaking out of the Revolutionary War put a stop to all further proceedings in this direction on the part of the English Admiralty.

Mr. Joshua Humphreys, Naval Constructor, who designed the "Constitution" class of forty-four-gun frigates, having been ordered by the Secretary of the Navy under date of January 29th, 1802, to examine sites for naval stations on the eastern coast, reported, in part, as follows:

"Having compared and considered the advantages and disadvantages of situation, with capacity of harbor, depth of water, rise of tide, expense in building docks, prices of land, facility of navigation and capability of defence previously stated at each port, I am decidedly of opinion that Newport, Rhode Island, is by far the most suitable port for the establishment of dry docks and a great naval port for our navy for the ease and safety of entry at all seasons of the year. Its eligibility, in preference to any other eastern port, is universally acknowledged. The principal and only objection is the great expense of fortification, which may amount to more than a million of dollars."

Under date of April 25th, 1802, the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Robert Smith, transmitted to the President the report of Mr. Humphreys. In the letter of transmittal the Secretary wrote:

"Mr. Humphreys was also instructed to examine the different ports and harbors eastward of New York with a view to the selection of the situation for one of the docks for repairing ships directed by Congress. . . . His report on that subject corresponds with the opinion the Secretary of the Navy has long entertained from the best lights in his power that Newport, Rhode Island, affords advantages which give it a superiority over other places. . . . It is easy of access and can be gained under circumstances which would render it almost impossible for a ship in a crippled state to reach any other port to the eastward of Chesapeake Bay. It has a capacious and very safe harbor in all kinds of weather, and it is the very point of which a maritime enemy would endeavor to get possession for the purpose of annoying our own coast, our own trade and of cutting off one-half the maritime strength of our country from the other half.

"The objection to this place is the expense of fortifying it. . . . France or England could take possession of Rhode Island and make it a second Gibraltar."

No one can read the exhaustive report of Mr. Humphreys, to which the Secretary gives such hearty approval, without feeling that he was thoroughly well qualified to deal with the subject under discussion.

Our own officers were not slow to recognize the importance of these waters from a naval as well as a military point of view. Agreeably to the terms of a Senate resolu-

tion of February 13th, 1817, a mixed commission of naval officers and officers of the United States Army Engineer Corps examined and reported upon a proper site "for a naval depot, rendezvous and dockyard" east of Delaware Bay. The commissioners were General Swift and Colonel McRee of the Corps of the United States Engineers and Commodore Bainbridge and Captains Samuel Evans and Oliver H. Perry of the Navy.

As between Boston and Newport Commodore Bainbridge preferred the former, as it was "favorably situated for obtaining timber for shipbuilding"—all the others favoring Narragansett Bay. The majority report, dated Navy-Yard, New York, October 30th, 1817, states that:

"The commissioners (except one, Commodore Bainbridge) are of the opinion that Narragansett Bay presents the best site for a naval depot in the Union north of Chesapeake Bay. . . .

"An examination of this bay has satisfied the commissioners (with one exception) that the best site for a great *naval depot east of Chesapeake Bay* is to be found in this bay (Narragansett) and the various positions upon the waters of it. . . .

"The commissioners have in their survey and examination only determined where it will be best to locate a *great naval depot* and where sites for defence should be selected."*

The three lookout stations at Gay Head, Block Island and Montauk Point, which in time of war would give notice of the approach of an enemy's fleet, gives an exceptional advantage to Narragansett Bay as a naval base. It is the natural outpost of New York City. As an industrial centre it ranks high. During the Civil War a firm in Providence, Rhode Island, made a large quantity of shot and shell for the navy and more than 300 6.4-inch guns. Since 1891 the same firm has made for the United States Government seventy-three 12-inch breech-loading rifled mortars with cast-iron bodies hooped with steel and fifty with steel bodies similarly hooped. Altogether Narragansett Bay and its tributaries can furnish all the skilled labor a naval base could need during peace or in time of war. The fact that it has a channel forty feet deep which can be carried ten miles up from the entrance, and that, too, without dredging, furnishes another advantage enjoyed by no other harbor on our Atlantic seaboard.

On the northwest shore near Greenwich will be found an excellent place for a fresh-water basin for destroyers, tor-

* This admirable report may be read with profit to-day.

pedo-boats and small craft generally, an advantage that can be claimed by no other harbor on the coast save Philadelphia, which is too far from the sea.

The one and only objection to Narragansett Bay in 1773, 1802 and 1817 as " a great naval port " was the expense of fortifying it. That objection has been overcome. Narragansett Bay is now well fortified. It has, therefore, all the constituents of a naval base of the first order save the docking facilities. It only awaits the time when its exceptional advantages shall have been passed upon officially by a duly appointed mixed commission of army and navy officers, as has been our practice in the past, and the question of its adoption taken up by Congress.

It was a very wise move to establish a naval base at Pearl Harbor, two thousand miles off the coast of California. It would be equally wise to establish one at home right at our door. The argument against the establishment of a naval base in Narragansett Bay is that we have too many naval stations already and that the administration would scarcely be justified in asking Congress for the large sum necessary to erect another and an entirely new one. That question is for Congress to decide, not for the navy. It is for Congress to decide whether the paramount necessities of the entire country are to be sacrificed to the political interests of localities having little or no military value.

We have seen from what has been said the importance, from a military point of view, attached to naval bases by the great naval Powers abroad. We have noticed that naval bases are not placed up narrow streams nor at commercial centres. It has been made plain that naval bases are at the most important strategic points near the sea and that, while easily accessible to friends, they are yet strongly fortified against foes.

To recapitulate: The question of naval bases has not been until recently seriously considered for reasons not far to seek. As long as America had no fleet the need of naval bases did not exist. With the regeneration of the navy and the creation of a fleet the establishment of naval bases became a prime necessity. Again: The great majority of Americans are prone to shut their eyes to the possibilities of war, hence they are averse to preparing for such a contingency. The Spanish War was an illustration of that fact. Is the next war to prove that we are incapable of profiting by the mis-

takes of the Civil War and of the war with Spain? But the principal reason why the question of naval bases received no consideration was the defective system of naval administration commonly known as the "Bureau System," now happily extinct.

Bureaus are indispensable to any form of naval administration, under what name so ever they may be designated. But they all had to do with *matèriel* and belonged to the civil branch of naval administration. The military branch did not exist. The sole reason for the existence of the Navy Department and its several bureaus is the preparation for war. One of the first essentials in war is the mapping out of naval campaigns and one of the essentials in campaigns is naval bases. The subject of naval campaigns, in which naval strategy forms so large a part, can be dealt with only by specialists, and the "Bureau System" discouraged the training of specialists in the very branch to which the Navy Department owes its existence—the art of war.

The current work of the Navy Department was, and still is, ably carried on by specialists in the arts of *ordnance, navigation, naval architecture, steam engineering* and the rest, but, strange to say, there was no specialist in the art of war, the art to which the Navy Department owes its existence, as we have already stated. The art of war includes the subject of naval strategy and naval strategy deals with naval bases. One of the chief requisites of a naval base is that it shall be placed in the most advantageous strategic point in the field of possible operations. These points can be determined only by careful study of the question in all its bearings, and when the site has been settled much time and money is required for its development. Military history furnishes examples of fortifications erected at great cost of time and labor only to serve as monuments to the lack of foresight of those who designed them. The point selected was of no strategic importance. It is a curious fact that the navy, up to the present time, has failed to appreciate its own character as a strictly military organization. A one-sided development seems no longer possible. The "Bureau System," by which is meant the control of the navy by independent bureaus belonging to the civil branch of the Navy Department, has no part in the "new navy."

S. B. Luce.

FOGAZZARO'S LAST ROMANCE—"LEILA"

BY RUTH EGERTON

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO'S last work, "Leila," the long-expected, much-talked-of-in-advance romance, has only recently been published in Milan. It is—or purposes to be—a "romance"; and it is a very long work of nearly five hundred pages, which has obviously been very carefully written without any haste and in a calm and reflective spirit.

We have presented to us as the heroine and hero in chief (for there are several *sub* heroines and heroes in this piece) Lelia and Massimo. "Lelia," not Leila, is the heroine's real name, in spite of the title-page of the novel, a somewhat puzzling distinction and one which is not explained to the reader until about page twenty-nine. She is a young and rather good-looking girl, adopted by a wealthy old man, Marcello Trento, and his delicate wife chiefly because they had both been opposed to her betrothal to their adored only son Andrea, who died before the marriage took place. They, as it were, make an act of atonement to his memory by adopting his betrothed as their daughter, thereby also rescuing Lelia from the sordid and repulsive surroundings of her real home in Padua, where her immoral and most undesirable father lives, separated from his wife and ruled over by a housekeeper of more than shady character. Her mother, who has likewise had "a past," is described as having become pious, living in Milan, occasionally writing to her daughter religious-sick letters.

The hero, Massimo Alberti, is the much-loved friend of the above-named Andrea Trento, to whom Andrea had poured forth all his lover's dreams and fancies, but who yet never during Andrea's lifetime saw Andrea's betrothed in the flesh, although certain photographs shown to him of her produced very remarkable impressions on his mind. He is by way of studying medicine and lives with an eccentric

and well-to-do old uncle in Milan, but he is more actively employed in propaganda, holding conferences and giving lectures on the critical religious questions of the day (all of which are curtly described by his shrewd and matter-of-fact old relative as "*Bellissim rob che conclüden nient*").* Massimo has, whilst a student in Rome, fallen under the influence of the famous Pietro Maironi (Fogazzaro's old love "*Il Santo*") and become his devoted disciple and admirer; and here we come to the pivot on which the whole so-called *romanzo* turns—Massimo is, at any rate for a considerable part of the book, such an exaggerated species of echo of the *Santo* that we feel convinced that Fogazzaro conceived him and undoubtedly wrote this last book to revive the memory of "*Il Santo,*" and to indirectly vindicate his own religious theories which have been severely treated by the authorities whilst reiterating (not only by Massimo, but also by the mouth of one of the priest characters in the book) his constant protestations of loyalty to the Catholic faith.

To all students of Fogazzaro's novels, this more or less veiled representation of the author's own opinions, this identification of himself with one of the chief characters in his work, is the current which, underlying his romances, has aroused that real (and, to superficial readers, sometimes almost inexplicable) interest which his works undeniably do.

In "Leila" three types of priests are introduced, all good, all seemingly life-like and all enunciating religious views from their different standpoints: Don Aurelio (another admirer of the *Santo* and friend and master of Massimo), who is the humble-minded, self-denying parish priest, fairly well educated, a close and liberal follower of the Gospel teachings, who receives into his house the sick old *colporteur* convicted of selling Protestant Bibles and whom nobody would consequently take in, regardless of what might be imputed to him for so doing by his superiors and his neighbors; Don Tito, the archpriest of Velo d'Astico (the mountainous district in which the scene of the romance is chiefly laid), with his good-humored, rough, unpolished ways, red-faced and not overclean, sharp and decisive, but not, as a rule, hard-hearted, of lowish birth himself and over-appreciative of rank in another, attached to traditional ways of doing things; Don Emanuele, his chaplain, the nephew of

* Milanese dialect: "Very fine things which come to nothing."

a cardinal, of good birth, narrow-minded and full of unconscious spiritual pride, ascetic, making a fetish of tradition—all three absolutely *sans reproche* as to their mode of living and all three of them good priests—Fogazzaro handled these characters with ease—one feels he had met them and known them in real life. When, however, he came to the *romanzo,* to his hero and heroine, to his would-be impassioned love scenes and melodramatic suicidal attempts, then, as in some of his other novels, his hitherto light touch becomes heavy, his effects labored, and *alla fine* we have offered to us for our admiration an impossible unlovable couple, of exaggerated self-conscious, neurasthenic and tediously introspective tendencies, from whom we turn away, often bored and sometimes even slightly disgusted.

With all their almost Oriental love of minutiæ, so much more fully developed, as a rule, than with English people, the Italians surely cannot—we hope they cannot—acknowledge Lelia and Massimo as a typical Italian young woman and young man? Pages and pages are devoted to Lelia's spasms and "*sussulti*" and wonderings whether she likes or ever will like Massimo Alberti or not; and equally long and tiresome are Massimo's doubts on the same subject and his letters to his friend Donna Fedele Vaila di Brea (a subheroine of the book), to whom he confides the conduct of his very lengthy love-affair with Lelia. This "Donna Fedele" is a most important character, and indeed so much of the book is taken up with her and her goings-on that it might quite as appropriately have been entitled, instead of "Leila," "Donna Fedele." Donna Fedele, a lady of about fifty-six and who in extreme youth fell passionately in love with Andrea's father, Marcello Trento, appears to us, as drawn by Fogazzaro (whether intentionally or not is somewhat difficult to decide), a perfect type of a saintly busybody. She is, in spite of her extremely bad health, literally everywhere. She interviews the priests inimical to Don Aurelio her particular friend, she visits the sick poor, including the old renegade *colporteur* whose proceedings get Don Aurelio into serious trouble, she teaches the young peasant girl French, she volunteers to tackle Lelia on the subject of her desired marriage with Massimo—"desired," that is to say, by Lelia's adopted father, who sees in the marriage the only solution of the problem of whom to leave his property securely to and away from Lelia's own ob-

noxious belongings. She has her really pious finger in every pie and she is withal profoundly and deplorably tactless! The poor lady finally atones for her continuously foolish treatment of Lelia, and for her lack of judgment in showing Massimo's letters to her (thereby driving that excitable young lady to commit an extremely rash and foolish act) by dying herself, her death being caused by her neglecting to have an urgently necessary operation performed and travelling instead to rescue Lelia from the awkward position in which the latter has got herself into by going to find Massimo alone in an out-of-the-way mountain village! We do not quite know whether the author means us to admire and love Donna Fedele—but we are afraid we do neither one nor the other. She is, in spite of her goodness, a tiresome female and would not have made Marcello Trento a happy man had her affection for him been requited in the days of their youth.

The chapter entitled "*Forbici,*" which concerns Lelia and her sentiments, goes with a certain amount of swing, and we can raise a good deal of sympathy for her when we read first her dialogue with Massimo and then with the (also) all-pervading *Cameriera* Teresina; there is a great deal too much, though, throughout of spying and talking and interviewing of each other's lady's-maids; and one bit of almost unparalleled bathos must not be passed over—so redolent is it of the "prunes and prisms" of Italian growth. Lelia is very slowly and carefully preparing herself to commit suicide by drowning herself in a mountain torrent, and she has written a good-by letter in which she informs Donna Fedele that she is going to die "*non so perche.*" . . . "She does not know why [*sic*], but still less does she know why she should live," and so forth. Then, changing her mind, she tears it all up and puts a photograph of Andrea instead upon the writing-table with the words written beneath it, "*4 Luglio . . . Vengo. . . .*" She washes an ink stain off her finger, passes several minutes in deciding whether she shall take or leave behind a little chain purse given her by Andrea—and then full, as she presumably must be, of this awful resolution to take her own life for no reason whatever, what does she next do? . . . She deliberately goes and cuts off a piece of the curtain cord to take with her, for the purpose of "tying round her petticoats" before the final plunge into the torrent, to thereby prevent their "*becoming*

disarranged and so *scoprire le gambe!*". " *O mi povr'om!*" as Donna Fedele's worthy old cousin Eufemia might justly here exclaim. It seems almost incredible that, side by side with the great literary powers he possessed, such incapability of seeing the ludicrous should exist; but the (to us) ponderous quality of Fogazzaro's humor is not only to be found in the above instance—many more might be quoted in which, for example, Donna Fedele's so-called " *solito umorismo fine* " (" customary fine sense of humor ") crushes us with its lifeless weight, as when Cousin Eufemia's old shawl is repeatedly made the object of her witticisms; or, again, when (with rather doubtful taste and an unintentional profanity) the author dwells on and repeats as evidently being rather a good thing that the archpriest Tito, his chaplain, and his sister-in-law are nicknamed or referred to by the names of the Trinity, and so forth. However, humor is a tricky steed to mount, and it is just possible that what appear to us to be elephantine gambols may strike others in the light of fairy caperings.

With all these drawbacks to our perfect enjoyment of his *romanzo* there is, as one goes on reading it, a curious sensation as of seeing the author's portraits and characters being slowly engraved and cut out before one's eyes; and if, as so many Italians assert, his portraits are faithful we must accept them as being of a school of art foreign to us, but none the less true portraits and high art. In a certain sense (though we consider him on the whole his inferior) Antonio Fogazzaro reminds us of Anthony Trollope. The two Anthonys both spare no time or trouble in the turning out of their characters—and both produce the literary equivalent of some finely, minutely painted picture of " A Dutch Interior " by Gerard Dow—each stroke finished, nothing passed over, nothing omitted. Both, too, write, as it were, of things already left, or being left, behind. Their best books are those which deal with a past rather than a present generation, and signs of labored effort and a straining to keep abreast of the most modern times becomes apparent at once when they cease to write of those things which they have passed the greater portion of their lives in living among and seeing around them. To read the " *Piccolo Mondo Antico* " and then " Barchester Towers " is to arrive at the conclusion that Antony Fogazzaro is Italy's Trollope and Anthony Trollope is the Fogazzaro of England. Another feature

accentuating this resemblance is the so frequent choice of their subject. Both write of the religious life in their respective countries, but (a great "But") Fogazzaro was a Catholic and Trollope was not, and — Protestants rush in where Catholics fear to tread. The outspoken, almost immoderate, criticism of all persons and things in the ecclesiastical world of Barchester must necessarily be lacking in the Catholic novel, though indeed Fogazzaro runs his fellow author often very close in this respect; yet there is always a feeling that even after he has caused one of his characters to enunciate some rather terrific anti-clerical sentiment he has done so rather with an eye for the effect than of set purpose; that his rather snail-like propensities will lead him to draw in his horns when touched, and that Massimo's most fervid utterances of an un-orthodoxical character will be safeguarded on the next page by some qualifying remark from Don Aurelio! From a moral standpoint, though, this habit of Fogazzaro is most unsatisfactory of scattering broadcast through his books the tares with the wheat in the form of tentative remarks and questions put into the mouths of young men distinctly wobbly as to their own beliefs—*e. g.*, when Massimo, in one of his introspective epistles to Donna Fedele, writes thus after a detailed account of how he has lost his faith—or rather *one* of his faiths! "Peter" (he writes) "doubted Christ and Christ stretched forth a pitying hand to him. Will He not stretch it forth to him who doubts Peter if Peter himself will not stretch forth his?" (*vide* p. 318). This letter of Massimo reeks—there is no other word for it—of the now somewhat stale Modernist young-man flavor, and it is difficult to see the reason for publishing these anti-clerical platitudes but for the one above assigned, for in a few chapters further on the author makes Massimo again change his changeable mind and announce to Don Aurelio that he has "returned to Christ and the Church!" As far as the romantic side of the book goes, it is not very likely to become generally popular with the reading public outside the immediate circle of Fogazzaro's own school of admirers: and it is to be hoped that the chronicles of Massimo's grasshopper-like leaps from one form of belief, or doubt, to another will not do much harm to any Catholic who has an ounce of real religious conviction in him. The religious question, always to the fore in Italy in some form or another, occupies the greater portion of

"*Leila,*" and in that field of writing Fogazzaro was considered by his compatriots to be a past master. Had he entirely confined himself to that subject and left out Lelia and love incidents altogether he would, in our opinion, have produced a far better book, and by sticking to the track of dialectical discussion instead of losing his way in the paths of love he would have rendered fuller justice to himself and to his peculiar style of writing in this, his last romance. Taking it altogether, we do not think "*Leila*" will add much to the author's renown—its chief ingredients, love and religion, are not well mixed. We confess to not caring at all, so far, about Fogazzaro's young women nor much for his young men, and the perfect Italian religious novel, one which will not weary the reader by any of its contents, is (peace to "*Il Santo's*" shade!) still to be written. Fogazzaro was certainly the only Italian author who might have written it had not death stilled his hand and his doubts.

RUTH EGERTON.

THE RECIPROCITY AGREEMENT AND BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY

BY EDWARD PORRITT

THE Dominion of Canada, in negotiation at Washington for a reciprocity agreement with the United States, shows the British colonial system, as it has been developed since 1841, at its best. These negotiations, whatever may be the fate of the reciprocity legislation in Congress, proclaim again the absolute freedom that Canada and the other oversea dominions have enjoyed since 1846 of making their own tariffs without regard to Great Britain and without regard to British manufacturing and commercial interests; and also the large powers of diplomacy which have been delegated to the dominions at least since 1891 when Canada negotiated a treaty of commerce with France. This large measure of freedom has been reached by three stages, all within the memory of people now living; and both the great political parties at Westminster—Conservative and Liberal—have had their part in helping the oversea dominions to the freedom in these matters that they now enjoy and can exercise whenever it is to their advantage to do so.

The first of these stages was reached in 1841. The American Revolution left Great Britain with only one great possession colonized by people of British descent. The development of South Africa, Australia and New Zealand had scarcely begun when the nineteenth century opened. Canada, from the breaking away of the American colonies until the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, was the most important of Great Britain's colonial territories; and, consequently, it is in connection with the British North-American provinces that most of the developments that have resulted in the present unique and splendid position of the oversea dominions must be traced. Canada pioneered the way in this series of epoch-making changes. So much

is this the case that, when once the constitutional position of Canada is understood, the constitutional position of the other oversea dominions — Australia, New Zealand and South Africa — becomes apparent. The freedom that these dominions enjoy may be said to be measured by the freedom of Canada, where between 1783 and 1858-59 were waged the struggles that resulted in self-government in the fullest sense of the term for all the larger oversea colonial possessions of Great Britain. Methods of government, that varied from time to time but that were much of the character of what is to-day known as crown-colony government and long-distance rule from Downing Street, brought about the rebellions of 1837, led in the Province of Quebec by Papineau and in Ontario by William Lyon Mackenzie. These outbreaks of 1837, the last in which British troops were used against British colonists in revolt, brought the Earl of Durham to Canada. Durham was the greatest Radical who was ever of the British peerage. He quickly realized that, with the provinces of Ontario and Quebec in revolt, Downing Street was faced by two alternatives. Troops must be sent out in sufficient numbers to hold the provinces under crown-colony rule, or a system of self-government must be established far in advance in democracy of anything with which Englishmen were familiar in Great Britain or in the British colonies.

In his memorable report of January, 1839—the greatest of all state documents affecting the colonial history of Great Britain — Durham deprecated military and crown-colony rule. He did more than deprecate it. He showed that, under conditions existing in Canada in 1839, such a reactionary scheme of government must fail; and he threw all his weight in favor of democratic self-government for Ontario and Quebec and also for Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, where, although there had been no open revolt as there had been in Upper and Lower Canada, much dissatisfaction prevailed with local political conditions. Self-government was conceded in 1841, and then began the development of the system which exists at Ottawa to-day, whereas at Westminster the Cabinet is dependent upon a majority in the House of Commons. Large powers of taxation were assigned to the popular chamber in the Legislature of the United Provinces of Ontario and Quebec which was created by the Act of Union of 1840. But at that time

England was still on a protectionist basis. There were preferences in British tariffs for grain and lumber from the North-American provinces. Colonial tariffs were interwoven in the British fiscal system, and complete fiscal freedom, such as Canada and all the British oversea dominions now enjoy, was not and could not have been established when the new era of responsible government for the colonies began in 1841. But fiscal freedom for the colonies was not long in coming. England went on a free-trade basis in 1846; and consequent on this sweeping change in the fiscal system of the mother country the larger colonies with responsible government, as a matter of course, drew to themselves absolute freedom in making their own tariffs.

Canada was the first of the colonies to use this freedom regardless of how its use might affect British trade. The protectionist movement in the United States soon had its influence on Canada, especially on Ontario and Quebec, which were the only provinces in which there was any manufacturing during the first decade of the fiscal freedom that had accrued to the colonies in 1846. What is now known in Canada as the National Policy—the fiscal policy protecting Canadian manufacturers against all comers, French or German, British or American—had its beginnings with the Cayley and the Galt tariffs enacted by the Legislature of the United Provinces in 1858 and 1859. Both of these tariffs levied duties to protect Quebec and Ontario manufacturers against British as well as American competition. The Cayley tariff received the Royal Assent without causing much commotion either in Canada or in Great Britain, although there was some correspondence in which the Colonial Office counselled against the new departure. The crisis which settled the question for all time came on the Galt tariff of 1859. It was more protectionist than the Cayley tariff; and it aroused in particular the hostility of the iron and steel manufacturers of the north of England and Scotland. Through the Chambers of Commerce of Sheffield and Glasgow remonstrance was made to the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was told that so long as colonial possessions entailed any burdens on British taxpayers it was unfair that there should be enactments by colonial legislatures aimed at excluding British manufactures from these colonies.

Newcastle's sympathies were with the iron and steel

manufacturers in the attitude they took up towards British trade with the colonies. He remonstrated with Galt and seemed at first disposed to recommend that the Royal Assent should be withheld from the tariff of 1859. At this crisis Galt was as outspoken as Durham had been in his report of 1839. In the Government of the United Provinces he held the office that was equivalent to that of Minister of Finance at Ottawa to-day; and as such he told Newcastle that the Government and the Parliament of the United Provinces in enacting the tariff of 1859 had acted as seemed best for the interest of the people of Canada, and that if the British Government advised the Queen to disallow the tariff act, responsible government as conceded in 1841 must break down and crown-colony rule must take its place. The British Government was not willing to face another upheaval in Canada like that of 1837-40. Crown-colony rule in 1859 was an impossibility in any of the British North-American Provinces. After some delay the Galt tariff received the Royal Assent; and since Newcastle's correspondence with Galt there has been no interference from Downing Street with the tariff legislation of any of the oversea dominions.

There have been protests from British manufacturers since, as there were in 1859. These protests were made in and out of Parliament after the National Policy of Sir John A. Macdonald was established in 1879; and there were protests again in 1883 when Canada began to pay bounties on iron and steel, to aid furnaces and mills in Nova Scotia and Quebec to hold their own against British and American competition. These protests, when expression was given to them in the House of Commons at Westminster, were invariably from private or unofficial members; and not one of them ever elicited any sympathetic response from the Treasury Bench, no matter whether a Conservative or a Liberal government were in power. The oversea dominions since 1859 have been as entirely free to make their tariffs to suit their own policies as the United States. As time went on colonial governments in Australia and South Africa followed the lead of Canada and established the colonies on a protectionist basis; and it was not until 1897 that in any colonial tariff there was any preference for imports from Great Britain. Such preferences now exist in the tariffs of Canada, of the commonwealth of Australia and the South-

African Union; but in each case care is taken to afford colonial manufacturers adequate protection against the competition of manufacturers in Great Britain. Conservative and Liberal governments have welcomed these preferences; but no British Government has made any appeal to the oversea dominions to establish or to increase these preferences for British manufactures, and as a matter of fact the preference in the Dominion tariff of 1907 is to-day of much less value than it was from 1900 to 1904, for it was curtailed in 1904 and in 1907 at the instance of Canadian manufacturers who complained at Ottawa that they were inadequately protected against British competition.

The history of reciprocity negotiations between the United States and Canada goes back to 1848; and until 1911—until the Taft-Fielding agreement was laid before Congress at Washington and Parliament at Ottawa—reciprocity between Canada and the United States was never a party question at Westminster. The circumstances under which the first and only reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada came into existence were exceptional and may to some extent account for the zeal with which a Whig government, a Conservative government and a Coalition government at Westminster all worked for the Elgin-Marcy treaty of 1854-66. Canadians deplored the breakdown of the system of preferential trade which resulted from the adoption of free trade by Great Britain in 1846. In the United Provinces of Ontario and Quebec politicians and merchants were so apprehensive of ruin to Canadian trade that they declared that, with the preferences in Great Britain for grain and lumber at an end, the provinces would be compelled to repudiate their public debt, much of which had been incurred in the construction of canals intended to carry produce from interior points to tide-water at Quebec.

Much the same direful apprehensions existed in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—both provinces in which there was for those times a large business in lumber with Great Britain. In all four provinces, moreover, there were bitter complaints that the British Government had let slip a unique opportunity for doing a great service to the British North-American provinces when free trade was adopted. The burden of these complaints, of which much was heard in 1846-47, was that when Great Britain freely opened her ports to grain and produce from the United States she should

have made it a condition that the United States grant reciprocal trade to the North-American provinces. Any such condition was impracticable at the time the British corn laws were repealed, for the crisis in Ireland due to the famine was too acute to admit of negotiations to this end between London and Washington. But the Russell administration of 1846-52 recognized that there was a basis for the complaints and realized also the value to the North-American provinces of reciprocity with the United States.

Negotiations for reciprocity were begun in 1848. At Washington progress was exceedingly slow; and it was 1854 before the Elgin-Marcy treaty was consummated. Negotiations extended over nearly six years, and the result of this long delay was that three English governments—the Whig administration of Lord John Russell; the Conservative administration of the Earl of Derby and the Coalition administration of the Earl of Aberdeen—were identified with this mission of securing reciprocity between the United States and Canada. There was then no apprehension in England that closer trade relations between Canada and the United States would endanger the tie between Canada and Great Britain. The actuating motive of British administrations from 1848 to 1854 was that Canada was desirous of closer trade relations with the United States; that such closer relations would be of advantage to all the British North-American provinces; and that, consequently, British administrations should use all the influence they could exert to bring about a treaty so much desired in Canada.

The same spirit actuated the Beaconsfield government of 1874-80 when the abortive reciprocity treaty of 1874 was pending at Washington. A Liberal administration was at that time in power at Ottawa. Beaconsfield's government was, of course, Conservative; but from 1848 to 1911 the trade relations of Canada with the United States were never regarded or treated as a party question either by British Governments or by political parties at Westminster.

Why reciprocity is now a party question in England, why, while the Liberal Government has followed the precedents of all British Governments since 1848, the Conservatives in the House of Commons, on the platform and in the press, appeal to Canada to hold its hand until the Imperial Conference in May and appeal also to the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa to exert all the power it can wield to

defeat the concurrent legislation, is easy to explain. Until 1903 free trade in England was not assailed by either of the two historic parties. Protection had been a dead issue from the time it was abandoned by Disraeli when he was pulling the Conservative party together after the split and demoralization that was brought about by Peel's abolition of the corn laws in 1846. It was revived in 1903 by Mr. Chamberlain, whose original scheme was that England should go on a protectionist basis with preferences in British tariffs for grain and lumber and other products from oversea dominions in return for preferences in the tariffs of the dominions for British manufactures. The first definite answer to these proposals from any of the dominions was in 1904, when the preference in the Canadian tariff of 1897 for British woollens was seriously curtailed at the instance of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association—the Home Market Club of the Dominion—whose declared policy since 1902 has been that before any preferences are conceded to British manufacturers adequate protection must be guaranteed to the manufacturers of the Dominion. There were many other curtailments of the British preference when the Dominion tariff was revised and made more protectionist in 1907—again at the instance of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association; and since this part of the Chamberlain scheme was repudiated by Canadian manufacturers, the organized grain-growers of the three prairie provinces and the granges of Ontario have served notice on the Dominion government, and incidentally on the Chamberlain protectionists in England, that they will not endorse that part of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme that contemplates duties on grain and farm produce in England with preferences on these imports from Canada.

These Canadian repudiations of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme and also three general elections in England all adverse to it had occurred before the terms of the reciprocity agreement had been made known at Washington, Ottawa and London. The Chamberlain movement was obviously on the down grade before Canada and the United States agreed to free trade in natural products—practically to a re-establishment of the trade conditions of 1854-66—and with this agreement accepted the Chamberlain movement was left hanging in the air; for with free trade in grain and other foodstuffs between the United States and Canada

there is of necessity an end to the idea of preferences in a British tariff for Canadian produce. The original Chamberlain plan was dependent on a tariff between Canada and the United States. With this barrier gone as regards natural produce, the complete Chamberlain scheme becomes impracticable.

The reciprocity agreement is the sixth in a series of setbacks that the protectionist movement in England has encountered since Mr. Chamberlain and the Conservative party initiated it in 1903; and it is because reciprocity frustrates the hopes of the Conservatives, that the Conservatives have been so bitter in their attacks on the Asquith government for permitting Canada to make this agreement with the United States. But, as has been said, the Asquith government has only followed precedents since 1848. Canada has had absolutely a free hand in the negotiations, as she had when the commercial treaties were negotiated with France in 1893 and 1908 — as she had in all the series of reciprocity negotiations which have gone on at Washington from 1848 to 1911. Any interference by a British Government, whether Liberal or Conservative, would have been most reactionary. It would have involved a turning back on all the development of self-government that has marked the history of all the oversea dominions since 1841. It would have been so regarded in all the dominions. It would have been resented by them all; and in Canada it might have confronted the Asquith government with a crisis like that of 1859, when Galt intimated to the Colonial Office that if the Royal Assent were withheld he and his colleagues of the Government of the United Provinces would resign and Downing Street must face the alternative of crown-colony rule for the United Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

Edward Porritt.

INTELLECTUAL NOMADISM

BY NORMAN DOUGLAS

EVERY now and then the torrents that seam the plateau regions of inner Algeria swell to a river and pour down from the mountains in a seething flood of destruction. So it happened in October, 1904, when part of the French settlement of Ain Sefra was overwhelmed by a flood of this kind.

One of the wrecked buildings was inhabited at that moment by Isabelle Eberhardt, a young lady journalist, Russian by race, Mohammedan by religion; and among its ruins were found certain of her manuscript notes which now form a considerable part of a posthumous volume entitled "*Dans l'Ombre Chaude de l'Islam.*" They were unearthed during the excavations which were undertaken with great care by Lieutenant Paris and found to be disconnected and very much damaged from having lain for several weeks in the mud. In order to attach the pieces Monsieur Barrucand, her friend and editor of an Algerian newspaper, was obliged to string them together by reflections borrowed from her correspondence, from her papers and travel notes. This was the sole method of reconstruction, he says, whereby he could save from definite interment these fragments of Sahara life which reached his hands.

It was a labor of love and well worth performing. A critic has called Isabelle "the most virile and sincere writer of the Algerian country," and if the reader wants still more diversified and still more vividly flashing pictures of North-African life than are contained in this and its sister volume, "*Notes de Route,*" it is hard to say where he will find them.

In her young years, when under the charge of an old granduncle at Geneva, she had been brought up "absolutely as a boy." And now on horseback, alone and disguised as

an Arab youth, she traversed the inner parts of Algeria and Tunisia from the borders of Morocco to those of Tripoli. These volumes are records of her journeyings, impressions of scenery interspersed with tales of native life and her own reflections; they unfold a vast and varied panorama—crumbling cities through whose narrow streets you stumble in the twilight amid piles of foul refuse, calm Arab convent retreats, where white-robed marabouts glide about like ghosts, the busy life of the green oasis gardens; anon you are riding under a fiery sun through some gorge of scintillating rocks or reposing awhile with the eternal wanderers in their black tents perched on a weltering desolation of sand dunes; every aspect of native life flits past your eye—the soldiery, merchants, womenfolk and humble laborers; they all disclose their joys and hopes and sufferings; you feel, after reading these pages, as if you had been gazing upon one of those glowing Oriental tapestries full of bold tints that yet harmonize in a miraculous fashion and suggest, rather than reveal, some simple underlying design.

What is it—this sense of a fundamental simplicity pervading the whole? It is the character of Isabelle Eberhardt herself.

She possesses the first requisite of a writer: she is nonderivative—true to her nature.

And her nature being essentially Russian, she can sympathize to an exceptional degree with the nomadic Arabs.

For the Russians, unbeknown to themselves, have still much of the nomad in them. Where is a country vast as theirs with so few local dialects? Despite the inland passport system which has striven to fix the people to the soil, their roving tendency has triumphed over severe winters, uninhabitable tracts, marshes and immense rivers. Poor men often leave their homes and families on a pilgrimage to some distant shrine exactly as do the Arabs; and so great is their love of wandering that, like a rolling stone once started, they roam across country from one shrine to another, forgetful of their old life, and are often found dead by the roadside. Whole villages migrate about those endless steppes. For rich and poor alike, travelling is an end in itself; they hate all occupations that tie them down to a particular spot; landed proprietors easily transfer their affections from one place to another, buying and selling estates in different corners of the land; they will think noth-

ing of going from Petersburg to Odessa on the pretext of purchasing a hat or a pair of gloves. Railway stations resemble gypsy encampments; second-class hotels, littered with the travellers' cooking apparatus, pillows, towels, samovars and all the heterogeneous impedimenta of nomadism, are simple caravansaries. Houses look as if they were not intended to be permanently occupied; nothing has been or ever will be long in its place; the clocks are not going, the doors not shut—an instinctive recollection of a former breezy tent life; there is a surprising lack of furniture, especially of the kind which the Anglo-Saxon requires for storing away clothes and "settling down." Russians never settle down. They all have something in common with the dyspeptic old prince in one of Tourguenieff's novels: rooms are put to new uses, beds moved from one place to another out of sheer restlessness and love of change. They will live for weeks in a chaotic confusion that could be remedied by half an hour's work, but they are buoyed up by the hereditary notion that soon the encampment must be broken up and the family moved elsewhere. Arabs! The Swiss thinks of the particular house or village where he was born; the Russian has not sense of home as a geographical point, but as a social centre; he is at home anywhere so long as his tribe is about him. So you will find him at continental watering-places; never, like the Englishman, alone, but moving about in clans and batches, as the Arabs do.

These instances of surviving nomadism in Russia, which could be multiplied indefinitely, are here enumerated not by way of explaining things to the lover of that country, who is apt to regard them as a bundle of disconnected national traits, or to the hostile critic for whom the detestable but firmly rooted autocratic system would become more intelligible at least if he could be brought to realize that it merely represents the nomadic family principle of which every household in the land is a replica. They are referred to because traceable in literature just as much as in daily life.

This does not mean that Isabelle Eberhardt, for example, was gadding across country all day long with a portmanteau slung over her shoulders. But it means that the nomad's definite but indefinable states of yearning and exaltation, the nostalgic note, are prominent in these volumes. She has the "*gout de l'espace*"—the "*volupté profonde de la vie errante.*"

To the wandering family every pleasure of life is uncertain, for to-morrow the settlement may be broken up and the delights, which to-day offers, indefinitely postponed. So the Russian, like the nomadic Magyar or Arab, imposes little restraint upon himself in the matter of "wine, women and song"; he seizes upon the joys of life with a zest and almost theatrical exaggeration, and this, again, is reflected in his literature. But it may be said—it has been said—that this characteristic is rather the result of a harsh climate; that it is a protest, on the part of humanity, against the inclemency of physical surroundings; that mankind, to counteract the effects of such sombre conditions of nature, will tend towards spiritual excesses. There may be some truth in the general argument. No doubt the hysterical Scandinavian lore bears traces of such violent changes of summer and winter, light and darkness, as are unknown "under the roof of blue Ionian weather." But the influence of environment has become a fetich, a kind of *deus ex machina* that explains away all difficulties. In the present instance the habits of the Russians contrast significantly with the steadiness to which a longer social stability has accustomed the equally boreal Finlanders; the idiosyncrasies of the dreamy and restless Arab are altogether absent in the plodding Berber peasant, although he has dwelt far longer in this glowing and fateful land of Africa.

No, it is a matter of race and not of soil; and so much for Isabelle's nomadism.

As to her intellectuality: open these volumes where you will and the fact will thrust itself upon you.

This is the way she sees things:

"Les passants sont rares.

"Parfois un fellah, poussant devant lui un petit âne disparaissant sous une charge de palmes qui frolent les murs avec un bruissement métallique. L'homme marche, l'œil vague, le bâton sur l'épaule, tenu très droit, d'un geste hieratique comme on en voit aux personnages des bas-reliefs égyptiens. Il chante pour lui tout seul, doucement, une vieille melodie berbère; il échange quelques salam distraits avec les fantômes blancs immobiles le long des murs. Une vieille parait, courbée sous une outre pesante. Assis ou à demi couchés sur les bancs de terre, les ksouriens berbères, blancs, où les kharatine, autochtones noirs parlent sans hâte, se grisant d'ombre et d'immobilité longue."

And thus she feels them:

"Il fait bon s'endormire ainsi n'importe où à la belle étoile, en sachant qu'on s'en ira le lendemain et qu'on ne reviendra sans doute jamais, que tout ce qui est ne durera pas . . . tandis que chantent les bedouins, tandis

que pleurent les djouak, tandis que s'évapore et s'éteint, comme une flamme inutile, la pensée."*

There is nothing remarkable in these extracts; they are only cited to show her point of view, which is that of a refined intelligence.

Many of her sketches, such as "Meriema," the tale of the old woman who has lost her wits through the death of her son, or the mysterious figure of the young flute-player among the mouldering palaces of Tunis, the "*Pleurs d'Amandier*" and at least twenty others, are original in the good sense of the word; they are both new and truthful. And they will bear close scrutiny. Take that little one on "Lizards," for instance; or, in the other volume, the bizarre "*Joies Noires.*" Here is not only fine observation, but a pronounced personal cachet sustained by scholarship and love of letters; these things are much more than clever studies thrown off in a happy moment—they are the product of an independent mind which has gauged the resources of language, discriminating its beauties and realizing its limitations.

The translator may well despair of preserving their strange and voluptuous aroma: it evaporates in his crucible. "*J'ai toujours été simple,*" says Isabelle, "*et dans cette simplicité j'ai trouvé des jouissances fortes.*" Nothing is more true if by simple she means limpid, homogeneous. Unlike that Russian stone, the Alexandrite, she shines with the same steady glow, view her in what light you will; there may be flaws, but they are not the flaws of other people; a welcome quality in an age which produces so many human creatures and so many books, which are merely reflections. And her opinions have been formed in the only way in which opinions that are worth anything can be formed: by copious reading—not to learn, but, as the English sage has put it, "to weigh and consider"—and by contact with actualities, with the shifting world of men and the wild places of nature. She has drawn deep breaths of life; she has suffered and pondered and pined in solitude:

"C'est la plus déshéritée des déshéritées de ce monde, une exilée sans foyer et sans patrie, une orpheline dénuée de tout, qui écrit ces lignes. Elles sont sincères et vraies."

And elsewhere:

* The pastoral reed of the Bedouins.

"J'en arrive à cette conclusion, qu'il ne faut jamais chercher le bonheur. Il passe sur la route, mais toujours en sens inverse. . . .
"Quand mon cœur souffrait, il commençait à vivre."

These gropings and strivings of mind have given poignancy to her language and a touch of mellow humanity, the antithesis of that hard machine-made glitter, that supercilious juggling with the obvious, which is praised as "profundity" in the works of some writers of her sex.

It will never do to underestimate her arduous journalistic training, those days when, locked in her little room, she wrestled with her thoughts and words, for it was thus that she learned to avoid the pitfalls that beset the writers of her own race more than those of any other—diffusiveness, lack of concentrative grasp. Russians will tell you that the sight of hedges, so familiar to lovers of our landscapes, is irksome to their notions of liberty; they must have a measureless horizon, and as their bodies roam so do their minds. This wilful prolixity, this "wandering from the point," constitutes their conversational charm, their literary failing; they reach out too far and must perforce include it all. So an officer of my acquaintance, who has been engaged for sixteen years upon a history of his country's rule in Central Asia, has at last, he tells me, reached the period of Cyrus; and every one familiar with Russian national literature will have been struck by the same trait; he will muse upon the number of writers that have been altogether lost to their country through their recoil at the imaginary dimensions of their task. Manifold ambitions paralyze the initiative; an all-embracing mind is a dungeon unto itself.

There is none of this straining in Isabelle; she never sees too much at a time; she knows her limitations and those of her theme. That training taught her to think rapidly and surely, to eliminate the trivial; she deletes remorselessly, as can be seen by a glance at the "*Notes de Route*," where some of the old variants are printed below the new text. She is perpetually dissatisfied and a believer in conscientious labor rather than in inspiration; a born writer for the rest and "irresistibly drawn towards the career of letters." "I write," she says, "because I like the process of literary creation; I write, as I love, because such is my destiny probably. And it is my sole true consolation."

But whoever looks for what might be called photographic reproductions of desert life in these pages will be disap-

pointed; there is mirage hanging about them; like all artists, she detects colors and shapes invisible to the ordinary eye; or, again, she is deliberately blind; her pictures of this "holy land of Africa" are distortions almost in the sense of Turner's landscape: distortions, that is, till we have risen to her point of view and learned to know better. And those abysmal desert silences, those spaces of tawny desolation over which the eye roams and vainly seeks a point of repose, often turned her thoughts inward and invested her, as they do the Arabs, with their dream states.

"Oh! la bienheureuse annihilation de moi, dans cette vie contemplative du désert! . . . Parfois cependant il est encore de ces heures troublées où l'esprit et la conscience, je ne sais pourquois, se réveillent de leur longue somnolence et nous torturent. . . .

"Combien de fois n'ai-je pas senti mon cœur se serrer en songeant à ma vocation d'écrire et de penser, à mon ancien amour de l'étude et des livres, à mes curiosités intellectuelles de jadis. . . . Heures de remords, d'angoisse et de deuil. Mais ces sentiments n'ont presque jamais d'action sur la volonté qui reste inerte et n'agit point."

Herein lies the justification of that subjective method which she handles so craftily.

An interesting phenomenon in literature, this modern taste for personalities, fostered, as it may well have been, by the interviewer who has accustomed us to pry into the most intimate details of our neighbors' private lives. Certain it is that the position of a descripitive writer towards his public has undergone a change of late; readers have become anthropomorphous, connoisseurs of sensations; they commune with an author not only for what he writes, but for what he is; they endeavor to spy into the windows of his soul and to overhear him chronicling his most casual moods and impressions. They want to learn how things affect him. And there is a contagion in wisely premeditated indiscretions on the part of a veracious writer and a profit—namely, that from sharing his feelings we are insensibly led to adopt his views; we gain, that is, a definite acquisition of knowledge. But whoever is not constitutionally honest had better remain impersonal. Errors of fact or judgment will pass, but to win our confidence he must ring true. In other words, the chronicling of moods depends upon whose moods they are. Those of Isabelle Eberhardt are sincere and interesting.

Apart from that catholicity of hers which transports us

with equal ease through such varied phases of African existence, one point must strike every careful reader: her sense of propriety in regard to the length of these sketches. That there are picturesque vignettes in the scenery of life that look best in the microscopic setting of a sonnet or even an epigram; that fleeting emotions will befit the prose poem, compact entities the short tale, while whoever wishes to delineate the teeming markets of mankind and mountains and meandering streams and all the orographical and hydrographical complexities of continents must call for the Gargantuan canvas of "Anna Karenina": these are surely very obvious rules. But how often are they violated, even by writers of reputation! These pieces, however, have frames suitable to their size; some, like the "*Petit Monde de Femmes,*" are the veriest miniatures, while the mournful "Fellah," for instance, trails its sad length along, a monotone of "misery, falling drop by drop"; a kind of literary bas-relief. Short or long, they read so uncommonly easily that their technique will repay study as illustrating that remark of Sheridan's to a lady: "Easy reading, Madam, is damned hard writing." And throughout it all we are never without an exhilarating sense of motion; the camels are groaning, the tents must be struck. This is what takes away from these sketches the air of a set purpose and invests them with an impromptu charm.

It was possibly this note of vibrating realism which induced some people to call Isabelle a "*décadente,*" that being a favorite term for much that is new, vital and, therefore, *not yet labelled* (the unforgivable sin). A futile word! When one has watched how men like Verlaine and Richard Wagner have changed from decadents into classics in the course of a short generation, it may be wise to hold one's peace and wait events. There is no doubt whatever that Homer was a decadent in his day; and as to Sappho . . .

This is far from saying that her pages contain the "*dernier mot*" of such literature, since what fulfils the needs of to-day is sure to be found inadequate for the morrow. So with this love for the desert. The Sahara that existed formerly, only in its terrifying aspects of heat and thirst, was discovered, like the Alps, by the romanticists. Then came, let us say, Fromentin; this we said is the truth, and the whole truth, at last—a revelation; the desert as a mode of art! But soon enough there followed Loti; the

attitude of the spectator, incurious, scarce human; an antidote, in its chill neo-classicism, to the extravagances towards which Fromentin was leading us.

And now we have Isabelle, to whom the desert is not a mode of art, but a mode of life.

She is merged into those sand wastes, not by æsthetic intuition, but by identity of temperament. Unity of race, religion and language is a powerful national bond, but the peculiarity of the Russians, as a people, is the same as that of the Arabs: it lies in a sentiment of brotherhood in a kind of apostolic spirit that binds together every class of the empire and has its roots in their patriarchal institutions. The way in which some poor desert-man will address the great sheikh of his tribe reminds one of the humble moujik's affectionate references to the little father of whose household he is, after all, a member. Isabelle, as Arab and Russian, has broad fraternal feelings—" we are all poor devils," she says, " and they who refuse to understand us are still poorer than ourselves." She knows a test for discovering the virtue lurking in the breasts of the meanest human creatures—the test of her own worthlessness; she would even find it possible to say a good word for those savages of Albion who vulgarize desert life by establishing decent roads and communications whereby emotional travellers, prancing over the wilderness in sumptuous seed-pearl embroidered dressing-gowns, may jot down its beauties for readers of the " *Figaro* " without having their throats cut.

One cannot help detecting resemblances to Loti in these pages. Like him, for example, she has grasped the peculiar color value of harsh scientific or commercial words. How, in a flow of purely literary speech, they hold the eye—these crude importations from an alien realm of thought! They seem to complete the picture, like the poppies in a field of wheat. And, of course, she has studied with profit her Fromentin, in whose two volumes, particularly the " *Été dans le Sahara,*" she learned the uses of that focussing or intensifying faculty which constitutes much of the charm of writers as different as Balzac or George Borrow. In this land of " menacing monotony " the artistic mind dwells lovingly upon the minutiæ of human affairs, the result being a magnified visualization; the Arabs of Isabelle are so vital and palpitating that your ordinary ones melt away in their presence like misty phantoms. Elsewhere we are reminded

of the aerial butterfly touch of Hearn; of Maeterlinck's love of pictured metaphor:

"Que j'aime la verdure exubérante et les troncs vivants, plissés d'une peau d'éléphant, de ces figuiers gonflés de lait amer, autour desquelles bourdonnent des essaims de mouches dorées!"

But what will strike him as her dominant note is that sense of measure, all the more to be appreciated in a young woman who knew so much concerning her subject, who felt so keenly and could wield so fluent a pen. Remembering that these sketches were written for a provincial newspaper, one appreciates all the more highly her conscientious work.

Nevertheless, the man who should profess to be able to imagine nothing better than these descriptions of Isabelle's would only prove that he has reached the limit of his powers of assimilation. So it is. We grow tired of the strain of novelty—for it is a strain; we sometimes even cast off as too exhausting our most recent author friends and revert to those of our youth in whom we affect to discover beauties hitherto unrevealed, thus making a virtue of a physiological necessity, weariness. Her work is of the kind that can only be done once satisfactorily; the perusal of her imitators or disciples, of whom there are three or four on the French literary market just now, illustrates sufficiently the difference between the reality and its shadow. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive another writer emerging upon the scene with the very unusual equipment she possessed: to be both man and woman, a scholar and a savage of the waste, a visionary hashish devotee and *fin-de-siècle* journalist; a Mohammedan, Christian and agnostic.

Yes, another generation may well find her too ardently personal (for we shall soon be outgrowing the anthropomorphous stage once more) and perhaps also, too restless. Carlyle somewhere says that the nomad lacks the "tendency to persevere." Very true: they only sow who care to wait for the harvest. There is Oudjda, for instance, that sombre city of putrefaction and death which grows fair only after sunset when, as in a dream, one hears the Aissouyiahs praying *"dans la sérénité pudique de la nuit, voilant la pourriture des choses, la souffrance et l'abjection des êtres"*: how one longs, after reading those few pages, to know more about such a place as this, to live oneself into it! But—no. With the swiftness of doom the scenery is shifted and *"c'est*

la fin. Le somptueux rideau vert et argent des oliviers s'est renfermé sur toutes ces courtes visions."

For the rest it is always easy to discover defects in our favorites once we have grown tired of them.

A new edition might profitably give translations of the many Arabic words which bristle in this one: what does the ordinary European know of *souafa, guira, djemaa, hamada, harair, djellaba, ihram, mhlahfa, taleb, sehan, zeriba, cagna, kouma, targui, toubib* and the rest of them? This is rather an ultra-virile method of introducing local color.

"*J'ai toujours été simple . . .*"

That, we believe, was likewise the conviction of Marie Bashkirtseff, who, despite her different fortune, resembles Isabelle in her aspirations—to escape from a world of sordid trivialities to leave a mark. And highly must we rate these children of the North who found unaided the true remedy for those brooding states that clog the mind and warp the character in activities.

True, they possessed the advantage of belonging to a race which has not undergone the schooling of the rest of Europe, which has not obfuscated its mind with metaphysics, classical ideals and "*Sturm-und-Drang*"; which is enabled, therefore, to graft the latest fruits of modern research upon a sound primitive stock. All this has its drawbacks, no doubt. Ignorant and even scornful of Hellenic traditions, their mundane art lacks the element of repose and concentrative thought; untutored by a Renaissance, their Church art languishes in ancient conventional grooves and displays nothing of that persistent and active regard for a high ideal which has culminated in the dome of St. Peter or the Madonnas of Rafael. But in literature and speculative thought the profit is largely on their side, for they have not been told during long centuries what to see on earth and how to see it. As a literary nation, they are inflamed with youthful ardor; they know morality in the human way and not in that of medieval schoolmen; they have instinctively grasped the fact that our sense of right and wrong, were it old as the hills, alters its shape day by day as surely as these do; that virtue is merely an adaptation to ever-changing surroundings which stamp our affairs with their momentary impress.

This anti-parochialism is what gives to the writings of both of them an elevating, aristocratic note, for morality is

the property of the crowd; it bears an inscription which damns it for all purposes of art: *connu!*

Yet Isabelle, like many artists of natural nobility, is a democrat:

"On m'a souvent reproché de me plaire avec les gens du peuple. Mais où donc est la vie, sinon dans le peuple? Partout ailleurs le monde me semble étroit. . . . A vrai dire, je ne souffre pas trop des pauvretés et des naïvetés, pas même des grossièretés. Je n'en souffre pas profondément. Ce qui me semble à la longue insupportable, c'est l'éternelle honte médiocre de certains gens. . . ."

For purposes of insight into a race like the Arabs the advantages of being a woman are twofold; she has not only access into their veiled and intimate life, but also, what is more important, she is less disposed to theorize, to read wrong meanings into what she sees, less prone to err in interpreting primordial tracts of feeling—less introspective, in short. A man can rarely immerse himself in the strange life of a savage race with the naif abandonment of a woman. And if he can, he is a savage himself, unable to communicate his experiences to others; there is not enough of the child and barbarian left in him; he is no longer permeable, having donned too many garments of culture in the past. As a writer and observer he may do something better in his way —we are thinking at this moment of Doughty's Arabia— but that spirit of freemasonry with an alien stock which comes naturally to a woman like Laurence Hope would argue, in a man, a quite exceptional detachment or a feminine turn of mind. *"J'ai voulu posséder ce pays,"* says Isabelle, *"et ce pays m'a possédée." Ce pays m'a possédée:* there you have it.

This elective affinity of some women for wild and destructive races of mankind: is it that their development has been arrested at the emotional stage when, as children, we were wont to delight in pirate adventures and redskin-scalpings, or because, seriously reflecting, they think to discover in this return to barbarism a remedy for the self-questionings and the social complexities of modern days? Whatever be the reason, a man will not so often have these *"jouissances fortes"*—a term under which we are to understand a throbbing sympathy with everything, good or bad, that the country or its people offers.

Isabelle's philosophy, like that of Marie Bashkirtseff, is summed up in a determination to keep every pore open, and

it is worth remarking that both of them stand ethically, as they do geographically, midway between East and West. They are Occidental in their enjoyment of novelty and strenuous labor, but sufficiently Buddhistic to despise the delirious bustle and herd spirit of our civilization; to detest every form of Western hypocrisy.

In matters pertaining to the sexes Isabelle has the cynicism of the Oriental. These volumes of hers contain some pages not exactly fitted for that young person who is still supposed to linger, like the Apteryx, in remote sylvan glades, but, on the whole, they are pervaded by a refreshing sanity.

She says, for example:

"L'amour le plus décevant et le plus pernicieux me semble être surtout la tendance occidentale vers l'âme-sœur. . . . Gloire à ceux qui vont seuls dans la vie! Si malheureux qu'ils soient, ce sont les forts et les saints, les seuls êtres. Les autres ne sont que des moitiés d'âme."

Was ever a fine Crim-Tartary truth more plainly enunciated? That fateful idealism of ours: it clings to us like a Nessus shirt!

It may be asked what reflections such as this have to do with a description of the Tunisian desert? Why, simply this: they are the outcome of a mood created by local conditions and in so far help us to understand them. Here, face to face with infinities, man disencumbers himself; he casts off outworn weeds of thought and feeling; he stands alone; he must act; he cannot be bothered with a sister soul; the caravan is waiting to begin the march, and at night, after a meagre repast, he will drop from sheer physical fatigue into a dreamless sleep. An anodyne, this, for many ills. . . .

In their revolt against every form of crooked emotionalism these Russian girls have struck a new note and the right one. There is a charming chapter in the *"Ombre de l'Islam"* where Isabelle describes supper-time at the Mellah, the Jew quarter; its stench, its vulgarity, its *"bonheur facile."*

"Je connais très bien leur âme: Elle monte dans les vapeurs de la marmite. . . . Je les envie d'être ainsi. Ils sont la critique de mon romanticisme et de cet incurable malaise que j'ai apporté du Nord et de l'Orient mystique avec le sang de ceux qui ont vagabondé avant moi dans la steppe.

"Quand donc aurai-je fini avec cette singulière manie qui me porte à interpreter les gestes les plus simples dans un sens religieux? . . . Quand les autres font cuire leur diner, nous pensons au sacrifice de la Soma, aux libations de beurre sur le feu.

"Loin de moi les tâtonnements de mon adolescence maladive! . . . Toute mon éducation morale est à refaire."

In the face of such pitiless self-criticism, how absurd to call her "neurotic": as if it were not a symptom of uncommon healthfulness to be able to review oneself in this objective fashion. It would be more correct to say that Isabelle has taken the gold of the romantic movement and discarded the dross—the slobbering cant, the sentimentality. Her sound barbaric ethics are untainted by the virus of pruriency; her whole religion resumes itself into a rather spasmodic, sisterly hankering after an honest God, a kind of blandly beaming *bon vieux* such as Lucretius had in mind.

Marie Bashkirtseff was an anti-sentimentalist of the same type—her attitude towards the male sex was one of playful sanity. The good Mathilde Blind used to regret that Marie had not lived long enough to meet her "ideal." But the fact seems to be that these Russian girls are seldom on the lookout for ideals. And it is rather instructive to observe that they often find something less vaporous, something that wears better. How does it come about? Can it be that, although they are in one sense "New Women," they nevertheless belong to a variety different from the odd compound of childishness and ferocity which goes by that name—to a class of female with whom a man discovers rational companionship to be not altogether out of the question?

Isabelle tried the experiment and found it a success. In the year 1900, at the age of twenty-three, she married, according to Mohammedan rites, a native officer, naturalized Frenchman, to whom she was much attached (like many of her sex, she always had a weakness for the soldiery).

And there occurred next year an unpleasant episode. While near Eloued she was attacked by a religious fanatic who belonged to a confraternity hostile to hers and so severely wounded that she lay for a month in the military hospital of that town. This was followed by an order for her expulsion from Algerian territory for "political reasons"—an order only applicable as against non-Frenchmen (she was still an alien, the authorities having forbidden the pair to make their religious union valid by a civil marriage). Vainly she applied to the Russian Consulate to learn the reason of this step. She had been accused ere this of anti-French propaganda, a charge she vehemently denied; they had even gone so far as to suspect her of being an English Methodist

in disguise. Isabelle Eberhardt a Methodist! Truly a wondrous juxtaposition of ideas. But the French are a wondrous nation: their pathological suspiciousness of the outsider reminds one of those old Athenians. By no effort of will-power or imagination can they put themselves into the mental condition of foreigners; it is an odd little weakness of theirs; impossible to believe the depths of credulity to which this *idée fixe* sometimes leads them. Foreigners suffer, for there are moments when the most innocuous of them objects to living in the publicity of *Le Roi Soleil;* when those *concierge* reports, those genteel but persistent questionings, that police *dossier* which dogs his footsteps, be he in African deserts or in the heart of Paris, makes him wish that this modern nation were a little less—how shall we say?—a little less Hellenic.*

In exile at Marseilles, separated from her husband, without money and still suffering from the effects of her wound, a hard life began; such was her necessity that she was obliged to work as a dock-hand with the Italian laborers of that port; instead of cigarettes she smoked "*feuilles de platane.*" But presently the husband contrived to exchange into another regiment which brought him to Marseilles; here they were remarried according to French law and Isabelle, now following the domicile of her husband, became a French citizen and returned to Algeria in despite of her proscription.

They seem to have established their headquarters at that little cantonment of Ain Sefra which she has so well described and to have lived there happily till the day when the house was invaded by cataracts of slime brought down in that flood of October, 1904.

It cost Isabelle her life.

"I can swim," she told him. "I will hold you up." She was trying to patch together some kind of raft when the masonry suddenly yielded to the pressure of the waters and fell upon her, the husband escaping by a miracle. They recovered her body two days later and entombed it in the native cemetery on the bleak hillside near some crumbling

* Georges Clarétie relates how he once accompanied the *Controlleur* of Tozeur on a delicate official pursuit after English lady Methodists who, disguised as natives, had been making a dangerous anti-French propaganda among the Arabs. But they found nothing; the desert, he says, "kept its secret."

maraboutic shrine. There she lies in the desert sand, and her head is turned towards the East.

It was a short life, but she managed to press the grape to the uttermost drop.

From where these lines have been written, at Nefta on the borders of the Sahara, the eye can follow the track which leads across the burning salt waste of the Chott to Elcued, her elected home. It gives a pungency to these pages, and one shapes in fancy some picture of this tall Arab youth, with the child-like smile, riding yonder on that much-beloved white Soufi stallion.

"*Je ne me suis pas composé un idéal; j'ai marché à la découverte.*" That is the key-note of her life.

And one remembers that other intellectual nomad, Marie Bashkirtseff, who also found a "*frisson intérieur*" necessary to her "*hygiène morale*"; who was likewise forever learning and marching to the discovery of new horizons. For a mental state such as theirs, appetency rather than instability is the right word. Their writings are neither of the kind to which we go for information, nor of the purely æsthetic species; they belong to the category of confessions or mirrors of the soul: human documents, to use Mr. Mallock's happy phrase, that disclose the rainbow-tinted world as it filters through the medium of a single candid intelligence. Neither of the two can be called a creative artist. But they are women of keen and yet disciplined impressionability and, in so far, a delectable offshoot from the ordinary trend of feminism.

Norman Douglas.

THE ALDRICH BANKING PLAN

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

THE plan which had been submitted by Senator Aldrich to the National Monetary Commission in regard to a central Reserve Association for the purpose of co-ordinating the banking system of the country, gives a definiteness to the discussion of banking reform which it has heretofore lacked. Since the panic of 1907, the advocates of changes in the banking system have each argued in favor of his particular view of what such changes should be; while the defenders of the existing system of isolated local banks have set up a figure of straw, rigged out with all the discarded rags of the banking blunders of eighty years ago, labelled the manikin "central bank" and proceeded to demolish it,—not alone as an enemy of the finances, but of the political liberties of the country. The advantage of a definite project, like that of Senator Aldrich, is that it permits each item to be taken up and its merits threshed out more definitely than when each side has had the advantage of setting up its own ikon or bad spirit, and burning incense or pouring out anathema before them accordingly.

It is indicative of the tact and skill with which Senator Aldrich has dealt with the matter that the new project, while it is not flawless, already has the endorsement of many close students of the subject and embodies details which they recognize as their own. The fact that it has been so favorably received indicates the progress which has been made in financial thinking within the last few years. The experts in monetary matters who were derided fifteen years or so ago as cranks or extremists have seen public opinion follow them from one mile-stone to another on the road to sound finance. Time was when advocacy of the single gold standard was denounced, even by men of moderate views, as radical and impracticable. The gold standard became law in 1900. Then came the battle for basing currency upon

the movement of the commercial affairs of the country instead of upon United States bonds. Again the advocates of the reform were denounced as wishing to issue currency without security, but again they won their battle when issues upon commercial paper were recognized by the Aldrich-Vreeland law of 1908. That United States bonds were not the proper basis for currency was long pooh-poohed by the politicians, who insisted that this country had "the best money in the world"; but the present progressive Secretary of the Treasury has finally recommended that bonds be issued which shall no longer be available for circulation, and a bill to this effect has been enacted by Congress.

From the experience of the panic of 1907 stood out, even more forcibly than before, three cardinal defects in the existing American banking system—the lack of power to issue currency to meet legitimate needs; the scattering of reserve money among twenty thousand competing banks, instead of its concentration at central points where it could be used effectively; and the lack of co-ordination and leadership in meeting monetary disturbances.

The lack of power to issue notes was met after a fashion by the Aldrich-Vreeland act; but that this was only a makeshift was admitted by the very terms of the act, whose provisions expire on June 30th, 1914, and which provided for the appointment of the National Monetary Commission "to inquire into and report to Congress at the earliest date practicable what changes are necessary or desirable in the monetary system of the United States or in the laws relating to banking and currency."

It is to comply with this mandate that the Aldrich plan has been prepared and laid before the Monetary Commission. It seeks to meet the need for a more flexible currency by transferring to a central institution, to be known as the Reserve Association of America, the note-issuing functions of the existing seven thousand national banks and the general regulation of the money-market. The present circulation of the national banks based upon bonds is about $690,000,000. This is to remain the limit of the "authorized circulation," so to speak, even after the bonds are gradually gotten rid of. Above this fixed limit Senator Aldrich proposes to superimpose additional note issues to the amount of $100,000,000 under a tax at the rate of three per cent. per annum; $100,000,000 at four per cent.; $100,000,000 at five

per cent.; and any additional amount found necessary if a tax is paid at the rate of six per cent.

Such provisions mean, in effect, that there can be no currency famine and no panic about getting currency so long as anybody has good assets to exchange for currency. If the demand for currency becomes acute, the Reserve Association will meet it by availing itself of the issues subject to tax. Before it is required to pay a tax as high as six per cent., it will be able to issue $300,000,000 in notes beyond the usual limit. This system of taxing excess issues follows the system of the Imperial Bank of Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Bank. At those institutions excess issues are taxed uniformly at the rate of five per cent. The plan of Senator Aldrich has the advantage in respect to flexibility that $200,000,000 in new notes can be issued at rates of taxation not higher than four per cent. The imposition of a tax does not conform to scientific monetary principles, but will probably do little harm if the limit of untaxed circulation is raised from time to time to meet the increase in permanent currency needs.

The other two important defects in the existing system which have been referred to,—the scattering of reserves and the lack of leadership in emergencies,—are met by other provisions of the Aldrich plan.

The Reserve Association will be custodian of the ultimate reserve of gold. If the current redemption of the greenbacks and the gold certificates, as well as of bank-notes, is transferred to the association, it will possess ultimately more than a thousand millions of dollars in gold, which will be the largest concentrated stock in the world. This will afford at once an assurance of adequate reserves against issues of notes at home and of coin and bullion to meet demands for export.

Under a system which permits the central banking mechanism to meet emergencies by rediscounting for other banks and issuing its notes to cover such rediscounts, the movement of reserve money will be the opposite of what it was in 1907 under the American system of isolated banks, each required by law to maintain certain specified reserves. If deposits by local banks with the central institution could be counted as a part of their reserves, such deposits would tend to increase, instead of to decrease, in periods of pressure. The banks which felt that their reserve resources were

inadequate would obtain rediscounts from the central institution, and the amount of such rediscounts would be carried in the first instance to their credit in their deposit account. If they anticipated heavy demands upon them, they would still further endeavor to increase their deposit account at the central institution by paying in the proceeds of their collections in order to give strength to their reserve balance.* They would thus be in a position, when deposits were withdrawn or other demands were made upon them, to draw checks on their account upon the central institution, which would be in most cases the safest and most acceptable form of payment.

The essential function of the central bank will be, therefore, with one hand to deliver its own notes without stint for legitimate internal uses and with the other to dip into its gold resources to meet all demands for the export of the yellow metal. But it will not, like the Treasury of the United States during the depression of 1893-96, be a helpless looker-on as its gold is drained away by the presentation of checks and notes for redemption. It will have in its hands the weapon which has been found almost universally effective at European central banks during the past fifty years—the control of the rate of discount. If gold is flowing out more freely than the governor of the central bank considers prudent, he will recommend to the governing board that the discount rate be advanced, to the end that there shall not be a profit in withdrawing capital from America and lending it elsewhere, and that there shall be a profit in retaining in New York foreign funds which might otherwise be exported.

It is this power of the officers of the central bank to take prompt and resolute action to influence the market through the rate of discount which is the key to the whole structure of a central banking mechanism. It is through this power that the governor of the central bank assumes leadership in the money-market and is recognized by other bankers as entitled to such leadership. It is his function to look ahead, to study conditions in foreign markets, to watch the ebb and flow of capital and credit between New York and the interior, and when he believes that a gold export movement is threat-

* This has been the actual experience of the Bank of England, since confidence has been established that the Bank would not be fettered in meeting requirements. *Vide* the author's "History of Modern Banks of Issue," Fourth Edition, p. 131.

ened beyond the legitimate requirements of commerce, to resolutely advance the rate of discount and to ask the support of the other banks in so doing.

There are many ways of influencing the market and securing the co-operation, cordial or reluctant, of other banks, which there is not space to discuss in this article. The essential point is, however, that the governor of the central bank not only has the power to meet a crisis when it arises, but the duty is imposed upon him of seeing that it does not arise. Under the present banking system, no such power is lodged with any individual, any public official or any banking board. It is only when the crisis becomes so acute that hesitations and jealousies are stilled under the imperative motive of self-preservation that other bankers acquiesce in the appearance of a strong figure on the quarter-deck of the storm-tossed craft of American banking and consent to his seizing the helm and enforcing discipline at the pistol's point.

So much for the functions which a central banking mechanism is designed to fulfil and which it has successfully fulfilled in the most advanced European countries during the past fifty years. The question which is more immediately practical, however, to the business man is whether such a system will afford benefits visible and tangible to the business of the country.

Will the Aldrich plan, if enacted into law, enable the business man to borrow more readily on good security?

Will it enable him to count with assurance on a rate of interest reasonably uniform?

Will it protect him against the sudden tightening of the strings of bank credit when he needs it most, subjecting him to the inconveniences and worries of panic conditions?

Will it enable him to buy his raw material, convert it into finished goods and lay those goods down in foreign markets on terms which are as favorable in respect to credit as those obtained by his foreign competitors?

Let us consider briefly the answers to these questions.

1. Borrowing on favorable terms to carry on commercial operations is promoted in many ways by a central banking mechanism. Such a mechanism, if it brings the scattered parts of the banking and credit system into closer co-ordination, facilitates the movement of capital from localities where there is an excess to those where there is a deficiency

in relation to the demand. It often happens in an interior community that local enterprises do not absorb all the banking resources of the community. In such cases the surplus, even under the present system, usually goes to New York. There, under the present system, it is loaned to a large extent on call for the purposes of stock-exchange speculation. In the mean time, there may be other communities where manufacturing or commercial exchanges are going on in such volume and with such rapidity that local banking resources are inadequate. For such communities, aid comes from outside by the selling of the commercial paper of local establishments and by obtaining rediscounts.

While a good deal of commercial paper is already being floated throughout the country in a somewhat unregulated and haphazard manner, direct rediscounting is comparatively rare. It is one of the merits of the central banking system that it affords an almost inexhaustible reservoir of credit, from which aid can be obtained, either directly or indirectly, by any sound business enterprise. While a central bank in the United States would discount only for the banks of the larger cities, the latter would in their turn be able to rediscount for institutions smaller and more remote. Thus an unhampered inflow of credit to a central reservoir and an equally unhampered outflow to all parts of the country would create a movement similar to that of the ocean in filling up to a uniform level and with a minimum of friction every nook and cranny where the supply was needed. Credit would be at the command of the sound and solvent manufacturer or merchant within limits fixed only by the relation of his need to the total supply of credit in the country.

2. From what has gone before, it is obvious that greater freedom in the flow of capital and credit would result in a nearer approach to uniformity in the charges for credit. It cannot be prudently predicted, of course, that in a new country, still absorbing enormous amounts of capital and still entering upon enterprises involving financial risks, rates of discount would fall so low or would remain so nearly uniform as at the Bank of France, with the great resources which, under the central banking system, it has been able to place at the command of French commerce. It is instructive, however, to glance at the discount history of the French Bank in recent years, as an illustration of the ideal towards

which central banking aims. At the Bank of France the rate fixed on May 19th, 1892,—two and one-half per cent. for commercial discounts,—remained unchanged for nearly three years, when it was reduced on March 14th, 1895, to two per cent. The rate rose during the South-African war as high as four and one-half per cent. for brief intervals, but on May 25th, 1900, was fixed at three per cent., and remained unchanged for nearly seven years until the shadow of the approaching panic of 1907 led in that year to some gradual advances. The maximum discount rate reached, however, on November 7th, 1907, while currency suspension and panic had paralyzed the markets of America, was four per cent.

These facts are cited, not to convey the impression that a central banking mechanism in America would at once reduce rates of interest on commercial loans to so low a level as in France, but to indicate the greater tendency towards uniformity in rates which can be counted upon when the scarcity of credit in a given locality can be redressed by the surplus in other localities, and equal distribution of credit can be promoted through a central reservoir, acting as a distributing centre for the existing 20,000 isolated banking units.

3. From the two considerations already set forth,—the ability of the central banking mechanism to promote the equal distribution of credit and its ability to maintain comparative uniformity of discount rates,—follows almost inevitably the third advantage of the system,—that it will safeguard the prudent man of business against panic. This is far from meaning that a central banking mechanism is a substitute for good business judgment on the part of individual manufacturers and merchants or that it will save them harmless from errors of over-production or ill-adjustment of costs to market value. It is not in the power of a central banking mechanism or any other device to put an end absolutely to periods of business expansion and contraction and to reduce to a dead level the flow of commercial production and distribution.

Panic, however, it is in the power of the central banking mechanism both to prevent and to cure. It prevents panic by taking note of the first danger-signals and applying the safeguards of an increased discount rate and intervention in the exchange-market to prevent the loss of gold. It meets serious conditions, if they arise, through its practically un-

limited resources for extending credit to those needing it temporarily by means of rediscount and the issue of notes. To put the matter in elementary form, without pausing here to set forth all its limitations,—the man who holds sound commercial paper and needs currency can obtain the currency by getting the paper discounted at his bank, and the latter can get it rediscounted at the central bank and obtain in exchange currency in the form of the notes of the bank.

Theoretically, the bank may issue notes to supply the need for currency up to the amount of the good commercial paper offered it for discount. Necessarily, it will keep a certain proportion of gold behind the notes, but with the command which it has over foreign exchange and its responsibility as the central reservoir of credit and gold in the country it can borrow gold freely abroad,—as the Bank of England has repeatedly done of the Bank of France,—and may thus support domestic credit, with no restrictions except those imposed by the character of the paper offered for discount and the prospect of the ultimate soundness of the economic system of the country.

4. If, from what has gone before, it is plain that the central banking mechanism will mean for business men a wider command of credit, a nearer approach to uniformity in charges for credit and the prevention of those paralyzing panics which bring business to a standstill, then it follows that in competition in foreign markets American manufacturers and merchants will be relieved from many of the impediments which they suffer under the existing banking system. If they enjoy more economical methods of production, more efficient machinery, lower freight rates and a better organized system of distribution, these advantages will no longer be neutralized by the defects of a system which imposes high and arbitrary charges for credit and sometimes absolutely refuses it.

One of the cardinal merits of a system of co-ordinated banking, with a central banking mechanism at the centre, will be the substitution of commercial banking for stock-exchange banking. In every European country changes in the rate of discount are determined primarily by the demand for commercial credit. In the New York market, on the contrary, it is the demand for money for speculation which fixes the rate to borrowers. It is the rate for call loans

which is quoted as the governing factor in the price of money and which determines in a large measure whether commercial credit be granted freely or whether it be refused.

This vicious system will be eliminated by such a central banking mechanism as Senator Aldrich has proposed,—partly by the exclusion of stock-exchange loans from the business of the Reserve Association, partly by giving greater negotiability to commercial paper. In the definition of the functions of the Reserve Association, as laid out by Senator Aldrich, there is no place for loans on stocks and bonds nor for investment by the association in such securities except those of the United States, the States of the Union and foreign governments. Thus, the central institution is taken out of the field of loans for the benefit of Wall Street and its great powers are consecrated to the service of the men who produce and distribute the wealth of the country.

The existing system of commercial loans in the United States is partly to blame for the fact that the rate for call money in Wall Street, rather than the rate for commercial discounts, is considered the index of the rate for short-term credit. Under the American system, the commercial loans and discounts are not readily convertible into cash,—at least not until maturity,—because they consist of single-name paper or credit granted upon bills receivable. A bank cannot readily rediscount such forms of obligation at another bank when it needs to reduce its loans and increase its cash. Under the European system, on the other hand, bills of exchange, drawn by a creditor upon his debtor, when accepted by the latter or by a bank representing him, bear such number and quality of indorsements that they are readily salable to another institution or to a private investor.

The policy of rediscount by the Reserve Association will have a tendency to encourage the use of acceptances in this country, which is one of the greatest merits of the plan of Senator Aldrich. When to this is added the further provision that the Reserve Association shall have power to buy and sell foreign bills of exchange, it becomes clear that it will contribute, aside from its mere function of note issue, to create a mass of readily convertible commercial paper which will make the money-market in America no longer the reflection of the whims and follies of speculators on the stock exchange, but the index of the demand for capital by sober and constructive commercial interests.

The fear which has been expressed in some quarters that a central banking institution would be under the control of "Wall Street" is likely to turn ultimately, when the plan is carefully examined, into the conviction that it will be the most effective curb on Wall Street. Among the restraints which are imposed upon control of the new institution by any small group of men or special interests are the following:

1. *Form of organization.*—The method in which the Reserve Association is to be organized comes as near to representative democracy as could well be attained in a banking mechanism. The capital of $300,000,000 is to be made up by the national banks, under conditions which make it probable that few or none will fail to participate. Each national bank, however small, is authorized to subscribe for the capital of the Reserve Association to the amount of twenty per cent. of its stock. Each subscribing bank becomes a member of a local association and has a share in its government. The local associations are grouped into fifteen districts and the district board is in turn chosen largely by the participating banks. The board of directors of each division is required to add to its banking members by the election of additional directors equal to one-third the number of local associations in the district. These additional directors are not to be bankers, but are to be chosen from the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the district. To form the central board of directors of the Reserve Association, fifteen directors are to be first chosen—one by the board of directors of each branch. In order to introduce a still further element of democracy, twelve directors are to be chosen by voting representatives of the banks in each of the fifteen branches. These members of the board, with the representatives of the government, are to elect twelve additional members, who shall in their turn be chosen from the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the country and who shall not be bankers.

2. *Participation by the Government.*—In order that everything done by the association may be done in the light of day, the board of directors is to contain three representatives of the Government as *ex officio* members—the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Comptroller of the Currency. They are not only to be members of the board of directors, but the Comptroller of the Currency is to be also a member *ex officio* of the ex-

ecutive committee of nine. Thus no important loans, no changes in the rate of discount, or any measure of general policy, can be carried out without the knowledge of the responsible officers of the Federal Government.

The principal officers of the Reserve Association itself,—the governor and two deputy governors,—are to be selected by the President of the United States from a list submitted by the board of directors, and the governor is subject to removal by the President for cause. These provisions stop half-way between the direct appointment of the executive officers by the Government, which prevails in most of the countries of continental Europe, and absolute freedom in the choice of officers by the bank itself, which is the present policy in this country. It might be an improvement over the proposal of Senator Aldrich if the initiative in selecting these officers were left to the directors of the bank, with only the veto power vested in the President of the United States. Under such an arrangement, it is hardly conceivable that conflict would arise. The directors, even if they had the wish, would not dare send to the President the name of a banker whose name was tainted with speculative ventures or who did not command the unquestioning confidence of the most conservative elements of the community.

One of the provisions for excluding politics from influence in the management is that no member of any national or State legislative body shall be a director of the Reserve Association, nor of any of its branches, nor of any local association. In this respect the project follows the law of 1897 in France, which first prohibited a member of the Chambers from serving as governor of the Bank of France and which compelled the resignation of M. Magnin and the substitution of M. Pallain, the present governor.

3. *Character of business permitted to the bank.*—The functions of the Reserve Association, as defined in the Aldrich project, as already pointed out, are restricted to commercial banking. It may rediscount notes and bills of exchange arising out of commercial transactions; it may purchase short-term acceptances and may deal in foreign bills of exchange. The direct functions of the bank are restricted to aiding in the production and exchange of goods. They will react only indirectly, through the greater stability and security of financial conditions, upon the investment of capital in fixed forms and upon the market for securities.

Thus, there is no essential benefit to be obtained from controlling the loan funds of the association. Their use is restricted by the plan to the actual producing interests of the country, which are turning raw material into finished goods and throwing them on the market in exchange for short-term commercial paper. Under the project as it stands, the central institution is not authorized to engage in underwritings or the offer of loans, even those of the Government, nor to lend on stocks and bonds; so that the motive which influenced the control of the resources of the big insurance companies,—that they might be employed in absorbing new securities and in lending on them for speculative purposes,—would be wholly lacking.

4. *Limitation of the dividend paid.* — The new project provides that the dividend to stockholders shall be four per cent. and shall in no case exceed five per cent. After their dividend has reached five per cent., any further excess of profits is to be divided—one-half to the surplus of the Reserve Association and one-half to the Government. When the surplus has reached twenty per cent. all excess earnings go into the public Treasury.

In providing that the functions of the central banking mechanism shall concern only commercial transactions, and that these functions shall be exercised through an organization the control of which reaches back to the small banks of the country, the plan of Senator Aldrich extends the principle of democracy from political affairs to our financial system. It becomes no longer, as under existing law, a democracy which is scattered, unorganized and helpless. It is a democracy which comes into its own, through the representative system, by which the influence of the humblest in the financial world reaches up, through this power of representation, to the seats of the kings of finance. Through this organized democracy of finance and through the substitution of commercial banking for speculative banking, the tendency of such a system must inevitably be to limit the power of "Wall Street" and the great financial interests to their legitimate field. In the field of commercial banking the new plan proposes to substitute the system of ordered self-government, as it exists in the American political world, for the appearance, at recurring intervals, of the financial Cæsar or Napoleon, who comes forth in great emergencies as the savior of financial society.

CHARLES A. CONANT.

INTERPRETATION OF THE BIBLE AND THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION

BY GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT

THERE may be nothing in our celebration of the tercentenary of the King James translation of the Bible as picturesque as that which is said to have taken place in Alexandria in the first century when the Jews, festively arrayed, went forth in long processions to the island of Pharos, and there with songs and addresses commemorated the translation of the Hebrew Old Testament into the Greek tongue; but the present anniversary, unlike that of long ago, will be remembered throughout all lands, wherever the English language is used.

The current interest in that event of 1611 is due in large measure to the fact that the Bible, within the past half-century, has come to have fresh vitality and charm through the application of scientific principles of interpretation. The occasion, therefore, is a suitable one on which to consider in the broadest manner the question of the relation between the interpretation of the Bible and the progress of Christian civilization.

The theme has a dark side as well as a light one. Interpretation of the Bible has crippled and retarded, as certainly as it has promoted, Christian civilization. If it has made the Bible to be wings to the human spirit, it has also made it into gyves and fetters. It has put truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne no less truly than it has honored truth and promoted righteousness.

In the first place, interpretation of the Bible has crippled and retarded the progress of civilization when it has declared itself to be final and unchangeable. Whenever one generation or age has bequeathed to another an absolute trust in a particular interpretation of the Bible, or, in other words, when it has handed down as authoritative and neces-

sary certain doctrines which it claims to be adequate statements of the truth of Scripture, it has in so far done to succeeding times two evils: it has perpetuated through them its own imperfect vision of truth, and it has effectually kept them from any quickening contact with the original utterances of revelation. It is sufficient to give one illustration of this baleful influence of interpretation.

In the second, third, and fourth centuries there was developed in the Church, under the influence of a considerable number of eminent writers, a system of orthodox theology. During the same period Christianity became the dominant factor in the crumbling empire of Rome. It became a highly organized and, toward the last, a firmly centralized institution. The system of theology and the institution were vitally related, and the power of the institution upheld and the system essentially unchanged for a thousand years.

Now this system of doctrine was believed to be biblical, to rest at every point on unquestionable evidence of Scripture. Hence as time passed this supposed interpretation of the oracles of God gained increasing authority. Throughout the entire Middle Age there was no fresh and original interpretation of Scripture. Indeed, as far as the practical belief of men was concerned, the word of Scripture was a negligible quantity by the side of the doctrine of the Church. The Fathers eclipsed the prophets and apostles. For hundreds of years, from Procopius of Gaza to Aquinas, the only work corresponding to our exegetical literature consisted exclusively of quotations from the Fathers. The consummation of this species of interpretation was *The Golden Chain* of St. Thomas. The springs of the Bible were sealed. Only so much of its teaching was accessible as had been apprehended by the Fathers, and even this was mixed with numerous and important elements from pagan philosophy.

Now even if the Fathers had been model interpreters, if they had known Hebrew and had possessed the historical spirit, if they had held tenable views of the origin of the Bible and had appreciated the development of doctrine which it contains, nevertheless it would have been disastrous for subsequent generations to have looked back to their interpretation as an authoritative and inspired standard. This would have been intellectual slavery, and it would also have been the renunciation of direct fellowship with the inner spirit of the Scriptures. But the Fathers were *not* model

interpreters. They were children of their respective ages, and those ages, say from Justin Martyr to Augustine, were not favorable to the development of safe interpreters. And it is true not only that the Fathers were not model interpreters—which, of course, ought not to be expected of them —but also that from the standpoint of the present they were totally unreliable interpreters. Hence the dominance of their interpretation from the fifth to the fifteenth century, though by no means the sole cause of the intellectual and spiritual stagnation of the Middle Age, was most certainly *one* cause of that stagnation.

Again, interpretation of the Bible has crippled and retarded the progress of civilization by maintaining that one part of the Bible is as true as another. This has been the working theory of all interpreters who have regarded the Bible as supernaturally inspired. In what specific ways this has worked against the progress of man might be shown at great length, for it has seemed to give divine sanction to a thousand social and political abuses, but two or three instances will suffice for the present purpose. In the first place, the position that the entire Bible is homogeneous and all parts equally true has perpetuated the imperfect ethics and in some cases the un-Christian institutions of the Old Testament. The Israelitish invasion of Palestine with its attendant slaughter or enslavement of its inhabitants has given encouragement to many an atrocious crime against humanity. The Deuteronomic law of divorce, which probably regulated an evil in its day, was cited in the time of Jesus in support of a most lax view of the marriage relation, and now, after nineteen centuries of Christian history, our own divorce customs and legislation are decidedly nearer the Deuteronomic and Old Testament standard than they are to the standard of the New Testament. The existence of slavery in ancient Israel was appealed to by clergymen both in the South and in the North in the days before our Civil War in support of the institution on American soil. The spirit of narrow religious exclusiveness which characterized the attitude of the Jewish people toward the Gentiles —a spirit that left the great mass of humanity out of God's covenant of mercy and favor—has through a false interpretation been perpetuated in the Christian Church, and here and there, especially in past centuries, has characterized the Church's attitude toward the heathen world.

But this survival of the imperfections of Old Testament ethics, far-reaching and disastrous as it has been to the cause of human progress, is by no means the chief evil which has come from the false principle of interpretation, that one part of the Bible is as true as another. The greatest loss to humanity is of another and quite different sort. If all parts of the Bible are equally divine, then the words of Jesus have no pre-eminence, and the example of Jesus reveals no other spirit than that which filled all the worthies from Adam down. He whose fulfilment of the old made the old practically obsolete is brought down to the level of the oldest of that old.

Consider the monstrous spectacle of an Athanasius elaborating a doctrine of the person of Christ, not out of Christ's own self-revealing words, but out of the eighth chapter of the ancient book of Proverbs! Or consider what it has meant to have successive generations of men nourished in the belief that Christ is everywhere manifest in the Old Testament, that every word of it was mediated through Him, that He was the author of Psalms whose spirit is to the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount as human hate is to divine love! Under the false principle of which we speak His light has been persistently blended with relative darkness; His uniqueness has been bracketed with the commonplace; His example has been reduced to the level of His disciples, yea, to the level of the most ordinary Old Testament saint-hood.

The motive power in the apostolic age was a sense of the personality of Jesus, of His love, His confidence in God, His assurance of the divine presence. This power might and should have characterized every subsequent age. It was the great and singular boon offered to men through Jesus. But this gift has been only very imperfectly realized since the early days, and this failure must be ascribed largely to the age-long supremacy of the doctrine that one part of the Bible is as true and as good as another. This has done much to rob human progress of the strongest and purest stimulus which it has ever felt. It has dealt a paralyzing blow to the influence of Jesus.

We will notice briefly yet another feature of this aspect of our subject. Interpretation of the Bible has crippled and retarded human progress by the assumption that the Bible was intended to furnish a comprehensive standard for

human thought, a standard of knowledge regarding the works of God as well as the will of God. The tragic facts that have flowed from this fatal assumption have come to be recognized in recent years as constituting a heavy indictment of the intelligence and the spirit of the Church. They are too well known to demand more than a passing notice here. It would probably be safe to say that the ecclesiastical interpretation of the first ten chapters of Genesis has, through its hostility to science and its final complete overthrow by science, contributed more than any other single cause of the last fifty years to the loss of prestige on the part of the Church. That interpretation brought to the stake or cast into dungeons some of the foremost men of science of all the centuries; but this evil and loss, though great, was immeasurably less than the consequent undermining of confidence in the Church and respect for its teaching. The Church is paying heavily for its " gift " of interpretation, once vainly supposed to be infallible. It is coming to see the momentous peril to the cause of human progress which lies in the venerable but false assumption that the Bible furnishes a comprehensive standard, historical and scientific no less than ethical.

But enough has been said to indicate how the interpretation of the Bible has blocked the wheels of human progress. There is, however, another and more pleasing aspect of the relation of interpretation to the progress of civilization. By far the greatest service of the interpretation of the Bible to the cause of human progress is doubtless yet to be seen, perhaps in a very remote future, but the past has not been barren of such service, neither is the present barren. Let us fix our attention on three critical chapters in this yet unwritten history. And first on one in the distant past.

Jesus stood in a manifold quickening relationship to human progress, but the Church in defining His services has never taken notice of what He did as an interpreter of the Jewish Scriptures. Yet this was one of His fundamental services to the progress of civilization. He was born at a time when His people were intellectually enslaved by a supposedly divine interpretation of their Scriptures. For Himself and for His disciples He broke the sway of that interpretation. He gave a new, emancipating, enlarging interpretation of the ancient writings. This interpretation

was broadly rational and in a true sense historical. It recognized in the Old Testament a lower and a higher. It set aside certain elements as obsolete, it presented others as of abiding significance for the kingdom of truth. It rescued the Old Testament from the abyss where it lay buried under an all-powerful oral tradition, and brought it forth for a far larger mission than it had fulfilled in the past. Jesus gave an example of interpretation by the side of which history has set no parallel. Had He been studied as an interpreter, the Church might have been saved from all its radically false and harmful conceptions of the Old Testament revelation. It could not have made the Old Testament a *Christian* book; it could not have found its centre of gravity in predictions of the future; it could not have made Genesis an authority on Natural Science.

It may seem, in view of these statements, as though the service which Jesus rendered to the cause of civilization by His interpretation of the Old Testament was, after all, only a "might have been." But this was not the case. For Jesus Himself and His work would have been impossible had He not interpreted the Old Testament as He did, had He not recognized its defects, had He not appreciated its supreme aim, had He not discovered in it true nourishment for His pure spirit. Through His own personal achievement, therefore, if as yet in no other way, His interpretation of the Old Testament stands, I think, in a most intimate relation to Christian civilization.

A second service rendered by the interpretation of the Bible to the cause of human progress was that of the sixteenth century. Again, as in the time of Jesus, the sway of an ancient tradition was to be broken, and this was done by the reformers. As Jesus had rescued the Old Testament from beneath the oppressive mass of the oral law, so Luther and Calvin, with others who shared their spirit, rescued the Bible from beneath the canons and decrees and theology of the Church. But the parallel between their act and His must not be carried too far. It was their mission to lead a part of the Church back to the fountains of Scripture rather than to bring forth the waters of those fountains in their purity. Their service to the progress of civilization in connection with the Bible was that they uncovered it, and awakened a thirst for it. They thrust it anew as leaven into the society of their day. But of this new

feeling for the Bible, this exaltation of its teaching above councils and popes, though it was indeed significant for the progress of Christian civilization, we shall not speak, for we are concerned exclusively with the *interpretation* of the Bible. Now in this field the service of the reformers was negative rather than positive, but still, though negative, it was of great and abiding importance. This service, most consistently and conspicuously rendered by Calvin, was the rejection of the allegorical method of interpretation, which had wrought havoc with the sense of Scripture since the days of Origen. Luther denounced this method in his usual vigorous fashion, but never escaped from its fascination. The cold, logical, legally trained intellect of the Genevan reformer first gave an interpretation of Scripture free from the poison of the ancient Alexandrian leaven—would that it had been free also from bondage to the theology of the early Church!—and Calvin's interpretation became the most widely accepted standard throughout Protestant Europe.

This was a great deliverance, how great no one of the present day can begin to realize who has not read the old allegorical explanation of Scripture. If that method of interpretation had remained in force down to our time, and if we could suppose that, in spite of the continuance of this method of handling the Bible, the modern development of science would have taken place as it has, then there can be no doubt that the Bible would occupy to-day very much the same position as fell to it in the Middle Age. It would have little direct influence on the actual life of the age. A book which could be construed to mean whatever the fancy of the interpreter wished to deduce out of it would surely have slight power in the modern world.

The interpretation of the reformers had radical faults, and to some of these the inefficiency of the Church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was in no small degree due; but the claim here first put forward on their behalf is that they rendered a very direct and extensive service to human progress in breaking the spell of one of the most fatal errors that ever stood between the Bible and the accomplishment of its mission in the world.

It remains to speak, in conclusion, of a third critical event in the relation of the interpretation of the Bible to the progress of civilization. This is the rise and development of historical criticism, the scientific counterpart of the emanci-

pating act of Jesus as an interpreter of the Jewish Scriptures. One may say that it is yet too early to speak of the service of this new method of interpretation to the cause of civilization, and that is of course true as regards a comprehensive and final estimate; but it is not too early to see that the relation of this historical method of interpretation to human progress is one of vital significance.

It is doubtless conceivable that, just as the principles of interpretation involved in Jesus' use of the Old Testament have been, as principles, fruitless down to the present age, so the scientific method of interpretation may yet, through the exaggerations of radicals, the reaction of the conservative masses of the Church universal, the encyclicals of popes, or through the unknown influence of the conversion of great nations like China and India, be set aside for indefinite periods and be replaced by the Origenistic method, or by another equally wide of the truth. But such a fate would no more alter the facts of the present period with its absolutely unparalleled appreciation and influence of the Bible than the medieval forgetfulness of the earthly life of Jesus destroyed that life's eternal significance for the progress of man.

Whatever may be the relation of the historical criticism of the Bible to human civilization a thousand years hence, or ten thousand, it is now at the beginning of this twentieth century a relation full of vitality and instinct with hope. The services it has rendered and is rendering are enormous. It has not only saved the Bible in the day of the revelations of science, but it has justified the Bible's existence and mission to many of the foremost representatives of science itself. This will surely be held to be a distinguished service to human progress by all who believe that religion is a factor in this progress. Again, the modern method of interpretation is serving the cause of civilization by uncovering, as was never done before, the motives and ideals of that literature which of all the literatures of history is far the deepest, purest, and most inspiring. It is pouring into the channels of civilization, as from a newly discovered fountain of life, the waters that have power over the spiritual nature of man. It has made the Bible, even in this age of science, a greater magnet than it was in the days of Luther, when books were few, when life was simpler and more unsophisticated, and when it was first set forth in the language of the masses.

If then the old stories of Genesis, if the visions of the prophets, if the word of the Master, if the letters of the apostles, really stand in any helpful relation to human progress, if they have an unwasting message and an indestructible stimulus for that which is highest in man, the lover of progress will also be a lover of the historical criticism of the Bible.

Nor is this all. The historical method of interpretation is serving the cause of human progress on a magnificent scale through its influence on those men and women and books that are bringing the Bible message into contact with the great unevangelized nations. No doubt there are many missionaries who know nothing of Graf and Wellhausen, of Baur and Strauss, of Colenso and W. R. Smith and a score of others distinguished in the history of the critical method, but there are few who have not been at least indirectly instructed by these men and whose views of the Bible have not been changed by the development of historical criticism. The interpretation of the Bible which is being promulgated in India and China and Japan is not that of Origen or Luther or Calvin, neither is it that of the extreme critics of our own day; but it is an interpretation that is more and more deeply permeated by the influence of the modern historical method.

It is probably true that the Church ought to have given the Bible to the great nations of the Orient a thousand years ago, but those nations are not wholly losers because this did not take place. If we have regard to the future, to the China or India or Japan of a century or five centuries hence, then we may hold it most fortunate that their evangelization has been left until this modern age. For the value of Christianity as a factor in civilization, at least if we have reference to nations already possessing an advanced civilization, depends on its interpretation of the Bible. If that interpretation is made to consist in rites and ceremonies, as was the case with the medieval Church, it may be doubted whether it is much to be preferred to the purer of the ethnic faiths. If the interpretation of the central teachings of the Bible is erroneous, either in what it says or what it ignores, it may not be worth transplanting to nations which have it not.

It is, therefore, to be regarded as one of the most significant orderings of God in the history of human prog-

ress that the modern scientific interpretation of the Bible has been contemporary with the beginnings of the greatest missionary movement since the age of the apostles.

We have now noticed briefly the three critical events which were chosen to illustrate the helpful bearing of interpretation on the progress of civilization—Jesus' interpretation of the Jewish Scriptures, the interpretation of the reformers of the sixteenth century and modern historical criticism.

So long as the Christian religion rests on a historical revelation contained in a book, the interpretation of that book will be one of the most vital questions that the world will have to consider. If this interpretation is according to unsound principles, then, no matter how devout it may be, it will mar or retard the course of civilization, and the greater the ecclesiastical authority behind it, the greater will be its power for evil. If the interpretation of Scripture is a grotesque or hideous mask on its truth, then it makes the Bible minister to grotesque or hideous social and religious institutions. Mormonism holds the Bible among its sacred books, Mohammedanism professes to reverence Jesus and to worship the God of Abraham, the inhuman treatment of the Jews in the Middle Age and in some regions at the present day has been conducted under the banner of the Cross, the devastating wars of the fourth and fifth centuries were waged to establish as a doctrine of Scripture what is now widely recognized as unscriptural, and the Spanish Inquisition. which appears to have been inspired of Satan, carried out its designs in the name of the Trinity!

To have, on the contrary, an interpretation of the Bible which is as a clear and pure glass through which we can see its original sense, an interpretation such as historical criticism is slowly but surely achieving, and to have this interpretation taken up into the personal life where alone it can deeply affect the world, is to insure the best progress not in one element of Christian civilization merely, but in all essential elements.

George Holley Gilbert.

NEEDED—A DOMESTIC IMMIGRATION POLICY

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

THE Federal Immigration Commission which has been at work three years has made its report. To those interested in our foreign policy, especially the two camps of restrictionists and anti-restrictionists, the recommendations will be welcome, for they are definite and clear the field for restrictive action and promise facts with which to support the recommendations made. To that small group of dreamers who had expected the promulgation of a domestic policy, who had waited for the constructive note, who had hoped that the Government might be urged to accept some of the responsibilities which it now leaves to benevolence, the overwhelming negative position of the commission is a disappointment. The commission's investigations may provide unwittingly the material for the welding of a domestic policy, but its conclusions do not foreshadow it. The commission recommends, first, the better protection of the United States against criminal and other debarred classes; second, sufficient appropriation to enforce the immigration laws; third, satisfaction with the new steerage law, but recommends that inspectors be placed on board each ship; fourth, different method of appointment of Boards of Special Inquiry; fifth, action on the part of the States to prevent exploitation and a limited extension of the Federal Division of Information; sixth, a different method of determining the necessity for importing skilled labor; seventh, approval of Chinese, Japanese and Korean Exclusion acts, and the necessity for an understanding with the British Government for the further exclusion of East-Indian laborers; and eighth, further restriction of unskilled laborers.

It will be seen that seven of the proposed regulations deal with improvements in existing restrictive machinery and with exclusion. One recommendation only, the fifth, takes

up the questions of exploitation: safeguarding savings sent abroad, encouragement of permanent residence, naturalization and a better distribution. Instead of sounding a strong, clear, definite national note of a domestic policy with reference to the conditions which now exist throughout the country, these matters are respectfully referred to the various States, and even here not the constructive, but the negative note of increased deportation is struck. The extension of the Division of Information, designed to promote distribution, is recommended in so colorless a way that it carries little conviction.

Officials charged with either formulating or enforcing the Government's policy recognize that it has two distinct phases, no matter how closely related are causes and results, which call for a different method of treatment. One is negative, national and international in scope, and deals with the admission or exclusion of aliens. It is determined by international agreements, treaties, economic conditions and expansion of trades. So far as expressed in regulations, these are definite and comprehensive and adequate machinery is provided for their enforcement. That they are not wholly practical and humane is nowhere better shown than that for the year ending June 30th, 1910, 24,270 persons under this system were allowed to break up their homes and come to our shores, only to be deported, a hardship of travel both ways that should not be tolerated. With this policy of exclusion of admission of aliens the commission has apparently adequately dealt.

The second phase is the assimilation of the immigrant after arrival—constituting our domestic policy. This necessarily includes distribution, protection and education after he is admitted to residence. This is an ever-pressing question, regardless of the number and nationality, which may increase or decrease the volume and character of the problem, but which in no wise changes the essential features of the policy to be adopted. On this matter of domestic policy the commission is singularly and disappointingly silent. Whatever study it has made of conditions in the country is apparently largely used in recommendations for exclusion. No matter how strict these laws are made, they will not solve the problem already confronting the nation and States.

What are the obligations and requirements exacted from the alien on admission to this country by our foreign policy?

He must possess a sound body, a minimum amount of money, the assumption being that he is to earn his living as a laborer. He must possess fair intelligence and a good record. Generally, upon arrival, he must measure up in obedience to a most complex enactment of Federal, State and municipal regulations, unheralded by soldiers or other familiar exponents of government. The regulations for admission also admit aliens without industrial, and frequently without any school, training, and women and children wholly unfamiliar with the freedom, rights and protection accorded to such in this country.

The very conditions of entrance impose on the Government at once the imperative necessity for distribution, education and protection if the domestic policy is to be assimilation. They are strangers and must find homes; they are unemployed and must find work; they are ignorant and of great faith in the new country and must find protection; they do not know our language, which is essential to industrial progress; there are children to enter our schools and women entitled to rights and privileges as yet unknown to them; when savings begin, safe depositories must be found; because the families of many immigrants are still in the home country, savings must be shared and a safe means of communication found.

These and many similar influences present a distinct problem unknown to the native-born. The alien will not, and therefore cannot, be distributed unless others of his own race are in the locality, owing to differences of language, customs and racial traits. He is not adequately protected by prevailing general laws, but special laws must be drafted to meet his needs. This is amply illustrated by the report on immigrant banks, by the New York State Commission of Immigration, which has been verified in every particular by the recent special report on this subject by the Federal Immigration Commission. It is also seen in the report on notaries public of the New York State Immigration Commission, where it was shown that the functions of this official among foreigners is very different from that among American-born, and to meet such conditions a special law was passed in New York in 1910. The alien cannot be educated except through special schools or classes in English and civics, and he cannot become a skilled workman without opportunity for industrial training. Consequently, he can-

not become assimilated without a special process. Furthermore, there exists in very many localities and among very many classes of people an unreasonable prejudice, amounting to the feeling and belief that foreigners are a different kind of people from "our people," and that they are, therefore, warranted in according them different treatment not sanctioned by the Golden Rule. No process of assimilation will, therefore, be successful which does not educate and amalgamate the native-born American as well as the alien. Inquiry shows that nation, States and municipalities have formulated no policy looking toward an assimilation which reckons with these various elements and conditions.

Assuming that our domestic policy is assimilation, which is strengthening in the immigrant that inheritance which will enrich our national life, as well as bringing to him what America now holds of freedom, justice, opportunity and benevolence, what are the means adopted by the Government to accomplish this? The essentials of such a policy obviously do not lie in regulations, repressions and negation, because these characterize our foreign policy. They must, therefore, lie in fair industrial opportunity, distribution, protection, education and equal protection of the laws.

First, industrial opportunity and distribution. Upon the main facts of fair industrial opportunity there is agreement that too many unskilled workers, among them many peasants, women and children, crowd the cities, increase the evils of home work and child labor and imperil the health and lives of children by overcrowding. It is also known that in smaller communities, labor camps, colonies, and in some industries, notably the steel-mills and canneries, aliens are underpaid, wretchedly housed and, as one woman said, "a blight on our civilization that some people should be allowed or compelled to live as they do in some of our small communities." Distribution is no solution for the prevailing standards of living without other effort on the part of the Government. What, then, constitutes wise and efficient distribution, and what are the results of the artificial distribution already attempted?

In 1907, there was established by the Federal Government a Division of Information

"for the purpose of promoting a beneficial distribution of aliens by publishing information gathered from the several States regarding the sources, products and physical characteristics and to publish such information in

different languages, this to be distributed to admitted aliens who may ask for such information at immigrant stations. States may have representatives at these stations for the purpose of presenting special inducements to immigrants to settle in the respective States."

This bureau has but a small appropriation. It has collected information regarding labor in various parts of the country and its chief work has been in finding employment. Its work for a considerable time was limited to furnishing farm laborers and domestics only, and it was prohibited from distributing information on board ship or at ports of entry. The provision that information should be furnished *on request only* has resulted in a very limited distribution of information, as most aliens are ignorant of its existence. The average number of persons furnished employment per year is about 4,000, while information is given to three or four times this number. This bureau is not popular and each year its abolition is recommended. A bill introduced in February, 1910, providing for the establishment of branches in various parts of the country and for the regulation of private employment agencies doing an interstate business, failed of passage. With one or two exceptions the States have not availed themselves of the privilege of having representatives at immigration ports.

The restrictions upon the activities of the bureau are due to the fear that immigration would be encouraged and laborers directed to places where there was an over-supply of labor. Had the opposition concerned itself with directing and constructing the work of this bureau, with developing a domestic policy while endeavoring to fortify the external policy of exclusion, in other words, judicially balancing the two, a memorable beginning in our domestic policy would have been made.

On the subject of this bureau the Federal Immigration Commission recommends:

"Since the distribution of the thrifty immigrant to sections of the country where he may secure a permanent residence to the best advantage, and especially where he may invest his savings in farms or engage in agricultural pursuits, is most desirable, the division of information should be so conducted as to co-operate with States desiring immigrant settlers; and information concerning the opportunities for settlement should be brought to the attention of immigrants in industrial centres who have been here for some time and who might be thus induced to invest their savings in this country and become permanent agricultural settlers. The division might also secure and furnish to all laborers alike informa-

tion in showing opportunities for permanent employment in various sections of the country, together with the economic conditions in such places."

A wise and comprehensive distribution scheme, as a part of the process of assimilation, would make this Division something more than a labor agency. It would invest it with powers to study the problem of congestion and distribution, to issue publications regarding opportunities in the whole country, and enable it to become the clearing-house not only in actual distribution, but in education. Here should be worked out the principles and methods of establishing uniform State agencies to be recommended to States and cities. Here States should be able to turn for suggestions and co-operation. The establishment of a series of Federal employment agencies may indeed be one very important part of the work of distribution, but furnishing men with a needed job to-day is not more important than knowing how and under what conditions other jobs are furnished and what opportunities there are for fitting the man into a place of progression. This is especially true when the work of such a bureau represents less than one per cent. of the total number of persons placed through employment agencies. Regardless of the number of branches the Government may establish, private agencies will never cease to need control.

A number of the States have adopted a somewhat uniform policy with reference to the distribution of the unemployed in the establishment of free employment agencies. Unfortunately, with a few exceptions, the establishment of these bureaus has not been accompanied by a corresponding wise regulation of private agencies, and they have suffered because of insufficient appropriations and excessive competition. The principle of State bureaus has not yet been intelligently applied as a remedy for the immigrant unemployed. The extension of such State agencies co-operating with Federal bureaus and of State regulation of private agencies supplementing Federal action is a sound domestic policy.

A second important State action has been the establishment of bureaus, departments, boards or commissions of immigration. Some dozen States already have such bodies, chiefly in the South and West. They are located, with the exception of New York, chiefly in States desiring settlers and wishing to develop their industries and resources. With the exception of New York State, any non-resident of the

State is considered an immigrant, and these bureaus have for the most part confined their attentions to Americans residing in other States. They have hitherto dealt more largely with the land than with the labor problem and not at all with education or protection. In New York, the recently established Bureau of Industries and Immigration is too new and has so many complicated duties to perform that no estimate can be given of what its work in this direction will include. Departments of Agriculture in a number of States, including New York, have farm labor bureaus which are an important factor in distribution and two States have temporary congestion commissions which are investigating conditions.

There is, therefore, a well-defined policy with reference to unemployment and distribution consisting, first, of Federal and State Employment Bureaus needing extension and co-ordination so that middlemen who now control the furnishing of jobs must give way to the State, as is the case in all other countries. Second, there exist Federal and State Bureaus of Immigration needing development and broader scope and some means of efficient co-operation. Each one now works for itself by more or less wasteful methods—a loss borne chiefly by the immigrant. Third, States regulate private agencies by widely varying laws and are powerless to protect the unemployed going from one State to another, which is characteristic of male unskilled labor. There is a tendency, however, to regulate private agencies by uniform laws. Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have almost identical laws and a similar law is pending in Ohio.

No system of distribution can be deemed a good one which is but temporary—concentrating men in seasonal employments in summer and forcing them to crowd the cities for the winter months; no system can be a good one which sends men away from cities with their advantages to communities or districts where they live like animals, with no opportunities for education, religion or culture; nor can it be a good one where men are segregated and families discouraged or where aliens concentrate in colonies and are cut off from Americanizing influences. Therefore, these various movements can hardly be said to constitute a conscious, well-defined policy.

The question naturally arises, if we are to have a national

and State policy of distribution and of relieving unemployment, do we not therefore need protection for aliens on the part of the nation and commonwealth? We have considered it necessary to protect American institutions and workmen from aliens, as witness the laws forbidding aliens to work in certain occupations; prohibition of aliens from carrying firearms; and forbidding the non-resident family or relative of an alien to bring suit in some of our courts, though the husband or breadwinner may have lost his life in an accident through no fault of his own. Are there not also conditions which may require uniform protective laws for the newly arrived alien?

Under our immigration regulations and by contract with the Government, we have insisted that aliens at Ellis Island shall be rated and routed directly from the island and shall not be detained in New York to be exploited. We have also insisted that they shall be sent to their destinations by the most direct route. We still leave the second-cabin alien to the mercy of runners, boarding-houses and other agents to be detained and exploited as long as they see fit;—even when they have orders for through tickets. In 1910 there arrived at the port of New York alone 137,288 second-cabin passengers, no small number calling for protection. We pay no attention whatever to the time, way or condition in which any alien arrives at his destination or how he is transferred through the various cities. We let practically any one who will act as his guide and informant, regardless of the fact that first impressions of America are from persons who regard him as legitimate prey. How can we possibly expect an alien to be law-abiding, properly respecting and honest, when his first experiences in this country are robbery, overcharging, neglect and frequently instructions to evade the law?

We furnish the alien with no information whatever about our resources, conditions, laws, obligations, rights and duties, leaving that to his own countrymen or to business and political interests that crowd the foreign newspapers with exaggerations and misrepresentations, of which practices the Government itself is ignorant.

Is it unreasonable, or, more dreadful still, unconstitutional, to require that a part of our domestic policy shall be first the establishment of the principle and the necessary machinery for protecting newly arrived aliens on the way to their final

destination? Were this the business of the Government, railways, coastwise steamship lines and transfer companies would co-operate to eliminate discriminations in matters of rates, accommodation, food and transfers which now affect the alien en route to his final destination. Since it has been the business of the State of New York to protect aliens on docks, ferries, boats and trains, complaints and suggestions have been welcomed by transportation lines and improvements made. Frequently the exploitations are petty, and the responsible officials do not know of them. Chicago, the greatest redistribution point in the country, has long fought for an immigrant station as a means of preventing the fraud and abuses incident to the transfer of through alien passengers to the West. It is a short-sighted policy which denies this request and fails to recognize a similar need in other cities.

Is it unreasonable to require that nation and State shall prepare, in languages which he can understand, information which will be of service to the alien? It may be contended that he will not read it, that the word of his friend counts for more. This is true at first. But it opens his mind, sets him thinking, gives him the feeling that the new country is interested in him as an individual, and later, when the need comes, he has more than one source from which to draw. Such information educates his own countrymen who assume to educate him and he is less in their power. Take, for instance, the matter of child labor and the compulsory education law. It is known that many parents and relatives bring in children for the sole purpose of working them. Some are ignorant, others intend to defy the law. Were each alien furnished with a simple statement of the laws of the State where he is going, and with directions for obtaining working-papers, and were foreign Governments asked to impart such information, no alien could plead ignorance and there would be less evasion in cases where children are really entitled to working-papers. I would go a step further—120,509 children under fourteen were admitted to the United States in 1909-10. In some years it is even greater. Is there any reason why the Federal Government should not furnish to each State Department of Education or other designated bureau, at stated intervals to be agreed upon, the name and address of each alien child and that these should be sent to the various school authorities in the State

and the children visited and brought into the school? Of what use are truant officers and schools when hundreds of children arrive weekly and go to various parts of the States, when school authorities have no possible knowledge of their arrival? Steamship companies should also be penalized for false addresses. No system of visiting children will be a great success if such agents give aliens false addresses and such centres as banks and employment agents receive large consignments of aliens which they in turn distribute. The development of an alien child-welfare campaign on the part of nation and States would tend to correct both the neglect and the abuses which especially characterize our treatment of alien children.

There are other matters which fall more particularly within the province of the State, but upon which there has been little agreement and action. The alien workman is the poorest protected of all humanity in this country and is even worse off than the children. Two illustrations show this: In labor camps, the working and living conditions of men are the worst known in the country and the children are the most neglected. In home work, the women are the most exploited. Both industries depend largely upon aliens. We cannot build up a sound country until protection is afforded aliens in the industries which they largely constitute. Every progressive State now has a child-labor law as a part of its policy. No State has any kind of an alien labor law. Every progressive State should add regulation of conditions in labor camps, elimination of home work and the establishment of minimum wage schedules below which it is agreed no person can maintain a decent standard of living. Unless this is done, the restrictionists will find ample arguments in our economic treatment of aliens to force a higher wage rate and standard of living by limiting the supply of alien labor.

Another matter calling for attention is the protection of aliens in the courts—not only an extension of safeguards under treaties, but adequate and efficient interpreter service on which the alien's sole chance of justice so often depends; of information and facilities for communicating with his friends when first taken to the police station; of the use of summons instead of warrants for minor offences, so as to save loss of working time and of jobs and of a more determined effort to secure for him the equal protection of

our laws. There are peculiarities in the alien's condition which make the consideration of a special court or of night sessions of court one of importance. The alien is so often denied a hearing or cannot avail himself of the law, because he is so often a transient. Such a large part of the alien population being male, unemployed or unskilled, thousands pass through a city like New York, either coming or going, with but little money and the possible loss of a job if they delay to have their wrongs righted. They literally run the risk of starving while they are trying to collect wages due or recover losses. Exploiters commit frauds, counting on the immunity which is assured them by a friendless, homeless man, poor and without a knowledge of the language, who cannot afford to obtain justice which is to him an expensive luxury. The experiment of night courts might apply to civil courts, especially in wages cases. Many a workman cannot obtain justice because his presence in court means the loss of a job.

No domestic policy would be complete without some educational programme. Recognizing the limitations of the powers of the Federal Department of Education, there still appears to be no sound reason why it should not be interested in the education of aliens to the extent of studying the facilities now offered for both adults and children. The Federal Immigration Commission made a study of the children of immigrants in schools, but there exists no central organization to put whatever recommendations it may make into practice. The subjects of adult education in English and civics remain untouched by the commission and there are no data showing the progress or methods in use in various States which could be nationalized, as is our public school system. One of the illustrations of this anomaly is that the Bureau of Naturalization requires a knowledge of English and of American institutions, but in no way provides any such instruction. It leaves this entirely to the politician or to the philanthropist, with the result that the examinations are a farce and the process of citizenship undignified and superficial.

It is conceivable that the time will come when a part of the immigration policy of the States will be the establishment of schools of citizenship with regular and graded courses in both English and civics not only to meet naturalization requirements, but to meet industrial requirements.

There is no reason why the work of the courts should not be dignified and simplified by the acceptance of certificates from such established schools under Boards of Education, attesting qualifications for the granting of the various papers, nor is there any reason why such schools should not provide instruction corresponding to the requirements for first, second and third papers. Furthermore, the tendency of legislation is to restrict many occupations to citizens, and trade instruction showing what occupations require citizenship as well as instruction in the requirement of such business would prove highly important to assimilation and to progress.

Night schools for teaching English in various districts with as many different systems as there are teachers; no system of compulsory attendance or truancy officers; miscellaneous lectures on citizenship — all coming at the end of the day, when men and women are fatigued, will not answer the need. It is also conceivable that employers may find the introduction of English classes during work hours not impossible as a means of obtaining greater efficiency and decreasing the cost of industrial accidents, so often due to ignorance of the English language in which orders are given. It is quite possible that State Departments of Education may take an interest in the working out of school methods and text-books to suit the needs of aliens and that State legislatures may see the necessity for an appropriation for schools in camps, and a fund to be applied to localities where numbers of alien families are suddenly placed at work temporarily on contracts. These emergency families not only test the resources of the local school, but impair its efficiency for American children in matters of grading, and so forth. Such a fund might well include transportation where it is necessary and take small children in such communities to school during the severe winter months. Increasing the library facilities for aliens, providing American history in the languages of immigrants—these are but illustrations of what must constitute a wise educational policy. As nation and States we can scarcely be said to have any educational policy whatever at the present time with reference to adult immigrants, and yet for the year ending June 30th, 1910, there were admitted 868,310 persons between the ages of fourteen and forty-four, or eighty-three per cent. of the total.

It is evident that in developing a domestic policy certain

things are within Federal control and others within State jurisdiction. Questions of jurisdiction are easily settled by the judicious division of the field and co-ordination of Federal and State functions. The Federal Division of Information and State Free Employment Bureaus and Federal and State Bureaus of Immigration can advance side by side and by means of each other if the principle is clear and the purpose sound. Such protection as the Federal Government may provide through treaties and national legislation will not interfere with the adoption by States of a uniform body of laws respecting banks, notaries public, emigrant boarding-houses, steamship ticket agents, labor camps, employment, and so forth, which will give the immigrant a much-needed protection. Studies and encouragement of education among alien adults on the part of the Federal Government will not interfere with municipal and State educational work among aliens. The great need is that the Government representatives—Federal and State—should get together and enumerate clearly the principles of a domestic policy and then set about patiently and courageously to work it out, each State according to its needs, and as fast as it can enlighten its communities and bring the vision to Americans who now think assimilation to be entirely a process affecting the alien and that the labor asset is the only one which the alien brings.

Frances A. Kellor.

THE WORKER IN POETRY*

BY PERCY MacKAYE

"Who sweeps a room—as by God's laws—
Makes that and the action fine."

THE room may be a low-raftered kitchen, the worker—broom in hand—may bestir himself among familiar pots and kettles, rag carpets and plain stools; or he may mount his implement and be whisked away "ninety times as high as the moon" to a room impanelled with worlds, where the fire-flaked ceiling has no zenith and the star-tiled floor no nadir. It is all one to the worker "as by God's laws." One concern is his: If his action is to be fine, it must accord with the laws of the master of the house wherein he serves.

Thus the work in hand chiefly concerns the worker whether in poetry or in so-called more practical things. The nature of the work—its possibilities in his hands, its infinite possibilities in the hands of his successors, this—the potential in his work—interests him far more than the actual. But about this he says little, he works much. How he sweeps the room, how he writes the poem, he is probably glad to leave those expert guides to good housekeeping, the critics, to point out or dispute. Or, questioned by the idly curious as to the way he does his work, he may find relief in that unexpurgatable reply which Saint-Gaudens once made to the persistent inquiries of an æsthete and answer, "Any old damned way."

Why he does his work he knows, for he knows he is the willing servant of the master—or, in housekeeping phrase, the mistress—of his labors, the Muse.

How and why, then—important though these may be in themselves—are questions of his work which do not greatly concern the worker in poetry to talk about.

* Read at the New Theatre, New York, before the National Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

One question, however, does concern him to ask and all others whom his work affects to answer:

Has he the practical opportunity to work "as by God's laws"?

We all know too well to-day that for sweepers of rooms, for makers of bread, for diggers of coal and iron, for the countless workers of the world, man's laws—by which they must work—do not tend to jibe with "God's laws." To the laws of beauty and joy there are impediments—in practical conditions. The worker in poetry shares in these conditions. To the poet's ideal work—as to all ideal work—there are practical restrictions. But as it is, perhaps, emphatically the function of the poet to devote his energies to ideal work, or none, the practical restrictions of his work become the more important.

As a worker in that field, I shall try, therefore, to point out a few of those restrictions as they appear to me and to suggest how possibly some may be surmounted.

But first: What *is* a worker in poetry?

I have spoken of workers in coal and bread and iron; these are specific things. Poetry is a vaguer term.

Roughly then to define it, I mean by poetry—the perennial stuff of the racial imagination. Poets are moulders of that stuff in useful forms. And by useful forms I mean forms serviceable to the happiness of the race.

Under such a definition, the great discoverers of the world—in science, art, engineering, medicine, religion, agriculture, what you will—may be called great poets; and such they are, for they are constructive imaginers, or inventors, who serve the race by their work. But a special class of these has usually claimed the name of poet; to wit, writers in verse. Obviously that special class is my subject, but—not to limit this class by any misleading distinction between verse and prose—I shall mean by a poet: an inventor of useful images in the emotional cadences of speech. In brief, a singer of imagination. Among such, of course, singers in verse are dominant and their work is chiefly to be emphasized.

Now, if I were to escort the reader to the nearest Business Directory of our great metropolis, turn to the letter P, and scan the pages carefully — from Pasteboard-makers through Plumbers to Publishers—we should search in vain for the professional address of a poet. For this we should probably smilingly thank God, but we would do well

to think *why* we thank Him. Our thanks and our smiles are, perhaps, our truest compliment to the poet's calling, but they are likewise our truest condemnation of human society as we are pleased to accept it. It is, of course, simply natural that a calling whose office is to mould the stuff of the racial imagination in the emotional cadences of speech should find no place in a society organized, not primarily for the State or the race, but for individuals. It is also far better for the poet to fill no recognized vocation than any recognized one which should debase his true calling to commercial ends. For this reason the poet becomes a worker chiefly by avocation, and therefore he is often popularly conceived as a species of human papilio, subsisting, presumably, on ambrosia culled from the flowers of his own fancy.

The fact, however, that the poet has no professional vocation is a real restriction to his work. It is a restriction because—unless he is supported by income or patronage—it compels him to make an avocation of his highest powers. The main current of his being is deflected and consumed in waste products. He can serve the Muse relatively in moments—not in hours—of labor. Yet the poet's work peculiarly requires concentration and continuity.

Other workers in the fine arts—painters, sculptors, musicians, architects—may make their art their recognized calling. They may combine their distinctive labor with their livelihood. To them society offers a vocation: not so to the poet. In his case, except in the rarest instances, his means of living are derived from other sources than his work in poetry. Where such sources are lacking, either his work ceases or is debased by purely commercial uses or the poet himself starves. Perhaps the most notable modern exception to this is the work of Mr. Alfred Noyes, whose poetry is said to be self-sustaining; yet even in his case, the significant announcement is made that a play by Mr. Noyes will soon be produced.

Let us remember, therefore, when the dearth of true poets is bemoaned, that society provides no vocation for the poet. But this restriction to his work leads to another. Having failed to provide him a livelihood for his work, society proceeds to judge his work by the results. The results are what might be expected from such failure to provide: a wholesale driving-out and killing-out of poets.

First, the driving out. Thousands—I had almost said millions—of poets are born every year. I mean the little children of the world. Born "as by God's laws" with divine curiosity and eager imagination, they are maturely confronted with man's laws. Then the most eager imaginers among them—seeing no vocation in the song which springs to their lips—seek expression elsewhere; and so they become the poets of science and law and medicine and industry—the captains of the world.

Next, the killing out. The great mass, with no choice except between death and life, ply the vast loom of songless labor and unimaginative hope. Lastly, the few singers left are of two sorts: those with incomes and those without. Among the former are found most of the excellent names in English poetry: a fact which is hardly a compliment to our civilization. Among the latter are the few remaining ones who excel in spite of adversity, and the far greater number whom the life of the hack deteriorates or poverty reduces to join those

> "Derelicts of all conditions,
> Poets, rogues and sick physicians."

Around both classes swarm the parasites of true poetry: the dilettantes and the æsthetes. Judging, then, by the results of its own ineptitude, society comforts itself by repeating two complacent proverbs: "Well, well, after all, 'poets are born and not made'"; and, "You see, 'true genius always succeeds.'"

Another misconstruction of society is an obstacle to the poet's work: its passionate nature. The dilettante and the æsthete are easily tolerated, if not understood, by society, for their pseudo-passion does not disturb its conventions. But living passion for the beautiful is usually preferred—posthumously. Moreover, those long accustomed to work without joy or passion find it hard to conceive of the singer as a worker at all. For them "to loaf and invite one's soul" is an invitation to laziness, not to labor; "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" is the symbol of a numskull.

Nevertheless, the poet is, perhaps, the most laborious of toilers:

> "For to articulate sweet sounds together
> Is to work harder than all these, and yet
> Be thought an idler by the noisy set
> The martyrs call the world."

Thus modern society has organized often for temperance, but hardly for temperament. Yet recognition of the function of temperament is essential to recognition of the poet. Perhaps for this instance it is sufficient to mention the names of Walt Whitman and Edgar Allan Poe.

There are other restrictions.

By the nature of his work the poet seeks to stir the elemental in man—the racial imagination. This all artists seek, more and less, to do. But the singer must accomplish this by means of the uttered word. It is not sufficient—it is not even essential—that his poem be written. To fulfil its object it must be spoken or sung. It is as reasonable to expect an architect to be content with a specification of his building, or a painter with a photogravure of his painting, as a poet with the printed page of his poem. The cadences, the harmonies, the seizure by the imagination upon consonants and vowels, sounds which subtly evoke the human associations of centuries—these are addressed to the ears, not the eyes, of his audience. Originally his audience was not a person, but a people. Homer sang to all Hellas—not from the printed page, but from the mouths of minstrels. Thus the very craftsmanship of the poet is based upon two assumptions, which are seldom granted him to-day: the sung, or chanted, word: a plural audience.

It is not surprising, therefore, that his power with the people has waned. The inspiration of the ancient bards has never passed from the earth. It is perennial in the poet's heart. But it can never pass effectively into the hearts of the people through their eyes—from the pages of printed volumes or magazines. No: a partial renascence of those older conditions of poetry is needed for the work of the poet. Is such a renascence feasible? Is it probable?

Not to invoke the millennium or the golden age, I think the worker in poetry may find true encouragement in the promise of the present—and the present here in America. Foremost there exists for him one vocation whose object—like his own—is to evoke the racial imagination by the uttered word. There exists the drama. To the drama the noblest poets of the past have turned for livelihood and the fruition of their labor. At the Globe Theatre in London, Shakespeare earned both daily bread and immortality; Sophocles both—at the theatre in Athens. To-day in America the theatre—itself but half aware—is being stirred by mighty

forces of rebirth, and the drama is awakening to fresh and splendid horizons. For the poet, then, in verse or prose, the craftsmanship of the dramatist already offers an actual vocation.

Besides this, a revived form of democratic drama outside the theatre is rapidly developing new opportunities for the singer. The pageant has come to stay. Participated in by the people, from town to town, the civic pageant is being welcomed as a constructive form of expression for our national and local holidays. For this — Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, present magnificent opportunities for the noblest imaginings of poets and artists. In particular these festivals give promise of vocation to the poet as such in the revival and growth of the masque, the ballad and the choral song.

Unique in respect to these beginnings, last summer the MacDowell Pageant at Peterborough gave scope for the admirable lyrics of one of our best younger poets, Hermann Hagedorn. His songs, set to the music of MacDowell and sung with simple charm by those New Hampshire country people, made history for workers in poetry.

Another phase of poetic work excellent in possibility is the Occasional Poem, recording moments of public importance. Largely because of the equivocal vocation of poets, this form has fallen into semi-repute. It has even been urged by superficial persons that special commissions for works of poetry are beneath the dignity of true poets to accept. The same persons should, I think, urge true painters never to paint special portraits or decorations for particular places, and true sculptors never to accept commissions for particular statues.

However, to the worker in poetry, mindful of his art, a possible revival of the vocation of Pindar gives no shock to dignity and taste. He calls to mind, without æsthetic pain, the special commissions of the Greek occasional poet for songs of encomium, hymns, pæans, choral odes, dance songs, epinicia, dirges, drinking-songs; and he recalls also with gratitude the lofty Occasional Poem composed by our American poet, William Vaughn Moody, "In Time of Hesitation."

In presenting, then, some problems and promises of his work to the public the worker in poetry to-day summons to mind not merely to-day, but yesterday and to-morrow, for

his work deals with the long continuity of the racial imagination.

Briefly, his ideal is the child ideal, and his work is based in that. Like a child, he demands opportunity to work "as by God's laws": that is, to play. Yet to play in no immature sense. For to the perfecting of play, the poet brings the ripest powers of his will and imagination, and in consecration to play he puts aside all merely unconstructive pleasures, happy

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Thus, even though for him to play may be to imagine intensely the bitterest sorrows of life and to burden his songs with "saddest thought," yet freedom and joy in his work are the axioms of its execution—even as with the play of childhood.

By that ideal of work, then, he rejects the arguments of the fatalist—that childhood is a lovely condition of the soul necessarily to be outgrown; of the sophist—that it is forever impractical in a practical world; of the commercialist—that its only use is to renew the foundations of sordid facts as they are. To all such he replies—with the Master of poets, "Unless ye be as a little child."

PERCY MACKAYE.

THE LEAVES OF THE TREE*

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

III—FREDERIC MYERS

Frederic Myers was born in 1843. His father, who came of a stock of Yorkshire yeomen, was vicar of a church at Keswick. He belonged to the Broad Church school, and was a close friend of Stanley, Jowett and Frederick Robertson. Myers's mother was a daughter of John Marshall, of Leeds, a member of Parliament, a man of high character, great commercial ability and conspicuously public-spirited; one of her sisters married the first Lord Monteagle, and another Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity.

Myers was a sensitive and deeply affectionate child, thoughtful beyond his years and extraordinarily impressionable. The exquisite surroundings of his Cumberland home, the great, dark, sun-dappled mass of Skiddaw, the tree-embosomed lakes of Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater, the mysterious vista of green-shouldered craggy-topped peaks, lost in the empurpled distance to the south, left ineffaceable impressions on his childish mind.

But behind that passionate love of nature there lay from the very first a strange preoccupation with the secrets of life and death. The sight of a dead mole, crushed by a cart, gave him, he records, an intense emotion at the age of six. He was told by his mother, in answer to his eager questions, that the little creature had no soul, and would not live again; and the thought of the loss of conscious joy, of a death without resurrection, filled him with anguish, at an age when most children look upon animals as a sort of pretty mechanical toy, have few imaginative sympathies, and simply observe, without drawing any conclusions or comparisons.

At an early age, too, the sense of the music of words came to him, borne on the echoing lines of Virgil. It is com-

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forting to compare that joyful initiation into a lifelong mystery of delight with the bewildered entry into a dolorous and unintelligible apprenticeship that befalls so many boys. And it is characteristic, too, of the poetic temperament that feeds so poignantly upon retrospect, to think that that day in the sunlit parsonage study sowed the seed which flowered in the majestic essay on "Virgil" written in Myers's prime.

His father died in 1851, at the age of forty, and left his widow with the anxious care of two boys. Frederic Myers was deeply moved by his father's dying words and by the shock of his death; but it is strange to read the fact which he records, that about the same time his mother, shrinking from dwelling upon the doctrine of hell, suggested to the boy that men who lived bad lives on earth were possibly annihilated at death. "I remember," says Myers, "where I stood at the moment, and how my brain reeled under the shock." The prospect of so appalling a possibility as that any conscious soul should cease to be, sank deeply into his mind. It is difficult to analyze this feeling, but the incident carries within it the secret of Myers's life—the urgent claim to continuous and conscious personality. It is strange to reflect that the instinct is not a universal one. To many minds the cessation of personal consciousness is simply an inconceivable thought; but I have known men who have felt the precise opposite, and to whom the prospect of entire annihilation is not only not horrible, but positively attractive and tranquillizing.

Myers gives a touching extract from his mother's diary, which indicates the extraordinary sympathy and comfort which he, then a child of eight, seems to have given her in her bereavement. She said to him once that she could never be happy again, and the child replied, "You know God can do everything, and He might give us just once such a vision of Him as should make us happy all our lives after." Of course a sensitive and clever child can, and often does, in the presence of overwhelming grief, suggest words and thoughts of consolation of almost preternatural fineness and appositeness, purely by a precocity of intelligence— *ex ore infantium*—just as he can traffic with a coin whose battered heraldry he does not understand. But there does seem to be something more than that here—an untiring affection, a facing of great issues, a vitality of spirit which cannot be passed over. As a rule, the reminiscences of childhood are tedious

things, and keep the secret of their golden glow only for the possessor; but in the case of Myers there seems to have been an almost feminine tenderness, a ripening of sympathy, a preoccupation with the needs and sorrows of others, very different from the placid and heedless self-absorption of ordinary boyhood. It was the same when he went to school. The letters that passed between himself and his schoolmaster testify to an unusual equality of friendship and an uncommon tenacity of affection.

He was for a time at Cheltenham, and went at seventeen to Trinity College, Cambridge. In the little glowing autobiographical fragment published after his death he traces the history of his mind in those early years. He speaks of his growing passion for the Greek and Latin poets, and his inward recital of them. He read the "Phædo" of Plato at sixteen, and experienced, he says, a sort of conversion to Hellenism. He found in Plato, Virgil and Marcus Aurelius the three great religious teachers of antiquity; and though at a later period a contrary influence swept across his life and carried him into a very different region of thought, these great minds remained the support of his faith and the foundation of his creed.

Sappho and Pindar brought in turn their several intoxications of delight. He recognized in later days that they had brought evil as well as good: they had served to detach him from low interests and to foster imaginative impulse; but that this had afforded no medicine for pride. It would seem from his veiled words that he had found in the Greek spirit a reflection of his own, and that he had yielded himself to every joyful and emotional impulse—*nec prohibui cor meum,* he might have said with the Preacher. He describes in words that touch the very limits of restraint his wanderings in Greece at the age of twenty-one, the passionate delight aroused by the sight of the heathery promontories of Lesbos and the sunny bay of Mitylene. But writing at the end of life he could see in retrospect that the mistake he had made was to fling himself so insatiably into the joy of the past—"an unnatural passion . . . men must set their hearts on what lies before."

He was elected to a Fellowship of Trinity in 1865, and a reaction passed over his mind. It was only natural, I think, that an emotional life which had been lived with so complete an abandonment, in so prodigal and reckless a fashion,

should have its ebb and flow, and should be followed by a sense of satiety and weariness. But he now came under a strong and eager Christian influence. He met Mrs. Josephine Butler, who combined with an intense spiritual fervor the sympathy which cannot rest without a lavish sharing of its joy with others, and who possessed that ardent instinct for seeking the lost which made her influence a turning-point in many wayward lives. She led him to the faith, he wrote, "by an inner door; not to its encumbering forms and dogmas, but to its heart of fire."

The notable monuments of that period are the two poems of "St. John the Baptist" and "St. Paul." They were sent in, in the competition for the Seatonian Prize. The tradition runs that the quaint prelude which dealt with the conditions of the prize laid it down that the poem should be written on the nature and attributes of God, until in the opinion of the Master of Clare the subject be deemed to be exhausted. It has been often quoted as an instance of the futility of academical competitions that neither of these poems, of which "St Paul" at least has won a secure place in English literature, should have obtained the prize. It always seems to me more surprising that the less conspicuous of the two—"St John the Baptist"—should not have been successful. "St Paul," in form and metre and treatment, was a perfectly novel experiment; and its luxuriance, its almost cloying sweetness, its entire lack of economy or severity, might well be regarded with suspicion by academical minds. It is curious to note in passing that I once had a correspondence with Myers on the subject of the metre of the poem. The matter is too technical to discuss here, but it surprised me to find that he analyzed its metrical scheme in a way which showed that his own musical instinct had entirely overcome his deliberate prosody. The beat of the curiously infectious stanza had made havoc of his plans. I venture to say that no technical metrist would ever dream of assigning to the poem the scheme of rhythm which Myers maintained underlay it.

But the poem, with all its rush of feeling, its gorgeous wealth of word-music, remains. It may be shunned by a mature taste: but it has played a notable part in the emotional development of many men and women, and I will confess that for me at least—though I feel that the conception has little in common with the scholastic framework which

cramped the literary genius of "St. Paul"—the poem has a haunting spell which defies all sense of critical taste, like the honeyed scent of some sun-warmed field of summer flowers. Not the least testimony to its beauty are the letters in which Ruskin acknowledged the gift of the poem, and its moving effect upon his own much-tortured spirit.

I must not here linger over the literary work of Myers, attractive and beautiful as much of it is, because it was not his main concern—indeed, it was little more than the happy talk of the pilgrim by the way, concerning itself for an instant with the misty foldings of the hills, the gleam of wayside flowers, the appeal of some passing face. He had a wonderful power over words, and in his poems, an extraordinary musical sense of rhyme and rhythm alike. There are lyrics of purest form and almost intoxicating sweetness; but he had not the supreme austerity of the artist: he could not hold his hand or subdue his material to his use; and thus there is a prodigal lavishness of ornament and image that gives a sense of luxury and sensuousness, and mars the perfection of much of his work. This is perhaps a *dulce vitium,* but it passes at times into rhetoric and out of control. Save for this he might have won supremacy as a poet; but his profusion has a touch of the luscious, the barbaric, about it, and lacks the final gift of simplicity won by discarding richness—the purity of beauty unadorned.

But a process of disillusionment set in. There followed a period of agnosticism and materialism, when Myers suffered severely, and bore his suffering with "a joyless doggedness," which obliterated not only his own personal hopes, but his care of his brethren. Part of his pain, he says, was the thought that his own organization, more sensitive, more clear-sighted than that of his fellows, was the very thing which, instead of ministering to his joy, augmented his capacity to suffer. It was on a starlight walk with Henry Sidgwick, in December, 1869, that the first glimpse of the quest to which he was to give so much of his life, and which was to bring him so much ultimate happiness, dawned on him. "I asked him," wrote Myers, "almost with trembling, whether he thought that when Tradition, Intuition, Metaphysics had failed to solve the riddle of the universe, there was still a chance that from any actual observable phenomena—ghosts, spirits, whatsoever there might be—some valid knowledge might be drawn as to a World Unseen. Al-

ready, it seemed, he had thought that this was possible: steadily, though in no sanguine fashion, he indicated some last grounds of hope."

The significance of this step was great. The force of the suggestion lay in this pregnant fact, that, whereas men had begun in every other region to apply the method of science to all baffling material problems, and had been led, through a painful enough process of discarding and unlearning their prejudices and preferences, to amass materials for sure conclusions, it was now clear that the only way to approach psychical problems was through the prosaic process of beating the covert carefully to see if the quarry lay hid in the brake. It was seen to be useless to begin by assumptions drawn from an immense mass of vague and floating tradition. The only possibility was to study the problems at first hand, to be discouraged by no triviality of detail, no silliness of immature imagination, from applying to the abnormal and even sordid phenomena of spiritualism the same searching and rigid investigation.

Myers put literature and art aside, and gave himself to the new quest with an enthusiastic abandonment. I believe that his capacity for investigation was to a certain extent hampered by his sanguine hopefulness. In dealing, for instance, with the performances of mediums, his intense desire to find evidence made him believe more guilelessly than he need have done in their good faith. "Our efforts," he wrote, "of the first few years were tiresome and distasteful enough; yet what were they in comparison to the hardship which a naturalist will undergo to trace the breeding-ground of a song-bird or to establish the relationship of a worm of the sea?" He said in most deliberate words that his own history had been that of a soul struggling into the conviction of its own existence, and that he had postponed all else to the one question whether life and love survive the tomb. To give and to receive joy, companionship with nobler spirits—these seemed to him the real aims of life; and while doubt remained as to the permanence of the human soul, even these aims appeared to be futile and fruitless. But when the conviction of immortality dawned upon him, as it did, he said that it gave him a creed which encouraged him to live at his best, and inspired the very strongest hopes that can incite to exertion.

In 1880 Myers was married to Miss Eveleen Tennant, and

found a joy in the new relationship which he had never before experienced. "Indeed," he wrote to his mother, "my own happiness has grown and deepened till one doubts whether it can be good for one to drink such deep and continuous draughts of it." He plunged into his great book on Human Personality, and found fresh happiness in the intensity of his convictions. "My researches," he wrote, "have, at any rate, made me very happy, and I want to make as many other people follow the same line of happiness as I can; though we are all booked for such a good thing in the next world that it matters comparatively little how we fare in this."

There is but little that is eventful to record of these later years; but in the presence of this ecstasy of peace, this habitual exaltation of spirit, one finds oneself asking uneasily how it stood the test of some of the darker experiences of life. I will but cite two instances. When his son, who was then in my boarding-house at Eton, was seized by a dangerous illness which had once nearly proved fatal to Myers himself, and was for some days in a very critical condition, I was amazed by his exhibiting a combination of feelings which I had never seen before. He was deeply and distressingly anxious, but he seemed to think very little of himself or his anxieties, and showed the tenderest consideration for, and confidence in, every one else. And at the same time there seemed to be in the background an untroubled serenity about the issues of life and death which made me at least feel that his sense of the immortality of the spirit was not a matter of traditional hope, but of an absolutely serene assurance.

And when he himself came to die, I have been told that he faced the last passage, when he knew that there was no hope of life, not with courageous endurance and lofty unselfishness, but with an irrepressible and exultant joy, waiting to march in triumph through the gate into a world where all the best of life awaited him, freed from all the limitations and encumbrances of human existence. How many men there are who would rigidly condemn the creed of Myers as vague and unsatisfying! Yet such men have died in fear and uncertainty, while Myers went to his rest as though attended by a heavenly music, as catching the melodious notes of the trumpets that, as in the old allegory, were sounding for him on the other side.

My first sight of Myers was when I was an Eton boy; he was announced to give a lecture on "Nelson," and I drifted into the old School Library, one winter evening, not expecting anything particular to happen, except to meet a few friends and perhaps whisper a little under cover of the address. A quiet-looking man, rather markedly upright, was introduced by the Head-master, walked straight to the desk, bowed courteously in recognition of the applause, opened a manuscript, and began to read his lecture in a low clear voice, which had something thrilling about it—a suppression of some fiery and uplifted quality which made the whole room curiously attentive, though the proem was simple enough. There was no point at which the transition came, but we were soon aware that we were under the spell of a solemn and noble eloquence, which at first attracted and then fascinated the boys, and then held us all absolutely spellbound. The voice rose into a sort of rhythmic chant, and the prælection gradually merged itself into a great rhapsody of heroic emotion. The quotations, which came frequently, sounded like lyrical hymns, and the whole worked up to a splendid climax and ceased at the very height and summit of the strain. Yet the lecturer exhibited no sign of physical emotion, used no gesture, and the unimpassive face with the veiled eye added infinitely to the solemnity of the discourse, which seemed hieratic and liturgical rather than oratorical. It left us all in a glow, and the proceedings closed with more irrepressible and prolonged applause than I have ever heard at an Eton lecture. We had many and notable lectures at Eton. Mr. Ruskin, for instance, addressed the boys on three occasions during my time there. But with all Ruskin's prestige, his mysterious impressiveness, the winning charm of his piercing glance and pathetic smile, he never produced the effect which Myers produced; and I have often agreed with contemporaries that the "Nelson" lecture was by far the most moving discourse I ever listened to as an Eton boy.

This is curiously confirmed by a story lately told me by Archdeacon Cunningham, who, when a Lecturer at Trinity, presided over the fortunes of a small undergraduate Essay Society which met in his rooms. He invited Myers to address the society one evening on the subject of Psychical Research. Myers came, took his stand on the hearth-rug, and

poured out for an hour, without a single note, an oration of the most moving eloquence and finished verbal precision, never hesitating for a word, and never failing to wind up the most elaborate and involved sentences.

I have often wondered that Myers did not attain to more fame as a lecturer. He would have been, I believe, a preacher of almost unsurpassed eloquence if he had been in Orders. I do not think he would ever have been a political speaker, because his logic was rather at the mercy of his feeling. But for impassioned public discourse, of a set kind, he had talents, I am sure, of the very highest order. I do not know how much preparation such discourses entailed — a good deal, I should imagine, because the form and the language were both so elaborate. I do not even know whether he enjoyed the delivery. His demeanor was so statuesque that it was impossible to augur what he felt; the only thing that betrayed emotion was an occasional flash of the downcast eye, which gave a sense of intense repression. But the voice, high-pitched, clear and with a peculiar thrill of emotion, was perfectly adapted to the process. It never drooped or flagged; it never became either strident or uncontrolled. It might even have been monotonous but for the passion of feeling which animated it from end to end. I am not sure that this emotional tide of eloquence did not produce an almost deleterious effect upon his prose writings. I have always thought that his study of Wordsworth in the " English Men of Letters " is a very fine piece of criticism from the point of view of a panegyric; but it is a panegyric, and though perhaps it is the highest function of criticism to discern and express the distinctive quality of a writer's work and influence, the book preaches the Wordsworthian faith rather than sets it in a just and balanced light. I heartily wish we had more of this kind of criticism, but it is prophetical rather than analytical. I do not think that Wordsworth has ever been treated in so devotional a spirit, and Myers interprets his august message and his consecrated life in a very true and noble way; indeed, as applied to Wordsworth, such an attitude leaves little to be desired, because Wordsworth's position is rather that of a priest of mysteries than a literary influence; but it would be impossible to apply the same method to any writer but a poet, and a poet with a conscious and deliberate message. And thus the essay on " Virgil " in the Classical Essays is for the

same reason admirable; but here again Myers sings rather than discusses his subject, and, like the poet himself, teaches the groves to resound with the beloved name.

But I think that in his last great work, on Human Personality, the fault of the method is more apparent. I do not know any book of so breathless and sustained an emotion, which makes itself felt even in the more deliberately scientific passages. But here, in spite of the caution, the gravity, the studied impartiality of the treatment, there emerges a sense of passionate conviction and almost frenzied hope, which detracts from the judicial effect, and leaves a reader overborne rather than convinced. It is artistic, in the sense that the writer adopts an attitude and a method, and never lapses from it; but the natural instinct of the man penetrates the book, and makes it an impassioned discourse rather than a scientific treatise.

I first came to know Myers personally in the summer of 1883, when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge. I recognized him at once as the heroic lecturer of my Eton days. He was remarkable for an extraordinary reposeful dignity of manner and an almost demure courtesy. He had built himself a fine house on the outskirts of Cambridge, which he called "Leckhampton." The ground had been very skilfully laid out. The approach was by a private road, so that there was a sense of great seclusion about the place; and the long strip of ground belonging to it, at one end of which the house stood, had been planted so as to give the sense of a spacious pleasaunce. Against the background of this opulent and stately little mansion, richly and delicately appointed, Myers, with his beautiful and accomplished wife, stood out in admirable relief; and I remember receiving a radiant impression, which has never left me, of a nobly endowed nature, to which all the refined resources of the world gracefully and unostentatiously ministered. The people one met there were not of the familiar academical kind, but men and women who brought a breath of the larger world with them, and with a halo of interest and fame about them. There was something of a refined princeliness about it all; and I remember, too, thinking that it was not characteristically modern at all, but gave the feeling of a Renaissance picture. Myers did not seem to me so much the product of a time as of all times, belonging not to a date, but to a type—a type that at all epochs takes by a natural good fortune

all that is best and highest in the world, and uses it not with a luxurious ostentation, but with a refined and critical taste. The motto over the door—since, I think, obliterated—said:

> "Aude, hospes, contemnere opes et te quoque dignum
> Finge Deo."

That motto seemed to be the perfectly right and just summary of so lavish and fragrant a life. It was a life which did not shrink from using comfort and beauty, art and leisure. But it did not rest upon these things: it availed itself of them just so far as they ministered to the well-being of the spirit, but all the time there were secret windows opening upon far wider horizons.

Myers appeared to me something utterly different from a wealthy and cultivated inspector of schools. I thought of him rather as something medieval and lordly—a Venetian merchant prince, perhaps, with an outlook upon art and letters, and with none of the limitations in life, nothing of the timidity of dealing with its fulness, that my own more puritanical bringing-up had imposed on me. I felt a sense of narrowness and circumscription about the artificial life I had been ignorantly leading—a sense of beautiful avenues and vistas leading into realms unknown. I fell back, of course, in an unadventurous spirit into the easy familiar ways, but it was a glimpse of something more liberal and exquisite than anything I had before experienced.

In spite of the dignity in which Myers seemed to be involved, there was nothing in the least formidable about him. His courtesy and sympathy were great, and he welcomed any timid and fitful reaching-out after fuller interests with a charming readiness to hear and to answer. But his serenity and self-possession gave me in those days a sense of awkwardness and clumsiness. I only saw him occasionally, so that it was in no sense an influence—only a rare prospect of something delicate, finished and beautifully ordered. He was a busy man, and apart from his official work he lived a life of reflection and aspiration. And then, too, he was always a seeker rather than a teacher. His writing was rather the taking shape of his own impassioned dreams than an attempt to share or lead or inspire.

I knew him better still at a later date when his son came to be a boarder in my Eton house. As a parent he was not so much anxious as careful, desiring the best influences for his

boy, but showing a fine confidence and trustfulness in one's own methods and intentions. I have a good many letters from him of that date, in his firm, rather official hand. But he seemed to hold himself aloof, and to be preoccupied in larger designs. I knew nothing then of his inner hopes and quests; but though his whole life was nurtured on emotions and ecstasies, there was never anything in the least emotional or effusive about his talk. He was essentially reserved; and there is one thing that always struck me very forcibly about him, and that was the extreme serenity and tranquillity of his face and bearing. The perfect smoothness of his brow and cheek, the absence of all lines or dints of stress or experience, his leisurely carriage, gave a feeling of self-contained prosperity and stability. It still remains to me a thing to be wondered at that so little of the eagerness or rapture of life should have been visible, and no touch of dissatisfaction or unrest. He looked like one whose progress had been deliberate and outlook untroubled. There was no sense of struggle or urgent restraint, and yet there had been both in his life; and still less was there any hint that he had known what it was to despair. Yet of all the poignant utterances of the darkest moods of man—that darkness of the spirit when even the very impulse to rage against the imprisoning walls and the galling fetters dies away into apathy—I feel that the two sonnets "Would God It Were Evening" and "Would God It Were Morning" are the most vivid and spectral I know.

The truth is that Myers had attained, more than most men, not so much to a serenity of joy as a serenity of hope, and hardly troubled himself more about the sordid incidents of life than the traveller in sight of the lighted windows of his home troubles himself about the mire on his foot or the sleet upon his face.

Of course a busy professional life, so intently contemplative in its leisure spaces, and with so much literary work interspersed, must either deliberately forfeit some element of fulness, or must stand in little need of human solace. What Myers sacrificed was that kind of easy relationship with the world that gives to normal human beings a variety of natural pleasure. Courteous and amiable as he was in ordinary intercourse, it was yet true that he was intensely reserved. He had no desire to multiply friendships, no need to exchange the current coin of opinions and interests. His

home circle and a small group of intimate friends sufficed him. Though he was a delightful host, and had many social gifts, he was very rarely to be seen at Cambridge gatherings. It was characteristic of him that, when I once sent him a book of my own, he acknowledged it at once with great warmth, but said that, though he had read it, he would express no opinion upon it. He added that he had once lost a friendship through expressing a perfectly candid opinion of a book, and that he had made a rule never to express an opinion again. It was natural enough, I felt, for a sensitive man like Myers to make such a rule: what was unnatural was that he should keep to it; and he did not perceive that, though a direct criticism might in a single instance have caused offence, yet that to maintain and allege such a principle of action was to draw a far chillier veil between him and his friends, because it was an abnegation of natural relations. The truth was that he was really a dreamer, passing on his way intent on his own visions, and with a power of maintaining his emotions at a high temperature, without conscious effort and without contact with other minds. But this diminished his power of affecting the world. His very repression of ambitions, social and literary, was a proof of the same thing. Most people are ambitious, not so much because they covet the prize in itself, as because it is natural to desire what others desire. But in this Myers was wonderfully self-sufficing, and absolutely independent of opinion. He did not hanker after applause, or he had overcome the hankering; and he craved for evidences of personal immortality, not because he primarily longed to satisfy the aspirations of others, but because he could not rest until he had put his own life on a secure basis. He had all the fire of a poet; but he had, too, the temper of a stoic, and found a medicine for his sensitive and restless disposition in cultivating, as far as he could, an undisturbed tranquillity. This is not to be dismissed as a selfish attitude. A man may do more for humanity by abjuring the easy give-and-take of life and absorbing himself in an investigation the results of which may be fruitful in happiness for others. If Myers had been able to establish the conclusions which he was in search of, he would have been a benefactor to humanity. He did establish his belief to his own satisfaction, but through a complexity of investigation and emotion which was not simple enough to carry a general conviction.

But, after all, a man must choose his own method and follow his own ideals. What is inspiriting about the life of Myers is that no one can doubt the solemnity and nobility of his quest, or fail to admire the patient ardor with which it was pursued. But the two characteristics which seem to me to distinguish the inner life of Myers, so far as I apprehend it, from most other lives lived on similar lines, are these. In the first place, the strongly sensuous temperament, such as his was, is generally one that exhausts sensation and vitality in the frank pursuit of satisfaction, and ends either in a morose disillusionment or a dreary scepticism, as the fire and savor of life are extinguished, and there seems nothing to take their place; or else it is succeeded by a business-like materialism that is temperate by way of precaution, in order to husband and economize its resources of pleasure. But in Myers this was not the case: rather, as life went on, the current ran more clear and swift than ever. I know no man who seems to have lived more consistently in a sort of rapture of thought, without wearied or discontented interludes, but in an impassioned ecstasy of sweetness. In this he was a mystic, and his joyful serenity of mind is just what one finds in the lives of mystics. But, as a rule, the mystic is born and not fashioned, and begins at the very outset of life to taste and enjoy the high pleasures of austerity. Very rarely does a man attain to the inner joys of contemplation who has begun by feeling the fascinations of the outer and material claims of beauty and delight.

But the mysticism of Myers differs from other mysticism in the quality of its energy. The mystic, as a rule, gains his strength by recognizing and augmenting the consciousness of some tremendous personal force above and about him—a force with which he can link himself and travel heavenwards, carried rather than self-impelled, as the fly that sits on the wayfarer's shoulder as he mounts the hill. But with Myers it was rather the sense of his own personality, his private hopes of immortality, the ideal of what he himself might become, that urged him on. It was a self-centred life, though not an egotistical one. The egotist is interested in what he is, in the smallest incidents of his actual life; but Myers disregarded all this proudly and serenely, and was interested rather in what he might some day be. Neither did he lose sight of humanity; but he thought of others rather as heirs of the same hopes which he himself cherished

than as spirits whom he could affect and guide. Just as Newman, in that strange and courageous emptying-out of his inmost spirit given in the "Apologia," confessed that his ultimate thought was "Shall I be safe if I die to-night?" so Myers recognized that his first concern was his own pilgrimage, and could not merge his own personality in the hopes and fears of other pilgrims. This attitude of mind may easily become ignoble; but it was saved from all that in the case of Myers by the supremely spiritual character of his visions, and by his real scorn of all the base and sordid elements of life.

The significance of such a life needs but little emphasis. I can only say that I have known no man who so searched the sources of human joy, and lived with such continuous exaltation in spiritual aspiration. I care little for the fact that he wandered far and wide. The fact remains that the only unhappy periods of his life were those when he rested too securely on material and physical things, and when he sank despairingly into a period of stagnant negation. Of course it may be trenchantly urged that such a conviction as that to which he came must be subjective; and I must reluctantly confess that the particular evidence on which he based his beliefs does not carry the same conviction to myself. I believe that what came to Myers was an intuition of the truth, and that the logical apparatus of his belief was rather the consequence than the cause of his conviction. But, after all, it is the intuition that matters rather than the argument.

His mortal body sleeps in English soil; but in the cemetery at Rome, close by Shelley's grave, is the tablet which records his death, and there is engraved the verse of Homer which he loved, and which so fitly sums up the scope and goal of his life:

'Αρνύμενος ἥν τε ψυχὴν καὶ νόστον ἑταίρων.

So runs the stately verse—"striving to save his own soul, and desiring his comrades' home-coming." It was home, after all, that he longed for—for himself and for all those whom he loved; not the pleasant bypaths of life, nor the sunny slopes of the sleeping hills, but the very home and goal of all;—

> "The spiritual city with all her spires
> And gateways, in a glory like one pearl,
> No larger, though the goal of all the saints."

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

UNDERLYING CAUSES OF THE MEXICAN INSURRECTION

BY JAMES CREELMAN

Although the immediate provocation of armed uprisings against the Government of Mexico is apparently to be found in the re-election of an unpopular Vice-President, Don Ramon Corral, who is therefore to be the constitutional successor of General Porfirio Diaz, the venerable President of the United Mexican States, the actual cause of political restlessness in the Mexican masses is deep below the surface of things and is not to be met by a mere change of persons in the Government.

The real difficulty, and one which even the sagacious and heroic master of Chapultepec Castle has not dared to solve, lies in a national Constitution conferring the universal right to vote upon the people, a majority of whom are racially unfitted for self-government or democratic institutions.

No one who has studied the subject enough to give his word any authority will pretend that the more or less autocratic rule of President Diaz has not been an open and continued violation of the terms of the Mexican Constitution. Mexico is governed by a minority of her citizens. Even President Diaz does not make any hypocritical denial of that. The consent of the majority thus far to this state of things can only be inferred by a prolonged peace where all before was war, confusion, bankruptcy, lawlessness and degradation.

The bitterest foe of the Mexican Government must confess that Porfirio Diaz has led his people out of confusion, almost uninterrupted strife, poverty, brigandage and misery; that he has made one nation of the Mexicans, enforcing peace, protecting life and property, establishing public and private credit; giving the republic a comparatively honored place among the nations of the world; promoting vast and

useful public works, and enriching the country greatly through swiftly increasing industry and commerce.

But while Mexico has grown rapidly and steadily in material wealth, and her people have been drawn into habits of industry and peace, she has stood still politically; the Government has not ventured to fulfil the guarantees of the Constitution regarding popular suffrage, nor has any statesman been bold enough to risk a revolution by undertaking to change the Constitution so that it may fit the capacities and conditions of the people.

If the Government of Mexico is an open lie, so is the Mexican Constitution. We have in the United States a somewhat similar case in the suppression of negro majorities by white minorities, notwithstanding the guarantees of our Constitution. The American people look on complacently while their negro fellow citizens are deprived of their constitutional right to vote in order that the supremacy of the white race may be insured in Southern States. Even the descendants of the New England abolitionists have come virtually to acquiesce in the situation, recognizing the fact that white men will not consent to live under negro government. Toleration of this practice has become in this sense a national policy. The disfranchisement of negro citizens, by whatever technical local legislation, makes a lie of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States. Government by a white minority, however justifiable as a matter of expediency, is nevertheless a direct denial of the guarantees of the Constitution; and if there were a negro majority in the whole nation it cannot be doubted that the white minority would dominate in spite of the Constitution. Nor would it be possible to repeal the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution; the party that would propose such a thing would be trampled under foot by the very majority that looks on calmly while these amendments are boldly and continuously violated by many States.

It would be a gross exaggeration, and wholly misleading, to compare the situation of the negroes in our Southern States with that of the so-called Indians or part Indians who make up the mass of the Mexican people—that is, to offer the two cases as exact parallels; yet they may serve to illustrate difficulties of government not easy to remedy or even to explain.

The white man in Mexico does not dislike the Indian or look upon him as a social inferior because of his race. Nor does the Indian hate or distrust the white man. It would not be a common thing to find a white man in the republic who would refuse to allow his daughter to marry an Indian, or at least a half-breed, simply on account of his blood. In the true sense there is no race question in Mexico; certainly no social race question. The relations which exist between the governing white population and the gentle, lovable, lazy and politically incompetent Indians are marked by something approaching affection; and this regardless of political divisions or disturbances.

Nothing more surprises visiting foreigners in Mexico than the total absence of race prejudice among the people. The shutting out of the Indians and their hybrids from control of the Mexican Government is due to their political shallowness and indifference, and their inability to grasp the meaning of democratic institutions or to assume the individual responsibilities which must go with self-government determined by popular majorities.

The undisguised theory of the dominant statesmanship of Mexico is that to carry out the letter of the Constitution by enforcing the right of unrestricted manhood suffrage and thus turn over the control of the republic to the ignorant, slothful and unprogressive masses, who constitute the undoubted majority, would be to paralyze material progress, drive foreign capital out of the country and throw the nation back again into its old restless, revolutionary habits, with national bankruptcy, internecine strife and general lawlessness as the inevitable result.

Undoubtedly the rule of President Diaz has been hard and inflexible from a political point of view. He has governed his country by very much the same stern methods which he employed more than a generation ago when he first came into power and undertook to compel peace in a country wholly given up to politics and war. His mind has been bent upon government rather than upon imaginative or legal theories of government. His idea has been that what Mexico needed most was peace, a peace enforced by militarism if necessary, but an actual peace, so that in the long course of time there would be security for life and property, foreign capital would flow into the country, industry, agriculture and commerce would flourish; and that the preoccupation of

the people in peaceful and gainful pursuits, together with the conservative and progressive force of active invested capital, would neutralize the natural tendency of the Mexican masses towards revolutionary excitements.

The result is that, although there are now more than 15,000 miles of railways in the republic, representing an investment of more than $1,300,000,000 in silver; 20,000 miles of telegraph and telephone lines; mining properties covering a billion acres and producing more than $160,000,000 (Mexican currency) a year; a system of always solvent national banks, which in 1907 had assets amounting to more than $764,000,000; an impressive development of industry — cotton-mills, tobacco-factories, sugar-refineries, jute, silk and woollen mills, smelters, iron-mills, paper-mills, meat-packing establishments and all manner of manufacturing enterprises—and although since Diaz first took power in the midst of national poverty and chaos, with Mexican bonds selling in the markets of the world at ten cents on the dollar, the Government has not only restored its credit, but actually accumulated a surplus of $136,000,000 (silver), of which $61,000,000 was used in the construction of great public improvements and the rest is kept as a cash balance—although the material wealth of the nation has advanced by leaps and bounds and Mexico's national credit is so high that she can borrow money at four and a half per cent., yet no attempt has been made to give to the Mexican people the right of majority rule, which is the central idea of their Constitution.

It is an easy thing for a Mexican agitator to put himself at the head of a rush of border ruffians or to direct the raids and ambuscades of irresponsible mountain guerillas, cutting telegraph wires, tearing up railway tracks, burning bridges, attacking isolated towns and villages. He can always point to the violated Constitution, to the unchanging policy of a government headed by a political autocrat—even though the autocrat be held to his office by the compulsion of circumstances—and he can find a rich and resounding field for appeal in the political disfranchisement of the great majority, who, however dense, inert and incapable of exercising the rights or fulfilling the duties of democracy, nevertheless were brave enough to win their independence from Spain, to repel the French invasion and to re-establish their republic over the grave of Maximilian.

But sensible men, however they may hate feudalism or arbitrary government, will consider the actual facts of the situation in Mexico before they undertake to judge her Government or condemn the great statesman and patriot who has so long directed her history and guarded her peace.

It is a common error to compare Mexico with the United States simply because the two countries lie side by side and have Constitutions identical in essentials. The sober truth is that it is a case for contrast rather than for comparison. What would be wholly indefensible in an Anglo-Saxon, highly developed and politically intelligent nation, may be justified, or, if not justified, at least explained on reasonable patriotic grounds in a country like Mexico.

President Diaz may have made a mistake in continuing his rule so long without attempting to try out the civic abilities of his people by free elections or by attempting to persuade the nation to change the Constitution and restrict the right of voting to those able to read and write and having some slight property qualifications. But no one familiar with his career can honestly challenge the patriotic integrity of his motives or ignore his lifelong struggle to raise his country from anarchy and poverty to peace and prosperity.

To understand the difficulty of the political troubles of Mexico it is necessary to realize that the prehistoric Mexicans, whose descendants constitute the vast majority of the nation to-day, were tribes of Oriental, probably Asiatic, origin. The evidence on this point seems almost overwhelming. The majestic ruins of palaces, temples and forts built by the ancient Mexicans many centuries before Columbus first crossed the Atlantic Ocean bear too many, and too close, resemblances to Old World architecture to be merely coincidences. The prehistoric potteries and sculptures, the carved jade ornaments—dug up in a land where no jade is found in a state of nature—the heads, faces and bodies of the people, their mental traits and habits, and what is known of their ancient customs and ceremonials, all point to the East as their remote original home. Archæological and ethnical investigation more and more confirms this idea. There are wide divergences of opinion regarding the manner in which the Oriental tribes of Asia, or Asiatic Europe, came to find their way to America; but there is substantial agreement among all serious authorities, including the savants of Mexico, that the people found in the country when Cortez

and his Spanish *conquistadores* burst into it, with the name of Christ on their lips and the lust of gold and silver in their hearts, were Oriental in their character and probably Oriental in their origin.

Not a trace of democratic customs or instincts was found among the aboriginals of Mexico at the time of the Spanish conquest in 1519, only a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. The tribes of Mexico, in spite of the ancient civilization witnessed by the noble ruins of their cities, sacrificed human victims on their altars. Their kings, priests, chiefs and warriors were cannibals, and in almost every district there were jails or cages in which multitudes of victims were carefully fattened for the sacrifice or the feast. It must be remembered that this was the state of the peoples who, only three hundred years afterwards, set up a republic with a Constitution closely modelled on the Constitution of the United States.

All through the three centuries of Spanish domination the conquered tribes and nations were robbed, abused, degraded and trampled down by their European oppressors. Not once did they give evidence of the democratic spirit. When they began the struggle for independence from the Spanish crown in the early years of the nineteenth century they had no thought of democratic institutions. Their idea was to create an independent monarchy.

But in 1824, after Santa Anna had driven Iturbide from the Mexican throne, the independent Mexican nation met in Congress to adopt a permanent form of government. The leaders in the struggle for independence were soldiers, not statesmen. They knew little of the history or science of government. They were seeking for some form of national organization as different as possible from the Spanish monarchy. To the north of them was the United States, a democratic republic which had freed itself from the English crown and had grown powerful enough to protect Mexican independence against the Holy Alliance only the year before through the announcement of the Monroe doctrine. The leaders who threw the strain of democratic government upon the unprepared Mexican nation were the rough heroes of a long-continued guerilla war. There was no Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin or Adams among them to point out the racial unfitness of an Orientally derived people for the free institutions won through a thousand years of Anglo-

Saxon growth and struggle. When they declared Mexico to be a democratic republic and fashioned their Constitution after the Constitution of the United States they were mere imitators of a nation whose institutions were wholly alien to their followers.

The frightful consequences of that blunder run all through Mexican history up to the time of Porfirio Diaz, and even now the whole future of the nation is embarrassed by the existence of an organic law which cannot be fully applied without risk of a general and destructive reversion to armed revolution as a means of settling political questions. The Mexican Constitution has been largely amended—principally by the provisions aimed at the destruction of ecclesiastical influence in secular affairs—but its original guarantees of equal political rights remain undisturbed.

He has studied to little purpose the fearful half-century of revolutions, dictatorships, crime and ruin which followed the setting up of the Mexican republic who does not see that the very institutions which made the United States strong brought increasing weakness and confusion to Mexico. The theory of government was the same in both countries, but the majority of the people were different. The Mexican politician and his followers will not, like the Anglo-Saxon, whom he has tried to imitate through his Constitution, abide by the results of an election. He appeals from the ballot to the bullet. The Mexican Indians and part Indians have shown through all their history since Mexican independence was won that they are devoid of the sense of individual responsibility that must exist in a self-governing people. They are easily roused to fight and they have shown through hundreds of battles that they can shed their blood or die or suffer years of persecution or starvation for the sake of liberty. But there is a tremendous difference between the man who is merely willing to fight for his rights and the man who is always ready to discharge his obligations as a citizen. No people is capable of bearing the strain of government by popular majority to whom individual duty is not held equally sacred with individual privilege.

For almost two generations the great body of citizens of the Mexican republic have fought to preserve their Constitution. It was not so much that the Indians and hybrids were impelled in their struggles by deep convictions regarding the constitutional guarantees or that they were intent

upon the right to vote. The Constitution was a word, a vague grand sentiment rather than a well-understood plan for a government of defined and balanced powers. Thousands died in the name of the constitutional cause and tens of thousands endured almost incredible privations throughout the country who would not in time of peace take the trouble to walk from their adobe huts to the polling-places to vote. So the Constitution came to be a holy party banner rather than a statement of principles of government; and that is in a general sense true of the attitude of the mass of the Mexican people to-day. Without democratic instincts, without the self-restraint and individual initiative that are the foundations of free popular government, without even an approximate idea of the hard, slow work and the unfailing respect for the rights of others that are imposed upon the people by absolute political democracy, they have come to look upon the Constitution as something *sacrosanct,* which none but an enemy or a traitor would think of changing to a more restricted and more feasible form.

The experience of the great and noble President Juarez, whose love for theories of free government outran his executive judgment and resulted in a delirious legislative orgy, complete bankruptcy and a shameless national refusal to continue paying interest on the foreign debts, followed by an armed European invasion, is sufficient to suggest what might become of Mexico again were her government committed to actual majority rule.

When President Diaz at the head of his army took command of Mexico in 1876, the country was overrun with fighting guerilla bands and factions; all the roads were held by freebooters; soldiers who had fought valiantly for the Constitution and against it had become brigands; commerce and industry were paralyzed; foreign capital had been frightened out of the country; native capital was hoarded; a great part of the population had to take to the road and pillage, for there was little employment to be had. Every one talked of his constitutional rights and no one talked of his constitutional duties. The national treasury was empty; Mexican bonds were a joke; while the army, the police and the civil service were largely unpaid. The local administration of government was everywhere corrupt and the courts of justice were to some extent a farce. Even the elected common council of the capital, which was installed in office just

before Diaz entered the city, was of such a character that after its first meeting it was found that the silver candelabra in the municipal palace had disappeared, and Diaz thereupon sent soldiers to turn the councillors out of the building.

The stern, swift methods through which Diaz suppressed brigandage and restored order throughout his country were adopted by him in his capacity as a soldier. He continued them somewhat afterwards as President. The result has been peace, order and an amazing growth of material wealth. Foreign capital and foreign enterprise have fertilized the dead fields of Mexican enterprise. The humblest, blanketed peon lives at least as well as in the old days of imaginative democracy and ceaseless disorders. The influence of railways and telegraphs and the multiplication of factories have almost doubled the wages of workmen. The Valley of Mexico has been drained at a cost of $15,000,000 (silver). The Tehuantepec interoceanic railway has been completed and opened to the commerce of the world. Great and costly harbor works have been constructed and Mexico has been guarded against the perils of a railway trust by a government-controlled merger of nearly eight thousand miles of trunk lines—the work of the brilliant Minister of Finance, Señor Limantour.

Yet, notwithstanding the splendid material results of President Diaz's administration and the prolonged peace which has accompanied it, the government remains practically an autocracy. The free-voting democracy contemplated by the Constitution does not exist. The elections have come to be mere formal ratifications of the President's will. The twenty-seven States, which in the eyes of the Constitution are sovereign in their own affairs, have continued to be nothing more than subdivisions of the national Government and the governors virtually deputies of the President. The national Congress is a slightly disguised dependency of the executive power. The Supreme Court of Justice itself is greatly influenced by the President's known wishes in matters involving the safety or credit of the nation, especially in its relations to foreign governments.

In spite of his almost unlimited power and his thirty-four years in office, President Diaz is a comparatively poor man. He has fought through fifty battles for his country and he has worked for it in peace with a devotion that has won for him the respect of the statesmen of all countries. Again and

again he has planned retirement from the Presidency and has yielded his desire for rest only in response to widespread protests and unmistakable signs that his abandonment of the control of Mexico would cause a ruinous shock to the national credit and be the signal for grave disorders, if not civil war.

The result of the long stretch of absolute government in the republic has been to breed bureaucracy and to promote development at the centre of the country while its extremities are neglected. The magnificent and costly public institutions and the orderly official discipline of the Valley of Mexico offer a startling contrast to the petty tyrannies and squalor of distant States.

As the Government does not depend upon the votes of the people for existence, it relies partly on the army and police, but largely, perhaps principally, upon the zealous support of the property-owning and business men, together with the growing middle class represented by more or less skilled workmen. President Diaz has had to choose between an ignorant, indolent and gentle-natured, but politically incompetent majority of his countrymen as a source of national authority and national policy, and the educated, proprietary and industrious minority whose interests and influence have been set against armed revolutions. It is only natural, under such circumstances, that he should be surrounded by great landowners, financiers, lawyers, men interested in the economic development of the country rather than in political reformation along popular and constitutional lines. These friends and advisers of President Diaz are known in politics as the "*cientificos.*" This name, which has come to be used as a term of reproach in Mexican politics, arises from the fact that the national policy which they advocate and support is based upon a scientific conception of government along the lines of material progress, as against government along sentimental or literally constitutional lines. It is charged by the enemies of the Government that the "*cientificos,*" of whom Vice-President Corral is the recognized leader, have grown rich through their relations to national authority, that they prey upon all who seek governmental privileges, and that there is no approach to the President in business matters save through them.

The recent insurrection in the state of Chihuahua was brought about largely through the efforts of Francisco I.

Madero, the son of an enormously wealthy landowning family of the state of Sinaloa. Señor Madero is a man with a tendency toward socialistic ideas of government. He is a fluent orator. Until the recent outbreak he was not looked upon in Mexico as a man of much importance. Before the last presidential election he made a tour of agitation through Mexico. Week after week, month after month, he addressed meetings in mining towns and in factory centres, denouncing the Government as a tyranny, telling the people that they were abused and robbed of their political rights, and urging them to rise and fight with any weapons they could find. While Señor Madero was inciting Mexico to violence, his friends were at work in the United States, seeking to arouse indignation through sensational and largely untruthful articles in magazines and newspapers, representing Mexico as a barbarous country in which human slavery was openly practised. This work was mainly carried on by socialists, assisted by disappointed office-seekers, defeated concession-hunters, briefless lawyers and irresponsible scribblers in search for dramatic and emotional material.

At first the Mexican Government laughed at Señor Madero and ignored his fiery tirades, although sometimes his incendiary language brought him plainly within the terms of the law. When the time for the presidential election arrived last year the agitator declared himself a candidate for President. President Diaz and his friends smiled at the idea of such a man aspiring to any important office and practically no attempt was made to counteract his speeches. Emboldened by this, and encouraged by the prejudice and excitement provoked by his friends in the United States, and especially among the rough and adventurous elements along the Texas border, Señor Madero grew more desperate in his utterances and called upon his audiences to overthrow the Government by armed force should the national election go against them. At this he was arrested and thrown into prison. Later he was released on bail and fled to Texas, where he organized the Chihuahua insurrection.

The attempt of the insurgent elements to disturb the friendly relations of Mexico and the United States by mob insults to Americans and the American flag in the streets of the capital was a failure, because the responsible authorities of both countries instantly recognized the plot to inaugurate a Mexican revolution under the cover of an exciting in-

ternational quarrel. The State of Chihuahua was then selected as the scene of war because of its remoteness from the centre of power, its almost inaccessible refuges for guerilla bands and its nearness to the American frontier, from which arms, ammunition and fighting adventurers could be drawn, and over which defeated raiders might fly for safety.

The extreme unpopularity of the governor of Chihuahua and the condition of local politics made it easy for Madero and his followers to foment trouble; and, once the peace was broken, the insurrection was aggravated by the swarming of American socialists, fanatic adventurers and frontier bullies to assist the Mexican rebels. Nor could there be a place more admirably fitted for a popular revolt than Chihuahua, whose immense private landed estates represent one of the most serious evils of the republic—proprietary feudalism. It takes an ordinary express-train about seven hours to pass through the domain of a single old man, General Terrazas, whose son was governor of the State when the conflict began, and whose son-in-law, the distinguished Don Enrique Creel, is Minister of Foreign Affairs.

An embarrassment of President Diaz's position is that his own proclamations and speeches when he turned his sword against President Juarez, and also when he headed the successful revolution against President Lerdo, are full of demands that the popular guarantees of the Constitution shall be respected and that the national executive power shall not be enlarged at the expense of State sovereignty. These writings and speeches are constantly quoted to prove that the President is doing the very things which he once denounced as crimes against the nation.

Is the responsible head of a Government forever bound by what he has said in earlier and more inexperienced times? Must the word of the revolutionary soldier control the acts of the oath-bound statesman confronted with hard facts that confound his former judgments? Nothing can be more certain than that free elections and actual majority rule, in the present condition of the Mexican masses, would mean ruin and political anarchy. It is a hard thing to say, but it is true. The nearest possible approach to popular self-government consistent with peace and material progress would be a system in which the right to vote was restricted by educational and property qualifications. Yet it is doubtful

whether the ignorant Indians and part Indians would consent to such a change in the national organic law.

The main burden of the demand of the insurgents has been that the existing Constitution of Mexico shall be honestly and literally enforced and that, at all hazards, the Government shall be turned over to the majority of the people. The answer is—Mexican history.

JAMES CREELMAN.

THE DESERT

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

A GREAT bare brain, a disillusioned mind,
I lie here, stretching, gray into the gray,
One endless level, whither none may say
But one,—the restless and unfellowed wind.
Follow him not; for thou shalt never find
Green hill nor field, nor spring beside the way;
Only the lizard, in the sun at play,
Some spectral thing, before thee or behind.

Whatever gleaming tease thee, trust it not,
Nor toward yon pleasant island set thy feet;
It is a phantom, yea, it is not there.
Turn back from me while yet it is thy lot
To drink of life, bitter it be or sweet;
Thou canst yet—what I can no more—despair.

Nathless, because still falls on me fair dream
Of some far-off, benignant happening;
Because the mindful cloud with brooding wing
Gathers of goodly life for pool and stream;
Because the morning keeps his golden gleam,
The lovely colors unto evening cling,
The smooth birds in the green leaves build and sing–
Since so much holds, this gray death may but seem.

On me may great and gracious changes wait,
To make me other than I am to-day;
Let me befriend thy sons, whoso thou art,
Come in the after-time, when friendlier Fate
Shall have sown blossoms up and down my way,
Restored the beating where broke off my heart.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LADY. By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM. New York: Sturgis & Walton, 1910.

BY all odds the most brilliant volume of essays ever done by an American woman is this contribution of Mrs. George Haven Putnam to the study of the origin and development of the Lady. Able, scholarly, temperate, with a delightful vein of restrained humor throughout, the author turns back to the lady of Greek civilization and leads us up the line, examining the Roman Lady, the Lady Abbess, the Lady of the Castle, the Lady of the Renaissance, the Lady of the Salon, the Lady of the Blue Stockings and the Lady of the Slave States. A very wide knowledge of literature, history, art and architecture serves the learned author for the reconstruction of the home, the activities, the dress, appearance, joys and sufferings of these ladies. Although the author indulges in no free expressions of personal opinion and is as far as possible from any prejudiced point of view, who runs may read her veiled sense of the waste and danger to civilization of this human *objet d'art,* this creature whose power must always be her masked cunning. The irony to which the treasured subject is treated in these pages makes delightful and hilarious reading, and as for educing sheer guffaws of spontaneous laughter the professed humorists must draw back and give the palm to this accomplished lady. None of the little shifts, the masked clevernesses, the subtleties, the frailties, none even of the pathos of this class who subsist by their wits on an ancient tradition, are lost upon this able writer. She has seen it all. She knows all the types the convention can produce and she draws them—but with an insight and an adroitness! The age-old economic problem that confronts the lady is ably stated in the opening paragraph of the chapter on the Lady Abbess:

"The economic paradox that confronts women in general is especially uncompromising for the lady. In defiance of the axiom that he who works eats, the lady who works has less to eat than the lady who does not. There is no profession open to her that is nearly as lucrative as marriage, and the more lucrative the marriage the less work it involves. The economic prizes, therefore, are awarded in such a way as directly to discourage all productive activity on the part of the lady. If a brother and sister are equally qualified for, let us say, the practice of medicine, the brother has, besides the scientific motive, the economic motive. The ardent pursuit of his profession will, if successful, make him a rich man. His sister, on the other hand, will never earn absolutely as much money as he, and relatively her earnings will be negligible in comparison with her income should she marry a millionaire. But if she be known to have committed

herself to the study of medicine her chance of marrying a millionaire is practically eliminated.

"Apart from the crude economic question, the thing that most women mean when they speak of 'happiness'—that is, love and children and the little republic of home—depends upon the favor of men, and the qualities that win this favor are not, in general, those that are most useful for other purposes. A girl should not be too intelligent or too good or too highly differentiated in any direction. Like a ready-made garment, she should be designed to fit the average man, should have 'just about as much religion as my William likes.' The age-long operation of this rule by which the least strongly individualized women are the most likely to have a chance to transmit their qualities has given it the air of a natural law. Though the lady has generally yielded it unquestioning obedience, she often dreams of a land like that of the Amazons, where she might be judged on her merits instead of her charms. Seeing that in the world a woman's social position, her daily food, her chance of children, depend on her exerting sufficient charm to induce some man to assume the responsibility and expense of maintaining her for life, and that the qualities on which this charm depends are something altogether unattainable by a given woman, it is not surprising that exceptional women are willing to eliminate from their lives the whole question of marriage and motherhood for the sake of a free development, irrespective of its bearing on the other sex."

This somewhat lengthy extract shows the author's sympathies with those Roman ladies who, led by Hortensia, forced their way to the tribunal of the triumvirate in the forum and arraigned them, Hortensia herself making an impassioned and eloquent address upon the injustice of taxation without representation. Those Roman ladies who did not appeal imaginatively to their lords and masters and who practically were so frequently a disturbing element, are interpreted with much gusto and enjoyment, while the gentle little *hausfrau* of such a man as Ischomachus, whose method of training a wife is given in full in Xenophon's "*Œconomicus*," receives scant sympathy.

We should say that the writer's sympathies went with those ladies who even in most ancient times showed symptoms of that hardy discontent which is the very *insignia* of the so-called "new woman"; the lady abbesses, who consorted with popes and emperors and took a part in the great game of European politics; the lady of the Renaissance, who made an art of living and encouraged humanism; and with the English bluestocking, who tried at least "to bridge the gulf between the lady and the rest of her sex, to humanize and release her from mental parasitism."

Only at one point do the sympathies of the writer flag. In the chapter on the "Lady of the Slave States" she shows that she does not really know her subject. Why, indeed, should her material be drawn from Miss Martineau's impressions and Fanny Kemble's? Why should Mrs. Putnam not have sat at the feet, for a short time, of such ladies as Mrs. Roger Pryor and Mrs. Burton-Harrison? They are not progressive, to be sure, but they had personal experience and direct knowledge of the time and they have clear eyes and keen brains. Some of the little thrusts at the Southern women argue mere ignorance of facts. On page 299, for example, Mrs. Putnam writes: "And there is an element of the mystical in some of her prescriptions: 'nine scoops of water in the hollow of the hand from the sycamore spring for three mornings before sunrise

and a cup of strong coffee with lemon juice will break an ague; try it when you will." Mrs. Putnam has a great laugh over this, but had she ever lived in a malarial district she would know that some organizations cannot stand the necessary amount of quinine to break chills and fever, and for them the very best and most effective prescription, even to this day, countenanced by all the best doctors, is a glass of cold water with the juice of one lemon taken immediately upon waking and followed at once by a cup of strong, black, unsweetened coffee. The sycamore spring was simply the old lady's recommendation to drink fresh water instead of some that had been standing overnight, and the nine scoops of the hand,—making just a good glassful,—was doubtless a concession to the lazy darkies who forgot to carry a cup and had mislaid the gourd. Scant justice is done to the heroic patience, the self-abnegation and the executive ability of those fine ladies laboring under the awful curse of slavery. They were intelligent without being intellectual, and if they were by birth and traditions far too conservative, if they made use too freely of the cunning which is the only weapon of the woman in such a civilization, they were, at any rate, the natural offshoot of that Hebrew woman whom they took as their model and of whom it was authoritatively stated that "her price was far above rubies."

Had Mrs. Putnam chosen as material for her last chapter the idle lady of smarter New York in the present day, her book would have been better. This is a type she must have under constant observation, whereas the Southern lady she draws from the casual jottings of two foreign travellers and a cheap old-fashioned novel.

But allowing for the failure of the final chapter, the book is still one that we strongly recommend to all ladies and all would-be ladies.

Imaginary Interviews. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Mr. Howells is so recognized a light on the literary horizon of to-day that very few people have the temerity to criticise his printed page. One's attitude toward him upon taking up his new volume is much that of the English schoolboy to the head master; one stands cap in hand and responds, "Thank you, sir," to whatever our superior may choose to say to us. Of course there is always Mrs. Atherton from California to upbraid Mr. Howells for his gentlemanly point of view and to point out to him the value of a free and powerful handling of sex relations. The rest of us are candidly abashed at the beauty of the long career of conscientious and noble work; a little awed, in truth, by the craftsman who has steadily and honestly done his best and grown so continuously in power, humanity and depth.

But Mr. Howells has made especially difficult to the critic the treatment of his present volume by telling him therein exactly how he ought and ought not to handle it. He has begun by telling us that there is "no just and honest criticism without quotation. The critic is bound to make out his case or abdicate his function." This throws upon the critic the terrible responsibility of selection where all is good and all is useful at varying times and in varying moods. Again Mr. Howells has

given us an essay on "Unfriendly Criticism" in which he points out unerringly the numerous pitfalls on all sides of the unwary critic. We are not to praise the great author for what he did once, as if he were incapable of breaking new ground each day; "a good critic will be alert to detect those fine differences of situation which distinguish a later from an earlier predicament." He tells us how an author, no matter how established his fame, still longs to be adequately reviewed, "a fond longing amid repeated disappointments." On the other hand, he warns us that an author may often think he is fulsomely praised and may even feel a sort of disgust for the slab adulation trowelled upon him." Finally he warns us to find out our author's "personal quality," since only by so doing and by handing on to others the sense of this personal quality can we hope to serve our author.

First of all we should say that Mr. Howells, though born in Ohio, owned by inheritance a well-wound-up and active New England conscience and that he had his own share of American modesty. There are many subjects freely laid out beneath the light of day by the writers of Latin races which Mr. Howells has agreed to shut his eyes to. He has in all probability never contemplated them. It is Mrs. Atherton's contention that this abstention makes for anæmia. We are willing to grant that it makes for restraint and eclecticism, but we refuse to admit that it means meagre emotion. There would seem to this critic as much depth of human feeling in the little essay on the "Superiority of our Inferiors," as in Mrs. Atherton's whole recent volume about a great singer and a soapy young Englishman. Emotion is emotion whether it takes the form of courtesy to the man behind your chair at the restaurant or the more complex form of swiftly dissolved and swiftly rebuilded marital relations. There are depths of misery and struggles of consciousness described by the Russian and Scandinavian writers quite unlike anything Mr. Howells has ever depicted. This may be a limitation. However, the utterances gathered in the present volume were delivered from Harper's "Easy Chair," and it was suitable that the worst of human sufferings should be omitted. But in a certain way it is true that a great deal of Mr. Howells's writings falls short of the depth and height of human woe. It is quite natural that he should plead for the normal hero and heroine, for the beauty of the recurrent commonplace days, for here in our land the most terrible tragedies of shame and woe are not often to be seen in the main currents of life. But is Mr. Howells still breaking new ground? All great men who grow old with their hearts alive, their senses alert and their eyes open, come to a growing consciousness that life is all of a piece; that each of us is but a part in a great unity, and that the further the vision reaches the greater becomes the strangeness and wonder and beauty of the whole. In this sense Mr. Howells has steadily grown and each new book he offers gives us new evidence of this deeper and fuller consciousness. Grace and restraint are a part of his craftsmanship, but the tolerant mind and the deep and tender heart are the outcome of steady spiritual growth, the flowering of a beautiful life.

As to teaching the young the personal quality of Mr. Howells? The pure in heart will gravitate to him of their own accord; and the more turbulent and unwise, those who come to virtue through experiment, will grow up to him; "wait till they come to forty year."

INTERPRETERS OF LIFE. By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1911.

Our present day can boast of very little interpretive criticism. When one compares the work in this line with that of a generation ago, when Pater wrote about Coleridge and Arnold about Keats, when Swinburne illuminated the text of Shelley, and Stephen studied his immediate predecessors, we are amazed at the paucity of worthy present-day criticism.

For this reason one welcomes the present volume by Archibald Henderson. The author has set himself a serious task. In the light, well-printed, portable volume he gives us studies of George Meredith, Oscar Wilde, Maurice Maeterlinck, Henrik Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw. By some mistake of valuation the author places his study of George Meredith first instead of his very able and carefully thought-out study of Ibsen. It may be frankly stated from the beginning that the book's chief right to exist and to be treated seriously is due to this particular essay. The author gives credit to the mordant irony with which Ibsen showed up the flaws in our rough-and-ready morality—"the morality of custom," as Nietzsche termed it. The little sketch of Ibsen's early life, the financial disaster which overtook the family when he was eight years old and the sudden turning away of the friends of their prosperity, and the effect of these events upon the childish imagination of the embryonic dramatist are all carefully set forth. There is little that is new to be printed of the actual facts of Ibsen's life, so that the value of the essay lies rather in the author's interpretive criticism than in any collection of facts. As interpretive critic Mr. Henderson emphasizes the following points: that Ibsen tends to intensification of method, ever digging deeper and deeper into the substratum of human feelings rather than to the enlarging of the horizon; Ibsen's revolt against the false standard for women; and his firm faith in the saving remnant, the minority, upon whom he rested his hope. The real problem, he writes, around which Ibsen's mind continually hovered was the problem of the individual's discovering himself in life. The duty and the right of each person to realize himself. Perhaps the best bit of criticism that Mr. Henderson has to offer is that in which he deals with Ibsen's mystical period during which he was writing the "Lady from the Sea," "The Master Builder," "When We Dead Awaken." Mr. Henderson is undoubtedly right in saying that it is an exaggeration to believe that Ibsen laid the foundation of a new school of art; it is rather true that Ibsen strove, as do all great writers, to bring his readers to a fuller consciousness of life and of themselves by portraying exactly what he saw about him. In this connection Mr. Henderson quotes what Goethe said of Molière: "He has chastised us by painting us just as we are." Finally Mr. Henderson says: "Ibsen's appeal is to that great and growing moral passion for social enlightenment which is permeating the entire civilized world. Ibsen starts within the individual a train of meditation and reflection which may alter a life, which may even influence the whole world."

In the second half of the Ibsen study, treating of the genesis of the dramas, Mr. Henderson has had access not only to all the Ibsen letters, but to Ibsen's notes and papers. An interesting allusion of Ibsen's in a letter to Passarge contains the statement: "Everything I have written has the closest possible connection with what I have lived through, even if

it has not been my own personal experience; in every new poem or play I have aimed at my own spiritual emancipation and purification—for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs." This last sentence, it is hardly necessary to point out, is in line with all of Tolstoi's thinking and all of Maeterlinck's, and is, again, that sense of man's being a part of the infinite whole which is gaining such rapid ground over the world to-day.

If the essay on Ibsen may be looked upon as a quite serious study it is impossible to take the essay on Shaw in the same spirit. Mr. Henderson handles Shaw over-lightly, and it may be said that beyond a few points of personality and a witticism or two absolutely nothing that is new is added to the world's knowledge of that great ironical dramatist.

In like kind the essay on Meredith is utterly inadequate. Indeed, it is far too late in the day for thirty pages upon Meredith, unless they be of most illuminating kind, to have any special value. The essay on Wilde has some excellent phrases, and we are grateful for the "ease of blasphemy" and the "commercialization of audacity." The symbol of art is no longer in Wilde's hands "a noble muse, but only a tricky jade." The "Duchess of Padua" is certainly overrated by Mr. Henderson, as "The Importance of Being Earnest," the very best of Wilde's *jeu d'esprit,* is underrated.

Voltaire has said that a serious book must never be written seriously, and yet no man more willingly shed his life's blood to express his convictions than Voltaire himself. The crime of Wilde's life was that he was never in earnest a moment about anything but his own vanity. It will doubtless be this lack, more than anything else, which will brand his work as ephemeral.

Of the essay on Maeterlinck one can only say that it is not particularly illuminating and that it contains nothing the intelligent reader would not derive directly from the works themselves.

On the whole this volume has the merit of being a volume of interpretive criticism of which we have far too little, and we are grateful for it even though it has the defect of rather dim illumination.

Attitudes and Avowals. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

The measure of a book's vitality is in the stimulus it gives to activity, its power of begetting further thought. Richard Le Gallienne has a pretty mind, a pretty feminine mind full of charming fancies, and one can read his book through, all the twenty-four essays in its three hundred and forty-two pages and come away with nothing but an occasional and ephemeral pleasing phrase gathered. It is a question whether it is ever worth while to gather together into book form the flotsam and jetsam of regular magazine utterance. No man can think things worth thinking once a week or once a month, and who for his living attempts to do this must realize that his utterance is the idle chatter of an idle hour; his passion for the printed page, his reverence for the covers of a book, should save him the humiliation of seeing these idle moments gathered up into permanent form. Who knows but that an adequate punishment in a future life would be the humiliation of reading over again the things we have

thought fit in this life to put in a book and circulate. At any rate, if one may say that there is nothing shocking or wrong or evil or corrupting in Mr. Le Gallienne's book, one may with like candor say that there is nothing noble or strong or original or vital or interesting. Table talk makes best reading when the author of it does not make the selection. When the man who utters it earns his daily bread by turning it out it is not likely to be of great vitality. Probably literature only exists where nobody works for money and nobody works for fame.

On Something. By H. Belloc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1911.

Despite our habitual aversion to scraps and patches, Mr. Belloc's thirty little sketches within the compass of two hundred and sixty-six pages must be praised. A light, holdable, cheerful, easily read little volume it is, full of mirth and observation and experiences and pictures of far-away places. The book is an ideal one to read on a railway train or a sea voyage or wherever concentrated attention is not necessary. All light reading need not be fiction, and dipping into this graceful volume we come across a delightful description of the cathedral of St. Front in Périgueux of the Périgord; a treasured reference to the church of Brou; a delightful portrait of a child; a child's questionings as to fairyland; an exquisite sketch of the significance of sacramental things; bits of real poetry; and a tale that holds in it all the sense of home; such things, fragments indeed, but nourishing fragments, are gathered together in this charming little book.

As to the author, he has evidently taken the advice of his own Wandering Peter. "Look you, good people all, in your little passage through the daylight, get to see as many hills and buildings and rivers, fields, books, men, horses, ships and precious stones as you can possibly manage to do. . . . For my part, I followed out my fate. And I propose, in spite of my numerous iniquities, by the recollection of my many joys in the glories of this earth, as by corks, to float myself in the sea of nothingness until I reach the regions of the Blessed and the pure in heart."

Soul and Circumstance. By Stephen Berrien Stanton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

"The concrete is limited both in suggestiveness and in appeal, but the abstract has a world-wide currency," says the author of this volume, and any one who has the patience to read his work through will believe that he is therein stating with candor his own theory, for his book is a warning example of the tragedy of floating forever in the dim inane. There is evidently good stuff in this book, as one can prove by a citation here and there, but the garment in which the thought goes clothed is simply shocking. There are whole pages of abstract nouns; there are detached monotonous sentences, all of an equal length; there is no flow either of the thought or of the form and there is nothing to grip hold of. Never once are you allowed to get your feet or your hands on solid ground and hold on for a bit. It is Emerson more transcendentalized. One may open the book at random anywhere and find pages of nouns like "supplementation, experience, forgetfulness, elaboration, thought, superstructure, height,

summation, comprehensiveness, consistency, principles, application, plans, decisions, tendencies, eventualities, fluctuations," until one fairly weeps for a chair, or a table, or ground, or soil, or trees or something, or anything that is concrete. It may be that the time shall come when man's mind will move rapidly in these realms of vague abstraction, but certainly in our day who despises the garment of thought, the concrete body in which the thought goes clothed, must pay the penalty of few and impatient readers.

AMONG FRIENDS. By SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1910.

The sign of a certain guileless grocer suggests itself as a metaphorical commentary on the contents of this volume. He advertises "Extra Fresh-Eggs: Fresh Eggs: Eggs." So very "extra fresh" are some of the essays —so nutritious and of so delicate a flavor—that it is all the more matter of regret that others either mediocre or altogether stale and unprofitable should be included under the same cover.

Especially unfortunate is it that one of the most tedious of them should have been given first place and should have lent its name to the volume. There are pleasant thoughts in it and clever sayings, but, written as it is in lighter vein, the reader grudges the mental effort required to follow the thread of the argument.

Likewise in "The Romance of Ethics" the reader does not gain sufficient instruction to compensate him for the labor involved in the reading and for the lack of entertainment offered. The author throws no new light on Spenser, with whom he points his moral but fails to adorn his tale.

But we cannot help suspecting that when Mr. Crothers bores us it is because he himself is bored. For when he seems to be in his natural element he is invariably delightful. He has the rare faculty of appearing without vanity thoroughly to enjoy himself. It is then that we are charmed by his play of fancy and revel in his "glory of gay wit."

In his essay on "The Hundred Worst Books" he is at his best in his rôle of fun-maker. To illustrate what a book ought not to be he chooses a treatise entitled "Our Domestic Fowls," published by the Religious Tract Society of London. A more delectable bit of book criticism it is seldom one's fortune to come upon. And the satire is so kindly, so imbued with the spirit of pure mischief, that even the victim of it would needs join in the laugh at his own expense.

"The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning" is another most enjoyable piece of humorous writing. Would that it might be read by every Britisher who regards America with blood in his eye—by every American who looks at the mother-country with a braggadocio stare of superiority. "In the United States the word Britisher is not used as a term of endearment," remarks the author: but, indeed, it soon would be if the salve that Mr. Crothers offers for international irritations could be generally applied.

Occasionally the author dons the cap and bells, as in "The Merry Devil of Education" and in "The Convention of Books." He is safe to remain in the realm of the fanciful: when he forsakes that for the realm of the purely fantastic he sacrifices that peculiar charm which does not lend itself to burlesque.

"My Missionary Life in Persia," while it is played upon by a lightsome whimsicality, is yet suggestive enough to be regarded seriously as a guide to conduct. The author preaches a little sermon on altruism. His text is not "Be good and you will be happy," but "Be happy though good." It is refreshing to find Mr. Crothers divesting Altruism of her solemn mien of self-sacrifice and all uncomfortable virtues and clothing her in gayly colored raiment.

This essay, with its stimulus toward a bright and happy morality, deserves to rank with that "In Praise of Politicians" as among the best that have ever come from his pen.

The last named is a defence of the politician *versus* the politicaster—this apt term of Milton being adopted to differentiate between the Gaynors and the Crokers of our American political life. The author's plea for the dignity of politics is earnest and able. He tells us that the politician's "high disinterested virtues must be built upon political virtues of the common sort," but he proceeds then to point out that these same virtues of the common sort are not to be despised. Because the politician must concern himself with expediency his morality is *not* necessarily of a low order. In an interesting discussion of Lincoln as a great exponent of expediency we are reminded that he frequently allowed his official duty to dictate terms to his personal conscience.

"The Expedient is a poor relation of the Best," the author says. "It is the Best Possible under the circumstances. It is a superlative that has gone into business and must work for its living. It has to be a good manager in order to get along at all; and its rich relatives, the Absolute Bests of Utopia Centre, are always blaming it because it does not get on faster."

This last phrase may serve as an example of the manner in which the author uses his whimsical humor to illustrate a serious meaning. No matter how much in earnest he may be, evidence of his wit is never long absent from his pages. It is constantly bubbling up in unexpected places.

In spite of the author's exceeding cleverness, he is invariably good-tempered, free from prejudice and full of an easy optimism. He believes that—to use his own words—"there are those in whom the moral flag does not always follow trade." And in this very ease lies a part of his power to charm.

The French Renaissance in England. By Sidney Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

This is, perhaps, the most readable and interesting of all Mr. Sidney Lee's valuable contributions to the literature of Elizabethan England. For, although he traces the debt of Tudor England to the French Renaissance and deals thoroughly with French influence on Skelton and Hawes, and the borrowings of Wyatt and Surrey from Marot and Allimani, the main part of the book is a thorough investigation of the effect upon Elizabethan prose, lyric, drama and religious thought of the French Renaissance. The metrical debt, the dictional borrowings from Ronsard and the Pléiade are enlightening and exceedingly interesting. Certainly they suggest that further valuable research might be made along the same lines. Mr. Lee quotes Arnold's dictum: "The criticism which alone can help us for

the future is the criticism which regards Europe as being for intellectual and spiritual purposes one great federation bound to a joint action and working to a common result." The fact that every national literature feeds largely upon various sustenance, upon the literatures which have preceded it in time, is acknowledged now; and had such knowledge been widely spread earlier the futility and foolishness of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy might have been avoided. It is even to the student of literature somewhat of a blow to find out how large a part of the Shakespeare sonnets—those sonnets which we are accustomed to look upon as a direct and personal revelation—belong to the literary conventions of the day. Mr. Lee not only gives us an illuminating number of parallel passages and direct transcripts from French literature in the sonnets, but he points out that the plea to the friend to perpetuate his beauty in offspring; the denunciation of a false mistress of dark complexion; impassioned appeals in the name of friendship; an ecstatic praise of the friend; the singing of a patron's high birth, wealth, rank, intellect and the singer's servitude; the tests of adversity which strengthen love; the vaunt of immortality for the song—all these conventions are paralleled in the sonnets of Jodelle, Ronsard, Jamyn, Desportes, Du Bellay and others. In connection with this book of Sidney Lee's it is well to recall an excellent book published a year ago, "The Claims of French Poetry," by J. C. Bailey. The very able studies of Ronsard and Marot will amplify Mr. Lee's study.

This book on the French Renaissance in England has not only all the authority of Mr. Lee's unquestioned and able scholarship, but it is full of life and interest. It is more charmingly written, more delightful to read, than any of the same author's earlier work.

France under the Republic. By Jean Charlemagne Bracq, Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

After reading this book no one has to ask why most Frenchmen live in France. The inquiry is here fully and finally answered. France is a paradise for Frenchmen. It is a matter of congratulation that there is such a place on the earth. Did France wish to offset its declining birth-rate by encouraging immigration, we might suggest to the new ministry an appropriation,—or credit, as they call it,—for the free publication of this work.

"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" The present-day answer is, France can; and under the present *régime* it has added many cubits to its moral, mental and material height and has even increased the physical proportions of its men and doubtless of its women also. This book, which is, in the main, a comparison of France under the Third Republic with France under its former governments, and particularly with its immediate predecessor, the Second Empire—1910 with 1870—establishes to the perfect satisfaction of its author that France is *la belle France,* beautiful morally, intellectually, economically and socially, and is growing in grace every day. "Go to Paris and die," some one has said; but we say, putting it rather more broadly, "Go to France and live." Vassar College may be proud that she has any charm potent enough to hold our author even for nine months in the year.

To speak less lightly, this book contains a select assortment of statistics

which prove, as far as such a volume can prove it, that the Third Republic —the "great political experiment of France"—is a success. Republicans all over the world may thank God and take courage and hope for better things in their own countries, for they cannot all foregather in France. Which leads us to say that France does not want too many of them, for it is apparently her theory of life that what France has and can have is not too much for the number now within her borders, which has increased very little in the past few decades. Frenchmen individually may be considered somewhat volatile; but the Government grows steadier, and while there were fifteen ministries in the first ten years of the Third Republic there have been only five in the fourth decade. The Senate, for which the Chamber of Deputies is largely a recruiting-ground, has had among its members great scientists, philosophers, literary and religious men—"royal spirits representing all shades of political opinions" and "contains now the flower of French political intelligence." Our author thinks that "it probably surpasses all other Upper Houses in its volume of personal and political worth." The English who are about to reconstruct their Upper House may consider it.

France must always be ready to answer the question, do Liberty, Equality and Fraternity flourish there? Are they mere names or have they substantial existence? If Liberty includes the freedom of the press, of the person, of the mind, of the soul, it is there; it is a fact; and there is much more of it now than under the Empires and Monarchies and more than there was in the earlier years of the present Republic. One cannot exactly measure freedom, but most of us can tell the difference between a *lettre de cachet* and a writ of *habeas corpus;* between an inquisition of the Holy Office and an inquisition of twelve "good and lawful men"; between being considered guilty because you are accused and being considered innocent until you are proved guilty; between having the children of your brain burned by the common hangman and having them protected by the majesty of the people's Government. And the French have had experience in both kinds. There are now one hundred and ten daily papers in Paris where there were only twenty at the time of Sedan, and they are watchmen on Liberty's walls.

Nor is this liberty at war with material progress. Commerce flourishes in France and between her and her colonies and other countries. Four billions of francs are invested in her colonies; the produce of her industries has trebled in forty years. France is the great creditor. One-third of the Russian national debt, one-half of the Turkish, one-fourth of the Portuguese and a large part of the debts of Spain and Austria-Hungary are held by her citizens, who have twenty billions of francs in foreign securities, from which they receive the sum of two billions annually in gold. The wealth of the country in stocks and securities increased from twenty-five billions in 1880 to one hundred and thirty-five billions in 1906. Agriculture is in like good case. Eight bushels of wheat grow where five grew in 1870. The land is well distributed among the people, there are few land monopolists and nine out of every ten persons are interested directly or indirectly in real estate.

As for Equality and Fraternity, the reader must go to the book and see; and we can only say here that they are not unequal members of the great trinity.

Is there a Greater France? During this Republic the colonial dominions and protectorates have increased in area eight times; and they are well administered, and the greatest of them lie contiguously in North Africa, the nearest of them being only a day's sail across the Mediterranean.

The French not only love their country, they trust it. Thiers having paid the Germans two billions of francs on account, asked France for three more in order to hurry them out of the country. There were offers of forty billions, patriotism rather than the hospitality being then in order.

But that great debt? True, there is a great debt, but most of it resulted from the Franco-German War, and for the rest France has much to show. Besides, she will soon be the owner of railway property worth enough to cancel her debt if she cares to use her wealth in that way; and as the people hold their own bonds the income remains in the country.

There are chapters on social reform and philanthropy, religion, education and the fight between the State and the Church.

The author's long residence in America has not impaired his affection for his motherland, which has heartened him in bringing together a great array of facts and figures. He holds a brief for France and the Third Republic. He has a client worth writing and fighting for, and she has a very distinguished and convincing advocate. We commend his work to all who love France or wish to love her.

"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER VI

We remained looking at each other for a time.

"Do you know who he is?"

Miss Haldin, coming forward, put this question to me in English.

I took her offered hand.

"Everybody knows. He is a revolutionary feminist, a great writer, if you like, and—how shall I say it?—the—the familiar guest of Madame de S——'s mystic revolutionary salon."

Miss Haldin passed her hand over her forehead.

"You know he was with me for more than an hour before you came in. I was so glad mother was lying down. She has many nights without sleep, and then sometimes in the middle of the day she gets a rest of several hours. It is sheer exhaustion, but still I am thankful. . . . If it were not for these intervals."

She looked at me and with that extraordinary penetration which used to disconcert me shook her head.

"No; she would not go mad."

"My dear young lady," I cried, by way of protest, the more shocked because in my heart I was far from thinking Mrs. Haldin quite sane.

"You don't know what a fine, clear intellect mother had," continued Natalia Haldin, with her calm, clear-eyed simplicity which seemed to me always to have a quality of heroism.

"I am sure . . ." I murmured.

"I darkened mother's room and came out here. I've wanted for so long to think quietly."

She paused, then without giving any sign of distress, added, "It's so difficult," and looked at me with a strange fixity, as if watching for a sign of dissent or surprise.

I gave neither. I was irresistibly impelled to say:

"The visit from that gentleman has not made it any easier, I fear."

Miss Haldin stood before me with a peculiar expression in her eyes.

"I don't pretend to understand Peter Ivanovitch completely. Some guide one must have even if one does not wholly give up the direction of one's conduct to him. I am an inexperienced girl, but I am not slavish. There has been too much of that in having one's thoughts directed. But I don't mind confessing to you that I have not been completely candid with Peter Ivanovitch. I don't quite know what prevented me at the moment. . . ."

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She walked away suddenly from me to a distant part of the room, but it was only to open and shut a drawer in a bureau. She approached me again with a piece of paper in her hand. It was thin and blackened with close handwriting. It was obviously a letter.

"I wanted to read you the very words," she said. "This is one of my poor brother's letters. He never doubted. How could he doubt? They are only such a small handful, these miserable oppressors before the unanimous will of our people."

"Your brother believed in the power of a people's will to achieve anything?"

"It was his religion," declared Miss Haldin.

I looked at her calm face and her animated eyes.

"Of course the will must be awakened, inspired, concentrated. That is the true task of real agitators. One has got to give up one's life to it. The degradation of servitude, the absolutist lies must be uprooted and swept out. Reform is impossible. There is nothing to reform. There is no legality, there are no institutions. There are only arbitrary decrees. There is only a handful of cruel—perhaps blind officials—against a nation."

The letter rustled slightly in her hand. I glanced down at the thin, flimsy, blackened pages whose very handwriting seemed cabalistic, incomprehensible to the experience of western Europe.

"Stated like this," I confessed, "the problem seems simple enough. But I fear I shall not see it solved. And if you go back to Russia I know that I shall not see you again. Yet once more I say, go back! Don't suppose that I am thinking of your preservation. No. I know that you will not be returning to personal safety. But I had much rather think of you in danger there than see you exposed to what may be met here."

"I tell you what," said Miss Haldin, after a moment of reflection. "I believe that you hate revolution; you fancy it's not quite honest. You belong to a people which has made a bargain with Fate and wouldn't like to be rude to it. But we have made no bargain. It was never offered to us—so much liberty for so much hard cash. You shrink from the idea of revolutionary action for those you think well of as if it were something—how shall I say it?—not quite decent."

I bowed my head.

"You are quite right," I said. "I think very highly of you."

"Don't suppose I do not know it," she began, hurriedly. "Your friendship has been very valuable."

"I have done very little else but look on."

She was a little flushed under the eyes.

"There is a way of looking on which is valuable. I have felt less lonely because of it. It's difficult to explain."

"Really? Well, I too have felt less lonely. That's easy to explain, though. But it won't go on much longer. The last thing I want to tell you is this: in a real revolution not a simple dynastic change or a mere reform of institutions—in a real revolution the best characters do not come to the front. A violent revolution falls into the hands of narrow-minded fanatics and of tyrannical hypocrites at first. Afterward comes the turn of all the pretentious intellectual failures of the time. Such are the chiefs and the leaders. You will notice that I have left out the mere rogues. The scrupulous and the just, the noble, humane and devoted natures; the unselfish

and the intelligent may begin a movement—but it passes away from them. They are not the leaders of a revolution. They are its victims—the victims of disgust, of disenchantment—often of remorse. Hopes grotesquely betrayed, ideals caricatured—that is the definition of revolutionary success. There have been in every revolution hearts broken by such successes. But enough of that. My meaning is that I don't want you to be a victim."

"If I could believe all you have said I still wouldn't think of myself," protested Miss Haldin. "I would take liberty from any hand as a hungry man would snatch at a piece of bread. The true progress must begin after. And for that the right men shall be found. They are already amongst us. One comes upon them in their obscurity, unknown, preparing themselves . . ."

She spread out the letter she had kept in her hand all the time and looking down at it:

"Yes; one comes upon such men," she repeated, and then read out the words, "'Unstained, lofty and solitary existences.'"

Folding up the letter while I looked at her interrogatively, she explained:

"These are the words which my brother applies to a young man he came to know in St. Petersburg. An intimate friend, I suppose. It must be. His is the only name my brother mentions in all his correspondence with me. Absolutely the only one, and—would you believe it?—the man is here. He arrived recently in Geneva."

"Have you seen him?" I inquired. "But, of course, you must have seen him."

"No, no; I haven't. I didn't know he was here. It's Peter Ivanovitch himself who told me. You have heard him yourself mentioning a new arrival from Petersburg. . . . Well, that is the man of 'unstained, lofty and solitary existence.' My brother's friend."

"Compromised politically, I suppose," I remarked.

"I don't know. Yes; it must be so. Who knows? Perhaps it was this very friendship with my brother which . . . But no. It is scarcely possible. Really, I know nothing except what Peter Ivanovitch told me of him. He has brought a letter of introduction from Father Zosim—you know, the priest democrat. You have heard of Father Zosim?"

"Oh yes. The famous Father Zosim had been staying here in Geneva for some two months about a year ago," I said. "When he left here he seems to have disappeared from the world."

"It appears that he is at work in Russia again. Somewhere in the centre," Miss Haldin said, with animation. "But please don't mention that to any one—don't let it slip from you, because if it got into the papers it would be dangerous for him."

"You are anxious, of course, to meet that friend of your brother?"

Miss Haldin put the letter into her pocket. Her eyes looked beyond my shoulder at the door of her mother's room.

"Not here," she murmured. "Not for the first time, at least."

After a moment of silence I said good-by, but Miss Haldin followed me into the anteroom, closing the door behind us carefully.

"I suppose you guess where I mean to go to-morrow?"

"You have made up your mind to call on Madame de S——."

"Yes; I am going to the Château Borel. I must."

"What do you expect to hear there?" I asked in a low voice.

I wondered if she were not deluding herself with some impossible hope. It was not that, however.

"Only think—such a friend. The only man mentioned in his letters. He would have something to give me, if nothing more than a few poor words. It may be something said and thought in these last days. Would you want me to turn my back on what is left of my poor brother? A friend?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I quite understand your pious curiosity."

"—(Unstained, lofty and solitary existences)," she murmured to herself. "There are. There are. Well, let me question one of them about the loved dead."

"How do you know, though, that you will meet him there? Is he staying in the château as a guest—do you suppose?"

"I can't really tell," she confessed. "He brought a written introduction from Father Zosim—who, it seems, is a friend of Madame de S——, too. She can't be such a worthless woman, after all."

"There were all sorts of rumors afloat about Father Zosim himself," I observed.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Calumny is a weapon of our government, too. It's well known. Oh yes. It is a fact that Father Zosim had the protection of the Governor-General of a certain province. We talked on the subject with my brother two years ago, I remember. But his work was good. And now he is proscribed. What better proof can one require? But no matter what that priest was or is. All that cannot affect my brother's friend. If I don't meet him there I shall ask these people for his address. And, of course, mother must see him, too, later on. There is no guessing what he may have to tell us. It would be a mercy if mamma could be soothed. You know what she imagines. Some explanation perhaps may be found or—or even made up, perhaps. It would be no sin."

"Certainly," I said. "It would be no sin. It may be a mistake, though."

"I want her only to recover some of her old spirit. While she is like this I cannot think of anything calmly."

"Do you mean to invent some sort of pious fraud for your mother's sake?" I asked.

"Why fraud? Such a friend is sure to know something of my brother in these last days. He could tell us. . . . There is something in the facts which will not let me rest. I am certain he meant to join us abroad—that he had some plans—some great patriotic action in view; not only for himself, but for both of us. I trusted in that. I looked forward to the time. Oh, with such hope and impatience. . . . I could have helped. And now suddenly this appearance of recklessness—as if he had not cared. . . ."

She remained silent for a time, then obstinately she concluded:

"I want to know. . . ."

Thinking it over, later on, while I walked slowly away from the Boulevard des Philosophes, I asked myself, critically, what precisely was it that she wanted to know? What I knew of her history was enough to give me a clew. In the educational establishment for girls where Miss Haldin finished her studies she was looked upon rather unfavorably. She was suspected of holding independent views on matters settled by official teaching. Afterward, when the two ladies returned to their country place, both

mother and daughter, by speaking their minds openly on local events, had earned for themselves a reputation of liberalism. The three-horse trap of the district police captain began to be seen frequently in the village. "I must keep an eye on the peasants"—so he explained his visits up at the house. "Two lonely ladies must be looked after a little." He would inspect the walls as though he wanted to pierce them with his eyes, peer at the photographs, turn over the books in the drawing-room negligently, and, after the usual refreshments, would depart. But the old priest of the village came one evening in the greatest distress and agitation to confess that he—the priest—had been ordered to watch and ascertain in other ways, too (such as using his spiritual power with the servants), all that was going on in the house, and especially in respect of the visitors these ladies received, who they were, the length of their stay, whether any of them were strangers to that part of the country, and so on. The poor, simple, old man was in an agony of humiliation and terror. "I came to warn you. Be cautious in your conduct, for the love of God. I am burning with shame, but there is no getting out from under the net. I shall have to tell them what I see, because if I did not there is my deacon. He would make the worst of things to curry favor. And then my son-in-law, the husband of my Parasha, who is a writer in the Government Domain office, they would soon kick him out—and maybe send him away somewhere." The old man lamented the necessities of the times—"when people do not agree somehow," and wiped his eyes. He did not wish to spend the evening of his days with a shaven head in the penitent's cell of some monastery—"and subjected to all the severities of ecclesiastical discipline; for they would show no mercy to an old man," he groaned. He became almost hysterical, and the two ladies, full of commiseration, soothed him the best they could before they let him go back to his cottage. But, as a matter of fact, they had very few visitors. The neighbors—some of them old friends—began to keep away; a few from timidity, others with marked disdain, being grand people that came only for the summer. Miss Haldin explained to me, aristocrats, reactionaries. It was a solitary existence for a young girl. Her relations with her mother were of the tenderest and most open kind; but Mrs. Haldin had seen the experiences of her own generation, its sufferings, its deceptions, its apostacies, too. Her affection for her children was expressed by the suppression of all signs of anxiety. She maintained a heroic reserve. To Natalia Haldin her brother, with his Petersburg existence, not enigmatical in the least (there could be no doubt of what he felt or thought), but conducted a little mysteriously, was the only visible representative of a proscribed liberty. All the significance of freedom, its indefinite promises, lived in their long discussions, breathing the loftiest hope of action and faith in success. Then suddenly the action, the hopes, came to an end, with the details ferreted out by the English journalist. The concrete fact, the fact of his death remained; but it remained obscure in its deeper causes. She felt herself abandoned without explanation. But she did not suspect him. What she wanted was to learn almost at any cost how she could remain faithful to his departed spirit.

CHAPTER VII

Several days elapsed before I met Natalia Haldin again. I was crossing the place in front of the theatre when I made out her shapely figure

in the very act of turning between the gate pillars of the unattractive public promenade of the Bastions. She walked away from me, but I knew we should meet as she returned down the main alley—unless indeed she were going home. In that case I don't think I should have called on her yet. My desire to keep her away from these people was as strong as ever, but I had no illusions as to my power. I was but a Westerner, and it was clear that Miss Haldin would not, could not listen to my wisdom; and as to my desire of listening to her voice, it were better, I thought, not to indulge overmuch in that pleasure. No, I would not have gone to the Boulevard des Philosophes; but when at about the middle of the principal alley I saw Miss Haldin coming toward me, I felt I was too curious and too honest, perhaps, to run away.

There was something of the spring harshness in the air. The blue sky was hard, but the young leaves clung like soft mist about the uninteresting range of trees; and the clear sun put little points of gold into the gray of Miss Haldin's frank eyes, turned to me with a friendly greeting.

I inquired after the health of her mother.

She made a slight movement of the shoulders and a little sigh.

"But, you see, I did come out for a walk . . . for exercise, as you English say."

I smiled approvingly, and she added an unexpected remark:

"It is a glorious day."

Her voice, slightly harsh, but fascinating with its masculine and bird-like quality, had the accent of spontaneous conviction. I was glad of it. It was as though she had become aware of her youth—for there was nothing of spring-like glory in the rectangular railed space of grass and trees framed visibly by the orderly roof slopes of that town, comely without grace and hospitable without sympathy. In the very air through which she moved there was but little warmth; and the sky, the sky of a land without horizons, swept and washed clean by the April showers, extended a cold, cruel blue without elevation, narrowed suddenly by the ugly dark wall of the Jura where, here and there, lingered yet a few miserable trails and patches of snow. All the glory of the season must have been within herself—and I was glad this feeling had come into her life if only for a little time.

"I am pleased to hear you say these words."

She gave me a quick look. Quick, not stealthy. If there was one thing of which she was absolutely incapable it was stealthiness of appearance or intention. Her sincerity was expressed in the very rhythm of her walk as she moved by my side. It was I who was looking at her covertly—if I may say so. I knew where she had been, but I did not know what she had seen and heard in that nest of aristocratic conspiracies. I use the word aristocratic for want of a better term. The Château Borel embowered in the trees and thickets of its neglected grounds (they looked so through the spaces of iron railings interrupting the continuity of the enclosing wall), the Château Borel was in our day like the residence of that other dangerous and exiled woman, Madame de Staël, in the Napoleonic era. Only the Napoleonic despotism, the booted and spurred heir of the Revolution, which counted that intellectual woman for an enemy worthy to be watched, was something quite unlike the autocracy in mystic vestments engendered by the slavery of a Tartar conquest. And Madame de S—— was very far from resembling the gifted author of "Corinne." She

made a great noise about being persecuted. I don't know if she were regarded in certain circles as dangerous. As to being watched, I imagine that the Château Borel could be subjected only to a most distant observation. It was in its exclusiveness an ideal abode for hatching superior plots —whether serious or futile. But all this did not interest me. I wanted to know the effect its extraordinary inhabitants and its special atmosphere had produced on a girl like Miss Haldin, so true, so honest, but so dangerously inexperienced. Her unconsciously lofty ignorance of the baser instincts of mankind left her disarmed before her own impulses. And there was also that friend of her brother, the significant new arrival from Russia. . . . I wondered whether she had attained her end in meeting him.

We walked for some time, slowly and in silence.

"You know," I attacked her suddenly, "if you don't intend telling me anything you must say so distinctly, and then, of course, it will be final. But I won't play at delicacy. I ask you point-blank for all the details."

She smiled faintly at my threatening tone.

"You are as curious as a child."

"No; I am only an anxious old man," I replied, earnestly.

She rested her glance on me as if to ascertain the degree of my anxiety or the number of my years. My physiognomy has never been expressive, I believe; and as to my years, I am not ancient enough as yet to be strikingly decrepit. I have no long beard like the good hermit of a romantic ballad. My footsteps are not tottering, my aspect not that of a slow, venerable sage. Those picturesque advantages are not mine. I am old, alas! in a brisk, commonplace way. And it seemed to me as though there were some pity for me in Miss Haldin's prolonged glance. She stepped out a little quicker.

"You ask for all the details. Let me see. I ought to remember them. It was novel enough for a—a village girl like me."

After a moment of silence she remarked that the Château Borel was almost as neglected inside as outside. It was nothing to wonder at. A Hamburg banker, I believe retired from business, had it built to cheer his remaining days by the view of that lake whose precise, orderly and well-to-do beauty must have been attractive to the unromantic imagination of a banker. But he died soon. His wife departed, too, but only to Italy, and this house of moneyed ease, presumably unsaleable, had stood empty for several years. One went up to it along a gravel drive round a large, coarse grass plot with plenty of time to observe the degradation of its stuccoed front. Miss Haldin said that the impression was unpleasant.

She observed green stains of moss on the steps of the terrace. The front door stood wide open. There was no one about. She found herself in a wide, lofty and absolutely empty hall with a good many doors. These doors were all shut. A broad stone staircase faced her. The effect of the whole was of an untenanted house. She stood still, disconcerted by the solitude, but after a while she became aware of a voice speaking continuously somewhere.

"You were probably being observed all the time," I suggested. "There must have been eyes."

"I don't see how that could be," she retorted. "I haven't seen even a bird in the grounds. I don't remember hearing a single twitter in the trees. The whole place appeared utterly deserted except for the voice."

She could not make out the language—Russian, French or German. No one seemed to answer it. It was as though the voice had been left behind by the departed inhabitants to talk to the bare walls. It went on volubly with a pause now and then. It was lonely and sad. The time seemed very long to Miss Haldin. An invisible repugnance prevented her from opening one of the doors in the hall. It was so hopeless. No one would come, the voice would never stop. She confessed to me that she had to resist an impulse to turn round and go away unseen, as she had come.

"Really? You had that impulse?" I cried, full of regret. "What a pity you did not obey it."

She shook her head.

"What a strange memory it would have been for one. Those deserted grounds, that empty hall, that impersonal, voluble voice and—nobody, nothing, not a soul."

The memory would have been unique and harmless. But she was not a girl to run away from an intimidating impression of solitude and mystery. "No, I did not run away," she said; "I stayed where I was—and I did meet a soul. Such a strange soul."

As she was gazing up the broad staircase and had concluded that the voice came from somewhere above, a rustle of dress and light footsteps attracted her attention. She looked down and saw a woman crossing the hall, having issued apparently through one of the many doors. Her face was averted, so that at first she was not aware of Miss Haldin.

On turning her head and seeing a stranger, she appeared very much startled. From her slender figure Miss Haldin had taken her for a young girl; but if her face was almost childishly round, it was also sallow and wrinkled with dark rings under the eyes. A thick crop of dusty brown hair was parted boyishly on the side with a lateral wave above the dry, furrowed forehead. After a moment of dumb blinking she suddenly squatted down on the floor.

"What do you mean—squatted down?" I asked, astonished. "This is a very strange detail."

Miss Haldin explained the reason. This person when first seen was carrying a small bowl in her hand. She had squatted to set it down on the floor for the benefit of a large cat, which appeared then suddenly from behind her skirts and put its head into the bowl greedily. She got up and, approaching Miss Haldin, asked, with nervous bluntness:

"What do you want? Who are you?"

Miss Haldin mentioned her name and also the name of Peter Ivanovitch. The girlish, elderly woman nodded and puckered her face into a momentary expression of sympathy. Her black silk blouse was old and even frayed in places; the black serge skirt was short and shabby. She continued to blink at close quarters and her eyelashes and eyebrows seemed worn out, too. Miss Haldin, speaking gently to her, as if to an unhappy and sensitive person, explained how it was that her visit could not be an altogether unexpected event to Madame de S——.

"Ah! Peter Ivanovitch brought you an invitation. How was I to know? A *dame de compagnie* is not consulted, as you may imagine."

The shabby woman laughed a little. Her teeth, splendidly white and admirably even, looked absurdly out of place, like a string of pearls on the

neck of a ragged tramp. "Peter Ivanovitch is the greatest genius of the century, perhaps, but he is the most inconsiderate man living. So if you have an appointment with him you must not be surprised to hear that he is not here."

Miss Haldin protested that she had no appointment with Peter Ivanovitch. She became interested at once in that bizarre person and that last made her grimace of significant silence and started off again.

"Why should he put himself out for you or any one else? Oh, these geniuses! If you only knew! Yes! And their books—I mean, of course, the books that the world admires, the inspired books. But you have not been behind the scenes. Wait till you have to sit at a table for half a day with a pen in your hand. He can walk up and down his rooms for hours and hours. I used to get so stiff and numb as I sat that I was afraid I would lose my balance and fall off the chair all at once."

She kept her hands folded in front of her, and her eyes, fixed on Miss Haldin's face, betrayed no animation whatever. Their expression was that of quiet conviction. Miss Haldin, gathering that the lady who called herself a *dame de compagnie* was proud of having acted as secretary to Peter Ivanovitch, made an amiable remark.

"You could not imagine a more trying experience," protested the lady. "There is an Anglo-American journalist with Madame de S—— now or I would take you up," she continued in a changed tone and glancing towards the staircase. "I act as master of ceremonies."

It appeared that Madame de S—— could not bear Swiss servants about her person; and, indeed, servants would not stay for very long in the Château Borel. There were always difficulties. Miss Haldin had already noticed that the hall was like a dusty barn of marble and stucco with cobwebs in the corners and faint tracks of mud on the black and white tessellated floor.

"I look also after this animal," continued the *dame de compagnie,* keeping her hands folded quietly in front of her; and she bent her worn gaze upon the cat. "I don't mind a bit. Animals have their rights; though, strictly speaking, I see no reason why they should not suffer as well as human beings. Do you? But, of course, they never suffer so much. That is impossible. Only in their case it is more pitiful because they cannot make a revolution. I used to be a Republican. I suppose you are a Republican?"

Miss Haldin confessed to me that she did not know what to say. But she nodded slightly and asked in her turn:

"And are you no longer a Republican?"

"After taking down Peter Ivanovitch from dictation for two years it is difficult for me to be anything. First of all, you have to sit perfectly motionless. The slightest movement you make puts to flight the ideas of Peter Ivanovitch. You hardly dare to breathe. And as to coughing—God forbid! Peter Ivanovitch changed the position of the table to the wall, because at first I could not help raising my eyes to look out of the window while waiting for him to go on with his dictation. That was not allowed. He said I stared so stupidly. I was likewise not permitted to look at him over my shoulder. Instantly Peter Ivanovitch stamped his foot and would roar, 'Look down on the paper!' It seems my expression, my face, put him off. Well, I know that I am not beautiful and that my expression

is not hopeful, either. He said that my air of unintelligent expectation irritated him. These are his own words."

Miss Haldin was shocked, but she confessed to me that she was not altogether surprised.

"Is it possible that Peter Ivanovitch could treat any woman so rudely?" she asked.

The *dame de compagnie* nodded several times with her air of discretion, then assured Miss Haldin that she did not mind in the least. The trying part of it was to have the secret of the composition laid bare before her; to see the great author of the revolutionary gospels grope for words as if he were in the dark as to what he meant to say.

"I am quite willing to be the blind instrument of higher ends. To give one's life for the cause is nothing. But to have one's illusions destroyed—that is really almost more than one can bear. I really don't exaggerate," she insisted. "It seemed to freeze my very beliefs in me—the more so that when we worked in winter Peter Ivanovitch, walking up and down the room, required no artificial heat to keep himself warm. Even in the south of France there are bitterly cold days, especially when you have to sit still for six hours at a stretch. The walls of these villas are so flimsy. Peter Ivanovitch did not seem to be aware of anything. It is true that I kept down my shivers from fear of putting him out. I used to set my teeth till my jaw felt absolutely locked. In the moments when Peter Ivanovitch interrupted his dictation, and sometimes these intervals were very long—often twenty minutes, no less, while he walked to and fro behind my back muttering to himself—I felt I was dying by inches, I assure you. Perhaps if I had let my teeth rattle Peter Ivanovitch might have noticed my distress, but I don't think it would have had any practical effect. He's very miserly in such matters."

The *dame de compagnie* glanced up the staircase. The big cat had finished the milk and was rubbing its whiskered cheek sinuously against her skirt. She dived suddenly to snatch it up from the floor.

"Miserliness is rather a quality than otherwise, you know," she continued, holding the cat in her folded arms. "With us it is misers who can spare money for worthy objects—not the so-called generous natures. But pray don't think I am a sybarite. My father was a clerk in the Ministry of Finances with no position at all. You may guess by this that our home was far from luxurious, though of course we did not actually suffer from cold. I ran away from my parents, you know; but that could not happen till it so chanced that I began to think by myself. It is not very easy, such thinking. One has got to be put in the way of it, awakened to the truth. I am indebted for my salvation to an old apple-woman who had her stall under the gateway of the house we lived in. She had a kind, wrinkled face and the most friendly voice imaginable. One day casually we began to talk about a child, a ragged little girl we had seen begging from men in the streets at dusk; and from one thing to another my eyes began to open gradually to the horrors from which innocent people are made to suffer in this world, only in order that governments might exist. After I once understood the crime of the upper classes I could not go on living with my parents. Not a single charitable word was to be heard in our home from year's end to year's end; there was nothing but the talk of vile office intrigues, and of promotion and

of salaries, and of courting the favor of the chiefs. The mere idea of marrying one day such another man as my father made me shudder. I don't mean to let you think there was any one wanting to marry me. There was not the slightest prospect of anything of the kind. But was it not a sin enough to live on a government salary while half Prussia was dying of hunger? The Ministry of Finances! What a grotesque horror it is! What does the starving, ignorant people want with a Ministry of Finances! I kissed my old folks on both cheeks and went away from them to live in cellars with the proletariat. I tried to make myself useful to the utterly hopeless. I suppose you understand what I mean? I mean the people who have nowhere to go and nothing to look forward to in this life. Do you understand how frightful that is—nothing to look forward to! Sometimes I think that it is only in Russia that there are such people and such a depth of misery can be reached. Well, I plunged into it and—do you know—there isn't much that one can do in there. No indeed—at least, as long as there are Ministries of Finances and such like grotesque horrors to stand in the way. I suppose I would have gone mad there just trying to fight the vermin if it had not been for a man. It was my old friend and teacher, the poor, saintly apple-woman, who discovered him for me quite accidentally. She came to fetch me late one evening in her quiet way. I followed her where she would lead; that part of my life was in her hands altogether and without her my spirit would have perished miserably. The man was a young workman, a lithographer by trade, and he had got into trouble in connection with that affair of temperance tracts—you remember. There was a lot of people put in prison for that. The Ministry of Finances again! What would become of it if the poor folk ceased making beasts of themselves with drink? Upon my word, I would think that finances and all the rest of it are an invention of the devil—if I believed in a personal devil. Only the belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness. Finances indeed!"

Hatred and contempt hissed in her utterance of the word "finances," but at the very moment she gently stroked the cat reposing in her arms. She even raised them slightly, and inclining her head rubbed her cheek against the fur of the animal, which received this caress with that complete detachment so characteristic of its kind. Then looking at Miss Haldin, she excused herself once more for not taking her up-stairs to Madame S——. The interview could not be interrupted. Presently the journalist would be seen coming down the stairs. The best thing was to remain in the hall; and, besides, all these rooms (she glanced all round at the many doors), all these rooms on the ground floor were unfurnished.

"Positively there is no chair down here to offer you," she continued. "But if you prefer your own thoughts to my chatter, I will sit down on the bottom step here and keep silent."

Miss Haldin hastened to protest. On the contrary, she was very much interested in the story of the journeyman lithographer. He was a revolutionist, of course.

"A martyr, a simple man," said the *dame de compagnie,* with a faint sigh and gazing through the open front door dreamily. She turned her misty brown eyes on Miss Haldin.

"I lived with him for four months. It was like a nightmare."

As Miss Haldin looked at her steadily she began to describe the emaciated face of the man, his fleshless limbs, his destitution. The room into which the apple-woman had led her was a tiny garret, a miserable den under the roof of a sordid house. The plaster fallen off the walls covered the floor, and when the door was opened a horrible tapestry of black cobwebs waved in the draught. He had been liberated a few days before—flung out of prison into the streets. And Miss Haldin seemed to see, for the first time, a name and a face upon the body of that suffering people whose hard fate had been the subject of so many conversations between her and her brother in the garden of their country house.

He had been arrested with scores and scores of other people in that affair of the lithographed temperance tracts. Unluckily, having got hold of a great many suspected persons, the police thought they could extract from some of them other information relating to the revolutionist propaganda.

"They beat him so cruelly in the course of the investigation," went on the *dame de compagnie,* "that they injured him internally. When they had done with him he was doomed. He could do nothing for himself. I beheld him lying on a wooden bedstead without any bedding, with his head on a bundle of dirty rags, lent to him out of charity by an old rag-picker who happened to live in the basement of the house. There he was, uncovered, burning with fever, and there was not even a jug in the room for the water to quench his thirst with. There was nothing whatever—just that bedstead and the bare floor."

"Was there no one in all that great town amongst the liberals and revolutionaries to extend a helping hand to a brother?" asked Miss Haldin, indignantly.

"Yes; but you do not know the most terrible part of that man's misery. Listen. It seems that they ill-used him so atrociously that at last his firmness gave way and he did let out some information. Poor soul! the flesh is weak, you know. What it was he did not tell me. There was a crushed spirit in that mangled body. Nothing I found to say could make him whole. When they let him out he crept into that hole and bore his remorse stoically. He would not go near any one he knew. I would have sought assistance for him, but indeed where could I have gone looking for it? Where was I to look for any one who had anything to spare or any power to help. The people living round us were all starving and drunken. They were the victims of the Ministry of Finances. Don't ask me how we lived. I couldn't tell you. It was like a miracle of wretchedness. I had nothing to sell, and, I assure you, my clothes were in such a state that it was impossible for me to go out in the daytime. I was indecent. I had to wait till it was dark before I ventured into the streets to beg for a crust of bread or whatever I could get to keep him and me alive. Often I got nothing, and then I would crawl back and lie on the floor by the side of his couch. Oh yes; I can sleep quite soundly on bare boards. That is nothing, and I am only mentioning it to you so that you should not think I am a sybarite. It was infinitely less killing than the task of sitting for hours at a table in a cold study to take the books of Peter Ivanovitch from dictation. But you shall see yourself what that is like, so I needn't say any more about it."

"It is by no means certain that I will ever take Peter Ivanovitch from dictation," Miss Haldin protested.

"No!" said the other, incredulously. "Not certain? You mean to say that you have not made up your mind?"

When Miss Haldin assured her that there never had been any question of that between her and Peter Ivanovitch the woman with the cat compressed her lips tightly for a moment.

"Oh, you will find yourself settled at the table before you know that you have made up your mind. Don't you make a mistake; it is disenchanting to hear Peter Ivanovitch dictate, but at the same time there is a fascination about it. He is a man of genius. Your face is certain not to irritate him; you may perhaps even help his inspiration, make it easier for him to deliver his message. As I look at you I feel certain that you are the kind of woman who is not likely to check the flow of his inspiration."

Miss Haldin thought it useless to protest against all these assumptions.

"But this man—this workman—did he die under your care?" she said, after a short silence.

The *dame de compagnie,* listening up the stairs where two voices were alternating with some animation, made no answer for a time. When the loud sounds of the discussion had sunk into an almost inaudible murmur, she turned to Miss Haldin:

"Yes, he died," she said, "but not, literally speaking, in my arms, as you might suppose. As a matter of fact, I was asleep when he breathed his last. So even now I cannot say I have seen anybody die. A few days before the end some young men had found us out in our extremity They were revolutionists, as you might guess. He ought to have trusted in his political friends when he came out of prison. He had been liked and respected before and nobody would have dreamed of reproaching him with his indiscretion before the police. Everybody knows how they go to work and the strongest man has his moments of weakness before pain. Why, even hunger alone is enough to give one queer ideas as to what may be done. A doctor came. Our lot was alleviated as far as physical comforts go, but otherwise he could not be consoled—poor man. I assure you. Miss Haldin, that he was very lovable, but I had not the strength to weep. I was nearly dead myself. But there were kind hearts to take care of me. A decent dress was found to clothe my nakedness. I tell you, I was not decent—and after a time the revolutionists placed me with a Jewish family going abroad as governess. Of course I could teach the children; I finished the sixth class of the Lyceum. But the real object was that I should be useful to the cause. I had to carry some important papers across the frontier. I was intrusted with a packet which I carried next my breast. The gendarmes at the station did not suspect the governess of a Jewish family, busy looking after three children. I don't suppose those Hebrews knew what I had on me, for I had been introduced to them in a very roundabout way by persons who did not belong to the revolutionary movement, and naturally I had been instructed to accept a very small salary. When we reached Germany I left that family and delivered my papers to a revolutionist in Stuttgart; after that I was employed in various ways. But you do not want to hear of that. I have never felt that I was very useful, but I live in hopes of seeing all the

Ministries destroyed, finances and all. The greatest joy of my life has been to hear what your brother has done."

She directed her round eyes again to the sunshine outside, while the cat reposing within her folded arms had an air of lordly beatitude and Sphinx-like meditation.

"Yes, I rejoiced," she began again. "For me there is a heroic ring about the very name of Haldin. They must have been trembling with fear in their Ministries—all those men with fiendish hearts. Here I stand talking to you, and when I think of all the cruelties, oppressions and injustices that are going on at this very moment my head begins to swim. I have looked closely at what would seem inconceivable if one's own eyes had not to be trusted. I have looked at things that made me hate myself for my helplessness. I hated my hands that had no power, my voice that could not be heard, my very mind that would not become unhinged. Ah, I have seen things. And you?"

Miss Haldin was moved. She shook her head slightly.

"No, I have seen nothing for myself as yet," she murmured. "We have always lived in the country. It was my brother's wish."

"It is a curious meeting—this—between you and me," continued the other. "Do you believe in chance, Miss Haldin? How could I have expected to see you, his sister, with my own eyes. Do you know that when the news came the revolutionaries here were as much surprised as pleased, every bit. No one seemed to know anything about your brother. Peter Ivanovitch himself had not foreseen that such a blow was going to be struck. I suppose your brother was simply inspired. I myself think that such deeds should be done by inspiration. It is a great privilege to have the inspiration and the opportunity. Did he resemble you at all? Don't you rejoice, Miss Haldin?"

"You must not expect too much from me," said Miss Haldin, repressing an inclination to cry, which came over her suddenly. She succeeded, then added, calmly, "I am not a heroic person."

"You think you couldn't have done such a thing yourself, perhaps?"

"I don't know. I must not even ask myself till I have lived a little longer, seen more. . . ."

The other moved her head appreciatively. The purring of the cat had a a loud complacency in the empty hall. No sound of voices came from up-stairs. Miss Haldin broke the silence.

"What is it precisely that you heard people say about my brother? You said that they were surprised. Yes, I suppose they were. Did it not seem strange to them that my brother should have failed to save himself after the most difficult part—that is, getting away from the spot—was over? Conspirators should understand these things well. There are reasons why I am very anxious to know."

The *dame de compagnie* had advanced to the open hall door. She glanced rapidly over her shoulder at Miss Haldin, who remained within the hall.

"Succeed to escape," she repeated, absently. "Didn't he make the sacrifice of his life? Wasn't he just simply inspired? Wasn't it an act of abnegation? Aren't you certain?"

"What I am certain of," said Miss Haldin, "is that it was not an act of despair. Have you not heard some opinion expressed here upon his miserable capture?"

The *dame de compagnie* mused for a while in the doorway.

"Did I hear? Of course everything is discussed here. Has not all the world been speaking about your brother? For my part, the mere mention of his achievement plunges me into an envious ecstasy. Why should a man certain of immortality think of his life at all?"

She kept her back turned to Miss Haldin. Up-stairs from behind a great dingy white and gold door, visible behind the balustrade of the first-floor landing, a deep voice began to drone formally, as if reading over notes or something of the sort. It paused frequently and then ceased altogether.

"I don't think I can stay any longer," said Miss Haldin. "I will return another day."

She waited for the *dame de compagnie* to make room for her exit, but that last did not move. She appeared lost in the contemplation of sunshine and shadows, sharing between themselves the stillness of the deserted grounds. She concealed the view of the drive from Miss Haldin. Suddenly she said:

"It is not necessary. Here is Peter Ivanovitch himself coming up. But he is not alone. He is seldom alone now."

Hearing that Peter Ivanovitch was approaching, Miss Haldin was not so pleased as she might have been expected to be. Somehow she had lost the desire to see either the heroic captive or Madame de S——, and the reason of that shrinking which came upon her at the very last minute is accounted for by the feeling that those two people had not been treating the woman with the cat kindly.

"Would you please let me pass?" said Miss Haldin at last, touching lightly the shoulder of the *dame de compagnie.*

But the other, pressing the cat to her breast, did not budge.

"I know who it is with him," she said, without even looking back. More unaccountably than ever, Miss Haldin felt a strong impulse to leave the house.

"Madame de S—— may be engaged for some time yet, and what I have got to say to Peter Ivanovitch is just a simple question which I might put to him when I meet him in the grounds on my way down. I really think I will go. I have been some time here and I am anxious to get back to my mother. Will you let me pass, please?"

The *dame de compagnie* turned her head at last.

"I never supposed that you really wanted to see Madame de S——," she said, with unexpected insight. "Not for a moment." There was something confidential and mysterious in her tone. She passed through the door, with Miss Haldin following her, on to the terrace, and they descended, side by side, the moss-grown stone steps. There was no one to be seen on such stretches of the drive as were visible from the front of the house.

"They are hidden by the trees over there," explained Miss Haldin's new acquaintance, "but you shall see them directly. I don't know who that young man is to whom Peter Ivanovitch has taken such a fancy. He must be one of us or he would not be admitted here when the others come. You know who I mean by the others. But I must say that he is not at all mystically inclined. I don't know that I have made him out yet. Naturally, I am never for very long in the drawing-room. There

is always something to do for me, though the establishment here is not so extensive as the villa on the Riviera. But still, there are plenty of opportunities for me to make myself useful."

To the left, passing by the ivy-grown end of the stables, appeared Peter Ivanovitch and his companion. They walked very slowly, conversing with some animation; and just then they even stopped for a moment, and Peter Ivanovitch was seen to gesticulate, discoursing while the young man listened motionless, with his arms hanging down and his head bowed a little. He was dressed in a dark gray suit and a black hat. The round eyes of the *dame de compagnie* remained fixed on the two figures which had resumed their leisurely approach.

"An extremely civil young man," she said. "You will see what a bow he will make; and it won't altogether be so exceptional, either. He bows in the same way when he meets me alone in the hall."

She moved on a few steps with Miss Haldin by her side and things happened just as she had foretold. The young man took off his hat, bowed slightly and fell back, while Peter Ivanovitch advanced quicker, his black, thick arms extended heartily, and seized hold of both Miss Haldin's hands, shook them and peered at her through his dark glasses, which gave him the impenetrable air of a masked man, a face without expression.

"That's right, that's right!" he exclaimed twice, approvingly. "And so you have been looked after by. . . ." He frowned slightly at the *dame de compagnie,* who was still nursing the cat. "I conclude Eleanor —Madame de S——, is engaged. I know she expected somebody to-day. So the newspaper man did turn up, eh? She is engaged?"

For all answer the *dame de compagnie* turned away her head.

"It is very unfortunate—very unfortunate, indeed. I very much regret that you should have been. . ." He lowered suddenly his voice. "But what is it—surely you are not departing, Natalia Victorovna? You got bored waiting, didn't you?"

"Not in the least," Miss Haldin protested. "Only I have been here some time and I am anxious to get back to my mother."

"The time seemed long, eh? I am afraid our worthy friend here" (Peter Ivanovitch suddenly jerked his head sideways towards his right shoulder and jerked it up again)—"our worthy friend here had not the art of shortening the moments of waiting. No, distinctly she has not the art; and in that respect good intentions alone count for nothing."

The *dame de compagnie* dropped her arms and the cat found itself suddenly on the ground. It remained quite still after alighting, one hind leg stretched backward. Miss Haldin was extremely indignant on behalf of the lady companion.

"Believe me, Peter Ivanovitch, that the moments I have passed in the hall of this house have been not a little interesting and very instructive, too. They are memorable. I do not regret the waiting, but I see that the object of my call here can be attained without taking up Madame S——'s time."

At this point I interrupted Miss Haldin. The above relation is founded on her narrative, which I have not so much dramatized as might be supposed. She had rendered with extraordinary feeling and animation the very accent almost of the disciple of the old apple-woman, the irreconcilable

hater of Ministries, the voluntary servant of the poor. Miss Haldin's true and delicate humanity was extremely shocked by the uncongenial fate of her new acquaintance, that lady companion, secretary, whatever she was. For my own part, I was pleased to discover in it one more obstacle to intimacy with Madame de S——; I had a positive abhorrence for the painted, bedizened, dead-faced, glassy-eyed Egeria of Peter Ivanovitch. I do not know what was her attitude to the unseen, but I know that in the affairs of this world she was avaricious, greedy and unscrupulous. It was within my knowledge that she had been worsted in a sordid and desperate quarrel about money matters with the family of her late husband, the diplomatist. Some very august personages indeed (whom in her fury she had insisted upon scandalously involving in her affairs) had incurred her animosity. I find it perfectly easy to believe that she had come to within an ace of being spirited away for reasons of state into some discreet Maison de Sante—a madhouse of sorts, to be plain. It appears, however, that certain high-placed personages opposed it for reasons which . . .

But it's no use to go into details.

Wonder may be expressed at a man in the position of a teacher of languages knowing all this with such definiteness. A novelist says this and that of her personages, and if only he knows how to say it earnestly enough he may not be questioned upon the inventions of his brain in which his own belief is made sufficiently manifest by a telling phrase, a poetic image, the accent of emotion. Art is great. But I have no art, and in this attempt at writing, if I am trying to tell a story, I do not aspire to achieve a novel. Not having invented Madame de S——, I feel bound to explain how I came to know so much about her.

My informant was the Russian wife of a friend of mine already mentioned, the professor of Lausanne University. It was from her that I learned the last fact of Madame de S——'s history with which I intend to trouble my readers. She told me, speaking positively, as a person who trusts her sources, of the cause of Madame de S——'s flight from Russia some years before. It was neither more nor less than this: that she became suspect to the police in connection with the assassination of the Emperor Alexander. The ground of this suspicion was either some unguarded expressions that escaped her in public or some talk overheard in her salon. Overheard, we must believe, by some guest, perhaps a friend, who hastened to play the informer, I suppose. At any rate, the overheard matter seemed to imply her foreknowledge of that event, and I think she was wise in not waiting for the investigation of such a charge. Some of my readers may remember a little book from her pen, published in Paris, a mystically bad-tempered, declamatory and frightfully disconnected piece of writing, in which she all but admits the foreknowledge, more than hints at its supernatural origin, and plainly suggests in venomous innuendoes that the guilt of the act was not with the terrorists, but with a palace intrigue. When I observed to my friend the professor's wife that the life of Madame de S——, with its unofficial diplomacy, its intrigues, lawsuits, favors, disgrace, expulsions, its atmosphere of scandal, occultism and charlatanism, was more fit for the eighteenth century than for the conditions of our own time she assented with a smile, but a moment after went on in a reflective tone: "Charlatanism?—yes, in a certain

measure. Still, the times are changed. There are forces now which were non-existent in the eighteenth century. I should not be surprised if she were more dangerous than an Englishman would be willing to believe. And, what's more, she is looked upon as really dangerous by certain people—*chez nous*."

Chez nous in this connection meant Russia in general, and the Russian political police in particular. The object of my digression from the straight course of Miss Haldin's relation (in my own words) of her visit to the Château Borel was to bring forward that statement of my friend, the professor's wife. I wanted to bring it forward simply to make what I have to say presently of Mr. Razumov's presence in Geneva a little more credible—for this is a Russian story for Western ears, which, as I have observed already, are not attuned to certain tones of cynicism and cruelty of moral negation and even of moral distress already silenced at our end of Europe. And this I state as my excuse for having left Miss Haldin standing, one of the little group of two women and two men who had come together below the terrace of the Château Borel.

The knowledge which I have stated above was in my mind when, as I have said, I interrupted Miss Haldin. I interrupted her with the cry of profound satisfaction.

"So you never saw Madame de S——, after all?"

Miss Haldin shook her head. It was very satisfactory to me. I am putting it very mildly when I say that this contact could give her no advantage. She had not seen Madame de S——! That was excellent, excellent! I welcomed the conviction that she would never know Madame de S—— now. I could not explain the reason of the conviction, but by the knowledge that Miss Haldin was standing face to face with her brother's wonderful friend. I preferred him to Madame de S—— as the companion and guide of that young girl, abandoned to her inexperience by the miserable end of her brother. But, at any rate, that life now ended had been sincere, and perhaps its thought might have been lofty, its moral sufferings profound, its last act a true sacrifice. It is not for us, the staid lovers calmed by the possession of a conquered liberty, to condemn without appeal the fierceness of thwarted desire.

I am not ashamed of the warmth of my regard for Miss Haldin. It was, it must be admitted, an unselfish sentiment, being its own reward. The late Victor Haldin—in the light of that sentiment—appeared to me, not as a sinister conspirator, but as a pure enthusiast. I did not wish, indeed, to judge him, but the very fact that he did not escape, that fact which brought so much trouble to both his mother and his sister, spoke to me in his favor. Meantime, in my fear of seeing the girl surrender to the influence of the Château Borel revolutionary feminism, I was more than willing to put my trust in that friend of the late Victor Haldin. He was nothing but a name, you will say. Exactly. A name. And, what's more, the only name—the only name to be found in the correspondence between brother and sister; the only link with that mental and emotional past of interchanged ideas between these two, which must fatally shape the future of the one who was left bereaved of all support except for the unique legacy of that name. The young man had turned up; they had come face to face and, fortunately, without the direct interference of Madame de S——. What will come of it?

Of course it was open to her to say nothing more. She seemed to be weighing something in her mind. It occurred to me, not for the first time, that it was not intellect which was the stamp of that admirably poised head, but courage, the most fascinating virtue in a woman. It was only natural that, as I took my eyes off her, my thought should turn to the young man, the bearer of the only name uttered in all the dream-talk of a future to be brought about by a revolution. And my thought took the shape of asking myself why this young man had not called upon these ladies. He had been in Geneva for some days before Miss Haldin heard of him first in my presence from Peter Ivanovitch. I regretted that last's presence at their meeting. I would rather have had it happen somewhere out of his spectacled sight. But I supposed that, having both these young people there, he introduced them to each other.

I broke the silence by beginning a question on that point.

"I suppose Peter Ivanovitch. . ."

Miss Haldin gave vent to her indignation. Peter Ivanovitch, directly he had got his answer from her, had turned upon the *dame de compagnie* in a shameful manner.

"Turned upon her?" I wondered. "What about? For what reason?"

"It was unheard of; it was shameful," Miss Haldin pursued, with angry eyes. "*Il lui a fait une scène*—like this before strangers. And for what? You would never guess. For some eggs. . . . Oh!"

I was astonished. "Eggs, did you say?"

"For Madame de S——. That lady observes a special diet or something of the sort. It seems she had complained the day before to Peter Ivanovitch that the eggs were not rightly prepared. Peter Ivanovitch suddenly remembered this against the poor woman and flew out at her. It was most astonishing. I stood as if rooted."

"Do you mean to say that the great feminist allowed himself to be abusive to a woman?" I asked.

"Oh, not that. It was something you have no conception of. It was an odious performance. Imagine, he raised his hat, to begin with. He made his voice soft and deprecatory. 'Ah, you are not kind to us—you will not deign to remember. . . .' This sort of phrases, that sort of tone. The poor creature was terribly upset. Her eyes ran full of tears. She did not know where to look. I shouldn't wonder if she would have rather preferred abuse or even a blow."

I did not remark that very possibly she was familiar with both on occasions when no one was by. Miss Haldin walked by my side, her head up in scornful and angry silence.

"Great men have their surprising peculiarities," I observed, inanely. "Exactly like men who are not great. But that sort of thing cannot be kept up forever. How did the great feminist wind up this very characteristic episode?"

Miss Haldin, without turning her face my way, told me that the end was brought about by the appearance of the interviewer who had been closeted with Madame de S——.

He came up rapidly, unnoticed, lifted his hat slightly and paused to say in French, "The Baroness has asked me in case I met a lady on my way out to desire her to come in at once."

(To be Continued)

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ARMAMENTS AND ARBITRATION

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

To those who are accustomed to note European news with somewhat more particularity than is given by the cable despatches of the American press, it must have appeared a singular coincidence that along with the telegraphic message conveying the now famous speech of Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, advocating unlimited arbitration between Great Britain and the United States, there arrived by mail the detailed information that the German Parliament had passed the bill for an annual increase of their already formidable army, for each succeeding year, up to and including 1916.

The vote for this significant measure stood 247 to 63, or, put in terms more readily comprehended at a glance, as four to one; and the small minority was composed, with only three exceptions, of Socialists and Poles,* the latter of whom stand in relation to the German Government much as the Nationalist party of Ireland stands toward Great Britain—permanently disaffected as long as present conditions last.

It may be fairly said, therefore, after making all allowance for the peculiar state of the franchise in the chief state

* To be perfectly exact, it should be mentioned that there were eleven abstentions; a fact which makes a very different impression according as it is stated that there were eleven or that there were *only* eleven.

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of the Empire—Prussia—that this increase of the army is a popular measure; that it is not merely the act of a government, esteemed by many to be arbitrary and self-willed, but the voice of a mighty people, satisfied for the time being that the national interests require augmentation of an army already proverbial for numbers and efficiency; an army which may fairly be said to hold the casting vote, when opposing European forces approach equality even remotely.

It is unnecessary here to enumerate the occasions on which this force has been exerted, or where it has been checked by other combinations, within the ten years past; but it is well to note the general fact that organized military force, even when used, does not necessarily mean war in its horrors. It is war without bloodshed; a result which is the great and only real justification of military preparation. Witness the American War of Secession, with its immense losses. In this both sides stood at the beginning without any preparation, as compared with the immense development and organization, military and naval, which the course of the contest brought into being. The German Empire, which owes its existence to its army, has, thanks also to its army, known forty years of unbroken peace, of the sheathed sword.

Not the least striking feature of this new accumulation of armament in the midst of peace is that it is for a term of coming years during which there is no certainty, even under a continuance of peace conditions, that the revenue will meet the consequent increased expenditure. To quote a phrase attributed recently to an American statesman, this may be bad economics; yet it is evidently considered good politics. But it is not for the army only that debt, or the possibility of debt, is contemplated. The huge advance in tonnage, and in size of ships, of the German navy is being met by the same resource. Broadly stated, without taking account of the details of ordinary and extraordinary expenditure, the bill for new naval construction, as distinguished from running expenses, is met by loans; by an annual increase of debt. By this means Germany has progressed to the second place among the naval powers of the world; being exceeded only by Great Britain, which so far pays for its naval ship-building out of current revenue. It seems scarcely necessary to say that, after all allowance for wealth still much exceeding that of Germany, Great

Britain owes this ability to her watery bulwarks, which enable her to depend upon a much less numerous army. It is also, perhaps, worth noting that the immense debt of Great Britain was contracted in establishing, by military means, the territorial, commercial, and industrial conditions which underlay her long-continued financial supremacy; that the debt was in the nature of an investment, not barren of returns.

In the British House of Commons, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the civil head of the British Navy—corresponding to our Secretary of the Navy—has within a few days (March 16th) stated, in answer to a question, that according to the programmes so far adopted, Great Britain on April 1st, 1914, would have completed 22 Dreadnoughts and 9 Invincibles; Germany, 16 Dreadnoughts, 5 Invincibles; the United States, 12 Dreadnoughts, no Invincibles. The word Dreadnought from a proper noun has become a common, significant of a class; and its meaning, as the generally adopted type of efficient battleship, is understood widely, if loosely. Invincible is undergoing a like modification. It means a battleship of Dreadnought proportions, but of inferior offensive and defensive powers; these qualities having been lessened in order to give much higher speed on the same tonnage. The type is essentially that known hitherto as the "armored cruiser." The United States does not contemplate Invincibles; rightly, as I believe, for I conceive the class to be a hybrid, with the drawbacks attributed to the crossing of species, that they combine the defects rather than the virtues of their progenitors. Still, Invincibles are undoubtedly formidable vessels, even if those be right who think them a mistake, as substitutes for an equivalent tonnage in Dreadnoughts. They are very much to be taken account of. The preponderance of German Dreadnoughts over American, 16 to 12, will be very seriously increased by the addition of five Invincibles.

These figures, however, are only to April 1st, 1914. The peculiarity of the German naval legislation is that, while dependent upon successive annual votes, it provides at one cast a programme for several future years. In consequence of this prevision, there can be, and is, coincident and harmonious progress in ship-construction, dockyard development, armaments, and ship-building plants. The great manufacturers know upon what to count, and can afford to spend

on facilities money which they are assured they will get back in employment. The agitated question of one annual battleship, or two, or three, according to the various views of executive and legislature, in Great Britain or the United States, does not trouble the German employer of naval labor. The state is as much committed to its naval payments as the other countries are to the interest upon their debts.

The result has been, in Germany, a great increase, not only of ships but of power to build, both in quantity and in rapidity; so that it is a somewhat moot question whether Germany cannot, so far as facilities go, build as rapidly and as numerously as her richer rival. Great Britain can no longer surrender a start, as the hare did to the tortoise. Her immense programme of new construction for the present year is due to the fact that, dallying some years ago with vague ideals of international agreements, she is now straining to recover the consequences of her nap, to regain a safe lead; for her security depends, not upon land forces to defend her soil against an enemy once on shore, but upon power to prevent his transit and his landing.

In the course of the debate above cited, the First Lord, replying to members of his own party, the Liberal, who objected to the proposed expenditures as exorbitant and unnecessary, said that if they intended to support a reduction, he would remind them of the fate of Ethelred the Unready; and he added, amid loud cheering, that a strong navy was a good foundation upon which to build up financial credit. This can only be by securing freedom from war, or, in case of war, the security for industry and commerce which a navy effects; thus ensuring the foundations of financial stability. Incidentally, the indemnities which have become a frequent incident of peace treaties, are averted by the same precaution. The present annual expenditure of the United States upon the navy is one-eighth the war indemnity exacted from France by Germany after one year of hostilities, and one-fifth that which Japan endeavored to obtain from Russia. The motion to reduce was rejected in the British Parliament by 276 to 56.

The naval programme of Germany, when completed in 1920, will provide 38 " capital " ships; much the greater part of which will be of Dreadnought type, though some pre-Dreadnought vessels will probably still survive a few years longer. What is the significance of these conditions, in a state which

up to a generation ago was non-naval? Many reasons probably concur to one result. The industries and commerce, and not least the shipping trade of Germany, are in their present proportions a growth of thirty years, which has by no means reach its limit.

All these elements of national prosperity depend upon free use of the sea; and the expansion of the navy results from the conviction that it must be so powerful that even Great Britain, menacing as her geographical situation is to Germany, and huge as is her fleet, will hesitate to withstand any policy on which Germany is set; will limit herself to her own protection, and that of the colonies and interests which belong to her. This political situation is to be reinforced by a large development of the fleet of Austria-Hungary, operative, as distinctly avowed, only in the Mediterranean, a principal line of British communications—imperial, colonial, and commercial. Here also increased national indebtedness is accepted deliberately, if anxiously. The number of Dreadnoughts, proposed as the goal by the Naval Secretary, is sixteen; of which four are in hand.

A century ago, a very distinguished Swiss military writer, who saw much service throughout the Napoleonic period, who studied minutely many of the principal campaigns, and who reflected profoundly upon international relations as affecting war, and as affected by it, stated as a fundamental necessity of the European Balance of Power that no one State should be permitted to acquire an unchallengeable naval superiority. He had witnessed personally, and had appreciated, the decisive influence exerted over the whole conflict, continental as well as maritime, by the naval supremacy of Great Britain, and by the insular wealth consequent upon the naval shield extended over her commerce and industries. To-day the realization of his proposition is seen in the serious anxieties of Great Britain; challenged by a fleet, and by a possible combination of fleets, which, even though they may not together equal hers, may so endanger her superiority and her commerce as largely to limit her freedom of action in support of policies which otherwise may to her appear advisable, or even essential.

The proposition of a century ago related only to Europe; but it has expanded, not by original forecast, but by inevitable growth, like the American Monroe Doctrine, so that it now fills the larger field of the world. The balances of power

in Europe a hundred years since, constituted after the fall of Napoleon, were largely artificial; and consequently were not only complicated, but deficient in stability, because some of the larger units, the great Powers, lacked homogeneity, or lacked completeness of territory, both which deficiencies are sources of unrest. In the intervening century progress has been made in eliminating these factors of discord. Austria has been separated from the greater part of Italy left under her control in 1815; and Italian unity has not only been consummated, but comprises almost all the territory racially and geographically Italian. Germany has achieved unity and expanded to limits which were by Bismarck considered commensurate to her claims and her needs. Austria, cut short in former ambitions in the direction of Italy, has made progress on the other side of the Adriatic. Although composed of elements proverbially discordant, she has held together for a time which gives promise of permanence. This is the more sure because the conditions are reinforced by a pressure on all sides, which necessitates the cohesion under one government of the various communities composing the Empire, unless they wish to sink severally to the international insignificance which characterizes their Balkan neighbors.

These three great States, of comparatively recent origin as regards their present extent and constitution, and formally in alliance between themselves, are in a position to give effect to that challenge to British sea power which by the Swiss writer quoted was declared essential. And they are doing it. All parties in Great Britain except the so-called Labor party, which is distinctly *doctrinaire* in its views and policies, recognize that the question of national well-being is at stake; how much more the weight of Great Britain in the policies of the external world, in which a hundred years ago she occupied the decisive position. It is an odd circumstance that, at the very moment the Labor party in the British Parliament is opposing measures believed by most in the country necessary for national independence of action, the party of the same name in Australia, now controlling the government, defiantly announces that on certain points it will not admit arbitration, and that national defense is a prime element in its policy in order to insure national control of internal measures; that is, national independence.

These factors serve to link together in the appreciation

of men the interrelation of the situation in Europe with the politics of the world. Great Britain cannot divest herself of responsibilities and policies external to the British Islands, except at the sacrifice of national interests and the acceptance of permanent degradation of national position. If the relative sea powers of Great Britain and of the three States of central Europe, which, if not opposed to her formally, nevertheless do stand in the opposite scale of the balance, were a matter of European international policies merely, the inhabitants of other continents might view the situation with unconcern, though with interest. But in the infancy of Australian development the dependence of Australia upon British control of the sea illustrates the far-reaching character of this element of European international relations.

If this were the only illustration it might be relegated to the class of rare exceptions which fail to prove a rule, but it does not stand alone. Five years ago the sea power of Great Britain, by depriving Russia of naval allies, assured to Japan control of the sea. Can a similar effect continue to be exercised in view of the growing challenge to British naval supremacy? It is one thing to insure security against attack; it is quite another to be strong enough to insure national policy in matters of external effort.

A notable additional illustration is to be found in the Boer War of 1899-1901. The feeling of the Continent was with the Boers; it is useless now to recall the many manifestations of this bias, but the superiority of the British Navy was such that interference was impossible. The result, superficially, was the overthrow of two small republics. Fundamentally it secured the opportunity for several distinct and rival communities, in this respect somewhat resembling the Balkan States or those of Central America, to take a fresh start; and under the harmonizing influence of British political traditions to form a union such as that of the American thirteen colonies or of the confederation which preceded the present German Empire.

This beneficial outcome is noteworthy, but the illustration of changed conditions of sea power is yet more impressive, because this localized disturbance in British imperial relations was precisely the kind of occurrence to which an empire so constituted is always liable, as in the case of the Indian mutiny of 1857. Standing alone, the British Islands may be able to defend their independence and commerce, to make an

enemy ware of them; it is when called upon to repress disorder, or to oppose attack in some distant part of the Empire, that the margin of naval superiority adequate to maintain peace or to protect the home country may prove insufficient. If so, the entire imperial system may break down.

The forefront of this danger is unquestionably Germany. How far she is immediately the incentive to the proposed great increase of the Austrian Navy to sixteen Dreadnoughts or how far this measure is due to an Austrian determination to equal or surpass her ally, Italy, in control of their buffer sea, the Adriatic, it is impossible to say. Nor is it very necessary, for facts which can be seen, rather than purposes which can only be surmised, are the elements of power to be weighed and appreciated. The sympathies of nations fluctuate with their interests or with passing events, and their purposes vary accordingly. I remember when, in 1866, an American squadron was saluted in Chile as a savior. In 1891 the seamen of an American ship of war were mobbed through the streets of Valparaiso because of popular feeling excited against their nation. At the present moment an American ironclad is conveying to its final resting-place the dead body of a Chilian ex-President. It is not upon any ultimate designs of Germany that attention needs to fasten, but upon the indisputable fact that she will shortly possess a navy which in its aggregate none other than the British can withstand; and of which Great Britain herself must take grave account in all matters of external policy. The so-called Triple Entente is a recognition of this necessity. Already in one of its members, France, the question has arisen whether the battleship force, the solid infantry of the fleet, should not be concentrated in the Mediterranean, leaving to coast defenses and to the action of Great Britain, another member, the security of the Channel shores in case of a European war.

The question will naturally occur, how will these various conditions be affected by the formulation and acceptance of a treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain as advocated by Sir Edward Grey covering every kind of differences, and rejecting explicitly every exception hitherto summed up under the words "vital interests and national honor"?

The reply is that no effect whatever is likely to be produced, except to intensify the resolution of Germany, unless

the result upon popular opinion in the United States and Great Britain is such as to incline each of the contracting States to recognize the necessary international policies of the other, and to give support in case of need. Since the days of Bismarck, Germany frankly and explicitly avows the supremacy of force as the means of securing vital interests and of maintaining national honor. The comment of the German Chancellor of the Empire upon the report of Sir Edward Grey's speech explicitly confirms this statement. Such avowal involves necessarily, from the very habit of mind whence it springs, an appreciation of the limitations of force; what it can accomplish and what it cannot. The consequence of this is diplomatic effort; combinations like those of a battle-field, albeit bloodless, based upon the recognition of common interests in the combining States and also in great measure upon the elements of weakness or dissension in others. The result, as far as successful, is concentration on the one side opposed to division on the other. Of these processes Bismarck in his day was a past master, nor does the hand of his successors seem wholly to have lost his cunning. The Triple Alliance, which he created, remains after more than thirty years one of the chief facts of international politics.

I should be unjust to Germany and to my estimate of her reasonable national necessities and of her important international position if I should not admit explicitly my conviction of the general correctness of her attitude in this respect. I do not hereby intimate any opinion upon particular actions; I speak only as a witness to general character as by me understood. I think, and have always thought, that the possession of force, of power to effect ends, is a responsibility—a talent, to use the Christian expression—which cannot by the individual man or State be devolved upon another, except when certain that the result cannot violate the individual or the national conscience. A general arbitration arrangement between Great Britain and the United States approaches this condition, because it is as certain as anything human can be that the two States will never again go to war; that their difficulties will always be settled peaceably. If there were no other reason, the interests and consequent sympathies of the British colonies, except perhaps those of Canada, would insure this.

It could be desired that differences between the two na-

tions should be submitted, not to a third, outside, party, but to a permanent tribunal composed of citizens of the two countries and of their colonies. Where differences are amenable to an existing law they can be referred to a tribunal of competent lawyers of whatsoever nationality, although the nearly even division between members of our highest tribunals upon questions of great importance compels the conclusion that acceptance of a judgment by the community is not the acquiescence of the intellect in a competent interpretation of law, but the submission of the will to a mere majority—of a court—a much lower sanction. But in questions of policy, like the Monroe Doctrine, or the fortification of the Panama Canal before the Zone became United States territory, or the position of Great Britain in Egypt, or of Japan in Manchuria, determination does not concern lawyers as such, but men of affairs; because, there being no law applicable, what is needed is a workable arrangement based upon recognized conditions. Such arrangement becomes a law for the period of its duration.

This is precisely the situation in which Germany finds herself, and has found herself. The questions pressing upon her, though conditioned by law, have been and are questions of national policy and imminent national interests. The unification of the Empire, the determination of its limits, the securing of conditions which should assure her weight in the councils of Europe, the extension of the sphere of German interests in the outside world, have been and are achievements of policy, accomplished against adverse conditions such as the United States and Great Britain have never known. To the effecting of them national power organized as military force has been and continues essential. Locked up in a territory narrow for its inhabitants, Germany must have an outlet for her industries secured by her own power, the only certain dependence. Her claims for such opportunity do not derive from law; and therefore, like many other questions, cannot in ultimate resort be settled by legal tribunals.

In conclusion, a word may be said upon the onerousness of armaments, so much insisted upon and so present to popular consciousness to-day. Undoubtedly armaments are costly, but the means to bear them have increased to a degree little realized if known at all.

In 1809 Great Britain was at the height of her single-

handed struggle against Napoleon. During that year Austria was again crushed at Essling and Wagram. Prussia remained in the utter subjection to France to which Jena, Eylau, and Friedland had reduced her in 1806 and 1807. Russia was the ally of France. The Spanish peninsula was flooded with French armies; a French King ruled in Madrid, another in Holland, while the royal family of Portugal was fugitive in Brazil. The Peninsular War was still in its beginnings, but in full blast. During that year the revenue collected in the United Kingdom was £63,719,400, supplemented by loans to the amount of £12,298,379; total, £76,017,779. The total expenditure was £76,566,013, of which the actual current expenses were £52,352,146; the remainder being interest upon the debt. Of the current expenses the military and naval were £48,210,957. The trade of the kingdom during this year, export and import together, amounted to £91,872,308. Excluding Ireland, the population in 1811, a census year, was 12,596,803.

A hundred years later, in 1909, the revenue collected was £151,578,295. The expenditure was £152,292,395, of which £59,028,000 was for Army and Navy. The trade, export and import, amounted to £1,094,485,426. The population, again excluding Ireland,* was 40,634,263. That is, with little more than thrice the population of 1809 there is nearly twelve times the commerce or four times as much per head; and while the total expenditure has doubled, increased by one hundred per cent., that for Army and Navy at this present period of gigantic armaments has increased by less than one-fourth, by less than twenty-five per cent.

It may be urged that the expenditure of 1809 was for actual war, which involves a disproportionate additional outlay over that of armament in peace. True, but this merely means that it costs much less to be ready for war than to go to war; another way of regarding Washington's maxim that preparation for war is the best assurance of peace. The thing to be observed is, that with an increase of nearly three hundred per cent. of trade in proportion to population there is only twenty-five per cent. increase in military expenditure. The increase of revenue collected approached one hundred and fifty per cent. in 1909, and has since exceeded that mark.

* Ireland is excluded in both cases because, though I have found its population stated for 1909, I have not for the earlier year.

These considerations are not advanced in order to contest that armament is a burden. They show only that the burden is not unbearable in itself, because it is very much less than has been borne. If it tends to internal revolt and to the breakdown of civilization, as Sir Edward Grey affirmed, it will not be because men cannot endure it, but because they will not.

The question for civilized men is whether, under all the world-wide conditions confronting this era, restiveness under the burden is a sign of progress or of decay.

A. T. Mahan.

PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS PROGRAMME

BY RICHARD HOOKER

A NARROW view of the situation confronting President Taft on the day he issued his call for the special session might have suggested to a politician of little courage that to call Congress together eight months in advance of its ordinary convening was a mere foolhardy playing into the hands of eager adversaries. In the House of Representatives Mr. Taft at length stood face to face with the Democratic majority of 67 which, through the results of the November elections, had been substituted for an uncertain yet nominal Republican majority of 38.* In the Senate there still remained, assuming the eventual settlement of contests then holding several State Legislatures in deadlock, a Republican majority of eight. This majority, however, was scarcely even nominal. Included in it were at least eight insurgents, most of whom had shown themselves openly hostile to the administration by their efforts to discredit it, and several of whom were known throughout Washington to be nursing hopes of the Republican nomination in 1912 and to be ready to build upon Mr. Taft's failure if they could accomplish it.

In substance, then, President Taft invited into activity a Congress in which each house was predisposed to hostility. It was true that upon the issue of Canadian reciprocity, which was the direct cause of the special session, the previous action of the House of Representatives and a canvass of the Senate indicated the final enactment of the bill in which the reciprocity agreement had been embodied. Yet it was fully understood that not only among the insurgents, but

* Toward the close of the Sixty-first Congress deaths and resignations had reduced the Republican majority in the House of Representatives from its original figure.

also among the so-called regulars of the Senate, there were shrewd strategists whose support, if reluctantly given to the reciprocity bill, would be due only to the force of public opinion and might be so coupled with the offering of dangerous amendments as to be more of a menace than direct opposition. Nor had President Taft either received or sought assurances from the Democratic leaders in the House that they would content themselves with the passage of the reciprocity measure or of any limited number of other bills revising additional tariff schedules. Some of the more cautious Democrats would clearly have preferred such a course, but they had no power to pledge their party to it in advance. On the contrary, the moment Mr. Taft's determination to call a special session became clear the air at Washington had been filled with Democratic talk of investigating each of the Government departments and plans had at once been considered by the more partisan for various bills which, it was hoped, might tend from a political point of view to "put the President in a hole." Yet in spite of the warnings of timid advisers, Mr. Taft held to his determination and resolutely called the special session for the one purpose of seeing the reciprocity agreement ratified. With eyes open to its manifold possible embarrassments and political dangers he calmly braved the situation.

A President entering upon the last half of his term with the assured support of an organized majority in each House of Congress may not unreasonably have a fairly definite programme of the legislation which he hopes to prevail upon Congress to enact before his term ends. But that Mr. Taft lacks such support is the main fact of the present situation, and any programme that he contemplates must necessarily be framed with practical recognition of it. For example, it would be labor wasted to further press for the passage of a ship subsidy bill, although the Republican platform of 1908 declared for such a measure and although President Taft has set a new standard of political honor in insisting to the extent of his power that platform pledges be fulfilled. The Congressional elections of 1910 effectively abrogated the contract of 1908 in so far as it concerned ship subsidies. But the reason why active effort for ship subsidies would be futile on Mr. Taft's part suggests the limits within which he actually has a most important programme aside from the ratification of the reciprocity agreement which is his first

and greatest concern. There are certain questions of the highest public importance to which Mr. Taft has given close and increasing attention and which have not as yet become subjects of party division, largely because of their nature and perhaps partly because they have not thus far been projected into the field of serious discussion in Congress. Upon such non-political matters it is not unreasonable for him to hope that he and the Democrats can arrive at sufficient harmony to do business to the public advantage and then let the public apportion the credit where it will. That he entertains this hope and will consistently maintain the attitude that he and the Democrats of the House of Representatives ought to be able to find much common ground on which to work together, has been made clear in the course of several frank discussions which the President has recently granted upon his plans for the future.

There is doubtless scant appreciation of the importance of the work which has been begun under President Taft's direction by the so-called Economy Commission to which brief references appear in the newspapers. As a result of the President's urgent recommendations to Congress he received in 1910 an appropriation for instituting an inquiry into the efficiency and economy of the Federal service, and at the recent session an additional appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars was made. What this inquiry is aimed to eventually accomplish is the adoption of modern business methods in the conduct of the great national concern in which every taxpayer is a stockholder and whose operations involve the annual expenditure of approximately $1,000,000,000 and whose civilian employees, according to the most recent figures, number no less than 411,322. Hitherto Congress has been forced to appropriate the funds for the running of this vast establishment utterly without that intelligently classified information as to past and prospective expenditures which would be required in any private business, and which by affording a simple basis for comparison between the different bureaus and departments would indicate clearly those which were economical and efficient and those which were extravagant.

Tucked away in the annual appropriation bills, which are framed not according to any logical system, but according to the haphazard growth of custom, are items of various sorts which ought either to be brought together under one

head or at least to be brought into direct comparison. For example, the inquiry, although not yet long in active progress, has brought out the fact that during the current year the Government will expend approximately $12,000,000 for ordinary traveling expenses, exclusive of extraordinary expenses incident to the army " manœuvers " along the Mexican border. This is probably the first time in history that it has been ascertained how much the Government proposed to expend on this item in any one year. But, of more importance, it has been found that while many of the well-run bureaus have been getting the benefit of the lowest transportation rates, one of the biggest of the departments, owing to an antiquated system, has been paying ten per cent. more than it should. President Taft has lately given orders that in preparing the estimates for the next fiscal year this item of transportation shall be so treated as to give an early demonstration of the practical value and actual saving which may be expected from the commission's work.

As the commission reports to the President, from time to time, its recommendations, in many instances, can doubtless thus be made effective by executive order. But for a thorough reorganization of present business methods, or rather for the substitution of business-like methods for those that are unbusiness-like, the action of Congress will be required, since the methods of Congressional appropriation are also involved. In this field, where the opportunity is evident for the annual saving of millions of dollars, it is President Taft's belief that Democrat and Republican can co-operate and that they should be made to do so by the force of public opinion.

But the question of efficiency in the civil service is not limited to the methods of national bookkeeping. The question of a properly graded personnel, from which the elimination of superannuated and otherwise incompetent members should be provided for, is even more fundamental. The army of 411,322 civil employees like Topsy has " just growed " until it is honeycombed with inconsistencies, such as the payment of the same salary to two men who sit side by side, one of them doing work that, as President Taft has said, " is far more difficult and important and exacting than that of the other." The result is, to quote the President again, that " superior ability is not rewarded or encour-

aged." Unless the reclassification of the service which was recommended during the Roosevelt administration and which President Taft has strongly urged is soon carried out, the service must come perilously near breaking down. Not less serious, however, is the question of superannuation. Mr. C. D. Norton, until recently private secretary to the President and before that an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has declared the Government service to be " paralyzed by the presence in it of probably twenty-five per cent. of its servants who have become incompetent either through superannuation or for other reasons." If Mr. Norton does not exaggerate, and he speaks from a personal investigation and study that had much to do with the creation of the " Economy " Commission, this means that the Government has upon its rolls over 100,000 incompetent employees, most of whom, however, have only committed the fault of growing old. In his message of December, 1909, President Taft, to the dismay of many persons, declared himself in favor of civil pensions. But his interest in the subject was so great as to lead him to give thorough study to the experiences of other and older Governments, particularly that of England, with this same problem. As a result of this study he frankly and unequivocally reversed himself in his message of December, 1910, and came out strongly for the introduction of a system of compulsory insurance. There can be no question that such a reorganization of the Federal budget as must come if the work of President Taft's Economy Commission is intelligently performed and its recommendations are adopted must mean the annual saving of immense sums if, as Mr. Taft earnestly desires, the reform is logically rounded out by including a regrading of the civil service and the introduction of compulsory insurance so as to afford a practical means of retiring the superannuated and inefficient. The task is big, but it is long overdue.

Coupled in President Taft's mind with the question of Federal economy is one other great non-political problem, that of the conservation of natural resources. When Mr. Taft accepted the resignation of Mr. Ballinger as Secretary of the Interior, it first became possible for the administration to proceed along constructive lines and to think of framing progressive legislation in relation to the vexed questions of water-power leases, of coal lands, of oil and gas lands, of phosphate lands, of the Alaska coal lands, and so forth,

with any reasonable expectation that it would be adopted by Congress. This may be said without any reflection upon the merits of the Ballinger controversy, but merely with a recognition of the practical fact that so long as Mr. Ballinger remained in office hostility and suspicion tied the administration's hands. Except for the act validating the Presidential withdrawal of public lands, which was passed in 1910 on Mr. Taft's urgent representations that it was needed to prevent a condition of possible utter chaos, practically all other matters relating to conservation have been necessarily left in abeyance as far as legislative action is concerned. By the appointment of Mr. Fisher this situation has been changed. Despite the flings of hysterical critics, there is no truer conservationist in the country than Mr. Taft, and his address before the conservation Congress in St. Paul last fall bears witness to the deep study which he has given the various phases of the problem which he now hopes to see dealt with by adequate legislation and without division of party.

Included in this programme of non-political subjects is the creation of a parcels post system and the settlement of the vexed question of the postal rates on second-class mail-matter, now carried at great loss, after the recently appointed commission, of which Justice Hughes is chairman, shall have made its findings. President Taft is deeply in earnest in his advocacy of the parcels post and may be expected to press it upon Congress with all the energy at his command. That he is equally in earnest upon the question of second-class mail rates scarcely needs to be said after his venturing to force it to the front in the closing days of the recent session when the situation in regard to various administration measures was precarious. To stir up a hornet's nest at the moment when he needed whatever support he could get, and to do it simply because he believed the proposition to be just, was as little comprehensible to the ordinary politician in Washington as it was unthinkable that Mr. Taft meant what he said in regard to an extra session, until the proclamation was actually issued on the 4th of March. But it is Mr. Taft's confident belief that the findings of the investigating commission will have such weight with the country, owing especially to the great reputation of its chairman for ability in the analysis of figures and for even justice, that it will necessarily result in appropriate

legislation. Another special commission whose report the President awaits with interest is that which was created a year ago to investigate the subject of railroad securities, and whose creation was a compromise acquiesced in by those who opposed the President's recommendations that supervision over the issuance of such securities be vested in the Interstate Commerce Commission. Upon the nature of this report, which will also carry special weight because of the commission's strikingly able membership, will depend the further recommendations which the President will be able to make to Congress at the next regular session.

The prompt ratification of the new treaty with Japan—the most important action taken in Congress at the recent session which was otherwise rendered so barren of general results by Republican disorganization—leaves the administration in a comfortable position in regard to its foreign policy with nations overseas. The treaty or fiscal convention with Honduras remained unacted upon, however, when the Sixty-first Congress adjourned, and President Taft will press strongly for its ratification. It is chiefly to be regarded a part of his policy of putting the United States in a position such that this Government may have ground for stepping in and preserving the peace in Central America, when extreme need arises, and thus put an end to periodic disorder and lend its friendly influence to the healthy development of the Central American countries. But while opposition to the Honduran treaty may be expected in the Senate from the Democrats, since they opposed the somewhat similar treaty with San Domingo, and possibly also from the insurgents, no such alignment is to be looked for on any treaty which President Taft may submit to the Senate in accordance with his notable declaration of last December favoring the negotiation with "some great nation" of a "positive agreement" to arbitrate any issue, "no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money." The recent statements of Sir Edward Grey have developed the fact that negotiations for such a treaty have been in progress with the Government of Great Britain, and its submission and ratification would alone constitute an enduring monument to Mr. Taft's administration.

President Taft is hopeful of the final enactment of at least one proposition which cannot be listed as "non-political," since the parties have differed upon it and since a large ma-

jority of the Democrats in the House of Representatives opposed it at the recent session. This is the creation of a permanent tariff commission. The President believes that his present Tariff Board, which was continued for another year by an appropriation agreed upon in the closing hours of the Sixty-first Congress and which he has since enlarged by the appointment of two Democrats, will so demonstrate its value while the Democrats are undertaking their tariff legislation that they will agree to its further continuation and in the end to the creation of a permanent commission. Mr. Taft has intimated that he may not oppose such tariff revision, schedule by schedule, as the Democrats adopt, provided it is based upon a reasonable regard for the findings of the board. The board is thus presented to them as a bridge.

Four years ago when Mr. Roosevelt had reached the same period in his second term that Mr. Taft has now reached in his first term various articles appeared in magazines and newspapers giving what purported, with some apparent authority, to be Mr. Roosevelt's programme during the remainder of his stay in the White House. It is worth recalling that, in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's great popularity and remarkable ability as a campaigner in behalf of any cause which he might champion, comparatively little of the programme was accomplished. In the first place, Mr. Roosevelt's brain is both so fertile in itself and so quick in adopting suggested ideas that his programme included enough to occupy Congress for almost a decade at the usual rate of progress. In the second place, circumstances arose which even Mr. Roosevelt could not foresee. So in Mr. Taft's case things now invisible may develop and change the situation and indicate new directions in which his influence with Congress may be best directed. But it may be pointed out that he has never devoted himself to all the long list of " isms " and " causes " upon which Mr. Roosevelt brilliantly preaches, and that for this reason he has been able to pursue with more concentration and tenacity those things which have claimed his interest and support. Consequently, although the programme here suggested by no means exhausts the number of subjects upon which he either expects legislation or considers legislation desirable, he is less likely to be led aside from those issues which he holds most important.

But more important than any specific article in Mr. Taft's

programme is the determination, on which it is based, to endeavor, with practical recognition of the existing political situation, to meet the Democrats on common ground, in so far as it is possible without yielding an inch on any conviction, and thus to prevent the enactment of progressive legislation from coming to a standstill. If the observer behind the scenes at Washington is apt at times to exaggerate the importance of personality in the settlement of large affairs, the man at a distance is more apt to underestimate it. For example, during the recent session of Congress the most important measure which failed of passage in the closing hours was lost because its sponsor in one of the two Houses had made himself so disliked by his manners in debate that the members of the opposing party seized this last opportunity to "haze" him before he retired into private life, and for so long a time prevented action that it finally proved impossible by a narrow margin to secure concurrent action by the other House before the session expired. Yet those by whom the bill was thus held up were frank in confessing that if any one else had had the measure in charge they would have permitted action upon it an entire day earlier, which would have insured its passage by both Houses. The example, although negative, is striking. President Taft, if not a clever politician, is perhaps for that very reason the more popular with the opposition party; certainly his course in playing the game always with the cards "face up"—sometimes called his "appalling frankness"—has spared him animosities in Democratic ranks, and his appointments of Democrats to the Supreme Court and his Cabinet have tended to strengthen an atmosphere of good feeling which, in spite of the natural Democratic desire to constantly manœuver with relation to the campaign of 1912, should help to make possible a degree of fruitful co-operation between the Executive and Congress instead of a paralysis of the legislative machinery.

But while Mr. Taft has never shown either the slightest capacity or the slightest desire to make a conscious dramatic appeal, it may prove that, by inviting political trial simply because of his implicit faith that the reciprocity measure which he has submitted to Congress is sound and wise, he has unconsciously presented himself to the imagination of the country as a lonely figure shaping his course, not by political expediency, but by his conception of right and jus-

tice, and that he thus has won the recognition which has hitherto been denied him and which will bring with it a new power, the power built upon strong popular approval. If events take this turn it may well be that the last two years of the term which Mr. Taft is now serving will yield results more gratifying to him and to his admirers than the first two years, and this in spite of Democratic control of the House and the doubtful complexion of the Senate. At least the situation has the advantage from Mr. Taft's standpoint that open opposition is easier to deal with than insecure support and covert attack.

RICHARD HOOKER.

THE RECIPROCITY AGREEMENT

FROM A CANADIAN STANDPOINT

BY HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER, M.P.

It is difficult for Americans to realize that all Canadians are not enthusiastically throwing up their hats in favor of the reciprocity agreement. It is a fact, however, that they are not. Indeed, the opposition to it is wide-spread, deeply seated, and very determined.

Since the publication of its terms numerous petitions and resolutions protesting against its adoption have poured into Parliament. The Toronto Board of Trade by a vote of 302 to 13 condemned it, and was followed by that of Winnipeg and Montreal and by the Associated Boards of Ontario. No representative Board in Canada has yet pronounced in its favor. It is opposed by the fruit-growers' associations of Ontario and British Columbia and by the market-gardeners everywhere.

Business, banking, industrial, and transport interests are against it. In Parliament three of the strongest supporters of the Government have broken away on this issue, and a large and influential body of liberal business men in Toronto and Montreal have organized an Anti-reciprocity League and are holding monster meetings in protest. The legislatures of New Brunswick, British Columbia, Manitoba, and Ontario have passed resolutions of strong disapproval and by large majorities. New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario have prohibited the export of pulp wood cut on Crown lands. The farmers and fishermen, who were supposed to be especially attracted by it, are divided in opinion, and further study and reflection will increase the proportion of dissidents. In Parliament the United Liberal-Conservative party is making a vigorous fight to defeat the measure, and if the Government, in spite of defections, carry it, will transfer the strug-

gle to the electors before whom the Government must come within a year.

How will it end?

It is my belief that the country will reject it, and I will give some of the reasons on which that belief is based. The proposal comes too late.

For half a century beginning with 1850 Canada sought for reciprocal trade with the United States, at first with keen desire, later with diminished ardor, and during the concluding years of that period more from the force of tradition than a sense of real need. In this long quest she met with little sympathy and many rebuffs. The Elgin treaty of 1854 was no sooner concluded than dissatisfaction began to be manifested by the United States, which denounced it at the earliest opportunity and against Canada's wishes. After its termination in 1866 a long series of pilgrimages were made to Washington, but again our approaches were not welcomed and our advances were repulsed. Disputes over the fisheries led to the fishery treaty of 1873, which in turn was terminated by the United States, again in opposition to our wishes. Then further pilgrimages were undertaken and fresh rebuffs encountered until, in 1888, Canada succeeded in negotiating a fishery treaty with President Cleveland, which, however, the Senate promptly refused to ratify.

Further negotiations in 1891 and 1892 resulted in failure, and the Liberal-Conservative party then in power gave up the quest and turned toward the development of Canada on national and imperial lines.

The Liberal party with stronger reciprocity traditions kept to the trail until 1898, when, rebuffed at Washington, they too abandoned the pursuit. This attitude, maintained for so many years, had its effect north of the national line. Repulsed toward the south, Canada was thrown back upon her own resources, each rebuff acting as a challenge to her self-respect and an impulse to self-development.

The answer to the abrogation of the Elgin treaty was the confederation of the disconnected provinces, the evolution of a strong Canadian ideal, and the birth of a new nation. From that moment a new alignment of forces and a new trend of development superseded the ideals and plans of the past. Under this impulse, Canada began to discover herself and gradually awoke to the realization of her wonderful nat-

ural resources and splendid possibilities. Her great needs were population and capital, and she set to work to obtain these by establishing industries, constructing transport facilities, and opening up her vast agricultural areas to the land-seekers of the world. At great cost she has succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. Under a moderate protective tariff an industrial system has been developed which has reached an annual output of $1,000,000,000, furnishes employment to 435,000 workmen, and distributes an annual wage of $250,000,000. A magnificent system of railways and improved waterways has been created which provide ready transport between all the provinces; out of the trackless prairie solitudes of forty years ago three great provinces have been carved where large cities have sprung into existence and the fallow fields are being turned into richly productive farms at the rate of millions of acres yearly. Into these wide spaces are pouring land and home seekers from all parts of the world, 300,000 of whom began their home-building there last year, and present indications are that this year half a million more will be added. Canada's population, 3,000,000 at confederation and now 8,000,000, will probably reach 50,000,000 by the middle of the present century. Her foreign trade, in 1867 $130,000,000, is now $728,000,000, and her interprovincial traffic has reached large dimensions. Her progress during the last twenty-five years has been phenomenal and as yet but the fringe of her great natural resources has been touched. In short, Canada has become a young nation with all the growing pride and widening aspirations that belong thereto. The foregoing briefly explains why a proposal which forty or even thirty years ago would have been hailed with delight fails to appeal to us to-day; why, in fact, it seems rather to challenge our whole policy of development, material and national.

The agreement narrows and restricts our fiscal freedom. It comprises a stated list of articles, all of which are to be accepted or none. There can be no elision or addition. We have, therefore, in estimating its desirability to strike a balance between its advantages and disadvantages. Some Canadian interests would undoubtedly be injured by its adoption and some might be helped. To some sections it might be of advantage whilst to others it would certainly prove detrimental. The measure must be judged by its effect upon the whole country and all its interests.

Brought to this test, we find it undesirable and even dangerous. Existing conditions in Canada and the United States do not favor any broad reciprocity in natural products. Both are producers of similar products and both as countries have a surplus over home needs. For this aggregate surplus both have to seek the same outside markets and accept the same prices. They are, in fact, competitors at home and abroad. Exchanges influenced by locality or seasons might sometimes be advantageous, but a national trade policy is based on what is best for the whole and best permanently, whilst local and occasional exigencies must be met otherwise. It might temporarily suit our prairie provinces which raise no fruit if fruit came in free from the United States, but if this deprived Ontario and British Columbia, which are large producers of fruit, of their market in these provinces, and in addition exposed them to a ruinous competition in their own home market, the result would be otherwise than beneficial to Canadian development as a whole. It would shift the base of a profitable production from Canada to the United States, diminish the volume of interprovincial traffic, and retard the home development of the fruit industry. The pact allows no selection and either limits or abrogates the power of Parliament to redress grievances and remedy disabilities in any particular case. To disturb one schedule imperils the whole.

Under these conditions, it seems better that each country should retain its full freedom over its tariff legislation. It can then by lessening or removing the duty facilitate the entry of what is beneficial or by increasing it redress inequalities in competition.

The pact is urged upon Canada on the ground that it opens to our farmers a market of 90,000,000 people. A slight analysis serves to modify the strength of that appeal. How much of that 90,000,000 market is accessible to our surplus eggs, butter, cheese, fruits, vegetables, live stock, grain, and meat products? Distance and cost of transport cut out nine-tenths and more. The remaining fraction is scattered along four thousand miles of frontier and its demands are modified by contingencies of season and locality. Even then our products, wherever they do go, must compete with similar products raised nearer by and with cheaper access and better organized distribution.

But we do not forget that the same pact opens up the

markets of Canada to the competition of twelve times as many producers whose seasonal and sectional surplus can be poured into the present home markets of our producers. The width of our more thickly populated country is shallow compared with that of the United States and the bulk of its population more easily reached. The vast organized collecting and distributing trusts in meats, provisions, and agricultural products could easily flood our more accessible markets and become formidable competitors of our less highly organized producers and distributors. These have also to contend with climatic disadvantages in many lines of production, which, in added feeding and fuel expenses, in more rigorous weather conditions, and in later and shorter seasons, handicap them in comparison with more southern competitors. This handicap has been met hitherto, in part at least, by a moderate tariff which has largely preserved our home market for our home producer and which the pact would remove. Canada has found it necessary to maintain a reasonable all-around protection; to remove this from the farmers and fruit-growers and continue it to the other industries would be unfair to the former and would result in the destruction of the policy which has been approved by thirty years of great progress and prosperity. Canada is not prepared to take these chances yet. When she has 50,000,000 people and has enjoyed another half-century of development it may be different.

We are urged to accept the agreement in order to promote friendly feelings between Canada and the United States. Does the necessity exist? Never in the history of the two countries was there greater friendliness, nor a warmer appreciation of each other. One by one the causes of friction have been eliminated and the last great outstanding dispute —that of the fisheries—has been lately settled by the Hague Award. Our trade with the United States amounted last year to $352,000,000 and is constantly enlarging. No one will contend that free trade is essential to the continuance of friendly relations. But if there is any obligation upon either country to consider trade concessions it surely rests upon the United States.

In 1910 Canada purchased from the United States $223,000,000 worth of products; the United States purchased from Canada only $104,000,000 worth. We gave you free entry for $98,000,000 worth of your products

and you gave us free entry for but $33,000,000 of our goods.

As to tariffs, you met us with an average rate of sixty per cent. on sugars, fifty-three per cent. on cottons, thirty-eight per cent. on iron and steel, thirty-two and one-half per cent. on breadstuffs, ninety per cent. on woolens, and of forty-two per cent. on all dutiable imports. Our average on all dutiable imports from your country was twenty-four per cent.

The disparity above shown has existed in similar proportion for thirty years. It would seem that it is up to the United States, instead of threatening us with her surtax and barring our products with her almost prohibitive tariffs, to begin the campaign of friendly trade treatment by taking some rails from her national line fence in favor of so good a trade neighbor without demanding more from us. It is well in considering a proposal to inquire as to what the other party is after.

In this instance there is no difficulty in finding the answer. Your politicians, publicists, manufacturers, carriers, and newspapers are delightfully frank in exposing their reasons. But I am bound to say that these are not always so convincing to Canadians as to yourselves. In fact, most of them dispose us to grave consideration and inquiry. The argument runs thus: The cost of living is too high, prices of foods and raw materials must be lowered, and to effect this the tariff rates must be lessened or removed. The Republican party is honeycombed with insurrection for not doing this in 1909 and must now make amends. The Democrats are pledged to revision downward and are now in control.

Why with all this unanimity of conviction and agreement in policies is the simple act of cutting down your tariff not promptly performed and the desired relief obtained? No co-operation on the part of Canada is required. Your newspaper men want cheaper pulp, your millers cheaper wheat, your packers cheaper stock, your railways more freights, your manufacturers cheaper raw material, and your consumers cheaper food. All these things you say Canada has for sale and only the tariff stands in the way of your procuring them more cheaply. Then why do you not cut your tariff, which is the only one standing in the way? One single stroke of the Congressional pen would give you all you say you need. And yet you wait for and insist upon reciprocity. This makes Canadians think there is something more than

a desire for cheaper food-supplies and raw material behind this insistence. Else President Taft would not be talking about the " parting of the ways " nor Mr. Hill about the unique opportunity which presents itself for striking the death-blow to Imperial preference. No way that Canada might choose and no system of Imperial preference could deprive the United States of its right to lower or remove its tariff rates on imports and so secure Canadian products more cheaply. And it is just that other thing that lies behind which makes us thoughtful, inquiring, and cautious.

Both your parties are protectionist and apparently intend to remain so. Yet you offer to Canada free trade in all products, though you refuse it to the rest of the world. Why? You want extended markets for your manufactures and you see to the north 8,000,000 consumers likely to be increased to 100,000,000 by the end of the century.

You are becoming less and less exporters of food and raw materials and more and more exporters of finished products. Your natural resources are gradually diminishing whilst Canada has immense virgin supplies. Access to this country will give you exactly what you desire in these respects. You will be able to replenish your depleted stores of raw material, carry on your manufacturing processes more profitably, and sell the finished products in the northern market.

Your carriers will benefit by double transport, your millers will make more flour and by-products, your prepared food makers and meat-packers will reap rich profits on their finished products, and your country will secure the advantages of all the subsidiary employment connected therewith.

All this is good policy on your part, but where do Canadians come in? Under existing conditions, there has been a large transfer of manufacturing plant and capital from the United States to Canada—$300,000,000 worth within the last ten years. In vivid language Senator Beveridge and Governor Foss urge the speedy adoption of reciprocity to stop such wholesale transfer and retain for their country its capital, its labor, and its profits.

In a word, you desire to make Canada for trade purposes like unto a State of the Union, except that you do not propose to employ your capital within her borders. You will draw her raw resources to your very own country and work them up by your very own people and of course reap the

profits. Canadians may find employment in the rough work, cutting timber and loading it, mining ores and shipping them, raising stock and putting it on board Mr. Hill's cars, producing grain and drawing it to the trains headed southward. Well, all that you wish to do to benefit your country we wish to do to build up our country.

If raw materials form the basis of industrial development we are in no hurry to invite their wholesale exploitation by 90,000,000 of people who have squandered their own. If the working up of such material is a sure way to population, wealth, and national prosperity, why should we not pursue that path, the very path by which you have arrived at your present wonderful development? Why should we rest content with simply digging out ore, cutting timber, raising stock and grain? Why should we not proceed to manufacture and finish it and then to distribute it by our own lines of transport for our own home wants and then to export the surplus through our own seaports and by our own merchant marine? We have fought a long hard fight against distance and geography in order to consolidate our wide-flung territory and have succeeded.

We have at great cost opened our vast prairies and established an industrial system for the purpose of attracting population and capital and developing our rich natural resources. For thirty years we have been expending money lavishly in perfecting our east and west transport, to develop our interprovincial trade, and facilitate exchanges with the mother country.

The reciprocity pact cuts straight across this development and this ideal, disconnects our provinces, attacks our industries, taps our east and west connections by north and south lines, and menaces our national solidarity.

That is why we think it dangerous. But there is a wider view. Canada is an integral part of the British Empire and has no notion of weakening that connection. On the contrary, all the events of the last forty years have made for closer union, increased co-operation and growing influence. With complete autonomy in her own affairs, she has taken deeper interest in Imperial concerns and assumed greater responsibilities therefor. The ties of sentiment are being strengthened between the sister oversea dominions and the motherland by common interest in trade, defense, and whatever tends to organize and consolidate the empire. The lure

of a world-wide empire ideal attracts us and forbids all entanglements by the way. In that future organized world-wide empire Canada will play an important part both on account of her geographical position and her vast resources. Imagination would be dull indeed were it not fired by the splendid vision, the wide horizons, the Imperial opportunities, and, if you please, the solemn responsibilities of world work thus opened up. Commercial partnership in this empire appeals to us, has already been initiated, and is capable of indefinite enlargement. Whilst this would benefit Canada, it would also benefit and consolidate the empire, our empire.

This partnership is perfectly compatible with the utmost friendliness in trade and fellowship with other countries, and especially with the United States, with which we have so much in common. But it admits of no entangling alliances with any country which would antagonize its aims or hamper its freedom. The reciprocity pact would do both.

That is clearly why Mr. Hill wants it and wants it now. That may have been in the mind of President Taft when he used the illuminating phrase "the parting of the ways," or what impelled Mr. Champ Clark to declare that he was now "ready to annex Canada." That is exactly why the majority of Canadians, as I believe, do not want it and will strain every loyal nerve to prevent its enactment.

GEORGE E. FOSTER.

THE RECALL OF JUDGES

BY ALBERT FINK

THE constitution adopted by Arizona provides for the recall of the judges. In California the Legislature has proposed an amendment to the State constitution calculated to accomplish a like result. This will meet the approval of the present Executive and be submitted to the people for acceptance or rejection at an election to be held for this purpose in September or October of this year. Present indications are that it will carry and thus become a part of the organic law of that State.

This principle in the science of government has never received the test of actual trial and its beneficial or pernicious influence rests upon speculative reasoning rather than upon any facts to be gathered from experience.

It would seem wise to remember the words of Mr. Lincoln:

"I do not mean to say we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experience—to reject all progress, all improvement. What I do say is that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence *so conclusive* and argument *so clear* that even their great authority fairly considered and weighed cannot stand."

The application of this doctrine to the judiciary, it is thought, would be, if not repugnant to the express terms of the Federal Constitution, at least violative of its spirit. In any event, such a measure is believed to be most inexpedient and incapable of justification either upon principle or experience. It is regarded by some, at least, as a most disastrous experiment in government.

The Federal Constitution provides:

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government."

The questions which present themselves are: First, is the independence of the judiciary one of the necessary and essential elements of a republican form of government? And, secondly, is the proposed recall of the judges, without

charges against them preferred, without trial or evidence, and without cause, other than the mere will of the majority of the electorate, that is to say, the dominant party, destructive of their independence?

If these questions are answered in the affirmative, it would seem to follow that the principle contended for would be within the inhibition of the section above quoted.

The first consideration invites an investigation of the proper construction of the phrase, "*A Republican Form of Government.*"

Though this clause of the Constitution has never been directly construed, it has been adverted to in several cases by the Supreme Court.

In Downes *vs.* Bidwell, Mr. Justice Brown said:

"A republican form of government is one in which the supreme power resides in the whole body of the people *and is exercised by the representatives elected by* them."

In Duncan *vs.* McCall it was held that:

"The distinguishing feature of that form is the right of the people to choose their own officers for governmental administration and pass their own laws in virtue of the legislative power reposed in *representative bodies* whose legitimate acts may be said to be those of the people themselves."

From these definitions it would appear that a republican form of government is one in which the power resides in the people and exercised through chosen delegates and not by *direct* action of the electorate.

Or, as stated by Judge Watson, in his recent very excellent work on the Constitution:

"From these comments we may conclude that a republican form of government is one in which the people elect their lawmakers and their public officers."

In Miner *vs.* Happersett, when considering the right of a female citizen of Missouri to vote, Chief-Justice Chase said:

"The guaranty is of a *republican* form of government. No particular government is designated as republican; neither is the exact form to be guaranteed in any manner especially designated. Here, as in other parts of the instrument, we are compelled to resort *elsewhere* to ascertain what was intended. The guaranty necessarily implies a duty on the part of the States themselves to provide such a government. All the States had governments when the Constitution was adopted. In all the people participated, to some extent, *through their representatives.* These governments the Constitution did not change. They were accepted precisely as they were, and it is therefore to be presumed that they were such as it was the duty of the States to provide. *Thus we have unmistakable evidence of what was republican in form* within the meaning of that term as employed in the Constitution."

Thus, in any investigation of a given case resort must be had elsewhere than to the Constitution itself to ascertain what is meant by the phrase in question. Where shall we go?

Judge Watson says:

"What form of government was understood by the framers of the Constitution to be meant by this guarantee? It is entirely probable that the States had in mind forms of government *similar* to those then existing. In other words, a republican form of government within the meaning of this clause is to be tested by the question whether or not such a government conforms to the State governments which existed *at the time* the Union was formed."

Mr. Calhoun said:

"In other words, the forms of the governments of the several States composing the Union *as they stood at the time of their admission* are the proper standard by which to determine whether any *after change* in any of them makes its form of government other than republican."

Writing for the *Federalist*, Mr. Madison said:

"But who can say what experiments may be produced by the *caprice* of particular States, by the ambition of enterprising leaders, or by the intrigue and influence of foreign powers?"

"As long, therefore, as the existing republican forms are continued by the States they are guaranteed by the Federal Constitution."

"The only restriction imposed on them is this, that they shall not exchange republican for anti-republican constitutions; a restriction which, it is presumed, will hardly be considered as a grievance."

It is, of course, admitted that a State may change from one republican form to another. It may even be conceded that if the general form be republican a State may, in minor or unimportant particulars, adopt either the monarchical or democratic principle. But it is contended that the independence of the judiciary is an element of such cardinal importance as to change the *form* when destroyed.

A most casual glance into the history of the formative period of the Constitution will indicate that nothing could have been further from the contemplation of the framers of that instrument than any rendering of the judiciary during their term of office subservient to the will of a majority. The period of quasi-anarchy existing between the latter years of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution was replete with events well calculated to impress the subsequent framers of the Constitution.

A monarchical form of government was out of the question. They had just emerged from a bloody war brought

on largely by the personal reign of a Prince. On the other hand, the Trespass Acts of New York, the "Know Ye" measures of Rhode Island, the laws of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina obstructing the collection of British debts, the craze for paper money, and "Shays's Rebellion" were incidents that inspired a wholesome dread of democracy uncurbed and unrestrained. The attitude of the patriots toward this form of government may be gathered from some of their utterances.

In the Philadelphia convention Elbridge Gerry said:

"The evils we experience flow from the *excess of democracy*. The people do not want virtue, but are the dupes of pretended patriots."

John Randolph observed:

"That the general object was to provide a cure for the evils under which the United States labored; that in tracing these evils to their origin every man had found it in the turbulence and follies of *democracy;* that some check, therefore, was to be sought for against this tendency of our governments."

Alexander Hamilton said:

"Give all the power to the many, they will oppress the few; give all power to the few, they will oppress the many; both, therefore, ought to have the power, that each may defend itself against the other. To the want of this check we owe our paper money, instalment laws, etc.

"Gentlemen differ in their opinions concerning the necessary checks from the different estimates they form of the human passions. They suppose seven years a sufficient period to give the Senate an adequate firmness from not duly considering the amazing violence and turbulence of the *democratic spirit.* When a great object of government is pursued, which seizes the popular passions, they spread like wild-fire and become irresistible."

It was principally upon the failure of the Constitution to sufficiently recognize the *democratic* principle as contradistinguished from the *republican* which provoked the assaults of such men as Luther Martin, George Mason, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee.

In the letter to Edmund Randolph, Richard Henry Lee said:

"The only check to be found in favor of the democratic principle in this system is the House of Representatives."

Of Gouverneur Morris, Mr. Madison said:

"He contended for certain articles which he held essential to the stability and energy of a government capable of protecting rights of property against the *spirit of democracy.*"

The then understood distinction between a republican and

democratic form of government was well pointed out by Mr. Madison:

"From this view of the subject it may be concluded that a pure democracy, by which I mean a society consisting of a small number of citizens who assemble and administer the government in person, can admit of no cure for the mischiefs of faction. A common passion or interest will in almost every case be felt by a majority of the whole; a communication and concert result from the form of government itself; and there is nothing to check the inducements to sacrifice the weaker party or an obnoxious individual. Hence it is that such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention; have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property, and have in general been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths."

"A republic, by which I mean a government in which the scheme of representation takes place, opens a different prospect and promises the cure for which we are seeking. Let us examine the points in which it differs from the pure democracy and we shall comprehend both the nature of the cure and the efficacy which it must derive from the Union."

"The two great points of difference between a democracy and a republic are: first, the delegation of the government in the latter to a small number of citizens elected by the rest. . . ."

"The effect of the first difference is, on the one hand, to refine and enlarge the public views by passing them through the medium of a chosen body of citizens whose wisdom may best discern the true interest of their country and whose patriotism and love of justice will be least likely to sacrifice it to *temporary* or partial considerations. Under such a regulation, it may well happen that the public voice, pronounced by the representatives of the people, will be more consonant to the public good than if pronounced by the *people* themselves convened for the purpose."

Certainly the fundamental distinctions existing between the several forms of government were well understood, nay, perhaps, to the general public, better than in this era of mercenary thought and specialized learning and culture.

To the members of the Philadelphia Convention the experiments of early Greece in almost every conceivable form of government were known. The primal causes of creation, as well as those of decay and consequent destruction, were matters of daily comment. The so-called "Republics of Venice," the Cantons of Switzerland, the United Netherlands, and the Confederated Principalities of Germany were matters of frequent debate. Comparison of the government proposed for this country with that of England was a constant theme. Excerpts from Sir William Blackstone, Aristotle, and Montesquieu were of universal quotation.

Nor was this learning the result of precursory college reading, such as we find in the present age. The prece-

dents and the underlying principles were deeply studied and distinguished by men in the full prime of intellectual vigor engaged in the task of sifting from the true the false, and in erecting for posterity from the combined thought and experience of all the bygone centuries such a form of government as would, while realizing the most sanguine dreams of the ancients, avoid those hidden reefs upon which so many previous constitutions had come to grief.

So well was this great task performed that since their day men have ceased to busy themselves with the science of creating government as distinguished from its administration, and the general learning and culture then prevalent have in a large measure departed from the land.

The illuminating precedents of history have been all but forgotten, and of the present members of the several State Legislatures it would indeed be a difficult task to find many who, so far from being familiar with accepted axioms of government, have even read the recognized authorities upon the subject.

We have been following a trail blazed for us by abler men, made so perhaps by command of a more imperative historical crisis; and when it is proposed to depart therefrom and enter new and untried bridle-paths, it were well to do so with all the consideration and careful examination of principles and precedents which guided our forefathers and not as a mere temporary expedient against an alleged dominant corporate influence—bad as that may be.

Nowadays we take too much for granted. Lulled to sleep by the unparalleled prosperity we have enjoyed under the Constitution given us by the Fathers, we are prone to believe that human rights and liberties have become so secure as to be in no further need of protection either from the tyranny of a dictator or from that of an unrestrained democracy. Seeing in our path certain resultant evils of our very prosperity, we would, in a sudden moment, lay rude hands upon that instrument under which all this progress has been made possible without pausing to reflect that the evils might be eliminated without recourse to a change in the Constitution; and that by the later experiment, though the evils might be curtailed, the prosperity might be lost. One of our most distinguished citizens is reported to have said that "*republics are still upon trial.*"

It would seem a violent presumption to say that in using

the phrase "a Republican Form of Government" our forefathers did not have in mind the distinction between a democracy and a republic; yet this proposed recall of the judges, so far from being republican in its characteristics, is of the very purest democracy.

It is to be remembered that the form of government selected was new. It had never before been tried. It was an admixture of one great republic with a confederacy of smaller republics, which, in combination, partook in certain aspects of the nature of the former while in others of an alliance of the latter. The system was novel. It was complex. It sought to embrace all the desirable features of former governments while discarding the questionable or dangerous elements. Thus the plan advocated by Hamilton was rejected as being too *monarchical,* while the suggestion to make both branches of Congress elective directly by the people was discarded as being too *democratic* in its tendency.

It will be observed that it was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution to construct a government either monarchical, on the one hand, or democratic on the other, but to find between these extremes some middle ground which would contain the executive strength of the one while avoiding the turbulent and disruptive tendencies of the other. And a *republic* where the government is shared in by all the citizens, and the laws enacted and enforced by representatives chosen by the people, was selected as best calculated to promote our welfare, and it was therefore a *Republican Form of Government,* as opposed to and contradistinguished from any other, that was guaranteed to the several States.

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution each of the several States was republican, and it was *such* a republican form of government as then existed that was intended to be and was guaranteed to each.

Certainly no one would contend that it would be within the power of the people of any State to so alter their present form of government as to place in the hands of one man the executive, legislative, and judicial power. And if, under the Constitution, the people of a State would not be permitted to change their present form of government to one of monarchical tendency, it is not quite clear why they should be permitted to swing in the opposite direction toward a pure democracy without the provided-for concurrence of a

sufficient number of all the States. To preserve a republican form of government is an obligation which each State owes to all the others, and if this obligation is violated the Federal Government will intervene.

The complete and absolute independence of the judiciary was a political maxim of the period during which the Constitution was adopted. It was just as much an essential principle of a republican form of government as the representative scheme. It is sometimes said that the principle was that there was and should be a severance between the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of government. But the statement is, to a certain extent, inaccurate. The underlying principle was the independence of each. The severance was but the means to secure and enforce the principle. Than this principle of independence, none was more fully or firmly established in the science of government. It stood unchallenged. It had long been recognized in England, where, though it was at first believed that the tenure of judges was at the pleasure of the Crown and that they were removable at the whim of the sovereign, this opinion had gradually changed, so that by the end of the sixteenth century the independence of the judiciary was becoming a recognized principle of the Constitution. And it was the violation of this theory as much as any other one thing, and his attempted debasement, to more creatures of the Crown, of the judges of King's Bench, that cost Charles the First his head. Evoked through the slow processes of evolution, which have characterized the formation of the British Constitution, this principle was crystallized into statute law during the reign of William III, when it was enacted, that the judges should not hold their office during the pleasure of the Crown, but so long as they should conduct themselves properly. And during the reign of George III it was enacted that the commissions of the judges should read "during good behavior," excepting that they might be removed "upon the address of both houses of Parliament."

But here it was thought to attain both the practical and theoretical independence, and in this connection it was pointed out by Mr. Wilson that Chief-Justice Holt had successively offended both branches of Parliament by his independence, and if his judgments had occurred at the same time he would have been liable to removal for the performance of his duty.

That this principle, or rather the means to enforce it, was

well recognized in this country cannot be doubted. It was embodied in several of the State constitutions.

That of Maryland provided in the Declaration of Rights:

"That the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of government ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other."

That of New Hampshire provided:

"In the government of this State the three essential powers thereof—to wit, the legislative, executive, and judicial, ought to be kept as separate from and independent of each other as the nature of a free government will admit."

By that of Virginia and Georgia it was provided:

"The legislative, executive, and judiciary departments shall be separate and distinct, so that neither exercise the powers properly belonging to the other."

While that of Massachusetts of 1780 provided:

"It is essential to the preservation of the rights of every individual, his life, liberty, property, and character, that there be an impartial interpretation of the laws and administration of justice. It is the right of every citizen to be tried by judges as free, impartial, and *independent* as the lot of humanity will admit. It is, therefore, not only the best policy, but for the security of the rights of the people and of every citizen that the judges of the supreme judicial court should hold their offices as long as they behave themselves well."

Montesquieu, the great legal theorist, wrote:

"There is no liberty if the judicial power be not separated from the legislative and executive. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary control, for the judge would then be the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with violence and oppression. *Then would be an end of everything* were the same men or the same body to exercise these three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing them, and of trying the cases of individuals."

To remove the judiciary beyond the possible control of a temporary majority, it was provided in each of the thirteen colonies, except Georgia, that the judges be appointed, and in the language of Mr. Fiske:

"It was Georgia that, in 1812, first set the pernicious example of electing judges for short terms by the people, a practice which is responsible for much of the degradation that courts have suffered in many of our States and which will have to be abandoned before a proper administration of justice can ever be secured."

To further insure the independence of the judges the tenure by which they held their offices in each of the thirteen colonies, except Pennsylvania and New Jersey, was, during

good behavior, though, following the English precedent, the constitutions of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Delaware provided that they might be removed by the Governor upon the address of both branches of the Legislature.

In the other colonies they were removable only for cause, and by the constitution of Maryland it was provided that they could be "removed only for misbehavior *on conviction in a court of law.*"

Taking the best that existed both in American and English precedents, the same principle was carried into the Federal Constitution, where good behavior was made the tenure and the judges selected by appointment. And in the convention Dickensen, while agreeing that the terms of the judges should be during good behavior, thought they should be removable by the Executive upon the address of the Senate and House of Representatives, after the manner prevailing in England; but Gouverneur Morris pointed out that such power of removal without trial, united with a tenure of office during good behavior, would be a contradiction in terms.

In an instrument where almost every phrase of its proper or possible construction was examined, analyzed, disputed, and debated, from Henry's objections to the use of the phrase "We people," to Martin's criticisms of the abolition of religious tests, it is interesting to note that the provision with reference to the selection and tenure of the judges was agreed to without a dissenting voice. Whatever conflict may have existed upon other points, it is clear that in a republican government an independent judiciary as a cardinal and essential principle was a proposition agreed to by all.

In speaking of the matter, Hamilton said:

"The complete independence of the courts of justice is peculiarly essential in a limited constitution. By a limited constitution I understand one which contains certain specified exceptions to the legislative authority; such, for instance, as that it shall pass no bills of attainder, no *ex post facto* laws, and the like. Limitations of this kind can be preserved in practice in no other way than through the medium of courts of justice, whose duty it must be to declare all acts contrary to the manifest tenor of the Constitution void. Without this all the reservation of particular rights or privileges would amount to nothing."

"This independence of the judges is equally requisite to guard the Constitution and the rights of individuals from the effects of those ill humors which the arts of designing men or the influence of particular conjunctures sometimes disseminate among the people themselves and which, though they speedily give place to better information and more

deliberate reflection, have a tendency in the mean time to occasion *dangerous innovations* in the government and serious oppressions of the *minor party* in the community."

"Upon the whole, there can be no room to doubt that the convention acted wisely in copying from the models of those constitutions which have established *good behavior* as the tenure of their judicial officers in point of duration; and that so far from being blamable on this account, their plan would have been inexcusably defective if it had wanted this important feature of good government. The experience of Great Britain affords an illustrious comment on the excellence of the institution."

From these considerations it would seem to appear that at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution an independent judiciary was universally considered essential to a republican form of government. To attain and safeguard this end two corollary principles were adopted. Pressing forward the precedent then in existence in England and following that of each of the thirteen colonies, there was a severance of the judicial from the other branches of government. And adopting the rule then prevalent in England, and the colonies other than New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the tenure was made during good behavior.

Necessarily, in the consideration of a question such as this, there will exist between that form of government conceded to be republican and that form admittedly not, a wide borderland. Any given principle will be assigned to the one realm or the other, as the individual mind concedes or negatives its importance. To some an executive elected for life would appear not essentially destructive of a republican form of government when the people retained all other powers. To others the merging of the executive and legislative and the administration of government by committees of one general assembly would seem to violate no principle of republicanism, while still others would no doubt contend that the decision of all causes by committees of a State Senate during the vacation of that body was in violation of no recognized republican maxim. So, the ultimate power residing in the people, the abolition of the legislative branch of the government, and the reference to the whole electorate of every proposed law, as is the present custom of one of the smaller cantons of Switzerland, would appear to some to harmonize with present institutions. There could doubtless be found political thinkers who would affirm the power of the people to do away with the courts and submit, at least all great causes, to the decision of a majority of the citizens.

This chaos of political thought is believed to be the result of a failure to bear in mind the essential distinctions between republican and democratic forms of government. Whatever may be the right of a majority of the people of the whole United States or of the people of the constitutional quota of States to change, modify, or amend their present form of government, it is *ultra vires* the people of any particular State to make it other than republican in form.

While the States reserved to themselves all the powers not granted to the general government, and while the general government has only delegated powers and such powers as are necessary to the enjoyment of those delegated, the right of the several States to so change, modify, or amend their systems as to make them other than republican in form is one which they have relinquished, and the authority of the general government to guarantee to the several States a republican form of government is a power which has been transferred to it by each of the States and such a power as carries with it all powers necessary to its enforcement.

But what are the tests? By what standard is any particular principle to be measured? In what scales are any proposed changes or modifications to be weighed? And who is to be the ultimate judge? These questions, it is believed, are not so difficult as they appear. As before pointed out, the standard is to be that which existed at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. The scales will be found in the opinions and contemporaneous precedents of the same period. The test is to be this: Was the principle embodied in the proposed change one which at the time of the adoption of the Constitution was accepted as one of the cardinal and necessary elements of a republican form of government without which such form could not well exist? If so, then it is one of the essentials of such a form of government and must not be violated. The independence of the judiciary is believed to be such a principle.

As between the prior decision of Congress and the subsequent contrary judgment of the Supreme Court the latter must of course prevail, as that tribunal is the final guardian of the republic. And in this connection, if there is merit in the foregoing considerations, it is to be earnestly hoped that Congress will compel Arizona to modify her constitution so as to eliminate this objectionable feature, thereby giving to the Supreme Court in its ultimate consideration

of the question coming from California the very persuasive precedent of the legislative branch of the government upon this important subject. Nay, the question being one of political rather than judicial significance, the careful consideration of Congress is all the more important, as the admission of Arizona, under her present proposed constitution, might be considered by the Supreme Court as a decision binding upon it that the provision under discussion violated no republican principle.

That the recall of the judges not only tends to *weaken* their necessary independence, but is directly *destructive* thereof, can be easily demonstrated. Such a measure would place the judges and a majority of the electorate in the relation to each other of master and servant. When such a relationship exists and is determinable at the will of the master the servant is without independence. He must obey, not the dictates of his own conscience, but the arbitrary will of his employer, upon penalty of the immediate determination of the relation. The case is otherwise if the relation is to exist for a given time; then the servant so long as he performs his duty is protected from any unjust or arbitrary demands.

The election of judges for stated terms *lessens* their independence of a majority as their term of office draws to a close. The power of their immediate recall *destroys* their independence. As it would be in the teeth of human nature to expect a servant desirous of continuing his employment to disobey the imperative commands of his master, so it would indeed be requiring too much of a judge, who desired to continue in office, to expect him to render an unpopular decision or one which he believed to be such.

If then the measure under discussion is completely subversive of the independence of the judiciary, and if their independence was accepted at the time of the adoption of the Constitution as one of the fundamentals of a republican form of government, without which it would not continue to exist, it would seem to follow that the power of recall of the judges is within, at least, the *spirit* of the inhibition of the clause first quoted if not its very *terms*.

Nor is the measure capable of justification upon the argument of its advocates. Their whole theory of right lies in the following reasoning:

"The people are supreme. What they will is law. The judges are the

servants of the people, employed by the latter, and holding office at their will. Therefore, the master, the people, has the inherent right to discharge the servant, the judges, at pleasure."

The conclusion would seem logically to flow from the premises. Nor is it with the former so much as with the latter that the fault lies. When it is said that the people are supreme, that they employ the judges and stand toward them in the relation of a master to a servant, what is meant is the *majority* of the people. Herein lies the error. The judges are not the servants and agents of the majority. The judges are the servants of both the majority and the minority and must of necessity be independent of each.

Any rule of might is a tyranny whether it be in the form of an emperor, dictator, oligarchy, or democracy. The unrestrained rule of the majority is as objectionable as that of an individual; it is more so, because it has all the evils of the former with none of the efficiency of the latter. This country is ruled by laws and not by majorities. True, the laws are made by majorities, but there are limits beyond which they may not go. Every citizen has certain inherent and fundamental rights which can be taken from him neither through legislative enactments nor by constitutional amendments supported by no matter how great a majority.

Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the right of contract and private ownership of property, when not used to the detriment of others, of procreation, of inviolability of persons and family—such rights as these are not justly dependent for protection upon constitutions; they are fundamental, inherent. Without their adequate protection no government can long exist. Certainly no majority, however great, has the right to single out the individual and take from him these inherent rights.

It is one of the peculiar functions of a judge in a State governed by laws and not by men to protect the minority or the individual, as the case may be. Though chosen by the majority or by some person or persons to whom the power of selection has been delegated, they cease, upon induction into office, to become the mere servants at will of those by whom they were selected, nay, they never were their servants. The right of selection in no sense carries with it such right of domination as was attempted by Charles I. Upon selection the judges become the servants of the whole people, not of the majority or class by whom they may have

been chosen. They represent the minority, the weakest class in society: the humblest individual, just as much as the dominant political party, the laboring or moneyed classes, or the most potent members of the community. During their term of office they are justly answerable to no one.

A powerful minority may well trust the selection of the judges to a majority, but the domination of this majority after selection is quite another matter. This is tyranny and, as Montesquieu says, "*the end of all things.*" Such a practice, when taken advantage of by majorities, as it inevitably must be, can be maintained only by arms, and this power does not always lie in majorities.

Nor can any justification of the proposed measure be found in the doctrine of expediency. *In limine* let it be inquired, what will be accomplished by the proposed change that is deemed expedient?

Will the respect of the community for the judges, a situation so earnestly to be sought, be increased? Already there has appeared a very wide discrepancy in the esteem entertained by the general public for the State tribunals as compared with that held for the national courts. Why? Obviously for two reasons: The comparative attainments of the presiding judges and the curtailed independence of the State tribunals by reason of the selection of their judges for short terms.

Will the proposed measure induce gentlemen of greater attainments to seek election to the bench? It is believed such will not be the case. What man worthy of the name would submit himself to the alternative of deciding a cause contrary to his conscience or suffering the disgrace of a peremptory recall by his fellow citizens? How can an increase of wholesome respect be attained by a further curtail of that independence, the want of which has already induced disparagement?

Will the corruption charged to exist be eliminated? Where is this corruption? Is there no evidence available? Then, is it the purpose to convict judges without evidence? Is suspicion to take the place of facts? Surely this would seem to be a novel American idea.

Will the alleged corporate control of the judiciary be abolished? Where does it exist to-day? In the Federal or the State tribunals? Certainly from the recent decisions of the former it does not seem to be there intrenched to any

great extent. If in the latter, how will the evil be remedied? The judges are now selected by the majority of the people. If they are now unable to select judges free from corporate influence, may we expect a resultant improvement in the exercise of choice by conferring the power of recall? Why?

How is the fact of a leaning of the judge toward corporate interests to be ascertained? Is it to be based upon errors appearing in his judgments or is it to rest solely upon the fact that the decision was in favor of the corporation? If the former, who is to judge of the existence of the errors? The lawyers who lost the case or those who won? As in any other branch of science, the opinion only of the educated therein will be worthy of consideration. Whose interpretation will be accepted? If the latter, why not proceed at once to the division of corporate property without pursuing the tedious process suggested?

Are the opinions of experts upon the expediency of this measure desired? If there is one man to whom more than any other this age owes a debt of undying gratitude for the preservation of the republic when others in the blindness of political fury were contending for principles which would have guaranteed its early dissolution, that man is John Marshall. Except for the judgments of this great man, the blessings of liberty, for the perpetuation of which the Union was established, would long since have been swept away by the sudden violence of majorities.

Of all the experts who could be called to give opinion upon this subject, he would seem to command the greatest consideration. His patriotism was never questioned. His learning, while perhaps not so scintillating as that of others, was more profound. His luminous judgments give more than ample evidence of the depth of his knowledge of those checks and balances necessary to the preservation of liberty and the guarantee of human progress. The breadth and profundity of his character, the exalted atmosphere in which he lived, his many years' experience as a judge, would seem to render his opinions upon the subject conclusive until overcome by clear and convincing reasoning based upon something more substantial than mere speculation.

When his inspiring career was drawing near its close he was persuaded to become a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829. This was a remarkable assembly. It was presided over by James Monroe, escorted to

the chair by Madison and Marshall. Party spirit ran high. Passions were much inflamed. One of the principal questions presented was the tenure by which judges should hold their office. Marshall was at this time in his seventy-fifth year. For nearly a third of a century he had occupied the high position of Chief Justice. He had considered all manner of causes; he had observed all manner of men. Soldier, lawyer, statesman, diplomat, patriot, and himself the greatest judge with which Almighty God had ever adorned a bench or blessed a country, who than Marshall knew better whereof he spoke?

With that great earnestness which had ever characterized his life he said:

"The argument of the gentleman goes to prove not only that there is no such thing as judicial independence, but that there ought to be no such thing; that it is unwise and improvident to make the tenure of the judge's office to continue during good behavior. Advert, sir, to the duties of a judge. He has to pass between the government and the man whom that government is prosecuting—between the most powerful individual in the community and the poorest and most unpopular. It is of the last importance that in the performance of these duties he should observe the utmost fairness. Need I press the necessity of this? Does not every man feel that his own personal security and the security of his property depend upon that fairness? The judicial department comes home in its effects to every man's fireside; it passes on his property, his reputation, his life, his all. Is it not to the last degree important that he should be rendered perfectly and completely *independent* with nothing to control him but God and his conscience? . . . I acknowledge that in my judgment the whole good which may grow out of this convention, be it what it may, will never compensate for the evil of changing the judicial tenure of office. . . . I have always thought from my earliest youth till now that the greatest scourge an angry Heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a *dependent* judiciary."

With Jefferson, the idol of a new-born and triumphant democracy, little doubt can be entertained by those familiar with the history of that day as to the fate of the Federal judiciary had the power now contended for then existed.

Speaking of the Supreme Court, Jefferson said:

"An opinion of the court is huddled up in conclave, perhaps, by a majority of one; delivered as unanimous and with the silent acquiescence of lax or timid associates by a crafty chief judge who sophisticates the law to his own mind by the turn of his own reasoning."

"The very idea of cooking up opinions in conclave begets suspicions that something passes which fears the public ear." . . .

Suggesting the remedy:

"A strong protestation of both Houses of Congress that such doctrines advanced by the Supreme Court are contrary to the Constitution; and if afterward they relapse into the same heresies impeach and set the whole adrift."

Again he said:

"The great object of my fear is the Federal judiciary. That body, like gravity, ever acting with noiseless foot and unalarming advance, gaining ground step by step and holding what it gains, is ingulfing insidiously the special governments into the jaws of that which feeds them."

So blinded was he by party passion that he seems at times to have doubted even Marshall's integrity. In 1795 he speaks of Marshall's "profound hypocrisy." In 1810 he spoke of:

"The ravenous hatred which Marshall bears to the government of his country; the cunning and sophistry within which he is able to enshroud himself. His twistification in the case of Marbury, in that of Burr, and the late Yazoo case shows how dexterously he can reconcile law to his personal biases."

In a letter to Gallatin he speaks of the "deep malignity of Marshall's mind." In a letter to William B. Giles, referring to the Burr case, he said:

"The tricks of the judges to force trials before it is possible to collect the evidence. The presiding judge meant only to throw dust in the eyes of his audience."

"All the principles of law are to be perverted which would bear on the favorite offenders who endeavor to overrun this odious Republic."

During the trial of Mr. Justice Chase, Giles of Virginia, one of Jefferson's henchmen in the Senate, contended that a judge might be removed on impeachment for mere error in judgment or because he differed in political opinion from the President or Congress. In 1807, after the Burr trial, motions were made in each branch of Congress to so amend the Constitution that the judges of the United States courts would hold office for a term of years and be removable by the President on address of two-thirds of both Houses. In 1822 an amendment to the Constitution was proposed giving complete jurisdiction to the Senate in any case to which a State was a party, an adopted method of expressing dissatisfaction in the great judgment of Cohens *vs.* Virginia, now regarded as one of the foundation stones of proper constitutional construction.

Had the power of recall existed, John Marshall would, no doubt, himself have been removed. History would have justified him, but what would have become of the republic?

That the proposed measure is at best a mere experiment in government will be admitted. Going, as it does, to the very root of what is believed to be one of the essentials of free institutions, it must be conceded to be a most dangerous one. To many it seems pernicious—a step in the very opposite direction from those safeguards, checks, and balances believed to be so necessary to protect the whole people from the sudden and violent turbulence of a temporary majority. It has been well said: "Popular sentiment is proverbially variable and is subject to constant alterations; to-day the multitude cry 'Hosanna!' and to-morrow '*Crucify Him!*'"

The situation could not be better described than in the words of Aristotle:

"The people, who is now a monarch and no longer under the control of law, seeks to exercise monarchical sway and grows into a despot; the flatterer is held in honor, this sort of democracy being relatively to the other democracies what tyranny is to other forms of monarchy. The spirit of both is the same and they alike exercise a despotic rule over the better citizens. The decrees of the *demos* correspond to the edicts of the *tyrant;* and the *demagogue* is to the one what the *flatterer* is to the other. Both have great power—the flatterer with the tyrant; the demagogue with democracies of the kind we are describing. The demagogues make the decrees of the people override the laws and refer all things to the popular assembly. And, therefore, they grow great, because the people have all things in their hands, and they hold in their hands the votes of the people who are too ready to listen to them. Further, those who have any complaint to bring against the magistrates say, '*Let the people be judges*'; the people are too happy to accept the invitation and so the authority of every office is undermined. Such a democracy is fairly open to the objection that it is not a constitution at all, for where the laws have no authority there is no constitution."

Surely, if a change is to be made in the existing system prevalent in the vast majority of States, it would seem it should be in the direction of granting to the judges a greater independence of spirit, thereby lifting them to the plane of high efficiency now occupied by the Federal judiciary rather than a still further wholly useless and unnecessary debasement.

ALBERT FINK.

REPUBLICAN EMBARRASSMENTS

BY MEDILL McCORMICK

No discussion of the present Democratic opportunity has been more interesting than that contributed to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by its editor and other distinguished Democrats. But from a Republican standpoint, like other discussions of the same subject, the contributions to the REVIEW, while giving full weight to Democratic difficulties, have done scant justice to Republican embarrassments. The divisions in the Democracy are potential; the divisions in the Republican party are actual. Democratic harmony is possible; Republican disharmony is proven to the country, so that the voter, disgusted with Republican dissensions, last November elected a Democratic House. Is there any reason, at present, why he should reverse his judgment?

The genuine issues before the country during the present administration have been the tariff, railroad-rate regulation, conservation, and reciprocity. These remain the sole important issues. The last was born after the election and, in a sense, was begotten of it. The other three were harshly controversial from the beginning; they gripped the popular imagination and were the bases of the split in the Republican party. It is unnecessary to describe their origin and development, but it is necessary to note that upon all three the insurgents and the President disagreed.

The Aldrich tariff law was passed in spite of insurgent protests and was signed by the President, who subsequently became its principal defender. The so-called Elkins law, drafted by the Attorney-General, contains one important feature unknown to the previous acts governing the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the past, in order to prevent an advance in rates, it had been necessary for shippers to prove the advance unjustifiable or unduly onerous. Under the new law, the burden of proof of the proposed rate's equity rests with the carrier. That provision, which in-

augurates real rate regulation, was unknown to the administration bill. It was forced into the act by the insurgents, who were punished therefor by the withdrawal of the patronage. Whatever the merits of the Ballinger-Pinchot conservation controversy may have been, the sympathy of the country was with Pinchot, whose friends in Congress were the still recalcitrant, though punished, progressives.

In the light of the fight over these three pre-election questions an analysis of the result of the election is illuminating. It measures the character of the division in the Republican party and the attitude of the voters toward the administration. The analysis is most easily made by a tabular comparison of the political complexions of the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses:

House of Representatives.	Stand-patters.	Progressives.	Democrats.
Sixty-first Congress	192	26	172
Sixty-second Congress	107	55	228*
	Loss 85	Gain 29	Gain 56

Important as are the relative increases and decreases of the political factions and parties in the House, the elections gave even more important evidence in the country's discontent with the administration, and especially with the wing of the party with which it has hitherto worked. The Democrats carried the country by winning in stand-pat Republican States. While the progressives lost only one State to the Democrats, the stand-patters lost nine.

In 1908 Taft had 321 electoral votes and Bryan 162. If Presidential electors had been selected by the voters last fall the Democratic candidate would have had 310 electoral votes and the Republicans 173. Of these Republican votes it is significant that 98 would have come from progressive States and 75 from regular States.

The election widened the breach already existing in the party. Nothing in the short session showed that there was any tendency to close it. On the contrary, the party previously divided horizontally was then split prismatically on the Canadian tariff bill. In the House a majority of Republicans voted against the President's own measure. The Speaker led the opposition and was followed by an equal proportion of regulars and insurgents. Both wings of the party have split with the President, and the latest cause for

* Includes one Socialist.

contention remains. As nearly as can be foreseen, it again will have the support of the Democrats and again will divide the Republicans.

On one important question or another a majority of Republican Congressmen have differed from the President, who, in his own language, is the " titular " head of his party. And in some instances the differences are so irreconcilable that, if Mr. Taft is renominated, the extremer insurgents will bolt and run a progressive Republican candidate for President.

High hopes for the permanent union of Democrats are not necessary to make them shine in present comparison with the Republicans. It may be that, within sixty days after the inauguration of a Democratic President, the Democracy will be as badly split as the Republican party is now or as the Democracy was under Cleveland's second administration. But whatever their prospective condition may be, their present harmony is as inviting to the electorate as it is discouraging to Republicans. The leaders of the Democratic House give evidence of statesmanship and united purpose. The Ways and Means Committee, with a membership consistently revisionist, is succeeding in organizing the new Congress to the reasonable satisfaction of its members. The plan of co-ordinating the appropriation committees, through a common committee of their chairmen, is calculated to check the extravagance which for years has characterized Congress. The courage and consistency of the Democratic leaders give promise of the firm, but moderate, legislation for which the country hopes. It indicates a sensible revision of a few of the most burdensome tariff schedules. It indicates that that revision will inaugurate the promised reduction of customs duties without bringing disaster on the over-protected manufacturers and their employees.

This comparison of the internal condition of the two parties presses itself upon every Republican who hopes to win in 1912 and who believes that, in spite of present Democratic harmony, fantastic disunion, hurtful to the country, will follow their coming into power two years from now. Not a fifth of the Republicans in Congress look forward to anything but defeat in 1912. And yet, in the face of the effective organizing of their opponents, they sit inert, making no plans to compose their own differences or to choose a really popular and positive leader for the next campaign.

Medill McCormick.

THE RAILROAD RATE DECISION

BY J. SHIRLEY EATON

On February 25th the Interstate Commerce Commission rendered its decision denying the advances asked for by the railroads of the Western Traffic and Official Classification territories which embrace the principal roads north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi rivers. The case had been, perhaps, the most hotly contested and long-drawn-out battle yet waged before this tribunal. Two hundred and forty-one railroads were involved. The actual money at stake was about one per cent. of the entire railroad earnings of the country, but in many respects the case was construed to be a test case to sound the policy of the commission in the exercise of the great extension of power granted it by the Mann-Elkins Act which became effective June 18th, 1910. Furthermore, the waiting attitude in business and the universal stress of high prices had turned the public mind upon economic questions. The enormous purchasing-power of the railroads whose credit and resources were alleged to be in jeopardy gave immediate practical bearing to the controversy throughout the country. There was evoked a flood of interviews, letters, magazine articles, and expressions generally by persons of all degrees of information. In the broader outlook these expressions, equally with the formal testimony at the hearing, have been potent in shaping public opinion. The railroad men were drawn from their routine tasks of rate-making, railroad operation, and finance into discussions of public policy and fundamental socio-economic principles that were academic, but at the same time terrifically practical.

In the first six months of 1908 the railroads felt acutely the depression dating from the fall of 1907. The steady advance in prices and wages, coupled with a halt in the advance of gross earnings, made the problem of railway man-

agement a serious one. Since prices and wages had so great an increase, why, reasoned the railroad men, should railroad rates be excepted from the universal tendency? The railroads, therefore, asked for more revenue on the ground that it was necessary to sustain their credit. The advance in the West was upon some two hundred "commodities," which are articles of raw material or special condition justifying separate rates for each. The increase of the railroads of the East was made largely in the class rates. A notice of the increase of rates was filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission June 1st, 1910. The commission requested the carriers to defer the date when these rates should become effective until November 1st. Meanwhile the Mann-Elkins Act became a law.

By this law the commission was empowered not only to pass upon the reasonableness of a rate in effect, but to deny a proposed new rate until the decision was reached as to its reasonableness after a hearing in which the burden of proof of such reasonableness of the rates proposed was on the carriers. The present case was considered from three standpoints:

1. The effect of the rate on the shipping public.
2. The effect upon the railroad.
3. The effect upon general public policy.

Because the case was not restricted to a limited number of rates or to a few competitive points it was different from most of those which have come before the Interstate Commerce Commission. It bore disproportionately on no one commodity nor market, and therefore it was not a contest between different producers or rival markets, but squarely an issue between the railroads and the public in the person of the ultimate consumer to whom the burden would eventually be shifted by the shipper. As an indirect tax spread over a multitude of articles its identity was lost and it became practically a negligible quantity.

The usual criteria of the reasonable rate have been the existing rates on like articles under like conditions and generally in the same or neighboring localities. Obviously in a horizontal advance which in the Western territory affected 200 commodities over their long-distance routes and in the East affected the six classes and four sub-classes with some 150 commodities, these usual measures for determining the reasonableness of the new rates did not apply. The idea

underlying the fairness or reasonableness which it is undertaken to prove by such comparisons is that the burden shall be equally distributed in the proportion that each is able to bear it. This, in passing, is a very different matter from imposing on *one,* all that this one may be able to bear, irrespective of the pressure at other points. For the foregoing reasons, considerations advanced in this controversy were necessarily upon broader ground than in most cases before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Obviously, again, any rate which the railroad might make would be less than it would cost the consumer to perform the service for himself. It was, therefore, plainly impossible to determine the reasonableness of the rate from the standpoint of the consumer. The question shifted thus at once to the consideration of the reasonableness of the rate from the standpoint of the railroad. In this connection there was much loose expression about a reasonable rate as being based upon the notion of a " fair return." This fair return was, in some confusion, referred to at times as if it could exist as a thing apart from the capital invested when such investment was so large or was under such conditions of public regulation as to be practically of the character of monopoly. The words " fair and reasonable " were interchangeably used throughout the hearings, in a vague way, without relevancy to anything determinable. President Ripley of the " Atchison," when pressed for a criterion as applied to rates, found it in some unexplained intuition. He would not make a two-hundred-per-cent. increase in rates because " it would be a shock to my sense of propriety—a shock to my sense of justice " — not " fair or decent or proper."

A reasonable rate for a railroad is one that will yield a reasonable profit. The issue before the commission turned on the definition of what constitutes such just earning-power. The President of the Pennsylvania Railroad declared that a reasonable return was seven per cent. President Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, set the mark at six per cent., as did the President of the " Atchison." It was brought out that in the past decade, by natural processes, the character of railroad investment has greatly changed; the highly speculative features have disappeared; the prospect of frequent " melon-cuttings " is no longer a factor to offset a nominal rate of regular annual return. For this

reason, it was claimed, the regular dividend should be higher than in past years.

With the direct return, the railroad men urged, should go a surplus to serve as a safety factor to provide for contingencies and to meet the increasing demand for better service which results in a large non-productive application of capital, such as that for passenger terminals, grade separations, block signals, and electrification. The Pennsylvania Railroad has increased its investment in property $288,000,000 in ten years. In this time the gross earnings increased $66,000,000, but the expenses increased $52,000,000, leaving $14,000,000 of net earnings, which is $3,000,000 less than six per cent. on the additional investment to produce it. On this road it has been the policy to set aside one dollar for betterments and one dollar for dividends. On the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad the disposition of surplus has been fifty cents to betterments for one dollar to dividends.

But, the shippers questioned, if these reserves were created by excessive rates, are they the property of the railroad or the public? Furthermore, if they are to protect the railroad against conditions beyond its control, what fixed relation can these conditions have to dividends on the stock which on some basis are, with these reserves, to share surplus earnings?

This surplus for reserve, together with the direct return, were held to be of co-ordinate importance in insuring the credit of the railroad. It was shown that the relation of the railroad to its stockholders, and in this way to the funds available for investment, was not merely a sentimental one resting on the considerations of trusteeship involved, but an imminently practical one. The railroad must be able to draw from these public investment funds at will and so continue to expand with the growth of the communities served. Anything that tends to impair its credit and imperil its relation to the vital sources would stop growth, jeopardize its present investment, and destroy its function in the country's expansion. Opinions were quoted to show that the railroads were physically behind the growth of the country and that extraordinary developments were necessary to regain the ground already lost. Mr. Willard referred to the statement of Mr. J. J. Hill, President of the Great Northern, in which he said that $1,000,000,000 a year for five years would be required for this purpose. Such money, it was urged, is

gravely needed for double-tracking, for revision of terminals, reduction of grades and curves, and replacement of rail and power by heavier rail and larger power. The failure to meet this situation might shortly amount to a national calamity by choking the arteries of a country of wide reaches where cheap transportation is a vital need.

Having variously defined the return upon capital adequate to protect the railroad's credit, the next step, which was the vexatious one, was that of designating what that investment is. Original cost, present valuation, cost of reproduction, the railroad property account, and market value of securities were variously offered. If it were original cost, railroad capital would be allowed none of the unearned increment which capital in all other forms of investment expects from the natural growth of business. The Iowa farm values could increase one hundred per cent. in ten years, but the capital invested in the railroad, which was a determining factor in the increase of these values, would have no share in such enhancement. Capitalization based upon the cost of reproduction also cut off the unearned increment except for the enhanced land values at terminals, which are only a part of the railroad investment. The present valuation basis is the cost of reproduction modified by allowance for the physical depreciation of the parts of the plant where it applies, and therefore is under the same limitation as the foregoing. But present value and cost of reproduction would include any values added out of earnings; if the railroad enjoying extortionate rates had thus reinvested in the property its surplus above a reasonable dividend, could adjustments of capital derived from the public in this way be allowed to render reasonable a rate originally extortionate? A case in point was offered by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad. The original investment was $258,000,000, but present value is $535,000,000. The difference is $277,000,000. This fund may have been derived from excessive rates or from deferred dividends of lean years or from the general increase of property values in the territory served—to whom does the fund now belong?

Having alluded to the necessity for defining an investment by determining some of the conditions of its operation, the question next arose, what examples of actual capitalization should be taken as a fair standard by which to measure all others? The "Lake Shore" earned in one year twenty-

five per cent., the " Lackawanna " forty-nine per cent., while the Chicago and Northwestern earned one hundred per cent. in ten years. A reasonable rate cannot be made for each road; in such diversity, which road shall be taken as the type to which the others shall be forced into conformity? In making them conform, we are arbitrarily equalizing conditions which are partly differences of initial strength, of foresight, and of management. To socialize these differences is to eliminate the qualities on which economic efficiency is worked out. One suggestion was that the excess profits of the prosperous roads should accrue to the State. The representative of a great firm of accountants would raise to an " equitable basis " the rates disproportionately low, and then, having equalized the difference of the several roads, he would make such general advances as would enable the roads to earn a proper return. Altogether this is a mere permutation of words of the same generic intention.

Given a notion of a fair return and of proper investment, there still remained the third term of *fair efficiency* of operation to complete the formula. The brilliant counsel of the Commercial Organization of the Atlantic Seaboard threw much of the weight of his argument on this point. He adduced the experience of efficiency engineers to show in the industries results to which the railroads had no counterpart. He dramatically claimed that the railroads could save $1,000,000 a day by the introduction of scientific management, and immediately the half-score of pioneers—Taylor, Gilbreth, Emerson, Gant, Barth, and others—who had been pushing their theories in obscurity were in the full blaze of publicity. The American railroad man has so long challenged the world that he was unprepared for this flank attack.

The abstruse and vexing socio-economic questions to which each trail seemed inevitably to lead forced the railroads to present their case by charting their present business against the background of the operations of other years and the tendencies in other businesses. The increase in prices of lumber, ties, coal, and other material, and especially heavy wage increases, were offered as reasons for rate advances. The effect of these price and wage changes was shown in the increase in the ratio of expenses to earnings. President McCrea testified that this ratio had jumped from 69.7 per cent. in 1909 to 75.51 per cent. in 1910; in his opinion it will

not go back. The last ten years have seen great increase of railroad operating efficiencies, but he maintained there is a limit to the grades that can be cut down and the curves that can be eliminated. Furthermore, he believed the period of great economic expansion in the East to be passing. Henceforth the railroads would devote themselves to the steady routine of serving settled communities: railroad properties had not the resiliency they once had. In this view the experience of the past years, with their enormous expansion, was a doubtful guide in estimating future earnings.

The reasonableness of a general rate increase as affecting public policy would manifest itself at two points—namely, in the credit of the railroads both at home and abroad and in the length of the radius of distribution from producing points. The credit of the railroads was held to be compromised by the increasing operating ratio brought about by the requirements of more expensive service, the impositions of labor organizations, and the rise in prices. Evidence of this disturbance of railroad credit was the amount of financing done on short-term notes. The situation was further complicated by the fact that the underlying liens had all been exhausted in earlier financing. Railroad securities had come to be the great form of public investment which would be sensitive to any arbitrary action by the commission in disturbing railroad values. The President of the Home Life Insurance Company testified that 37.5 per cent. of the assets of his company are in the form of railroad securities. The life-insurance companies operating in New York, which have 20,000,000 policy-holders, own about one-eighth of all the railroad-funded securities. The *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* roughly estimates the amount of such railroad securities held by insurance companies, together with savings-banks and endowed philanthropic and educational institutions, to be $1,750,000,000.

The public, and especially the railroads, were unprepared for a sweeping denial of all the advances asked, and the first announcement of the decision created consternation among the latter. To the credit of this tribunal, however, there were no advance intimations of its real judicial mind.

Throughout the opinions, which were written by Commissioner Prouty in the case of the Eastern roads and Commissioner Lane in the case of the Western roads, there is a marked consciousness of the importance of their deliveries—

not so much as measured by the immediate issue as in defining the lines of fundamental policy, because the functions of the commission as an economic court are well advanced toward the margin of the experimental.

At the outset the commission laid down the interpretation that the Mann-Elkins Act did not have the result of validating rates existing at the time it became effective, and therefore the commission's prerogative was not limited to the control of subsequent increases only. With this ruling probably was also overthrown the theory that the securities outstanding at that time were by this act validated; therefore, facts as to the original costs of investment prior to the operation of the present law were allowed to enter.

With full admission of the semi-administrative character of their regulatory power the commission refused to recognize the need of raising rates as an artificial stimulus to business, and they passed to the consideration of more permanent factors.

Because not a matter of an individual rate or a group of rates, but affecting thirty per cent. of the revenue of some of the roads involved, the question of the return on the investment became an issue. Railroad testimony had been somewhat confused on this point. The President of the "Atchison" Railroad maintained a very common railroad theory that there was practically no connection between capitalization and rates. Yet, on the other hand, the railroad plea was made largely to protect the credit by maintaining the earning-power of the railroads, which earning-power was based upon the capital invested. The commission had no choice but to take up the question of investment, since it was this, the railroads maintained, that was in jeopardy.

As a first stage in bringing order out of chaos and as a background to their thought, the commission erected an exhibit of railroad operating revenue, expenses, and operating net revenue for a series of years and for the country as a whole. They found an increase in the operating net revenue of about $300,000,000, in eight years. From this they deduced the conclusion that the railroads were enjoying an unprecedented prosperity. Their conclusion was fallacious; as pointed out by the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle,* the figures which they should have used aggregated about $200,000,000, instead of $300,000,000. When, in his opinion, the commissioner elaborated the picture of railroad pros-

perity by stating the dividends, he used grossly misleading figures. The annual reports of the statistician of the commission regularly include a table of the stock-paying dividends in which the duplications due to one railroad owning the stock of another are uncorrected, and another table to the same purport, but in which the stock of one company, held by another company, is not duplicated by the outstanding stock of the second company. Obviously the table having the duplications will lead to erroneous conclusions. The commission used this table. The amount of the misstatement is given below:

DIVIDEND PAYMENTS BY UNITED STATES RAILROADS

Year—	Commission Figures.		True Figures.	Over-statement.
1901	$156,735,784		$131,626,672	$25,109,112
1902	185,391,655		157,215,380	28,176,275
1903	196,728,176		166,176,586	30,551,590
1904	221,941,049		183,754,236	38,186,813
1905	237,964,482		188,175,151	49,789,331
1906	272,795,974		213,555,081	59,240,893
1907	308,088,627		227,394,962	80,693,665
1908	390,695,351		227,597,072	163,098,279
1909	321,071,626		236,620,890	84,450,736
1910	405,131,650	(Est.)	240,000,000	165,131,650

In the East it was estimated that if on the roads asking for the advance the wage increase of 1910 had been in force throughout the year there would still have been an increase over the operating income of the year previous amounting to $16,000,000, while in the West six principal railroads of those involved in the past ten years had accumulated a book surplus of $204,000,000.

So far, in the figures as adduced by the commission, the case was not a strong one for the railroads. The specific item of $35,000,000 wage increase offered by the Eastern roads as a basis for claiming increases in certain freight rates was impugned, because it was not shown that this increase was directly chargeable to the tonnage on which the rate advance had been levied. The commission practically threw out of court the claim that the increase in prices of material had resulted in heavy increases in expenses. This, they maintained, was not proved except in the items of coal, lumber, and ties. These three items constitute over twenty per cent. of the expenses.

The question how the surplus above a reasonable dividend should be disposed of was a troublesome one from which we may hear again. The status of accumulations out of

earnings, together with watered capitalization, was not defined except as it confessedly entered as a contributing factor in the final determination of the case.

The commission dissented from President Ripley's theory that:

"The cost of service is only one of the items to be considered in the making of a reasonable rate and not a very important item at that."

The commission referred to the loose reasoning in the matter as follows:

"While we find the carriers contending uniformly that in the making of a reasonable rate the cost of service is practicably a negligible factor, yet the contention is herein made that the carriers should be allowed to increase their rates upon that ground."

There was a disposition to urge the importance of cost compilations in transportation as in other industries:

"It would be remarkable, indeed, if in this time when all great business enterprises make analyses of costs our railroads should keep no such accounts."

The commission specifically disavowed any intention of interfering with railroad management except so far as they were forced to measure the factors involved by standards of improved practice both in railroads and in other industries. They were inclined to give some credence to the statements that savings in railroad expenses could be made by application of latter-day methods now found in some industries. This disposition was, perhaps, one of the contributing factors, though not a large one, in forming their judgment of the present situation.

The detailed application of the foregoing principles was narrowed by selecting three typical roads in the East and six in the West. The marginal road, they did not feel called upon to protect against the consequences of its past mistakes of policy and management.

The commission threaded their way through a complex of facts and figures with little of precedent or accepted principle to guide them. There were confessedly two issues before the court: the one, the formal question of rate advances; the other, informal and implied,—the exercise of the extraordinary powers, newly conferred, to regulate both in theory and in fact. Those who believe in regulation were reassured when the commission met the challenge squarely; but to the degree that they would respect a court clothed with such

powers, they were humiliated by the grave lack of dignity in the treatment of the case which reached the stage of actual misuse of official figures. The offense is the more serious because it lends itself to further distortion by head-line and catch-phrase journalism. These strictures apply to the opinion in the case of the Western roads. Instead of a story of phenomenal prosperity, careful analysis of corrected figures shows that increased profits of the railroads in the last eight years have just about sufficed to produce five per cent. on the new capital which has been invested.* This misuse of figures is saved from invalidating the decision of the commission, simply because the *entire* earnings of *all* the railroads had the same irrelevancy to the issue of specific rate increases of specific roads as the entire increase in certain wages, which the commission declined to accept in justification. But the injury lies in the effect on the public mind of misstatements by an official body. And this is incalculable.

A decision has been rendered and a case closed, but the educational effect of such a controversy has only begun to be felt. Some things that were undetermined have been defined; other things that were vague are less vague; at least the form of the problem takes shape. Thinking people are filled with dismay or satisfaction, according to their viewpoint, when they realize how much ground has been covered. In the vivisection, in full public view, of a great national industry, laying open all the inner processes of capital in large aggregates, discussion leads inevitably into ultimate questions of private property rights; publicity and privilege are contrary terms.

The intent of a body with such powers as those of the Interstate Commerce Commission is to substitute, through the forms of law and administrative order, for the irregular processes of a reckless, actual competition, the equivalent potential competition. In this, allowance will be made for the play of the constructive socio-economic forces, and by successive stages will be eliminated from it the anti-social forces. As it were, all these different forces are classified, given identity and measure, plotted to scale on the drafting-board, and then set up into a miniature reproduction in plan and elevation of the socio-economic complex to be dealt with. Thus plotted they are broken into their components and reconstructed into resultants by new combinations in which no factor is elimi-

* See *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, April 1st, 1911.

nated or added, but countervailing (non-social) forces are set against each other to negative each other, and only the net or constructive effect is reproduced in the miniature. Such is at the last the conception of administrative and legal interference in economic affairs. Compelled to define the social function of competition, we find it to be *selection,* the placing of the man—or the economic force at the point of maximum fitness. We may do much of this by a well-tested scale and so save the enormous waste of unregulated competition.

We have gone beyond the stage of idle theory in this matter. Our railroads are reducing their operations to scientific statements where in miniature are set out all the functions in their relations, weighted with their values, grouped into their entities, and carrying forward the net effect through each of the subordinate gradations to the final result in the net income account of the road. It is these accounts which have furnished the terms and the quantities in which the problem before the Interstate Commerce Commission has been discussed. The primary distinction between capital and expenses, between maintenance and betterment, between transportation revenue and outside revenue, has been made. The effects have been traced forward to the surplus account and there we have been pressed for new definitions based on theories of the several factors. Private property which is the direct product of individual effort is a different thing from private property in public service involving associate effort of many men and having a thousand points of contact with other men and other property, its own values resting upon a thousand shifting conditions, physical and economic. We cannot carry over into the second form of property all the notions that applied in the first form of property because the second form of property lacks definiteness and specification, and its boundaries merge into general social considerations at so many points. To whom do the surplus funds belong which are accumulated in these processes? A Western railroad has its controversy with its locomotive engineers in establishing a schedule of pay on the Mallet locomotive. This locomotive is practically two locomotives articulated so as to be under the control of one engineer. The management were ready to pay additional wages, but the engineers demanded twice the wages of the ordinary engineer. In other words, labor proposed to absorb, in the proportion

of its original contribution, the full added efficiency produced by the combination of factors of which it was but one. The rate controversy bristled with questions as to disposition of unearned increment, of differentiated return due to different traffic densities, and even of the savings effected by inventions and special efficiencies. It was in these issues that the contentions as to the disposition of the surplus above a reasonable income centered.

Perhaps the most striking, as certainly the most timely, effect of the rate controversy is the emphasis laid upon efficiency and scientific management. There has been danger that the mechanical engineer has built a machine too large for the administrative man to cope with. The problem of the proper union ot team and individual efficiency, of general ability and specialization, of the individual and the mass, of the central function and the local function, has not been properly studied. In organization the slogan should be decentralization and autonomy.

The efficiency engineers achieved wide publicity for their warning against the enormous wastes of human effort. John Mitchell publicly voiced the protest of labor against the specialization to which he thought labor was driven by the methods proposed. But a rejoinder by one of the efficiency men, Harrington Emerson, indicated that when sanely applied these methods contemplated the individual personality of the worker in an especial way and were connected with certain socializing factors designed to save the workman from the scrap-heap of over-specialization.

There has been injected into business a new factor—an economic court. To this court have been given over some of the functions of private business,—specifically that of controlling and certifying to certain of the factors that make for the financial credit of the railroads of the United States. The situation has its promise, as it is also fraught with the gravest of dangers. Since it is a governmental agency, we are in danger of looking upon the rulings of the commission as having a certain creative power and also absolute finality. It is so easy to legislate a price. The commission is in reality only a clearing-house of economic forces; its regulations at the last are, in effect, no more than collective bargains in which the parties to the bargain are not confined to those in court, but embrace all the public both in the present and of the future, so far as it may be interested

in the control of present tendencies. If this court properly understands its functions, within reason, it will render easy and not hard changes in rates both up and down. It will not extend too widely the application in detail of single principles; it will be alert at all times to avoid the danger of our economic system crystallizing. Principles may be determined with finality, but price determinations, which are the peculiar functions of this court, must have periodicity to meet changing conditions. Appreciating this distinction, the commission officially give notice that the decision just rendered is subject to revision on occasion.

The problem must not be minimized. The country's development and continued prosperity depend on the right solution. The terms of the problem are primarily commercial, its phases are those of the strife and greed of the marketplace, the clash of interests and classes, the arrogance of power, the despair of weakness; but like all grave questions it reaches to underlying economic and moral issues. A new era is upon us. We need statesmanship in railroad business, leaders with clear conceptions of the national and human phases of the problem and whose sincerity and patriotism shall command confidence. Such leadership is equally in demand among railroad presidents and boards of directors, among labor leaders, among publicists, and those who essay to perform the heavy function of trusteeship in our courts and public offices. The railroad on its part must meet the commission half-way with an intelligent theory of the new situation which is to be evolved and in a spirit of candor and co-operation.

The rate case was nominally an issue between two groups of railroads, on the one hand, and opposing shippers on the other hand, but the stability of American railroad credit, the character of public investment, the flexibility of capital as an agent of economic expansion, the nature and potency of competition to evolve the economic efficients, have all received an impress which for good or for bad will greatly influence our affairs for a long time to come.

J. Shirley Eaton.

THE POLITICS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

A PHENOMENON that always impresses me whenever I have the good fortune to revisit the United States is the sameness of the questions that engage American attention. With few exceptions they are all but identical with the issues and incidents that were forced almost daily upon my notice when I lived in America between 1896 and 1900 and when I returned to it for a few months five years ago. I pick up to-day's paper, for instance, and find that the Mayor of New York has framed what is virtually a new charter. I cannot recall the time when the Mayor of New York was not framing new charters. I read that some judge has resolutely "placed upon the Mayor's shoulders" the responsibility for the present state of the American metropolis; and I remind myself that this is a pastime unfailingly indulged in for the past fifteen years and more, to my own knowledge, by a long succession of members of the New York Bench. A head-line in the New York *Evening Post* informs me that the "Mayor Belittles Crime"; and it knocks a decade and a half off my age to reflect that no Mayor of New York has ever done anything else. There is only the almanac to convince me that I am not back again in the brave days of Dick Croker and the Lexow and Mazet Committees when I read of the "wave of crime" that is inundating New York, of the "corruption and brutality" of the police, of the Sunday liquor problem still unsolved, though less obstreperously insoluble than it was, and of Mr. Frank Moss ferreting out "vice" with the same old efficiency. To be an editorial writer on the staff of a New York newspaper must, I should imagine, be one of the pleasantest and least exacting of positions. All that it apparently demands of a man is the patience to rewrite what he has written a hundred times before with a few small changes of names and dates and

details; to say of Mr. Murphy precisely what has been said of all his predecessors in the autocracy that governs New York under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty; to join once more and for the thousandth time in proving to a wondering world that New York with the best system of transportation of any city on earth is eternally dissatisfied with it; and when the periodic calamity occurs, such as that appalling fire on the East Side a few weeks ago, to participate in the time-honored and always ineffective effort to "fix the responsibility" upon some highly elusive employer, builder, contractor, inspector, or municipal authority.

And this pleasant sense of familiarity, this instantaneous consciousness of the circular movement of events, engendered in a returning Englishman the moment he has set foot on Manhattan Island, is rather strengthened than weakened when he essays what is, perhaps, the most difficult feat for any one living or staying in New York—the feat of looking beyond the Palisades and attempting a bird's-eye view of the vast panorama of American life and politics. The more America changes the more it remains the same; and in spite of all the superficial transformations of the past five years, in spite of a difference in the personality of the President that has something of the sweep of a revolution, and in spite of a political upheaval that for the first time since I have known the United States has placed the Democrats virtually in control of Congress, what most strikes me is that four at least of the most crucial problems that can confront a modern State remain almost as unsettled to-day as they were in the early nineties. Those questions are, first, the currency question, secondly the banking question, thirdly the fiscal question, and fourthly what is compendiously known as the question of the Trusts. Some of these issues stretch back considerably beyond the twenty years or so that I have devoted to the study of American affairs and are indeed all but as old as the Republic itself. But certainly I have never known a moment in the last two decades when one or the other of them was not a matter of passionate debate; and though one is conscious of a certain advance of opinion on all four problems, the broad fact remains that each one of them at this moment is about as far from a rational, final, legislative adjustment as ever. Those who describe the American system of government as a gigantic and ingenious conspiracy for doing nothing can find all the justification they require

in the past history and present state of these four issues. It is, in fact, an amazing paradox that the most commercial-minded country in the world, the country in which business counts for most, should find itself, after all these years of experiment and discussion, saddled with the most childish currency system and the most cramping and antiquated and inadequate banking system on earth; should still be distracted by its efforts to provide a stable fiscal basis for its traders; and should so far have almost wholly failed to establish fixed and reasonable relations between the Constitution and the public interests, on the one hand, and the requirements and developments of modern commerce on the other.

It is no affair of mine; it would, indeed, be an impertinence in me, to attempt to apportion the responsibility for all this and to determine how far American statesmanship and how far American business men and how far the peculiarly negative and inelastic bias of the American governmental system, and how far the quality of the education that is open to the American public in such matters is to blame for a state of affairs that harmonizes so ill with the American reputation for practicality and inventiveness. But the dearth, or at least the extreme scarcity, of all effective progress in the settlement of the four vital problems I have named, and the confusion both mental and political, in which they are still enveloped, are among the most startling surprises that to-day await the returned absentee. It bewilders him when he recalls "the crime of '73," and the Free Silver campaigns and financial panics innumerable to find the United States in 1911 still wandering in the outer mazes of the currency problem; to be told that the objection of the "man in the cars" to the Central Bank which alone offers him an efficient and expansive credit system is almost as insuperable to-day as in Jackson's time; to watch the tariff playing even now its old convulsive rôle in the business and politics of the nation; to be told that the Sherman Anti-trust Act, that relic of the competitive age lasting on into an age of consolidation, is still, as it always was, not a channel to guide, but a dam to obstruct the flow of American commerce; and to see Wall Street, week after week, depressed and demoralized by the strain of waiting for the decisions of the Supreme Court in the Oil and Tobacco suits. All this, as I have said, not by its strangeness, but by its very

familiarity, plunges the intermittent visitor to the United States into sheer amazement. To find so many of the old problems—problems of the deepest concern to the daily interests and welfare of the country—still on the anvil of popular and political discussion, and still nearly as far as ever from being hammered into final shape, brings home to him, as nothing else could, the full magnitude of the contrast between the immensity of America's material progress and the paucity of her achievements in the sphere of constructive thought.

But while it has failed to take due legislative effect, one is none the less conscious of a decided movement of popular opinion during the past two decades on most, if not quite all, the subjects I have mentioned. If the American people are still in a state of indifference or indecision as to the necessity of reforming their banking system from the bottom up and as to the most satisfactory method of so reforming it, and if they appear to have concluded somewhat too easily that the defeat of Bryanism and the adoption of the gold standard meant the end of their currency difficulties they have, on the other hand, pronounced definitely in favor of a lower tariff and on the issue with which at this moment I am more especially concerned—the relations, namely, that should obtain between the quasi-monopolistic corporations and utilities, on the one hand, and the law as the embodiment of public rights and interests on the other—they have lavished an amount of thinking which is certainly remarkable for its quantity if not altogether for its quality. The statute-book shows by comparison but few traces of this vast and feverish agitation of the public mind. The Railway Rate Act of 1906, the Pure-Food Act, the measures directed against the Chicago beef-packers, and the strengthening of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission —all these laws, interesting and important as they are, can scarcely be considered commensurate either with the gravity of the general problem or with the degree of attention it has enjoyed for the past twenty years. Roughly speaking, the great industrial combinations of the United States, whether they are railroads or manufacturing concerns or enterprises that furnish some indispensable utility such as the telephone and the telegraph, or insurance companies, are still, so far as their relations with the Federal and State Governments are concerned, in a condition of legal chaos.

The chief and, on the whole, the most fruitful results of the storm of discussion that has raged around them must be sought, indeed, less in legislative enactments than in atmospheric imponderabilia, in the changed temper in which the whole controversy is now conducted, in the humanizing and educational processes which have insensibly affected both parties to the argument, in the growth of sentiments and instinctive attitudes of mind far more powerful than any law.

Any one who surveys the last two decades of American history must have it borne in upon him that the railroads, the "Trusts," and the public-service corporations no longer hold the position they occupied in the early nineties. They were then well-nigh omnipotent; they are to-day severely, in some cases perhaps excessively, regulated in the public interests and by public authority. Unhappily, but possibly inevitably, this change from an almost complete autocracy to a partial subjection has not been brought about by cooperation, but by conflict. Few, very few, of the "corporation magnates" have had the prevision to welcome regulation, to concede its necessity, and to concentrate on the task of converting it into an instrument of reconciliation between themselves and the people. With hardly an exception they have resisted it; it has had to be forced upon them. Still fewer, on the other hand, of the representatives of the people in Congress or in the State Legislatures have addressed themselves to the problem of bringing the "Trusts" under control in any spirit but that of vindictive and unreasoning animosity. They have treated the railroads and the great corporations as though they were public enemies, and they have been far too reluctant to admit the irresistible power of those economic forces which, let the law say what it will, must, under the conditions of modern industry and finance, make consolidation inevitable. The consequences are that almost every step in this controversy has been an act of war; that the statute-book is studded with enactments, like the Sherman Act, so punitive and so little related to present-day tendencies and actualities that it is almost impossible in the United States to carry on business on a large scale and at the same time keep within the law; and that wild empirics and a blind spirit of destructiveness on the one side and resentment and evasion on the other have had far too much to do with a problem that can never be brought even within sight of a satisfactory solution except by good sense, good-

will, and the most candid recognition by the "Trusts" of public rights and by the legislators of economic facts. Nevertheless out of all this turmoil some good has come. The railroads and the corporations have been successfully educated out of their old "damn-the-public" attitude. They have largely abandoned their former policy of secrecy and reserve; they have come to a larger and much more wholesome sense of their obligations to the community; they have made some approach toward recognizing that the enterprises they direct are only to a very limited extent their own, and that the public has the right to claim in them an effective partnership; and I think it may also be said that the standard of corporation morals has appreciably improved, and that practices which twenty years ago were condoned or were indulged in with hardly a consciousness of their essential iniquity are to-day no longer even contemplated. And on the other side there are some pretty evident signs that the "Trust-busting" mania has run its course, that more and more people are coming to perceive that regulation and not annihilation is the goal to aim at, and that regulation to be effective without being oppressive must square with and must no longer attempt to dispute the basic fact that railroad and industrial consolidations, even though they operate "in restraint of trade," are economic necessities of the age. The better business minds of the country are working round to the view that public control is not only inevitable, but may be as beneficial to the corporations as to the public; and the better legislative minds in the same way are within measurable distance of acknowledging the inadequacies and fatuity of laws that by setting themselves athwart the whole movement of modern commerce necessitate prosecutions which "dissolve" great corporations that are promptly reorganized, bring on recurrent periods of business uncertainty and depression, and change the forms of things while leaving their fundamental substance wholly unaffected.

As an example of the advance that has been made and that is still going on toward an understanding between the corporations and the public, the language used in the middle of March by Mr. Theodore Vail in submitting his annual report to the stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company seems to me highly significant and auspicious. I have come across nothing, not even in the

sane and luminous speeches and articles that one has grown used to expecting from Mr. James J. Hill, that struck me as more indicative of the growing enlightenment of the business world than this report of Mr. Vail's. It is a document such as a dozen years ago no American in his position, no "captain of industry" or "Trust magnate," would or could have penned. The American politician with any sense of the complexities and character of modern commerce is still something of a rarity. The American business man with any gleam in him of real statesmanship is perhaps rarer still. But it is impossible to read Mr. Vail's report without perceiving it to be impregnated with the authentic spirit and vision of the broadest citizenship. For in it the head of one of the greatest corporations in the country accepts without demur the full doctrine of public control, while at the same time announcing his determination to make the enterprise under his management a "universal, interdependent, and intercommunicating" system, "like the highway system of the country, extending from every door to every other door." His frankly avowed aim, in other words, is to bring all the telephone exchanges throughout the country into a single organization, to eliminate competition as competition is ordinarily understood, and to build up a monopoly as wide as the Union. The process of combination, he prophesies, "will continue until all telephone exchanges and lines will be merged either into one company owning and operating the whole system or until a number of companies with territories determined by political, business, or geographical conditions, each performing all functions pertaining to local management and operation, will be closely associated under the control of one central organization exercising all the functions of centralized general administration." But, whatever may be the form of the operating organization, he recognizes that for legal purposes and the holding of franchises there is "bound to be some sort of subordinate State organization which will bring the business and property in each locality under the jurisdiction of the State in which it is situated and operated." All this, he believes, can be accomplished "to the reasonable satisfaction of the public and with its acquiescence, under such control and regulation as will afford the public much better service at less cost than any competition or Government-owned monopoly could permanently afford and at the same time be self-sustaining."

It is hardly necessary at this time of day to point out that the public are far better served and their convenience is far more efficiently promoted when corporations dealing in what may fairly be regarded as necessaries of modern life obtain a complete control of the particular utility it is their aim to supply. A city in which half a dozen gas or electric lighting companies had the right to lay their connections through the same streets, in which the transportation system was split up among a number of disjointed and competing corporations, or in which rival telephone exchanges fought for an exclusive business and denied to one another any co-operation of facilities, would be a city that might better be described as a chaos. Apart from the proved impossibility of preserving real competition in such services, it is in every way preferable from the consumers' standpoint, from that of the public authorities, and from that of the corporations themselves that in any given area each public utility should be under a single control. Experience has demonstrated this so often and so completely that I doubt whether Mr. Vail's forecast of a telephone monopoly co-extensive with the Union will cause a single flutter of trepidation or foreboding in the mind of any reasoning man. A reasoning man is infinitely more likely to fix his mind on the problem of how this monopoly, touching, as it does, the daily lives of millions of Americans, is to be regulated and its opportunities, to say nothing of its probable propensities, for extortionate exploitation to be curbed.

It is here that Mr. Vail takes a decided step in advance of what one may describe as the common or Wall Street attitude. So far from opposing public supervision and control he welcomes it. He insists that just as "corporate organizations and combinations have become a permanent part of our business machinery," so public control or regulation of public-service corporations by quasi-judicial commissions has become a permanent part of our political machinery. He admits that the public have a large measure of reason on their side in being unfavorably disposed toward the Trusts and that "public utility corporations and other combinations have too frequently assumed that new laws and regulations were disastrous and ruinous without first giving them a fair trial." At the same time he protests against a wholesale condemnation of all corporations, and points out that legislators have "too often displayed an

ignorance or disregard of existing laws, spreading the idea that new legislation was a cure-all for any undesirable condition while it was often only a political play, and the enforcement of the existing laws was utterly neglected." The consequences of this procedure have been bad, because "while business will adjust itself to any condition if given time and opportunity, sudden change of conditions will result in disaster to some interest, *but not, as a rule, to those at which the change was aimed.*" What Mr. Vail intends to imply in the words I have italicized is in part, apparently, that no one interest can permanently prosper unless all other interests are in a prosperous condition, and in part also that the large corporate combinations, "which often in popular opinion are supposed to be owned or wholly controlled by some one man or some few men," are, in fact, made up of thousands and tens of thousands of silent, scattered, obscure shareholders who are the real owners—though their ownership is often of a too passive and ineffective character—and whose interests are the first to suffer as the result of attacks by the legislatures or the courts. Mr. Vail has no doubts as to the superiority of private over public enterprise. "The combination of the promoter, investor, and capitalist, with their imagination, personality, optimism, and desire," he roundly and rightly declares, "has been at the bottom of every development of every kind or nature which has benefited the human race in the way of utilities and is still the only way in which new utilities can be developed. Whenever any great works have been undertaken by governments they have been on lines of old development, based on experience of that which has been developed by the persistent genius and application of some individual or group of individuals." But while private and personal initiative is the mainspring of progress, it should not on that account be left to work without restrictions. In a formula which, I conceive, both American statesmen and American business men would do well to digest, Mr. Vail declares that "the proper use of corporate organization or combination under proper regulation or control cannot be objected to."

But in what, it will at once be asked, is this "proper regulation or control" to consist? Mr. Vail indicates a clear and justifiable preference for permanent commissions of a quasi-judicial character over any kind of legislative body or committee. These commissions "can and should stop all

abuses of capitalization, of extortion, or of overcharges, of unreasonable division of profits." They should also secure full publicity of accounts, insure to the public good service and fair rates, and to the investor a fair return on his outlay. Coming from a man of Mr. Vail's standing, this seems to me a very important declaration. It amounts to an endorsement of all or nearly all that its warmest advocates have claimed for the commission plan of dealing with public franchises; and there can, I think, be little doubt that it is in the utilization of such commissions to stand between the public authorities, on the one hand, and the corporations on the other, that the United States is destined to lead the world and to make the most valuable of all contributions to the problem of combining private initiative and enterprise with the due protection of public rights. Small, nominated, independent, judicial commissions, empowered to determine when and how and on what terms a franchise should be granted, to supervise the capitalization of the undertaking and inspect its books and plant, to receive complaints from consumers, to satisfy themselves that the quality of the goods supplied reaches a reasonable standard, and to settle differences of opinion between the public authority — whether municipal or State—and the corporation, would go a long way toward removing the disadvantages of corporate control over the public services and toward weakening the attractiveness of the demand for State or municipal or national ownership. It is especially worthy of note that Mr. Vail approves of granting each commission the power to determine whether the nominal capital fairly represents the actual cash invested. In the absence of this provision all other provisions for regulating public-service corporations have been proved to be well-nigh worthless. Nothing, indeed, so far as an outsider can judge, has done more to quicken the movement toward public ownership in the United States than the waterlogged condition of large numbers of the holders of public franchises. The one industrial miracle that is not possible nowadays is for a public-utility corporation to pay dividends on its inflated capitalization and at the same time to meet the constantly increasing demands of public opinion and of the local public authority and to reduce the cost or improve the character of its service.

But while the commissions would thus have ample powers not merely to correct but to prevent practically all the

abuses that now attend the operation of public utilities by private corporations, Mr. Vail would not allow them to have matters too much their own way. The limits of the supervision which they ought to exercise are clearly laid down. It should be, in his judgment, a supervision that would stop short at "controlling" and "regulating" and not encroach upon the sphere of "management" and "operation," except for the purpose of fixing a certain standard of efficiency and economy. "State control or regulation," he says, "should be of such character as to encourage the highest possible standard in plant, the utmost extension of facilities, the highest efficiency in service, rigid economy in operation, and to that end should allow rates that will warrant the highest wages for the best service, some reward for high efficiency in administration, and such certainty of return on investment as will induce investors not only to retain their securities, but to supply at all times all the capital needed to meet the demands of the public, . . . State control of public utilities should not prevent progress, should be sufficiently unrestricting to encourage the introduction and demonstration of the value of any new or novel enterprise, and should allow sufficient reward for the initiative, enterprise, risk and imagination of the adventurers behind such enterprises. It should discriminate between the useful adventurers or promoters, pioneers in fact, and those pirates and sharks who, on the strength of other successes, extravagantly capitalize undeveloped ideas, and exchange the worthless securities for the savings of the deluded and credulous investors. Corporate control and restriction should always exist to a sufficient degree to prevent such speculative promoting and such stockjobbing schemes."

That is a statement of the case so sensible, moderate and direct as to meet, one would think, with universal acceptance. It may, however, be otherwise with Mr. Vail's further stipulation that the corollary to State control must be State protection. Yet sooner or later it will be recognized as both right and inevitable that when a public authority undertakes to supervise a corporation and justifies its action by pleading that competition has broken down, it should frankly and squarely assume the obligation of safeguarding that corporation against aggression from without. In setting out to protect the public it should not forget that it is equally bound to protect the investor. As. Mr. Vail says:

"If there is to be State control and regulation, there should also be State protection—protection to a corporation striving to serve the whole community (some part of whose service must necessarily be unprofitable) from aggressive competition which covers only the part which is profitable. . . . A public utility giving good service at fair rates should not be subject to competition at unfair rates. It is not that all competition should be suppressed, but that all competition should be regulated and controlled. That competition should be suppressed which arises out of the promotion of unnecessary duplication, which gives no additional facilities or service, which is in no sense either extension or improvement, which without initiative or enterprise tries to take advantage of the initiative and enterprise of others by sharing the profitable without assuming any of the burden of the unprofitable parts, or which has only the selfish speculative object of forcing a consolidation or purchase. . . . State control and regulation, to be effective at all, should be of such a character that the results from the operation of any one enterprise would not warrant the expenditure or investment necessary for mere duplication and straight competition. In other words, the profit should not be so large as to warrant duplication of capitalization in the competition for the same business. . . . State control or regulation, to be effective, should, when exercised, be accepted and acquiesced in by the public. If all the decisions not in exact accord with the desire or contention of the public are condemned, if it is expected and required that all decisions be against the utilities concerned, if politics and political effect are to govern decisions, if decisions go for nothing, with, and are not respected by, the public—failure and disappointment are bound to follow, self-respecting men will refuse to act, the standard of appointments will fall, and State control and regulation will become a disgrace, and the evils which it was intended to correct will multiply."

The more one studies those wise and earnest words the more tempted is one to declare that they go down to the very heart of the whole problem, and that though primarily written in reference to one particular utility they embody principles which cover the entire area of the conflict between the corporations and the community. For the inferences that may fairly be deduced from Mr. Vail's Report and the implications that may fairly be read into it are (1)

that the alternative is not, as it is usually stated to be, between public ownership and private ownership, but between public ownership and a better, an attainably better, system of private ownership than now commonly obtains; (2) that it is only in proportion as they welcome and co-operate with official regulation that corporations in the long run will be able to withstand the movement for their supersession by public ownership; (3) that a system of semi-judicial supervision, such as exists already in Massachusetts and a few other States—a system under which over-capitalization is forestalled, the cost and quality of the services rendered are regulated, and the piling up of unreasonable profits at the expense of the community is prevented—is a system of positive benefit alike to the consumers, the community, and the corporations; (4) that a recognition of the permanence and necessity of industrial combinations should go hand in hand with a recognition of the justice and propriety of Governmental control; and (5) that such control should avoid interference with the detailed problems of administration and management, and should keep always in view the duty of protecting the corporation and its stockholders and through them the community from wasteful and unproductive competition. The sincere acceptance of these principles, none of which is absolutely novel, most of which have been tested by experience, by the politicians, and by Wall Street, would go a long way toward reconciling the two forces that hitherto, greatly to the disadvantage of the country, have been kept, or have kept themselves, apart—the force of the best type of industrial leadership on the one hand, and of the best type of political leadership on the other. If that conjunction were once effected—and the trend of events seems to me to favor it—the difficulty of bringing the Sherman Act into line with modern developments would be over, there would be an end to most of the present talk on the merits and demerits of public ownership, and the infrequent visitor to the United States would no longer have occasion to comment on the rotatory inconclusiveness of American politics in their relation to American business.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE LATER WORK OF MR. KIPLING

BY BRIAN HOOKER

It is the common fate of minor authors to spring suddenly into popularity with a single volume, and, after struggling awhile with a favor higher than their powers deserve, to sink swiftly into oblivion. Of course this is in some sort the history of every reputation: even the greatest rise and fall upon successive waves of approval and distaste. But the favor of the great names vibrates in broader undulations whose periods are numbered in centuries; and from a little distance we seem to measure them against a motionless horizon. It is, therefore, rather curious that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, certainly the largest living figure in our literature, should seem in this regard to share the destiny of the least. We declare that he has done nothing really worth while since his residence in America; we cry aloud for more in his earlier manner, more of Mulvaney and Mrs. Hauksbee and those dusky multitudes whose hearts were strangely like our own; and failing of these, we receive each new volume with increasing disappointment.

Now the immediate success of an author commonly results either from his discovery of some new field or from some arresting note of personality in his style; as Bret Harte rose by discovering the West or as Mark Twain revealed conventional Europe through the eyes of his whimsically unconventional travelers. New tidings or a new voice attracts the public at once, while more conservative writers like Hawthorne and Stevenson must wait longer for attention. And in both these respects Mr. Kipling was singularly fortunate. He discovered India: he declared to us an unknown world to which we had long paid the mystic worship of romance: a world of swarming life and color, a world of fierce dreams and headlong deeds, where soldiers went about their business and civilians enrolled themselves against heroic

labors, where our own people fought and danced and flirted among mysterious names in a civilization that meant antiquity to ancient Rome; and over all the passion of Oriental wantonness, the sense of swift joy and sudden death and old gods leering in the shadows. And of this new discovery he wrote in a manner equally new: a fascinating mixture of reserve and familiarity, a kind of sententious enthusiasm: he developed the boyish affectation of omniscience into an engaging assumption that the reader knew as much as himself; he spoke of a new world as one man of the world to another. The stories have the quality of being told over a drink and a cigar, confidentially, with that transparent heartlessness which dignifies the confidence of gentlemen; with an air also of inside information, a freemasonry to which the reader is initiated in the very act of recognizing his brotherhood. Of course this is largely due to the early stories having been written for an Anglo-Indian audience, to whom Mr. Kipling was proving that he also had lived in India; but he was artist enough even then to explain himself perfectly to the general reader without losing the tone of mere reminder and suggestion. Often this fondness for taking the reader into confidence would run the length of taking him into the workshop: the theme of a story would be frankly summarized at the beginning or the familiar "but that is another story" would mark the omission of an alluring irrelevance. More subtle than these was the device of telling a story from the inside in the author's own person as though it had been actually a casual experience; for thus the reader was as it were taken by the arm and led unawares into the very world of fiction. And most artful of all was the constant suggestion of more than was definitely told, so that the reader's mind leaped ahead of the printed words, rejoicing in its own agility. "His name was Saggott—Barr-Saggott—Anthony Barr-Saggott, and six letters to follow. His was a face to dream about and try to carve on a pipe-head afterward." "The colonel commanding had looked into the fourteen fearless eyes of seven plump and juicy subalterns who had all applied to enter the staff corps, and had asked them why the three stars should he, a colonel of the line, command a dashed nursery for double-dashed bottle-suckers who put on condemned tin spurs and rode qualified mokes at the hiatused heads of forsaken black regiments." Indeed, the whole first

manner of Mr. Kipling may be summed up in the words Confidential and Suggestive. It would have been attractive even without originality, for as the ordinary reader detests being patronized or instructed, so he delights to feel himself the equal of wiser men. But it was original and to spare: there had been no such discovery of literary wealth since Walter Scott flung open the doorway of the Middle Ages, nor any voice of so arresting a freshness since the sordid maze of London was illuminated by the sympathy of Dickens.

Nevertheless, this charm of newness which was so strong an element in Mr. Kipling's first popularity could not in the nature of things long endure. New lamps grow old automatically through mere lapse of time; and in this Mr. Kipling was again fortunate that his first six volumes of stories were collected and published in a single year, so that their freshness made one effect unweakened by succession. But with the *Jungle Books* began an apparently sudden and sweeping change. The Jungle was indeed localized in India, but its commonwealth of talking beasts had no actual existence upon earth. People said that Mr. Kipling was momentarily writing for children, and waited for more. Then came *Captains Courageous, The Day's Work,* with its personified horses and machinery, and *Stalky & Co.,* with its lingering delight in the antics of schoolboys; and from this time on, the field of Mr. Kipling's work was cosmopolitan. There was no region upon earth but was filled with his labors; India appeared only upon occasion, and his preference seemed to be for materials of less general and immediate interest. He had written of war and love and death; now he wrote of animals and machines and children and the supernatural. And along with the change of matter went a change of manner at once deeper and less obvious. In the earlier work the whole force of the idea lies open upon the surface: nothing of *Without Benefit of Clergy* or *The Man Who Would Be King* escapes a first casual reading. But the later work is either less important or less superficial: we feel no very personal concern in the affairs of locomotives and wild beasts; if *Puck of Pook's Hill* is only about how a fairy made persons out of past ages talk to a couple of children, we may leave it for children to read. Mr. Kipling had always shown us his whole thought glaringly and at once; so, being disappointed in our first perusal of these books, we very naturally put them aside. Moreover,

those stories which did not appear trivial did not easily appear at all: a casual skimming of *They* or *The House Surgeon* or *Mrs. Bathurst* yielded nothing but bewilderment; and in such cases, according to the immemorial custom of the multitude, we derogated what we did not immediately comprehend.

But Mr. Kipling's reputation depended from the first upon something deeper than mere originality; for that is at most only a temporary reason. It depended upon something deeper than mere craftsmanship; for that is at most only a reason for critics. But the public always judges an author primarily by what it somewhat vaguely and conventionally calls his message, and only secondarily by his art: it demands a view of life substantially agreeing with its own; fine artistry in the presentation of his view it merely prefers. Thus Dickens is more popular than Hawthorne, because the laughter and tears and gigantic charity of the one lie nearer the general heart than the delicate Puritanism of the other. Thus, if our taste be sufficiently refined, we appreciate Swinburne; but we agree with Tennyson in measure of our common sense. And thus Mr. Kipling did more than tell interesting stories in a clever way: he approached them from a point of view which we made eagerly our own; he said about things what we had all been vaguely trying to think about them: his Message, his Idea, his outlook upon life—his religion in the fuller meaning of the term—were singularly in harmony with the latent spirit of his time.

And this Idea may be most shortly expressed as a kind of cosmic *Esprit de Corps.* From the beginning he worships the Empire as some old Roman might have done, because it means to him law and order upon earth and men laboring honorably in their degree: he cannot conceive the man who rather than be second in Rome would be first in a little Iberian village, except with pity or contempt. Discipline is to him the one fulcrum strong enough and labor the one lever long enough to move the world; and the one place where a man may stand is that man's appointed station in the strategy of things. From the beginning it is this sense of organism which fascinates him in the army; for he feels humanity as an army enrolled under the banner of the world. This is for him the attraction of Freemasonry, that it represents the hierarchy of labor, which is a very different thing from the Labor-Union. That man-to-man attitude which we

have noted as characteristic of his early manner is only a boyish delight in presenting his credentials of membership; and that boyish impatience toward women which belittles many of the early stories is another corollary of the same Idea. He is old enough to see that the work of many a man is hindered or destroyed by a woman, and not yet mature enough to understand how by women the whole world of striving men is held together. From the beginning, his heroes are the soldier, the administrator, the man of affairs, the woman who causes things to happen: such people as Mulvaney and Strickland and Reggie Burke and Badalia Herodsfoot and Mrs. Hauksbee. He treats as tragic or pathetic figures those who are in revolt or fallen from the ranks: like Holden or Love-o'-Women or Captain Gadsby. And he has nothing but scorn for the skulker, the egoist who whines at the rules instead of playing the game, and the reformer who sees in anarchy a short cut to the millennium. With all his breadth of sympathy he is never by any chance on the side of the outlaw. The same spirit is everywhere in the poems, from the *Recessional* and *The White Man's Burden* to the *Ballad of East and West* and the relentless portrait of Tomlinson, the irresolute flâneur unworthy even of hell.

Indeed, it may roughly and generally be said that in all his work Mr. Kipling has told but this one story of the victory of organization over anarchy: triumphantly or tragically or satirically, according to the point of view. Upon this pervading spirit more deeply and firmly than upon any temporary freshness the real public power of Mr. Kipling depends; for this, in so far as one dwelling among the trees may survey the forest, is also the very spirit of our time. You and I may or may not agree with it; but, right or wrong, the overwhelming majority in this age does hold by organization and authority, setting these things against creed or culture or personal desire, striking the R from revolution, despising the anarch and the shirker, and honoring above all others the strenuous workman at his task. And the whole century finds voice in Hans Breitmann's saying to the screaming ape in the cage, "You haf too much Ego in your Cosmos"; or in that ringing reply of Otheris when reminded of his right to report the officer who had struck him in a fit of nervous anger: "My rights! 'Strewth A'mighty, I'm a man!"

Now the fundamental change from Mr. Kipling's earlier to his later work is simply the development of this Idea from an instinctive mental attitude into a mature and thoughtful philosophy. Whatever superficial changes we recently condemn are, for better or for worse, natural corollaries of this development. Thus the casual objection to *Captains Courageous* was that at best it was only the adventures of a boy in a Gloucester fishing schooner; but the whole point of this boy's story is that it is the story of the making of a man. It deals with the development of an offensive little monkey through toil and discipline into an honorable worker: with the forging of self-importance into self-respect. Thus the *Jungle Books* were stigmatized as fables for children; but for grown people they are also parables informed with the deepest and keenest satire; and the Idea behind them is the Jungle Law. Other writers had used the affairs of animals to point an allegorical moral or adorn an atavistic tale; only Mr. Kipling has imagined an organic commonwealth of beasts to symbolize the organism of all mankind. And while the children are following the mere story, their fathers may read into the Wolf Pack the history of Rome or Athens or England, understand chivalry in Bagheera or scholarship in Baloo, and see in the Monkey People the Latin race, the South-American Republics, or the futility of their own souls.

> "Here we sit in a branchy row,
> Thinking of beautiful things we know—
> Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
> All complete in a minute or two;
> Something noble and grand and good,
> Won by merely wishing we could.
> Now we're going to—never mind,—
> *Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!*"

In the transition period between his earlier and later work this spirit, fermenting toward philosophy, froths into pure parable. The tales of animals and machinery centered about the *Jungle Books* and the *Day's Work* are direct expressions of that Idea which had previously been his instinctive point of view. *The Maltese Cat* is a good polo story, but it is not about polo: it is about Playing the Game, which, to the modern mind at least, is no trivial subject. There is more in *.007* and *The Walking Delegate* than fanciful conversation imputed to horses and locomotives, more

even than depths of stratified satire; for the one is the ceremony of the *toga virilis,* the initiation into the brotherhood of men, and the other is the whole modern attitude toward what was formerly called the Curse of Adam. And *The Ship that Found Herself* strikes yet more deeply and directly at the core of things. A new iron steamer, the *Dimbula,* sets out upon her first voyage through an Atlantic storm; and at once every individual part of the huge and intricate structure protests its own personal displeasure. The deck beams quarrel with the capstan for straining at its bolts; the stringers threaten to take steps unless the deck beams desist from heaving and hiking; as the screw races between waves the engines cry out for justice, and the screw retorts, "I can only give you what I get." In the cold and the darkness innumerable rivets encourage one another to hold fast and ask no questions. At last each part learns how to yield a trifle to the strain of the rest and thereby do his own work the better; and as the buffeted vessel labors into port a big new voice says, slowly, "It's my conviction that I have made a fool of myself." "Who are you?" the steam asks. And the new voice replies: "I am the *Dimbula,* of course. I've never been anything else." Here is something beyond a clever fantasy wherein bits of steel and iron are amusingly characterized, and something equally beyond the narrowness of allegory. No matter whether we take the ship to mean microcosm or macrocosm, the individual soul, the ship of state, or the plunging universe: it is the theory of it all that matters—the idea of triumphant harmony and discipline through experience, and the individual at his highest in perfectly partaking of the labor of the whole: and here is Mr. Kipling's Theory in the literal sense of the word—his vision of God. He sees Creation as a vast organism of beauty and irony and endeavor, linked by the law of cause and effect, and swung steadily toward a Nirvana of relationship through the resultant force of myriads laboring each in his degree. Neither could this Idea have been so immanently and comprehensively set forth in any less parabolic form; for it is the law of all art that symbolism varies inversely as complexity. The story of Tom Jones tells more about Tom Jones; but the fable of *Everyman* tells more about every man. You can paint a realistic picture of a single street; but to portray the whole city you must become a nature-faker and take a bird's-eye view. So

The Ship that Found Herself is essentially the same story as *Captains Courageous* or *The Elephant's Child;* only the first is a globe, the second a marine painting, and the third, in the author's own delicious phrase, "an inciting map." It is no object of the present essay to dispute over the appeal of Mr. Kipling's parable stories to indisputable taste. We may object to them quite unanswerably upon the ground that we do not like parables or that we prefer his voice to his meaning; but if we are to object to them as trivial in theme or improbable in literal detail we had better begin by condemning the *Sower* and the *Unjust Steward.* They are at least the natural and necessary expression of the working of that spirit within him which inspired his original popularity by making him the spokesman of us all.

And this religion of Laws and Orders, this spirit of organism flavoring his work from the beginning, fermenting into the parables of the transition period, has in the later volumes settled down into a clear and active principle pervading everything he writes. The sugar in him is largely transmuted into alcohol; and it is no great wonder that the children and the teetotalers among his readers are startled by the manlier taste. Since *The Day's Work,* it is not merely that a certain point of view determines the perspective of nearly every story: each volume or group of kindred stories fills a definite position in the scheme of his philosophy. *Stalky & Co.* deals with the boyhood of those empire-builders whom we had already known as men: it shows his earlier heroes in the making. The same attitude which turned the wildest vagaries of Mulvaney to the taming of an elephant or the performance of a Hindu miracle shows in the escapades of Stalky and his friends their real training toward maturer use. And most of us who have had real education realize how much of it, both in schooling and in life, was, so to speak, outside the curriculum or even in what we intended for revolt. Certainly, whatever limits of suggestion we assign to *Stalky & Co.,* there can be no mistake in imputing this underlying system to *Kim.* Mr. Kipling has written much of India before, a touch here and a detail there, magnified fragments of the design; but now he brings the whole pattern into view at once, taking all India to be his subject. The very picaresque formlessness of the story is (as in the case of *Vanity Fair*) the means of bringing before the reader a cross-section of life in its bewildering inclusiveness and in-

tricacy. We follow the story of Kim, wondering a little at its deliberate development, until through his widening eyes we behold the galaxy of scattered lives and deeds and characters patterning itself like stars fitting into a constellation, and realize that it is not only the story of Kim, but the story of India seen as a vision of the Wheel of Things through the eyes of a player of the Great Game. *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* go back into the making of England in the same way that *Stalky & Co.* goes back into the boyhood of the Englishman. As with the two *Jungle Books,* the first volume presents a coherent series of tales developing the theme, and the second a collection of corollaries; and the two volumes together form, perhaps, the most significant history of England ever written, for they deal with human causes and effects where the ordinary history deals with wanton actualities. In this regard, of course, the historical novel is always truer than historical fact. But a historical novel to cover the scope of these two volumes must have been twenty volumes long. The selective structure of Mr. Kipling's history, with its transparent supernatural machinery made frankly childlike for the sake of unobtrusiveness, is the only method whereby so extensive a theme could be made vivid within reasonable space. One may disagree with his interpretation of history; but to sniff at it as fictitious or fanciful is to despise the picture for its frame. And the *Just-So Stories* furnish a satisfying answer to the notion that more may be read in or out of literature than ever entered the author's mind. They were written, of course, for fun, to amuse children; yet even in these whimsical fancies of his relaxation the artist does not step off his own shadow. He is manifest in everything he makes, even when he is only making fun. The Butterfly that stamped was unconsciously setting in order Solomon's house as well as his own; one must be wholly childish not to recognize the strenuousness of Old Man Kangaroo, the egoism of the Camel, and the stoic dignity of the Cat. Moreover, the symbolism of these figures inheres precisely in the fact of their not being in the least allegorical, but a very camelious camel and a singularly catty cat. Allegorical figures like Tegumai and his daughter can only mean how the alphabet was made; but the Cat that Walked by Himself means all that a real cat may mean. Doubtless Mr. Kipling made no special effort to embody these deeper suggestions; but we need not therefore

suppose that an effect is produced without a cause. Grapes are not gathered from thorns nor figs from thistles, and whatever came out of his mind was that which was in it. Everything he writes is somehow or other an expression of his Theory, simply because it is a theory of everything.

But along with this fundamental change in the material of the work went a change in style and method which, lying nearer to the surface, was probably the more productive of popular disfavor. Though the later stories dealt with greater themes, yet some of them displeased by sheer simplicity of substance; as here and there a wise and cultured reader will refuse to look at any tale about animals. He will not bother with beasts, and there is an end of it. But other stories, and those the most important, met with the objection of obscurity: there might be more in Mr. Kipling than before, but it was harder to get it out. This was partly because his earlier trick of being confidential with the reader grew with maturity into a sincere and occasionally misplaced confidence in the reader's worthiness. When he says, "You can see from their names that Nafferton had the race advantage over Pinecoffin" it is a mere flattering mannerism. You cannot see anything of the sort; but inasmuch as their genealogies have been carefully explained in the preceding sentences, you feel as if you could. To say, "Slowly she leaned forward and traced on the rug the figure of the Egg itself" demands, even in its context, some knowledge of Buddhism and a certain amount of real thinking. Partly also the additional demand upon the reader comes from the development of that habit of suggestion which has always been characteristic of Mr. Kipling. From the first he spurs the imagination toward details; but in certain of the later stories it is the details which are given and the whole point of the story which is suggested; and this calls for harder work. My own first reading of *Mrs. Bathurst,* for example, left me with only an irritating curiosity as to the definite course of events between Vickery and the Heroine; after some re-reading, I reflected that the tragedies of real life generally appear to us as this one appeared to Pyecroft and his associates—in broken flashes and fragments to be fitted wonderingly together; later on I saw the necessity for the indirect method — that an astoundingly unusual character like Mrs. Bathurst or Ligeia or Dr. Jekyll can only be depicted through its effect upon other characters. No human

writer can compass its direct portrayal, just as no actor can adequately play King Lear. At last I looked (as I should have done at first) into the imaginary quotation at the beginning; and then I saw the idea—that a Helen or a Cleopatra arises by chance in Greece or in Egypt or in an Australian tavern, and the terrible glamour of her falls with one tragedy upon king or clown. Of course the story really contains all these impressions and much more: there is no finishing it, for re-reading delves endlessly into depth under depth of human implication; and it is utterly by virtue of the suggestive method that so much becomes compressible into so short a tale. Expressed any otherwise the thought itself would be something else and something less; for there are some tales which to tell wholly is to leave their greater part untold.

And a comparison of *Traffics and Discoveries* and *Actions and Reactions* with their earlier counterparts will illuminate in every case the same distinction: that the later tales make a greater demand upon both reader and writer. *Without Benefit of Clergy* is perhaps a more immediate and moving tragedy than *Mrs. Bathurst;* but it is at best only tragedy of chance. The fate of Holden and Ameera was no consequence either of their characters or of their relation: it might have happened as well to any ordinary English or native family. *The Mark of the Beast* is as vividly supernatural as *They;* but the passing of its first thrill of horror leaves nothing more to be discovered. *The Story of the Gadsbys,* with its brilliant confusion of broad farce and broader pathos flung formlessly about a boyish heresy, is delightfully easy to appreciate; but its author had much to learn before he could write *An Habitation Enforced:* womanhood, and the power of peace, and the worth of common wisdom, and the art of the engraver. The fun of *My Lord the Elephant* lies patent to sheer sense of humor; to get the full flavor of *The Bonds of Discipline* you must understand French as well as English, the traditional attitude of the two nationalities toward each other, and the mechanics and organization of a modern navy. To demonstrate all this is not in any wise to coerce popular opinion: in their lesser kind the early stories are perhaps better, certainly as good; and the proverb about leading a horse to water makes no exception of the Pierian Spring. We may refuse to read about beasts and machinery, though they symbolize a great Idea; we may decline to

decipher palimpsests of implication even for the reward of understanding. There is, as Mr. Kipling would say, no Order that we shall do these things. We may take our choice. But as we also pay our money, we are within our rights in going further and demanding the sort of literature which we prefer. Only it happens that Mr. Kipling is also perfectly justified in refusing our demand: the public has in this matter the power of legislation and the artist the privilege of the veto; and each may be upon occasion wholly right in opposing the other. Thus beyond question Rossetti did rightly to bury his sonnets and wrongly to recover them: there was more in them than a man and a lover should have spoken save to one only. But that is no reason why we should not rejoice that they were rescued for literature and for us. Now Mr. Kipling's early work is done and printed and we possess it; and he does well to go on discovering new worlds to conquer instead of pleasing contemporary popularity by doing over again what he has once thoroughly accomplished. It is always the mark of the second-rate artist to repeat contentedly a first success, to work a single vein beyond the point of diminishing return. The effect of an artifice weakens by habit like the effect of a drug, and the artist ceasing to grow begins that instant to decay. There is no gift so great but it must blunt itself upon monotony. But the greater artist will go steadily on saying one thing after another as well as he can, exhausting one branch of his craft only to discover and develop the next. This Mr. Kipling has done, and in the doing has become from year to year a wiser poet and a more artful craftsman. In maturing into a Theory the spirit which was born in him he has sought out many inventions; and it will be time enough to complain that he has written himself out when he begins repeating himself to suit our pleasure. Whatever may be his absolute rank as an artist, whatever future generations may decide of that worship of collective Law and Labor, that un-Christian catholicism which is the real religion of our own, there can be little doubt that Mr. Kipling's work is its most typical and comprehensive expression. On many lands and seas, upon the strange borders between life and death and dream, out of the mouths of babes and beasts and among all sorts and conditions of men, he has shown us the workings of that vision of things by which we choose presently to live.

BRIAN HOOKER.

THE POET AUGUSTE ANGELLIER

BY ERNEST DIMNET

The life story recently cut short of Auguste Angellier does not take long to tell. A son of humble parents, he begins life on a very small scale as an usher at the Lycée Louis le Grand, Paris. The *History of English Literature*, by Taine, gives him a mind to read Shakespeare in the text. He goes to England, where he pursues the same modest occupation, returns to France to serve in the war with Germany, passes the regular examinations, and becomes a professor of English first in one or two Parisian lycées, later at the Lille University, and in 1893 publishes two remarkable volumes on Robert Burns which place him at the head of European Anglicists. About that time he comes into a large fortune and without giving up his chair leads the life of a dilettante. He has always been passionately fond of art and large collections gradually crowd the three houses he possesses in Paris, Lille, and in his native town of Boulogne. He travels extensively and spends his winters in a sequestered Provençal nook. In 1896 he publishes his first volume of verse, *À l'Amie Perdue,* a love-story in two hundred sonnets which strikes a few experts as a rare achievement, but does not reach the general public and leaves the opinion-making critics in doubt. The author is a provincial professor only known by two huge volumes on some minor English poet; he is forty-seven years old and has never been seen in a fashionable literary circle; he does not belong to any school and is trumpeted by no coterie. So the most favorably impressed speak of him with the reticence of uncertainty and the half-suppressed smile of Parisian superiority. Five more volumes appear at various intervals, and cause the same astonishment without materially changing the universal indifference except in England, where the Clarendon Press publishes in 1908 a selection of his

poems. Even in 1909, when no less a critic than M. Faguet makes up his mind at last to devote to Angellier a long article in no less a periodical than the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—an unprecedented honor—the old smile and the slightly patronizing air are still visible, and the average reader is naturally more influenced by the reservations than by the praise. Yet the small band of real lovers of poetry have felt the strength and originality of the unknown professor, they realize that professor or not, provincial or not, he strikes them as few of even the greatest do. Year after year one meets more unprofessional amateurs who recite Angellier's verse as that of a classic, and that invisible wave of fame spreads so much that when the poet dies on February 28th of the present year—without a single paper having mentioned his illness—the whole press is full of affirmations of his genius, and one hears on all sides that if he had chosen to contest M. Henri de Régnier's recent election to the Académie Française his success would have been certain. Once more the melancholy truth that poets ought to die twice is verified. Everybody feels that Angellier is the poet of to-morrow, not of yesterday, and knows that he is one of whom France will always be proud.

The patronizing air which, as I said above, some Parisian critics thought it elegant to adopt when speaking of Angellier was fast making room for a respect not unmingled with awe when the poet died. His friends—at their head the well-known M. Ribot—had prevailed on him a few months before his illness to stand for the Académie Française, and he had begun to call on a few members and on the chief writers who had noticed his poems. Many an infallible literary magnate must have felt an amused curiosity when the card of the poet was brought in and experienced a different and somewhat uncomfortable sensation when the visitor had been a few minutes in the room. Those who have not known Angellier personally will never realize his power completely, and of those who have known him personally none was ever heard to say that he had met with a more impressive individual. He looked tall, though he was not, so well poised was his fine dark head on athletic shoulders. Like Stevenson, he would pass in his way of dressing from bohemianism to refinement, but there was not in him the least trace either of rusticity or conventionality. His most sympathetic critic, Professor Legouis of the Sor-

bonne, says admirably that "*il se séparait du peuple moins par le raffinement que par l'intensité.*" In fact, he reminded one forcibly of his own description of Robert Burns in the fashionable Edinburgh society. Everything in him was remote from vulgarity, but he might have been one of those delightful artists who started life as artisans. Simplicity, however, is a word that would ill apply to him. His face generally wore a good-natured, whimsical smile which the least opportunity could change to a hearty laugh, but his deep-searching eye bespoke a reader of character, and it did not take much acquaintance with him to find out that he was easily moved to contempt if he discovered pretence or affectation.

His conversation was extraordinary. A year or two ago the present writer took Professor Bliss Perry to see him. Angellier had a vast knowledge of English literature and knew the English language to its subtlest niceties. But he had the French difficulty in speaking a foreign tongue, and it was a common joke among his pupils that when he went to London he asked the porter at Charing Cross if he could not speak French. Mr. Bliss Perry can bear testimony that, in spite of this disadvantage, his interlocutor struck him as one of the very few men who say constantly what they mean and all that they mean. He did not say clever things. In fact, though he was full of humor, he used to speak of wit as an inferior gift. His originality consisted less in novelty of point of view or expression, but rather in approaching ideas as a very intelligent child might, invariably by their most obvious aspect and never giving them up until he had scrutinized every dark corner of them. He was full of freshness and curiosity long after his hearers felt it would be useless for them to go further into the subject he handled. Truth, lucidity, and certitude were the objects of his impassioning search. He discussed in the same manner whatever seemed worth his while. Those who have heard him read Shakespeare will not easily forget how much he saw and made you see in an apparently puzzling metaphor.

His own speech was full of comparisons and metaphors which he evidently did not introduce as brilliant ornaments, but as they ought always to be, as illustrations. When one tried to remember what he had said those striking similes would rise by the dozen in the memory, but for the rest one preserved little more than a recollection of utterances arrest-

ing, though natural, and subtle, though perfectly clear. A few experiences convinced one that there was little chance of seeing anything in a question he had not seen and every likelihood of his pointing out important issues which one had left unnoticed. The effect was not always good. Some people would copy his metaphors instead of taking pattern by his intellectual honesty; others were paralyzed in his presence or even out of his presence by the haunting consciousness of their inferiority. Nobody who had met him once, no matter if he held the rod of the critic in the most formidable paper or magazine, felt tempted to think of him as the timid provincial professor and poet who needed protection. Readers of his introduction to the second volume of his work on Burns must have the same impression. When this book appeared in 1893, Taine was the unquestioned master of literary criticism, and his mechanical explanation of the works by their milieus was a dogma with ninety-nine in a hundred historians of literature. No grave nonsense about heredity and environment was heard as soon as this refutation of Taine's formulas and vindication of the complexity of nature became better known. Angellier's attitude was constantly respectful when he approached the opinions of the really great and good, but it implied no less constantly a firm resolution of coming at the truth and nothing daunted him.

His erudition was amazing. Apart from English literature, he was an authority on various departments of art criticism; had written a book on Henri Régnault and had materials for another on Holbein; he had a familiarity with the classics which his verses betray in every line; he had read the philosophers and had an illuminating way of summing up their doctrines in every-day words, and from an accidental dip into journalism when he was twenty seven or eight had preserved an interest in contemporary history.

A man with an encyclopædic learning, a passion for accuracy, and an obviously critical mind does not, as a rule, turn to poetry. When Angellier produced his first volume of verse at the ripe age of forty-seven there was considerable surprise even in his immediate circle. He had published in his early youth in obscure periodicals some fifty or sixty poems which nobody knew of and to which he never alluded and even his colleagues at the university were taken aback. He was a man of fine sensibilities, he loved nature,

and was a great haunter of beautiful or solitary places. He could be gentle to the utmost delicacy and his taste was for the refined and the noble in everything. In expression he was coarse and intense. Yet there was something in him which suggested the philosopher, and especially the ancient philosopher rather than the poet.

Our notion of the poet is deeply romantic and, in spite of the classical reaction, tends more and more to become identified with that of the artist, painter, or musician. When we hear the word poetry our mind ranges immediately between Shelley and Musset and frames an idea of an ultra-sensitive being given up to uncontrollable emotions, acting upon uncontrollable impulses, generally instinctive, and even feminine.

Angellier was totally irreducible to that notion. He had been violent and almost indomitable in boyhood and did not like things to run contrary to his wishes, but he was a man of almost unruffled serenity. He had a wonderful power of transmuting the rather second-rate fortitude of "it will be the same in a hundred years" into the pure gold of wisdom. He saw everything in the light of the eternal and universal. Even emotions—his own as well as those of others—he could treat as primarily accountable to reason. Nothing is more received as a poetical principle than that sentiment and even sensation are their own justification. The modern poet, whenever he feels moved, loses no time controlling his emotion, and our lyricism is largely made up of evanescent states of consciousness caught in elusive words. When the initial germs of such poems are examined they often resolve themselves into contradictions or delusions or so thin realities that they may be looked upon as non-existent. Angellier had that in common with all the classicists that he would not be duped by his own emotions any more than by current prejudices. He had suffered and he had enjoyed, but his sorrows and pleasures were as distinct and familiar to him as intellectual notions. One felt that he could and did discuss them inwardly so as to remove all danger of fallacy. Yet in spite of this intellectualism, he was spontaneous and almost child-like, and one felt that his sources of emotion were inexhaustible. He had in him all the contradictions of socratism; he had a sensual nature with a high and pure mind; he was a stoic with a streak of epicureanism too often visible in his smaller

songs; he was serious to sternness and often rabelaisian; harsh in his judgments even with his best friends and yet loving as a brother.

As he grew older he became less of a pure intellectualist without losing his serenity. The love drama recorded in *À l'Amie Perdue* made him realize the superiority of duty and sacrifice over mere passion and gave him the bravery worthy of Corneille — and recalling him much more than Vigny—which raises some of his poems to a height of nobleness. About the same time the Dreyfus affair, in which he distinguished at once the judicial case of an individual from the vast coalition of appetites and interests which used it for its own purposes, confirmed him in the principles of order which were natural to such a mind and gave a more practical touch to the speculative interest he had taken so far in politics. He was a patriot and began to fight the internal enemies of his country as he had fought the Germans thirty years before. Another change gradually took place in him. He had given up Christianity at the age of thirteen or fourteen on hearing "such arguments," he used to say, "as one may hear in a roadside public house," and since then had kept aloof from it, though he loved the "beautifully woven" lives of truly religious people. He was not troubled with metaphysical problems and placed—with curious insistence—his hopes of immortality in the survival of some of his poems. By degrees he lost this indifference; Christianity appeared to him, as to many other agnostics, at least a social necessity. This was raising the problem of morals and Angellier took the great step of viewing it from the side of the presence of goodness rather than of evil in the world. He became interested in the latest theological movements, and the present writer remembers the keen attention and the power of assimilation with which he followed an exposé of Father Tyrrell's posthumous book on *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*. Some weeks before his death he asked for the rites of the Church with the simplicity and resoluteness which had marked all his life, but long before his illness he had begun to express even in his poems a faith in personal immortality. If he had lived a few years longer there is little doubt that his inspiration would have taken on a warmth and glow which stoicism can never know. As it is, Angellier remains one of the very few moderns who have thought and often felt as the ancients with a power

that can only belong to the rarest natures, and it is in this light that his works must be studied.

Such a man, living so independent and solitary a life, could not, needless to say, belong to a school. Angellier had read the poets—he bought every volume of verse that came in his way and used to say that he often found gems in the heaps of trash—but he imitated none. There is a likeness between him and Ovid, Ronsard, and Chénier—three whom he particularly appreciated, but the likeness was natural, not acquired.

He could hardly be, either, a pure lyricist of the Shelley type, and this is one of his limitations as well as one of his good points. His mind was always ready to rise to a height, but it was a lofty, not a soaring mind. In fact, he thought in verse exactly as in prose. He used to say that his writings in prose were so conscious and considered that he could tell the connection of his ideas before writing as if he had seen them already on paper, while his verse revealed itself to him much as a picture appears when the dust is gradually wiped away from it. But his casts of thought were the same whether he was conscious of them or not. In his poems, as in his conversation or in his meditations, he is a leisured contemplator and inquirer, a painter and an analyst, endowed with a gorgeous imagination and an extraordinary power of searching a thought to its inmost recesses. He is not unlike Balzac, whom I was more than once rather shocked to hear him place above Shakespeare. He has the same deliberate manner of approaching a subject and the same aversion to giving it up until he has scanned its every aspect. He is a great describer. Whether the subject of his description is the soul or inanimate nature or both at the same time, he sees everything and makes you see it. The most striking instance will be furnished by a poem in a volume which he had quite ready for publication and entirely printed long before his death, but which his indifference to public suffrage had made him keep in his desk for nearly two years. This poem—a piece of five or six hundred lines—is entitled the *Opale,* and is the minutest, the most patient, and the most graphic description not only of the evanescent reflections in the stone, but of the ever-disappointed and ever-renewed efforts of a man to discover the mysterious center of the opal, what the poet calls its secret. The psychological analysis of the man is as human in its untiring perseverance

as the description of the stone is pictorial. This poem is a "*tour de force,*" and though it symbolizes the author's peculiar tone of mind it does not represent it. Angellier seldom seeks difficulties. On the contrary, he has the true poetic liking for the old inexhaustible commonplaces. Take his volumes one after the other, their themes are as elementary as can be. *A l'Amie Perdue* is the lament of a man who had never known what true love meant and loses his inspiration; *Le Chemin des Saisons* consists entirely of descriptions and love songs; the two volumes of Dialogues in the series entitled *Dans la Lumière Antique* are devoted to the simplest subjects: love, art, the essential sadness of life, war, patriotism; the two volumes of *Episodes* in the same series offer every-day scenes of ancient life and are crowned by a masterpiece, the semi-elegiac, semi-dramatic theme of a mother who has lost her child. But there is not a single hackneyed thought or phrase in those thousands of lines, and they are full of numberless notations about man and nature of which few others would think and which widen the reader's vision as a fairy guide to the world.

This deep and original re-reading of the universe would at first sight give Angellier some relationship with the English metaphysical poets whom he knew well and enjoyed following through their meanders, but his sensuousness places him entirely apart from them. His poems are as full of imagery as his conversation was rich in metaphors. He hardly ever conceived an idea without perceiving the graceful garment becoming it, as every beautiful scene or object in nature struck him at once as a symbol. I wish I could have space enough to quote two poems in *Le Chemin des Saisons,* one entitled *L'Habitude*—in my opinion immeasurably superior to the poem of Sully-Prud'homme on the same subject—in which every line describes the effects of habit in soft, soothing metaphors; and another—*Les Chrysanthèmes* —describing an autumn garden in terms suitable to a lonely life. His wealth and at the same time rarity of illustration recall Keats, another of his favorites about whom he wrote a remarkable book, the only fault of which is that it is in Latin. Discursive as he is, he is never rhetorical, thanks to the beauty of his images and his constant recurrence to human feelings. A strong instinct brought him back incessantly to the truly vital. His poems on love, on patriotism, and on war are in dialogues, and his last book, *Dans la Lumière*

Antique, Episodes, as well as the yet unpublished volume, are eminently dramatic.

The philosophy underlying Angellier's poems is naturally that of the man who seemed to have taken as his motto the "*Nil humanum a me alienum.*" Its aspects are various and not uniformly pleasant. The two poles of his nature were evidently the indulgence of the epicurean and the somber courage of the stoic, and he passes from one to the other with disconcerting rapidity, but the stoic in him constantly gets the better of the epicurean. His healthy, unconscious sensuality disports itself in hundreds of songs, but it is the play of one summer hour. Angellier had the deepest contempt for those strange products of civilization to whom sexualism is a haunting consciousness: only he thought life too short and miserable to discard any pleasure it might offer. These songs often border on the most delicate sentiment. Nobody has found so much to see and love in the blue of a woman's eyes. Five or six of the sonnets in *À l'Amie Perdue*—the one beginning

> "Les caresses des yeux sont les plus adorables,
> Elles apportent l'âme aux limites de l'être"

is a wonder of subtle thought and subdued music—and many scattered passages in the longer poems had not exhausted his treasure of perceptions in this respect. Love, pure, mysterious, and inexplicable love is not far from this enjoyment of the spiritual charm of beauty. Angellier has often attained it. It fills the sequence *À l'Amie Perdue,* and its power is so great that it has changed the poet's stern bravery into resignation. It is probable that Angellier owed the seed of his tardy religious evolution to the woman who taught him the beauty of sacrifice.

This seed was years in maturing, and one may say that during the greatest part of his life Angellier was thrown back on the bitter cup of pagan philosophy. Sadness prevails in his works. He has called or dared death in several of his best short poems, and a long dialogue, in which one of the participants is a girl who might be a Greek sister of Schopenhauer, is a plea for annihilation. His most perfect myth—there are several in his works—is that entitled the "Sadness of Dawn." Dawn is not, as the Greeks thought, the joyous Eos. She is a melancholy deity who hesitates long each morning before unveiling the luminous globe she holds under her purple robes, and who, when at

last she resolves to raise it above the universal misery, sheds such bitter tears that the whole world is made wet with them.

Pessimism certainly gave its color to Angellier's philosophy: love was uncertain and incomplete, life was full of sufferings—one's own and those of others; death, which he seems in one place to advise as the remedy, was, after all, only the final destruction; genius, beauty, virtue, happiness, all were doomed to perish in the universal shipwreck. From those somber ideas he found a relief in the endless contemplation of Nature which occupies probably two-thirds of his works, and, as I said above, in the last period of his life he sought a refuge against them in the energy of his patriotism and in the dawning certitude that courage and goodness must have their counterpart in some less wretched existence than the present one. But this is not enough to suggest hope and cheerfulness where so much is said about failure and mere dogged courage.

As an artist Angellier is not perfect. He has the faults of his qualities: he is too powerful and too sustained. His flights suggest not the prophetic lark, but the strong-winged hoverers who are more attentive to the earth than to the sky. One feels he could place himself in the poetic state almost at will, but never in this state as Socrates describes it. He is a philosopher gifted with an incomparable imagination, but he is no lyricist. The consequence is that he sees too much and occasionally says too much. He never drops a theme or an image until he has exhausted it. Sometimes his imagery is so rich that it bewilders. Often his period would be perfect if he did not perversely add a line which may be full of meaning, but impairs its balance. He wrote a little too much to please himself.

But all told he is as great a poet as he was a rare man. The only living French poet who does not shrink almost ridiculously when placed beside him is Richepin, whom he exceeds by all the loftiness of his thought. Nay, you can compare him not only to Sully-Prud'homme or Laprade or even Vigny, but to the very greatest—Hugo, Lamartine, Musset. He has not their inspiration, but his inspiration can be named along with theirs, and as an artist he has none of their defects. One may defy the subtlest critic to find a single line in all his works that was written because one line more was wanted. He may be the only modern French poet who gives his reader a sense of absolute security and repose.

He has nothing to fear from the future. The qualities of fancifulness and airy musicalness which we somewhat desiderate in him are those which have been aped rather than attained in the productions of the last century and with the feeble imitations of which the public taste has been surfeited, while Angellier's classical soundness is the ideal toward which the best artists and the best judges are the most powerfully drawn. He had felt it himself, and the following are not the only verses in which he said it with the quick confidence we loved so much in him:

> "Je ne partirai pas sans laisser quelques gerbes;
> Et lorsque l'avenir vannera mes épis,
> Peut-être mettra-t-il près de chants plus superbes
> Mon hommage modique aux vieux murs assoupis."

ERNEST DIMNET.

OPERA IN ENGLISH

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

In writing not long ago upon that far too acrimoniously debated subject, "Opera in English," a veteran observer of musical affairs in New York genially recalled the broad smile which, in the lamented days of the National Opera Company's struggles with lyric drama in the vernacular, used to overspread the audience when the impersonator of Lohengrin, in the course of the scene before the cathedral, pealed forth in stentorian song the deeply impressive words, "Elsa! with whom conversest thou?" A quarter of a century has passed since that memorable and ill-starred attempt to establish here opera in the speech of the people; yet it was only the other day that those who witnessed the production in Boston of Mr. Frederick S. Converse's opera, "The Sacrifice," heard one of the characters sing this line —a line prefaced and followed by music of characteristically modern intensity, "Captain Burton, my dear aunt wishes to see you." And who can forget that moment in Colonel Savage's English version of "Parsifal" a few years ago when the guileless hero repulsed the temptress in the garden with, "Pernicious one! Get thee from me!"

Now, it is undeniable that a prejudiced opponent (if there be any such) of the project of giving opera in the English language might not ineffectively dispose of the entire question by citing these three examples of how opera in English really works out in practice. The English-speaking Lohengrin whose words amused the National Opera Company's audiences was, beyond reasonable doubt, employing the best available English translation of Wagner's text; so was the English-speaking Parsifal. The lady in Mr. Converse's opera who bore a message from her aunt was speaking an original English text, devised by the composer himself for musical setting. Yet in each case that illusion of exalted

speech which opera must maintain, if it does nothing else, was for a time rudely and utterly destroyed. For my own part, since I am anything but a prejudiced opponent of whatever ideals seem to make for æsthetic enlargement, I cheerfully grant that these instances are very far from proving the case against English opera: they simply show what it is capable of at its worst. Also they serve to point an essential distinction which should be made, but which seldom is made, by those who discuss this perennial question. They who talk of "opera in English" are apt to confuse two totally different things: operas written to original English texts, and operas sung with texts translated from the German or French or Italian into the vernacular. It is clear, of course, that we are dealing here with two separate matters; with ideals and ambitions that are by no means synonymous; with projects that differ widely in merit and in viability. It is one thing to long for and to promote operas written by American composers to English texts; it is quite another thing to long for and to promote the performance of operas by Wagner, Gounod, Puccini, with translated texts. Mr. Converse's "The Sacrifice" is one thing: a homogeneous product in which the music and the words (whatever their separate virtues) were made for each other; "Lohengrin" in English is a wholly different thing: an attempt to substitute for words that belong to Wagner's music, words that do not belong to it and that cannot be made to belong to it. There is bound to be futility in any discussion of "opera in English" which does not recognize that there are really these two distinct ideas included under the loosely applied title.

The plea that is most generally made for singing all foreign operas—whether German, Italian, Bohemian, French, Russian — with texts translated into English, is that it is highly desirable that American audiences should understand the words that are sung by Siegmund and Romeo, Tosca and Mélisande, Turridu and the Queen of Spades: that inasmuch as operas, whether foreign or native, are sung in the vernacular when they are performed in Paris or Berlin or Milan, it is absurd and anomalous to ask a New-Yorker to listen to "Aïda" or "Tristan und Isolde" or "Thaïs" sung in languages which he cannot understand; and that opera can never be truly "educational" unless this is brought to pass.

Now there are so many fallacies, so many false premises, bound up in this indisputably plausible argument, that it is hard to disengage them all. The first thing that may be said in response to those who long for the advent of what may be called, for convenience, " Anglicized opera " (to distinguish it from English opera—that is, opera in which the original text is in the vernacular) is that its advent is not a thing of the future, but of the past. Every student of operatic history in America knows, if he takes the trouble to think back over the records, that Anglicized opera is an old story in this country. It has been tried again and again, as it doubtless will be tried again and again in the future. The American Opera Company tried it at the Academy of Music in 1886, and later tried it again as the National Opera Company. Oscar Hammerstein tried it at the old Manhattan Opera House in 1893. The redoubtable Colonel Savage tried it for years in Boston, in New York, in " the provinces," and we heard " Meistersinger," " Parsifal," " Walküre," in Anglicized versions. With Maurice Grau he tried it at the Metropolitan Opera House a decade ago. And it is still being tried. There are to-day companies giving meritorious performances of standard operas in the vernacular. It is true that that august institution, the Metropolitan Opera House, has not yet mounted any German, French, or Italian work in an Anglicized version; but it has been rumored that one of its affiliated organizations purposes to delight us next year with a spectacle already familiar to the more fortunate public of London—namely, a performance of " Tristan und Isolde " with English words. So it is not altogether easy to see why the champions of Anglicized opera should be cast down, or why they should go to the length of forming societies for the furtherance of their hopes. But they insist that they will not rest until it is no longer possible to hear in this country an opera sung in the language to which the music was written. If that is the way of musical salvation, well and good; but is it? Even the evangelists of the new faith admit that it has certain undesirable features, but they refuse to acknowledge the really grave objections that may be raised against it.

These objections fall under two heads—æsthetic and practical. The most serious of the æsthetic objections may be stated briefly thus: There is no such thing as a satisfactory operatic translation—and in using the epithet " satisfac-

tory " I am exercising an exemplary moderation. Some are less heinous than others; but most translations of operatic texts, especially into English, are a source of genuine distress to any one who is able to understand the original. Music which is written to express a particular set of words cannot be made to express a quite different set of words. In the first place, it is almost impossible to devise a translation in which the verbal stress will be the same as that of the original; so that, as a result, the musical accent falls time and again upon the wrong words. Specific examples will make this clear. Wagner, in setting Venus's words near the close of the first scene of " Tannhäuser," " *Nicht halt' ich dir!*" naturally stressed the word *nicht,* setting it as a high and sustained G. In Lady Macfarren's translation (the standard one) this line becomes, " I hold thee not!" with the stress falling erroneously and absurdly on the " I." Or turn to the seduction scene in the second act of " Parsifal " and observe the grotesque misfit of Mr. Corder's English text, in comparison with the concise and exquisite conformity of Wagner's words and music, at Kundry's phrase, " *Der Liebe ersten Kuss.*" Of course the last word is the essential word, and Wagner has so treated it; but in Mr. Corder's English version its equivalent, " kiss," falls in an entirely different place and is sung to a comparatively subordinate note. Or, yet again, examine Mr. Henry G. Chapman's English text (one which is much above the average of its kind) to " Pelléas et Mélisande." " *Vous êtes un géant* " (Act I, Scene I) becomes, " A giant's what you are," which is not only feeble and foolish in itself, but is completely at odds with Debussy's accenting of the French words. Later (Act III, Scene IV), "*A propos de la lumière* " becomes, " 'Tis about the light or something," with the musical stress falling vapidly upon " or something " instead of upon *lumière.* Later still (Act IV, Scene I), Mélisande's words, " *Je te verrai toujours,*" become, " I shall always see you " with " see you " stressed instead of *toujours.* Examples could be multiplied indefinitely: there is scarcely a translated opera score that does not yield instance after instance of this sort of maladjustment.

In the second place, apart from the difficulty of devising a substitute set of words that will fit at every point the composer's scheme of musical accentuation, there is not only the formidable difficulty of preserving the actual sense of the

original text, but the almost insuperable difficulty of preserving its connotations—its virtually untranslatable intimations of feeling and shades of fine significance. The English translators have naturally not been able to surmount these difficulties. Those who insist on listening to Wagner in English must be prepared to hear Wotan's "*Unverschämt und überbegehrlich macht euch Dumme mein Dank*" rendered as, "Shame devoid and shockingly covetous such conduct I call"; to hear Fricka's "*wonniger Hausrat*" rendered as "graces of home life"; to hear the "*Treuloser Holder! Seligste Frau!*" of Isolde and her knight declaimed as "Faithless enfolder! Blissfulest bride!" In "Carmen" they will hear Micaela in her prayer sing, "I'll speak in her face of my duty," instead of "*Je parlerai haut devant elle;*" and Don Jose will say, "'Tis she my heart is bent on," instead of "*Je la prendrai pour femme.*" In "Tosca" they will hear Mario's passionate ". . . *Tanto la Vita!*" sobbed out as, "So dear; no, never!"

Such fatuities are present in all operatic translations, even the best; in most of them they are rife. A man would need to be a musician and a poet of inspiration and fabulous skill in order to achieve the task of providing, say, "Siegfried," with a viable English text, let alone one that would give satisfaction to an appreciative lover of the original. The adherents of Anglicized opera do not appear to realize that the musical setting of a text is indissolubly bound up with the particular genius of the language employed by the composer. It is not alone the idea which is set by the composer; it is its crystalization into particular words which inspires him. Tristan's "*Ach, Isolde, wie schön bist du!*"—easily translatable though it is—loses something definite and precious as soon as one attempts to turn it into any language save German. And one cannot help pitying from the bottom of one's heart the plight of the translator confronted with the reiterated "*petit père*" of the child Yniold in "Pelléas et Mélisande"—"dearest father" is the best Mr. Chapman can do with it.

The question, then, naturally arises, Why go to such pains to achieve so disappointing a result? Is it fair to the composer? Is it conducive to a just appreciation of masterworks? Is it in any true sense "educational" to present a delicately adjusted combination of words and music in such a way that their relationship is distorted and their sig-

nificance belied? Would it not be better to encourage the hearer to acquire a working knowledge of the few languages in which opera is usually sung in this country? Or he might resort to the simpler expedient of familiarizing himself with a translation of the libretto in advance. The answer is made that what is good enough for the Germans and the French and the Italians should be good enough for us; that if Berlin can stand "Carmen" in German, we ought to be able to stand it in English. But surely it is Berlin's misfortune, not its happiness, that it cannot, as we can, hear "Carmen" sung in the language to which it was composed. There is no other country in the world where one can enjoy the inestimable privilege of hearing most of the operatic masterworks as their composers intended them to be heard; where in one theater within one week it is possible to hear "Tristan" in German, "Aïda" in Italian, "Carmen" in French. Why, in the name of all that is enlightened, should we seek deliberately to impose upon ourselves the limitations of less fortunate peoples—to barter our unique advantage for the dubious privilege of hearing Micaela say, "I'll speak in her face of my duty"; of listening to Fricka while she tells of the "graces of home life" in Walhalla; of hearing, "So dear; no, never!" pealed to the strains of Mario's well-loved song of despairful reminiscence?

As for the practical objections to Anglicized opera to which I referred at the beginning, they may be very briefly set down. The first and most important is that the experience of a quarter of a century demonstrates beyond a doubt that the weightier and more influential portion of the opera-going public—the "paying" element—does not want to hear Anglicized performances of "Faust" and "Aïda" and "Lohengrin"; it very sensibly prefers to hear these works sung in the tongues to which they were composed. The second objection may be still more briefly stated: it is that, until singers of the first rank shall have learned the secret of lucid English diction, it would be a waste of time for them to attempt opera-singing in the vernacular, for most of those who have recently tried it have really settled the whole matter by being almost completely unintelligible. For what is the use of opera in English if the hearer does not know, except by information and belief, that it *is* in English?

Let us now consider the much more agreeable subject of

English opera—operas composed to original English texts. Here is a matter that invites a hopeful attitude on the part of the musical publicist. Of course there is not the slightest question that the production of operas by native composers set to texts in the vernacular is a highly desirable thing. No one who is interested in the growth of a native musical art but would rejoice to see operas by American composers, sung in the vernacular, established in the regular repertoire of, say, the Metropolitan Opera House. But obviously, of course, you must first catch your composer, not to speak of your librettist. The story of native opera-making in this country reaches back to the eighteenth century, but not many of those now living can remember anything anterior to George F. Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle," produced at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1855, and W. H. Fry's "Leonora," given at the same house three years later. But we can all recall Mr. Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter," which he brought forward in 1896; and the exhibition of Mr. Converse's "Pipe of Desire" and "The Sacrifice," and of Mr. Herbert's "Natoma," are matters of very recent history. In none of these works is there the breath of life. Either by reason of weak or amateurish librettos or dull, derivative, mediocre music, they have fallen short of the standard which must be maintained if our native operatic art is to have anything more than a parochial interest and importance. It seems odd that it should need to be said, yet there are many who fail to perceive the glaringly evident truth that a poor opera is no better for having been composed by an American; and the works which we have recently had from Mr. Converse and Mr. Herbert have very little else to commend them save this.

It is pleasant to hope, it is possible even to believe, that there are now living in this country composers capable of producing effective and distinguished lyric dramas. There is no lack of available texts. Certain plays by Mr. Yeats, by William Sharp, by Stephen Phillips, for example, are admirably suited to operatic treatment. The English language, heedfully and poetically employed, is a noble and an eloquent vehicle for musico-dramatic speech. It is futile to attempt to make impressive operas with the kind of librettos used by Mr. Herbert in "Natoma" and Mr. Converse in "The Sacrifice." The effective and memorable English opera will contain no verse of the quality of Mr. Redding's

"Gentle maiden, tell me,
Have I seen thee in my dreams,
I wonder?
When above my pillow
From the night fell starry gleams,
I wonder?"

nor such lines of dialogue as Mr. Converse's egregious "Captain Burton, my dear aunt wishes to see you." It will do no good for the composer who permits himself to accept such things to point a triumphant finger at the preposterous librettos of certain operatic master-works. "The Magic Flute" and "Trovatore" prevail, of course, despite their librettos, not because of them. It is absurd to suppose that the composer of to-day is justified in setting a weak or foolish libretto merely because Mozart and Verdi were indifferent or undiscriminating enough to be willing to do so. And, moreover, it is not easy to write music which, like theirs, can make us forget the poverty or silliness of its literary and dramatic subject-matter.

There is, then, the question of securing singers of the first rank who can make themselves understood in English. Doubtless they can be trained to do it. The process will be difficult, but it is not impossible of accomplishment. When an opera in the vernacular can be intrusted to singers who will enunciate the English text with the lucidity and intelligence exercised upon French by, for example, Maurice Renaud, English opera will seem a less elusive dream than it does at present.

As for the generous and patriotic men who control the destinies of our opera-houses, they have opened wide the doors and there are hospitable words upon their lips. Where are the composers who shall justify their enthusiasm and their faith?

Lawrence Gilman.

THE LEAVES OF THE TREE*

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

IV—BISHOP LIGHTFOOT

Though Lightfoot was one of the most familiar figures of my early childhood, it never, strange to say, dawned upon me that he was a man of the least eminence, distinction, or even ability, till my early days at Eton, when he became, or I became aware that he was, a member of the Eton Governing Body. Up till that time he had been to me nothing but a sturdy, unimpressive, good-natured, and silent clergyman, who appeared at intervals in our family circle as unquestioned as the sun or moon. I had no idea where he lived or what he did, nor the faintest curiosity to inquire. I thought, I suppose, that he was a friend of my father's; but when he came, they never seemed to have anything particular to say to each other. The friendships of grown-up people are incomprehensible to children, because they seem so unintelligible and so dreary. The essence of a childish friendship is primarily that one should have some fun, and nothing resembling fun ever seemed to pass between my father and his oldest and dearest friend. I do not know what I should have thought if I had been told that, not so many years before, my father, with youthful irritation at the precision of "Joe's" packing arrangements, and the length of time that they consumed, had slipped up-stairs in my grandmother's house, where they were both staying, and inserted the tongs, poker, and shovel into Lightfoot's portmanteau, that on his return to Cambridge he might find himself in a position at once painful and ridiculous, and be wholly unable to explain his violation of the rites of hospitality. But no such human reminiscence ever reached my ears. The only thing that brought him down to our level, except the presents he invariably bestowed on us, was the

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fact that he could be counted upon at intervals to become involved in excruciating paroxysms of laughter, in which his cries took on a shrill quality, quite at variance with his ordinary utterance, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. I can just remember in 1868 a long coach drive in South Wales, to a watering-place where we were all going for a summer holiday, during which Lightfoot sate immersed in a small red book, refusing to look at the scenery, and every now and then bursting into helpless explosions of laughter. This lasted the whole drive. The book was *Alice in Wonderland,* which had just appeared. Again, I can remember his examining with an air of polite sympathy a series of very grotesque caricatures of my mother represented in various capacities by a girl cousin of ours. He passed over a design for a stained-glass window, in which she figured as a saint, with an internal quiver. But when he came to a design for an equestrian statue in the Georgian style, the horse pawing the air, supported by a heavy post, and my mother represented with a look of infinite disdain, holding an extended roll of parchment, the familiar sounds arose, while he ejaculated between the throes, "She has caught the features . . . and idealized them!"

But, as a rule, Lightfoot was noted for an imperturbable silence. It has been said that he was painfully shy, and would have given much to be able to join in social conversation. That was not the impression he gave: he seemed quite content to be silent, and appeared to be preoccupied. There is a story that late in his life an American lady, to whom he was unknown, said to him on the platform of a Scotch station, pointing to a distinguished ecclesiastic: "I am told that the Bishop of Durham is in this train. Can you tell me if that tall handsome man is he?" "No, ma'am," said Lightfoot, "the Bishop of Durham is very short and plain." There was no doubt about the truth of the description. Lightfoot was ugly, not with a repellent or grotesque ugliness, but with an honest and straightforward plainness. He had a strong cast in his eye, so that one was never quite sure what he was regarding. The lower part of his face was very heavy, with a great under-hung jaw and thick lips. He looked, and was, a man of extraordinary determination. His body was sturdy and clumsy, and his rather small and dapper legs and feet seemed disproportioned to his weight. But this did not detract from the fact that at a function he bore

himself with a fine deliberate dignity, and had a stately uplifted look which gave one a sense of immense force and weight. But in ordinary life he was, as the rustics say, "no company." He did not even, as some silent people do, establish a sort of intimacy by kindly and humorous glances. He seldom looked at any one, and appeared unconscious of the presence of others. He always ate a hearty meal, and his habit of breathing only through his mouth added somehow to the sense of his solidity. He rarely spoke to us as children, yet he somehow contrived to give us a sense of great kindliness and even interest. I remember once, as an Eton boy, stopping him, as he came with his rather precise light walk down the aisle of St. Paul's, and not only receiving the warmest greeting, but being carried off to the Chapter House, where he lived, and being entertained at an abundant extemporized meal, with much silent good-will.

Lightfoot's friendship with my father began at school. He was born in 1828, the son of a Liverpool accountant, and after his father's death, his mother, who was the sister of J. V. Barber, the artist, migrated to Birmingham, her native town. Both my grandfather and Mrs. Lightfoot lived some little way out of Birmingham, and the two boys had an arrangement by which, on going in to school, the one who first came to a particular corner waited as long as he could, and if he went on alone was under a pledge to put a stone into a certain hole in the wall, to show that he had passed. Lightfoot was a popular humorous boy, extremely strong, but not athletic. The chief recreation which he and my father practised was to take immense pilgrimages on foot, on free days, to the surrounding towns and places of interest.

Lightfoot went up to Trinity in 1847, and read with Westcott, who was three years his senior; my father joined him a year later, and thus the triple friendship was formed.

My father and Lightfoot can hardly have been very normal undergraduates. They had certain fixed engagements. One was always to breakfast together on Sundays off a cold pie, and read the Fathers. I have lying before me as I write two thin books, bound in black leather, containing the services of the Canonical hours, from prime to compline, written out by the two friends—their handwriting was then strangely similar—and carefully rubricated with red initial letters. At least my father's copy has the initial letters. Lightfoot's copy has a few, but the task of mere ornamenta-

tion appears to have wearied him. They always met together the last thing, and said compline. The interesting point is that this was not, as it might easily have been, an æsthetic fancy, but a matter of serious and unaffected devotion. Lightfoot took the highest honors, and was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity in 1852, the tradition being that my father beat him in the examination, but that, being his junior, his election was deferred till the following year.

Lightfoot settled down to College work, was ordained, and became a tutor of the College in his twenty-ninth year.

He had intended to annotate the great Orestean trilogy of Æschylus, but this was gradually and happily abandoned for a work which was intended to comprise all the Pauline Epistles. His relation with his pupils was interesting and characteristic. Many of them never discovered that he was anything but a shy, silent, firm, and good-humored man. But there was a strong romantic fiber in Lightfoot's composition; he loved youth, and high spirits, and graceful demeanor, and the gaiety which he envied but could not emulate. He liked taking undergraduates on reading parties, and those who took courage to approach him confidently found themselves met with eager affection and unfeigned delight.

He became Hulsean Professor at the early age of thirty-three, and his lectures, contrary to custom, attracted large and enthusiastic audiences. It was a time of great theological disquiet and clerical animosity. The privileged monopoly of the Church of England was being actively assailed; but Lightfoot's good sense and deliberate toleration helped to keep things quiet at Cambridge. He never had the least touch of the *odium theologicum* about him, and treated denominational leanings, and even latitudinarian speculation, as matters of personal preference, not as objects of Pharisaical persecution. Being unaffectedly honest himself, he took the honesty of other people for granted. His career at Cambridge was one of quiet industry, unaffected devotion, and steadily increasing distinction. His physical strength and his power of work were enormous. He found time to teach, to write, to take a large part in administrative business, and was regarded with extraordinay respect and affection on all sides.

He refused the Bishopric of Lichfield in 1867 before he was forty. But he accepted a Canonry of St. Paul's in 1871, where he became a great and effective preacher, while he

added to his labors a membership of the Universities Commission in 1877, and was one of the Revisers of the New Testament. Indeed, it is certain that that revision, which has been so unfavorably criticised, bears the marks of Lightfoot's influence to a far larger degree than it bears the marks of any other individual mind, except perhaps of Westcott's. Lightfoot always adhered to his deliberate principles in the matter, and maintained that the objections made to the new text were almost entirely due to the unrecognized effect of mere familiarity with the old.

I recollect well how, in January, 1879, an urgent telegram arrived from Lightfoot to my father, who was then Bishop of Truro, and how he traveled down by night for a day of anxious conference. He had been offered the Bishopric of Durham by Lord Beaconsfield, and his face and demeanor testified to his extreme perplexity. None of his friends had the smallest doubt that it was his duty to accept, but he did not share their confidence. It meant for him giving up duties with which he was entirely familiar, and which no one doubted he was discharging with immense effectiveness. It meant his abandoning his life-work on the Pauline Epistles. He was, on the other hand, faced with the prospect of a task which was not wholly congenial. He knew that he had no social gifts: he had no power of saying deftly the pointed criticism or the appropriate compliment. He had lived entirely in academic circles; he knew nothing of the world. But he made his choice. He was rewarded by finding that he had an extraordinary aptitude for detailed administrative work, and that his sturdy good sense, his unpretentious simplicity, and his unfailing good-humor recommended him at once to the confidence and affection of the laity, high and low, of his great diocese, from the county magnate who could recognize a straightforward Christian gentleman, to the pitman who knew an honest man when he saw him.

The private background to his public life was a very delightful one. In the summer of 1879 I went up with my father to stay at Bishop-Auckland. I was fairly staggered by the immense princely mansion of florid Gothic, with its pleasaunce, its stone screens, its ranges of bedrooms, its vast throne-room where the old levées of the Prince-Bishops used to take place, and its stately chapel, rich in woodwork.

Lightfoot had established himself there with two young chaplains, both men of great social charm — the present

Bishop of Wakefield and the present Dean of Lichfield. He had, too, half a dozen theological students, young graduates, who lived a free and delightful life, half domestic, half collegiate. It was evident that he was enjoying himself to the full. He treated his young men with a charming indulgent fraternal affection, poking fun at them in his quiet way, and enjoying the free but respectful banter which he encouraged them to use. The young men read their books, were lectured by the chaplains, and worked in the neighboring pit villages. All the meals were taken in common, and he would receive no payment for their expenses. His large-handed generosity was indeed one of his most marked characteristics: money streamed from him, not only in small subscriptions, but in great princely gifts. Simple as he was, he liked the state of his great house. I remember driving once with him and my father through the disparked chase. At what seems to me now to have been an immense distance from the Castle, we passed a great solemn lodge-gate. "Yes, it is bewildering, but rather shocking," said Lightfoot, "to think that my personal domain extends as far as this!" Happy as his Cambridge time had been, I believe that the time of his episcopate was the happiest period of his life. His strength seemed equal to all demands, he organized the immense diocese with ease and success, he attracted devoted helpers to the North, he felt that he possessed the thorough confidence of his great flock, and he had the happy background of his college of friendly students.

Occasionally the sense of humor which lay at the back of his mind found a quiet vent. There is a delightful story of how a very loquacious and prolix gentleman came to stay with him at Auckland, and deluged the party with minute domestic details, referring to his own family circle. The Bishop followed his annals for a time, and then became lost in silent meditation. There suddenly alighted on a dish of oranges a large solitary bluebottle, which had often been noticed, apparently the only winter occupant, of its species, of the big dining-hall. The Bishop caught sight of it, and, fixing his eye-glass, cried out with delight: "Hullo, hullo! There's our fly! Look at him!" This effected a diversion, and the rest of the history had to be intrusted to subordinate ears.

But apart from his own circle he did not succeed in manifesting any particular social ease. The last time but one

that I saw him he came to stay at Addington. There were some visitors in the house, who were intensely curious to see him. I was with them in the drawing-room just before dinner, when the door was cautiously opened, and a large head was inserted. The Bishop, having thus ascertained that it was the right place, screwed his eye-glass into his eye, advanced into the room in his precise manner, and took up a position on the hearth-rug in absolute silence. I presented the eager visitors. He shook hands in silence, and stared at the chandelier. I did what I could, but he was obdurate, and did not utter a word until the other guests appeared.

In 1888 he had a sudden breakdown in health, the result of symptoms disregarded and the immense strain of his work. He went to Braemar for a holiday, where I saw him for the last time. I went to the hotel where he was staying, which had two projecting bow-windows at each end of the front. The first-floor windows on each side were open. As we approached, I saw that Lightfoot was standing at one, looking out on the drive, while at the other was visible the noble head, with its finely cut features, its sanguine tinge, adorned by Olympian curls, of Sir Frederick Leighton. It was a strange contrast: both men were invalided, and by the same complaint. I was much shocked at Lightfoot's appearance: he looked aged, frail, and broken. He was thin and drawn—the ghost of his former self. His eyes seemed to be larger, and had a fixed and suffering stare. I never saw a man with death so legibly written in his face; and he had, too, a distressing apathy and languor about him, very different from his old sturdy cheerfulness. It is a grievous pity that the great portraits of him, by Sir W. B. Richmond, at Auckland and Trinity, record this last enfeebled stage.

I have no thought of trying here to estimate the range and worth of Lightfoot's exegetical work. What I wish to bring out is the tone and character of his mind, and the spirit in which he labored. The principle on which he worked at the Pauline Epistles seems simple and obvious enough when it is once forcibly stated. The surprising thing is that it had never been so clearly stated and pursued before. Previous commentators on St. Paul had worked from a standpoint of classical Greek; they had been brought up and nourished, that is to say, on a language which had reached its full perfection four or five hundred years before St. Paul wrote. The result was that they thought of the Pauline or

Hellenistic Greek as to a certain extent a debased and degraded language, which had seen its best days and had no unimpeachable monuments of literary taste to recommend it. They recognized, of course, that it was in a sense an altered language, with a different terminology, different usages, and with transmuted literary values and nuances. But the perfection of the masterpieces of the golden age of Attic Greek had so sunk into their minds that they could not put themselves at the new angle. They thought of St. Paul, perhaps not quite consciously, as of a man whose intention it was to use Attic Greek, but in whose case the purity of the language at its best had been vitiated by an unfortunate deterioration of usage. The very terms he used, the nouns and adjectives denoting abstract qualities, appeared to them to retain their earlier significance and to connote the earlier ideas. Of course the surprising thing is that the language, in so long a lapse of time, had on the whole altered so little, and that very fact tended to augment the error.

Lightfoot's position was that St. Paul was using a perfectly definable language, with an absolutely distinct and ascertainable terminology of its own, and that he was using it with all the skill of a literary artist, who knew quite well what he was about and expressed with entire lucidity and force what he intended to say. Lightfoot's view, then, was that one must not read the writings of St. Paul through classical spectacles, but that one must endeavor, by comparison of his language with contemporary Hellenistic Greek, to ascertain what the words he was using did actually mean to him and to his contemporaries. Lightfoot had been brought up in the school of Prince Lee, and had imbibed from the first a method of precise verbal analysis. But he was not, like Westcott, misled by any strain of poetical fancy. A writer like St. Paul, who is anxious to prove his points in a dialectical way, and to work out definite trains of thought, does not use words in a mystical and poetical sense, haunted with a consciousness of their history and tradition. He does not, as a poet might, desire to reproduce a vague atmosphere of remote associations, but to make an intricate and subtle matter as clear as possible to his readers. Westcott was almost hampered by the knowledge of what words and tenses might have meant, or had meant, at an earlier stage in the literary history of Greek. But Lightfoot, with the admirable common sense and hard-

headedness that characterized him, saw that St. Paul was using contemporary Greek in such a way as to make his meaning absolutely intelligible to his followers. And the result was that Lightfoot was able to follow and to reproduce the exact thought in St. Paul's mind, in a way in which it had never been analyzed before. Thus his paraphrases of the Pauline argument, though they have little literary grace, are perfectly invaluable to all who desire to see what was the line of argument which St. Paul was pursuing.

In one respect it is possible that this method affected him unduly. Any one who has studied the Authorized Version of the Scriptures in connection with the Greek, will know that the Jacobean translators used a considerable variety of English words to translate the same word in Greek, and they seem to have been guided more by the metrical euphony of the translation than by strict linguistic interpretation. Lightfoot was very strongly in favor of the same word in English being invariably used for the same word in Greek. The principle is on the whole sound; but the correspondence can never be quite exact. Sometimes the original Greek word will have a more extended range of meaning than the corresponding English word, and *vice versa,* and sometimes it may happen that a word is used in one special aspect in a particular passage which may not correspond to its more general equivalent in English. The principle is no doubt right in the main, though it may be possible to defend a certain elasticity of exceptions.

There was one special point in Lightfoot's theological work which needs a word. He is often quoted as an instance of a writer of impeccable accuracy who admitted that Episcopacy was not part of the primitive order of the Church. It is an entire misunderstanding. Lightfoot believed and taught that Episcopacy was an Apostolical institution — Monarchical Episcopacy, as it is called, apart from mere presidential functions. He referred the probable establishment of it to the closing years of St. John's life, and to his personal sanction. What he did teach was that it was subsequent to the establishment of the Priesthood, and grew naturally out of it as a consistent development of Church authority. He more than once made a public contradiction of the misunderstanding, which, for all that, had and has a curious persistence.

But, speaking generally, the whole of Lightfoot's ex-

egetical work is marked by certain main characteristics—detachment, neutrality, historical insight. He showed in the first place an admirable common sense, almost of the nature of genius. He never had the slightest touch of the advocate about his writings. He went to the Pauline Epistles with the desire of finding out what they actually meant, not to confirm what they were expected to mean, or what they had been understood to mean, and still less with any idea of making them express what he himself wished to believe. His tone was like a clear and fresh wind blowing through the mist of ecclesiastical prepossessions and traditions, which it was thought unsafe to disturb. He had no fear of insecurity or uncertainty. His work was to interpret a great writer with transparent honesty, not to accentuate the bias which had been imported into his words by writers whose creed was more definite than their scholarship.

And from one ecclesiastical quality he was wholly and entirely free. He had no touch of the doctrinaire about him. He was really and truly tolerant. He was not in the least impatient or contemptuous of opinions contrary to his own, so long as they were founded upon sound and laborious investigation. What put him in a superior position was the pre-eminent patience and the candor of his own work. It may be possible to take up the position that St. Paul was mistaken, or that he had not sufficient data before him to form his conclusions; but it is hardly possible to disagree with Lightfoot as to what the data were from which St. Paul worked, or what the actual conclusions were which he did, as a matter of fact, draw from them. It is not too much to say that Lightfoot got as near to the mind of a writer of high and inspired genius as it is possible to get.

Perhaps the only one of Lightfoot's writings in which there is any touch of controversial animus is the refutation which he published of a book which appeared in 1874, entitled *Supernatural Religion,* which professed to show that there was no miraculous element in Christianity, that miracles are indeed antecedently incredible, that the evidence obtainable from the Apostolic period is untrustworthy, and that the four Gospels have no sufficient warrant for their reputed date and authorship. Lightfoot considered the criticisms in the book loose, pretentious, and full of errors, and he thought that " a cruel and unjustifiable attack " was made in the book on a very dear friend, to whom he was attached

"by the most sacred, personal and theological ties." The book had attracted a good deal of attention, because it was believed to be the work of a prominent and respected Bishop. But it is characteristic of Lightfoot's affectionate and generous nature that the one and only time that any note of personal severity appears in his writings was when it was induced by his chivalrous affection for a companion and friend.

Of course it is useless to pretend that scientific observation and the application of the scientific method has not put religious controversy within the last fifty years on very different lines from those on which it had been hitherto conducted. Formerly, when the historical basis of Christianity was not substantially doubted, religious controversy mainly concerned itself with the interpretation rather than with the origin of Christian documents. Now, when the history of testimony and evidence generally, and the investigation of its psychological basis, is better understood, the tendency is not so much to impugn the *bona fides* of the writers of early records, as to believe that their observation and their opportunities of investigating evidence were at fault. The important thing is for the defenders of orthodox Christianity to approach the documentary evidence in a spirit of open-minded candor, to make it clear what earlier writers actually said and wrote, and to establish as far as possible their substantial accuracy. In the first heyday of scientific opposition to religious claims, the tendency was to deride and to dismiss the whole of the miraculous element as a mixture of credulity and pious invention. But now, when the borderline between the normal and the abnormal seems less clearly ascertained, the controversy assumes a more scientific aspect. The opponents of religious belief are inclined now to say, not "We can accept no record of miraculous events as genuine," but rather, "Show us for certain that the miraculous events recorded are indisputably true, and we will regard them as manifestations of a natural force of an abnormal character, which are then the outcome of definite laws, which we will proceed to investigate." What is demanded is that supernatural forces should not be regarded as purely arbitrary and fortuitous, but that they should be looked upon as the symptoms of a definite if unknown force, and as such be added to the phenomena which it is man's business to investigate. The whole province of psychology

which deals with imagination and opinion requires still to be scientifically surveyed. We are as yet only on the threshold of that region.

The work which Lightfoot did was the putting of certain phenomena, certain products of the human mind, certain recorded experiences of a bygone age, in a perfectly clear and pure light. If theologians had always worked in that spirit, and not in the spirit of the partisan fighting to confirm foregone conclusions, the strife would have lost much of its bitterness.

But, after all, the most remarkable fact in the career of Lightfoot is that, after accepting the See of Durham with real misgiving and something of considerable, though godly, fear, he became so instantly and even blithely at home there. Partly it was the intense relief at finding himself able, without effort and reluctance, to do the work of the See easily and with dignity. Every one, it is said, ought to have a complete and entire change of habits and work at least once in a lifetime. This was Lightfoot's great change; and there is probably a physical justification for it. From using the scholarly and erudite lobes of the brain, he passed to the work of organization, to financial schemes, to public activities. He made acquaintance with new faces and with a totally different kind of persons from those who had peopled the academical seclusion in which he had lived. His romantic and paternal sympathy with youth made him take great delight in his Confirmation work. He liked the pitmen, and their shrewd critical welcome. He liked the clergy of his diocese, and the sensible, kindly laymen of his County Palatine. If he did not talk easily to them, they, on the other hand, found it easy to talk to the great scholar, who turned out to be so simple and unaffected a man. He established a marvelous hold over them. When he produced a great scheme for Church extension, it was thought that he would receive but little support; but when thirty thousand pounds had been subscribed in the room, on the occasion of the first meeting, a bewildered critic said, "The Diocese has gone mad." It proved a sustained and reasonable madness! My impression as a boy, when I saw him at Auckland, was that he was in high spirits, and enjoying himself with an effervescence of cheerfulness such as I had never seen him exhibit before; instead of being, as I had seen him to be when the decision was pending, an anxious and care-worn

man, he seemed alert and lively, overflowing with good-humor and enjoyment. He was among his young men like a busy man taking a holiday. He was proud of his magnificent house, and had a simple and frank pleasure in the state of his great position. There was a pompous Bishop of Bristol in the eighteenth century who was fond of stating that he was a peer of the realm, with the addition of the unctuous formula, "God knows how unworthy!" Lightfoot did not labor under a sense of unworthiness. If those whose task it was to find the worthiest occupant of the See had decided that he could adequately fill it, and if the friends who knew him best had confirmed their choice, he was content to do his best. There is no sort of doubt that those years of joyful strength and activity were the happiest years of his life. Some of his friends were surprised, and even pained, that he could transfer his interests so whole-heartedly from Cambridge to his Northern See; they had half hoped that he would have hankered after the old collegiate days and the academical attitude, as the sailor at sea longs for the green fields of home. But he did not show the slightest disposition to regret his choice; and his dear friend and successor, Bishop Westcott, summed up the situation by saying that he was delighted to find that Cambridge was forgotten by Lightfoot, and wisely forgotten, and that he recognized in Lightfoot, in his new life, the same true comrade and wise friend, only all translated into a larger scale. When, after his great breakdown in health, Lightfoot returned for too short a time to work, he made a statement on the subject in a public speech of almost sublime manliness. He then hoped that he had regained, or would regain, his old vigor; but he said, boldly and frankly, that if his overwork had meant a sacrifice of life, he would not have regretted it for a moment: "I should not have wished to recall the past, even if my illness had been fatal. For what, after all, is the individual life in the history of the Church? Men may come and men may go—individual lives float down like straws on the surface of the waters till they are lost in the ocean of eternity; but the broad, mighty, rolling stream of the Church itself—the cleansing, purifying, fertilizing tide of the River of God—flows on for ever and ever."

That is really the secret of happiness — to dare to subordinate life and personal happiness and individual performance to an institution or a cause, and to be able to lose

sight of petty aims and selfish considerations in the joy of manly service.

And then there is another point which must be emphasized —that Lightfoot, in his utterances about life, always subordinated the sense of the duty of work to the sense of the pleasure of work. This is one of the simple secrets of life that is constantly overlooked in surveying the lives of others. We know, most of us, that we enjoy our own work—*le travail, il n'y a que ça!*—but we have seldom enough imagination to transfer the sense of our own enjoyment into the view we take of the work of others. We are too apt to think of work, if not on our own lines, with a sense of compassion and wonder that people can be so much absorbed in what seems dreary and uninteresting. This is particularly the case with erudition. We are apt to think of the laborious investigator as a man sustained by an incomprehensible standard of duty. We should rather think of him as a man engaged in so beloved a pursuit, so congenial an exercise of mind, that his one danger is that of excessive indulgence in an activity that is both desirable and adorable. The spirit of enjoyment is visible in the whole of Lightfoot's work. To make a complicated position perfectly clear, to ransack every possible source of information, to leave something absolutely complete, is one of the very highest and most overmastering of intellectual pleasures. And this pleasure was in Lightfoot's case infinitely heightened by the extraordinary candor and fairness of his mind, so that he never approached a question with the desire to emphasize his own predispositions, but simply to present the facts as truthfully as possible.

The impression, then, that the life of Lightfoot leaves upon the mind is of a man of immense mental power, wholly freed, by a large tranquillity of outlook and a remarkable balance of physical faculties, from any of those troublesome individualistic traits which are apt to haunt the path of the intellectual man.

He was wholly free from morbidity, vanity, jealous suspicion, and caprice; and, what is even more rare, he had no tendency to oversubtlety, no aloofness of view, no exaggerated respect for intellectual distinction. Men nurtured in academic influences are apt to be lacking in imaginative sympathy for those whose mental processes are simpler and more restricted, and are inclined to rate purely intellectual

capacity, apart from character, too high among the motive forces of the world. Lightfoot never made any such mistakes. He valued men for their moral qualities rather than for their mental performances. His own work was more a moral than an artistic process, and depended more upon patience, clear-headedness, and industry than upon brilliance or suggestiveness. He had little of Westcott's poetry and speculative intentness; he had hardly any of my father's passionate love of ecclesiastical tradition and sacred associations. He had little instinct for emphasizing either the beauty of holiness or the holiness of beauty. Rightness of conduct, justice, purity, laboriousness, were the qualities he valued best and practised most. He was held by some to be unappreciative of the work of others, and sparing of his praise; the fact was that he cared nothing for applause himself and detested compliments, and he did not realize that others could value what seemed to him to be unmeaning and uncomfortable civilities.

But all this makes him, perhaps, the strongest witness that this generation has seen to the vital and literal truth of Christianity. The Christian faith is so bound up with the history, the passionate hopes, the great affections of men, that idealistic natures are apt to make light of the critical difficulties which surround its origin, in the light of its splendid successes, its emblazoned roll of heroes. Again, the surpassing beauty and sweetness of the Gospel story, and its profound appeal to the sensibilities of peace-loving hearts, is apt to cause a surrender of reason and logical exactness in the minds of those who are reduced to despair by the stupidities and brutalities of humanity, and the intolerable delays that beset the path of emotional progress.

But Lightfoot brought to his consideration of the origins and records of Christianity a sturdy, lucid, and prosaic mind, absolutely fearless and candid, incapable of any sacrifice of truth and reasonableness. His faith was neither mystical nor symbolical; it was plain, direct, and sensible. Through nebulous tradition, through the distortions of biased partisans, through obscure and unverifiable testimony, he discerned and realized the actuality of the central figure of Christianity. His reason was never dragged at the chariot wheels of adoration; he worshipped because he believed, and he believed because his reason was satisfied. It is impossible to suspect Lightfoot of any concession to opinion or

sentiment. He was a man of profound and balanced intellect; and he deduced with an almost mathematical exactness from the first recorded ripples of Christian thought the divine energy of the central spring. If a man with Lightfoot's quality of mind had been a determined opponent of Christianity, there would have been countless doubters who would have sheltered themselves under his ægis. Yet he would have been the last to desire that any living man should have pinned his faith upon the faith of another. He had no taste for leadership, no desire for personal domination; he did not desire any credit for his services to truth, nor did he wish to be admired and applauded for presenting an interesting and attractive theory of religious orthodoxy. There was nothing which he preached so constantly or practised so firmly as the duty of tolerance, of adaptability, of respect for sincere if hostile opinion; and thus he became a witness for Christian truth whom it is in the highest degree unphilosophical to overlook or disregard.

Like James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, so Lightfoot might have said of the faith, with the Psalmist of old, "I bear up the pillars of it." It is, of course, the last thing he would have either said or thought! It was not that he undervalued his work or depreciated its importance. He simply had neither the time nor the taste for the garlands and the trumpets of life. He worked among the sheepfolds with the same integrity, diligence, and kindliness as he used when he came into his kingdom; and he passed through life very much as Mr. Greatheart accompanied the pilgrims, loving the work he was sent to do, with an amused tenderness for the young and weak, a sturdy self-confidence that was neither rash nor egotistical, and a very practical dexterity in dealing with the giants who encumber, now as then, the road to the city of God.

Arthur C. Benson.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

ART IN NORTHERN ITALY. By CORRADO RICCI. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

ABOUT a year ago the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW had occasion, in considering Sir William Armstrong's book on *Art in Great Britain and Ireland,* to commit itself to the opinion that he was a bold man who would set out to deal with all the art of the British Isles in one little volume, however compact and pithy. Now comes a new volume in the same series written by the Director-General of Fine Arts and Antiquities in Italy, and the two questions come up again—of the real value of just this sort of book, and of the merit of the particular work. The series has a clumsy name: *Ars Una: Species Mille,* with "General History of Art" for subtitle merely, and boasts simultaneous appearance in America and England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. M. Reinach's *Apollo* seems to have given the idea for the whole; a small volume sown through with tiny pictures on an average of two to a page that can teach the uninformed to identify famous works of art and give him a general notion of what he wants to read more about. Now the *Apollo* is a capital little book, for it is really general; it can lay down principles and point out relations; it overlooks so much that, though the scale is diminutive, it keeps just proportion. A man can discuss art in three hundred pages very effectually.

British art, which came next, not only afforded in Sir William Armstrong's hands an effectual book, it constituted, whether he would admit it or not, a homogeneous material. Although since the Carolingian age British art has been, not indeed provincial, but still the art of a little pool or backwater, with currents apart from the main stream, but always fed from it, yet, on the other hand, it has been strongly racial from the start until now, from the earliest manuscript illumination to the end of the pre-Raphaelite movement: from the carved angels in the spandrels of Lincoln, the paneled walls of Westminster, the Tudor and Stuart portraits, the Augustan and Georgian landscapes, to the latest canvas by Englishman or Scotchman or Irishman, all the art has borne the image and superscription of the Anglo-Saxon temperament. Therefore, certain propositions could be affirmed of the art as a whole, certain influences pointed out and tendencies traced, and the author of such a book has his work cut out to do well or ill. As we said before, we earnestly repeat that the distinguished director of the Dublin Gallery, barring a few fantasies of his own, approved his boldness and did it delightfully. But northern Italy is another matter.

It would be easy enough to write a history of art in Italy; more than

once it has been done. The Italian race is a real entity that expresses itself from Palermo to Verona, from Taranto to Vercelli. But once give up that common ground of identity and of glory, renounce that larger purview and commence parceling out the great whole into an unknown number of fragments, then from no point of view can the subject of this book be called homogeneous. Ravenna, Genoa, Venice, Ferrara, Milan, Forlì, Bologna, Turin, and the rest have no common term except the present monarchy and the ancient Italian stock. Neither geographically, ethnologically, nor historically can like things be affirmed of these. Venice and Genoa were both seafaring republics, but the one learned her art from the East and the South, the other from the North. In the Renaissance, as now, Venetian women bear little likeness to Milanese or to Romagnoles. Even in the land under the sway of the house of Sforza, the best of the Milanese drew their nurture from Tuscany, like parts of the Emilia from Umbria. The architecture of Piedmont is so closely allied with that of Savoy just over the mountain passes, that an eminent scholar has made a common name for it all and called it "Alpine"; the architecture of Ravenna has no close parallel and is literally unique; so is the city architecture of Venice, and the real unit and characteristic type which we call Lombard and which does appear unmistakably or with modifications pretty nearly over the whole area that this book covers, the author rather perversely refuses to recognize. He insists in submerging it in "the great Romanesque activity at that time common to the whole of central Europe." Why drag in Europe? Our author is not writing a history of Europe, though that if difficult would at least be possible.

It seems, however, that such a history of northern Italy is not possible. Lost causes and ambitions irrealizable are admirable in conduct, they are the salt of character, but in things of the mind we call them something else. Where the choice is free we do not expect a man to cobble up, however cleverly, what cannot be done well. No one is to be praised for doing an imperfect thing as well as he can. He should have withheld his hand. He might in this case have made the work smaller or larger; devoted it to Ferrara, which cries aloud for attention, or to Italy; then it need not have been tangled and patched and scrappy.

That said, what remains to pronounce for or against the small handy volume and its learned author? Praise, first of all, not only for the real learning, but for the intimate first-hand acquaintance. It is written with the eye on the object, and wherever the stream of names and dates is stayed for a moment of criticism the apprehension is direct and vivid. Corrado Ricci is probably the most eminent living Italian connoisseur. He holds a high place; he has been decorated; he has written and edited and studied; he is a patriot with learning and enthusiasm. What more could the exacting critic ask? One thing is lacking, a rare elusive and subtle thing which those who lack it never miss. The eighteenth century named it taste. Our own usually describes it as a sense for quality. Our evidence of this want is that the author does not distinguish sufficiently between second-rate men and tenth-rate men and between great centers of great art and small centers of insignificant art. Another is that he frankly and unmistakably prefers the Baroque in architecture and painting to Romanesque, and Gothic to quattrocento or cinquecento or anything

which is simple, earlier, and, as we usually say, purer—more naïve, more spontaneous, more restrained, more severe.

There are even a few examples of enthusiasm running away with learning, notably in dealing with Milan, worth correcting simply because errors are so few. The chapter on Leonardo has many merits, not least of which is the scrap of history with which it opens and the sentence so Italian and so admirable on the ideal of the Renaissance. It does less credit to his connoisseurship than any other. He should not have attributed the London copy of the *Virgin of the Rocks* to Leonardo underneath the illustration when he repudiated it in the text; still less should be have attributed to Leonardo the Florence Annunciation. An ounce of discrimination in the absence of prejudice can show any one, even in the bad little half-tone, that the Virgin who sits on the knees of S. Anne (in the Louvre) is not by Leonardo's hand, and an intimate knowledge of the work of Cesare da Sesto should make it easy to name the hand. Patriotism plays him a worse trick in the case of Milan Cathedral, where in a fatal moment he sets down that "Gian Galeazzo began the mighty work in 1386 and in the construction Italians and foreigners worked in harmony. Andrea degli Organi from Modena first constructed a model of the church and his son Filippino became later the chief architect. . . ." This is not quite ingenuous nor is it the whole account of that extraordinary fabric. The uninstructed reader could not guess how bad it is or how long and how futile the building of it was. These may be matters of opinion in part; the sentence just quoted is matter of fact. The fact is, and documents show it, that a cabal of local architects in Milan for two or three centuries were perfectly incapable of building the cathedral and perfectly unwilling to let any foreigner build it. They commenced, indeed, and when, after two years, they called a Frenchman they learned all they could and dismissed him, but after thirteen months called in a German. Then Giovannino de' Grossi tried his hand, and they had to get Henry of Gmünd, whom after a year they hunted out on a charge of fraud, and with French and German workmen went on for a few years from his drawings. Again at a standstill, they got Ulrich of Füssinger for five months only. This was in 1395. In 1399 they wrote to Paris for three men. Of these the man from Bruges would not stay, the man from Normandy would not come; the third, Jean Mignot, seems to have been sensible and determined. The history of his twenty-seven months in Milan is delicious reading; the accusation and appeals, the Archbishop's part and the Duke's. Mignot said the building was not safe; the local board cared nothing for that, for they said, "Art is one thing, Science another." Mignot had the last word there; he replied, axiomatically, "Without science there is no art." But he had to go, and in less than a year the local board invited Wenceslas of Prague down, who promised, but did not come—and so the tale runs on. In 1481 the vaulting was defective and the roof leaked, but both were in place, and Gian Galeazzo, the Duke, was casting about for foreign architects to raise the lantern. Foreign architects had grown wary. They all declined. He tried to borrow from Strasburg; finally, Johann Nexemperger accepted on his own terms—*viz.*, that he should bring all his own stonecutters, carpenters, and blacksmiths, with the exactest specifications about wages, supplies, etc. In two years he threw up the job and most of his men tramped home again. Too long a story is this, even so briefly indicated,

for the book perhaps, yet it could be less well spared than the pages on the Caracci or the later Genoese.

Indeed, the meager space allowed to architecture is one of the grave faults of disproportion, but the whole work is rather out of scale. For example, sculpture and architecture of Liguria take up fifteen pages, precisely the amount allotted to the story of the same arts in Venice up to the time of Sammichele and Sansovino. Liguria and Piedmont together get, all told, forty-nine pages, as against fifty-seven for Venice, a bare eight pages to stand for all the supremacy of Venetian painting and all the distinction of Venetian palaces! So, again, within this, Venetian painting after Tintoretto gets the longest chapter, nineteen pages; and only seventeen pages go to the chapter which embraces everything except the primitives and the school of the Bellini, which covers the splendors of painting from Giorgione to Tintoretto. The treatment of Venetian art chiefly by schools regardless of date, introduces no little confusion, Bissolo and Girolamo di Santacroce coming before Giorgione. Moreover, it gives a false impression, for in the sea-girt city of Venice every one influenced every one else. The indiscriminate mass of names and dates is another element of confusion without apparent reason; the scholarly are already familiar with these or know where to look them up; and would infinitely prefer a little more characterization and, above all, a little of that selection which itself would mark and distinguish, while the uninstructed could only read over in bewilderment the unfamiliar and indistinguishable names, surnames, and nicknames.

It is not precisely clear for whom the book is primarily intended; those who know or those who do not know. For either kind the bibliography appended to each chapter can be praised without reservation as full, clear, and brought up to the present epoch with the best of the articles in journals and reviews. The index is likewise full and seems free from error, but the text is disfigured in places with cross-references which refer to nothing of importance and might have been relegated to the index. The translator, whose name the publishers do not supply, may be accountable here and there for traps laid for the unlearned and the unwary; for using *but* where *and* is wanted that plays havoc with the sense; for distributing one figure, like Crivelli, into two of the crowded paragraphs which hold each four or five different figures; and for presenting occasionally a string of statements with no general conclusion (*e. g.*, pp. 154-5) where only those who know the answer already, so to speak, could perceive what they all pointed to. Of obvious mistranslations, too, there are a few proceeding from ignorance either of the idiom of the language or of the general use of cultivated people. Leonardo when he returned from Milan and Florence did not go to his native land, for all Italy is that. Other instances are *Jacobello de Flor* and *di Flor*, the virgin known as *della Roccie*, and S. Bernard of *Chiaravalle*, but, on the whole, these are remarkably few. Probably not to the translator, but to the momentary fatigue of the overtaxed expositor we must charge a few sentences which frankly make bosh; like "a tempera painting broad and impressive in style, but of such rugged realism that we cannot but wonder it should be the work of the same hand as the frescoes in the Schifanoia." It could be by no other hand. He does not mean that; the difference is less by far than that between "Samson Agonistes" and "Comus"; or take this: "Boccaccino is more

especially to be recognized by the expression of gentle amazement in the luminous eyes of his personages"; these only occur when his interest flags. But what he meant by calling Crivelli "a man of aristocratic temper who combined magnificence with elegance and gaiety" is a harder question. Few lovers of Crivelli would agree to it.

In a book of this sort the connoisseur wants opinions, the learner wants facts. In brief, both want ideas. Ideas are rarer than facts in these pages. The most striking one is that the author holds a brief for the *baroque* style. He says: "The Middle Ages may be regarded as the winter-time of art, the Renaissance as the spring; the *baroque* period was in very truth the summer, with its heat, its dense vegetation, its hurricanes, and, we may perhaps add, with its languor." "Even if we condemn the conception and form of individual works we must recognize its perfect and superb decorative propriety and its vivid and vital portraiture." Now there can be only two reasons for praising that entirely objectionable style; sheer dearth of matter and desperate desire for eccentricity, or a liking perfectly genuine, but in no way laudable. Signor Ricci is sincere, and we can only regret that he wastes his admiration and his space, for when he does touch on a great age he can do something admirable and when he pauses he can say something happy—the pages, for instance, on the castles and courts of the Emilia or the note on Pavia: "Like Oxford in relation to London and Padua in relation to Venice, the Lombard city flourished as an asylum of peace for those devoted to study. The favor of political and commercial life, the animation of the populace and the tyranny of luxury, made it desirable in Milan, as in London and in Venice, to fix the seat of learning away from the tumultuous and self-indulgent center."

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING. By FREDERICK KEPPEL. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

The new book by Mr. Keppel, "which contains the collected writings of a lifetime and nearly all on one subject," as he says himself in the preface, is, like that of last year, before all else the expression of a personality. Of his essay on *The Golden Age of Engraving,* reprinted as a pamphlet from *Harper's Magazine* in the later seventies with its ineffectual clumsy woodcuts, a good many copies must survive among the dusty piles of cherished pamphlets that every collector stores away; and some of the other essays, like that on Meryon, have long held honorable place on the collector's shelves among the other charming Keppel booklets. But a great part of the volume must be new to most readers, many of the illustrations a surprise to all. They afford a fresh pleasure at every return. It is not too much to say that they are altogether admirable. If there were no other reason to prize this volume they would make it a permanent and secure delight. Such blacks as in Waltner's *Philosopher* or Cameron's *Gateway, Bruges;* or Cousin's *Master Lambton;* such atmosphere as in Pennell's *Toledo Bridge,* or Legro's *Canal* or Whistler's *Nocturnes Palaces;* such force as in Legro's *Dalou* or Bracquemond's *Legros;* such plastic quality as in the portrait of Edmond de Goncourt or MacLaughlan's *Cypress Grove* one does not expect except from the precious print itself. It is a book on which to form one's taste: to learn first to love prints and then to understand them. Mere collecting, brutal possession, has

small place in it. Knowledge, discrimination, sensitiveness—nothing is wanting to form the amateur in the old and noble sense of the word. Rarer and more desirable even than the proof priceless of Rembrandt Leaning on a Sword, of which only four impressions are known to exist, is the personality that informs it, that tempts one to affirm not only that nothing in the world matters except the kind of person you are, but even to go on and assert that this is the only kind of person to be. The indifference to mere ownership is so characteristic, the slight stress on mere rarity, the constant emphasis on sheer beauty. The passion for perfection breathes through it, the insatiable delight in all the various loveliness of dry-point and line engraving, mezzotint and etching. The personal talk is as fresh and wholesome as an old man's cheek and flavored like a winter apple. The temper is genial, but crisp like an October morning. One wishes there were more of the personal talk. One wants to know more about early print-selling in New York long ago and singing in Trinity choir. Through these pages blow airs as from an elder world and a larger life; the prints, the verse, the music, would fill up not unworthily days in the city of Mr. Pepys or of Sir Joshua or of Charles Lamb. Has that rare gift we call charm grown all but extinct that we should be so grateful to meet it again? Charm and taste and wit—how can we not be grateful to meet them again, married as they are to learning and *expertise*? *Naïveté* which is never fatuous, wit which is never insolent, familiarity which is never tedious—who is to do justice to these? The world owes Mr. Keppel an incomparable biography, but wherever else could be found a nature apt enough and happy enough to write the biography? In truth, the author owes the world a biography and free play for the kindly humor and the witty charity that have watched life go by so beautifully.

> "Plain human speech, some simple law of life,
> A little tillage, household arts a few;
> The law of rectitude o'ercoming strife,
> Things clean and sane, the simple and the true."

It is impossible to leave the subject of wit without quoting some bits from the essay entitled *Pitfalls for Translators*—dry, discreet, and irresistible. The essay, it should be said, offers simply the correct rendering of some French words frequently mistranslated. "*Avis,* not advice, but opinion. Also a public notice or warning or the prefatory note to a book. *Brave,* honest, worthy, good-hearted, not necessarily courageous. *Bureau,* an office for the transaction of business, never a chest of drawers. *Caractère,* one's natural temper or disposition, not one's reputation or moral qualities. *Condition,* a person's state in life. Never means the state of preservation or completeness of a thing. *Défense,* a formal interdiction or prohibition, not the defending of a thing. *Honnête,* civil, well-mannered. *Malhonnête,* uncivil, rude, *probité,* is the French equivalent for honesty. *Instruction,* often the legal inquiring into a crime. *Malin,* not malign, but sharp and clever. *Misère,* extreme poverty only. The word does not describe other sorts of misery. *Note,* a bill, an account to be paid; never a short letter. *Offre,* a gift, an offering. *Offrir* means to give unconditionally. *Prétendre,* to assert formally, to claim as a right. This word (a specially dangerous one to some translators) never means to simulate. *Sacre* rarely means

sacred, much oftener means cursed. *Spirituelle* (as an adjective), witty, intellectually delicate and expert. This word can rarely be translated spiritual." Selection is hard. One would like to transcribe the whole and offer it as a test for delicate perception of irony. One more must suffice. "*Vacation,* the time occupied by some public function. The word never means a holiday."

The Whistler Book. By Sadakichi Hartmann. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1910.

"*The Whistler Book.* A Monograph of the Life and Position in Art of James McNeill Whistler, together with a Careful Study of his more Important Works" and "with fifty-seven reproductions of Mr. Whistler's most important works," is all that the title-page promises and, further, is interesting in more ways than the author suspects. Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann writes a better English than the average American, but when he makes a slip he has no way to know it and is at the mercy of his printer. A friend should read his proofs not only to weed out such obvious misprints as "*Les Hortenses Bleus*" and *Meyrion* for Meryon, Mr. *Watts-Denton,* and *ex-patriots* (this last is deliciously to the point!), but to correct the places where the dropping or intrusion of a little word has spoiled the sense; "he was one of the (most) true fearless champions that art ever had," or "his drawing (of a) coat gave him infinite trouble," or "no one ever shrank more from (the) thought or the mention of death." Again, at times the diction is inadequate to the thought. "He at all times practised more 'manner' than manners; his language had at times an irritating touch of rudeness and coarseness." The upshot is that no one can be sure of himself in a language he was not born to. Mr. Hartmann conveys his meaning, and it behooves no man to smile at the expression lest he wonder in his own heart how many times he has insulted his hosts abroad or his guests at home when he was meaning to be civil or witty or graceful in a strange tongue.

Though he writes as an American, Mr. Hartmann brings a foreigner's way to other matters than the English idiom. He has the inestimable advantage of understanding the art of the East as well as that of the West, and he has a new and good point of view. He admires Whistler, for instance, extravagantly, but not blindly. On the contrary, his simplicity and candor are amazing. The passage about the manners is one example or that in which he says, "He was somewhat of a snob and a *précieux* like his friend Comte Montesquiou," and another is the phrase about "his colossal vanity and egotism." A disciple so downright is rather terrifying. But his praise is ardent, and though sometimes keyed pretty high rarely on analysis proves quite so extravagant as it sounds. "He will always live in the history of art as being the first man who combined the beauties of Eastern design with the principles of Western art" is probably true. So is the paragraph that precedes it: "What is most to be admired technically in Whistler is the frugality, the thinness of his brush-work; that, despite the low pitch and flatness of his color tints, reveals an astounding variety, subtlety, and virility, a vibrancy that seems to radiate from the canvas. For unobtrusiveness of paint Whistler has few rivals. In comparison with him Monet seems a plebeian and Sargent a sleight-of-hand performer. He combines the fanaticism of a perfect technique with the search for truth

and a desire to create new sensations and expresses our breathless modern life with all its intricate moods."

Another striking difference between Mr. Hartmann's book and most of the same sort is the lavish use of ideas. He has, to be sure, to draw on from the outset the whole store of Japanese art. The chapter on "The Art of Omission" and that called "The Butterfly" are full of criticism and interpretation of Japanese artists. Such a bit as the following may be a commonplace across the world, but to us it explains something. "The Japanese used colors in combinations that seem strange and unusual to us. They did not seem to care about any complementary laws, but introduced yellow with pink, purple with green, brown with red without the slightest hesitation. This may be explained by the restraint of their palette. Their old hand-made colors are all keyed in middle tints; they did not lack decision or strength, but they were never loud or vehement. If color is seen in flat tint patches it produces a more vivid image on the retina. In the Japanese color print they are softened and blended together not so much by the skilful and harmonious juxtaposition as by the suavity of the medium, the introduction of natural tints, the mellow, white foundation of the paper, and the arrangement of shapes encased in precise lines." Then, again, he knows modern painting in Europe. "Whistler sacrificed line almost entirely. He worked in big masses, shapes, and silhouettes, and made color the principal attraction. The simplicity of design he borrowed from the Japanese, but the intimate charm of his color he borrowed from another art, the art of music. Chavannes, Cazin, our American landscape-painter Tryon, even the Impressionists, try to produce with color something similar to the effect of sound. It is either a resemblance of feeling in execution or the desire to deliver us over to a mood like music. The painter to accomplish this must go back to the emotional elements of things, to view objects with primitive enthusiasm, and to disregard all cumbersome detail. These qualities must dominate his conception, and his treatment must be slightly decorative. He must see things flat, in curious shapes, and then juxtapose and complement his colors in such fashion that they produce instantaneously a pleasant retinal image. In most paintings the subject-matter attracts our attention first, and the appreciation of its technique reaches our emotion through a mental process. A Chavannes fresco and a Cazin landscape, on the other hand, appeal directly to our emotions. Henner, Corot, Carrière, are musical; Leighton, Dagnan Bouveret Böcklin, are not. Chavannes and Tryon construct their compositions like a composer his score. By applying parallelism of line and repetition of form and color shapes with slight variation they attempt to transpose musical conditions to the sphere of color. Cazin goes farther than these; . . . he actually tries to make the color *sing*, not as composition of diversified interests, but a sweet simple melody that instantaneously produces a distinct lyrical emotion," and so on; the rest of the paragraph, quite as good, belongs properly to Whistler. This, now, is stuff for the understanding. If more men understood it they would come nearer to understanding such strange canvases as Matisse can offer or such an outlook as Picasso's. But everywhere on every topic he can offer, not the dry crust of a fact, but actually a truth. "Every material speaks its own language, and we must understand before we can lend expression to it." "A figure in modern garb is a part of modern life, a nude (nowadays) is an alien in space

without any special significance." "Every art is at its best when it is most itself." Of art he says: "The only criterion is beauty," and of the artists' spirit he gives this account: "To be an artist simply for one's own gratification; to fashion something beautiful simply because one feels like doing it; to purify one's mind by projecting into life what is accumulated there by some curious grace of nature." That is rather an Aristotelian idiom, but one understands how there may be that way of *katharsis* as well as by pity and terror, though it is not our way.

There is, to be sure, a kind of *naïveté*, a heavenly disdain of self-consciousness, in quietly setting down a few of the truths that everybody admits and everybody ignores. And thus stated they shame the average critic. They wear an air of quite essential paradox. It may be that out of the East, by way of Whistler, is to come a new life for art, since everything hitherto, so far as we can make out, has come out of the East somewhere at some time. Mr. Hartmann himself came out of the East, and he is very interesting, but the new art, when it comes, will be bigger than his account of it, just as surely as a painting by Lin Liang is bigger than a color print by Hiroshige. "The new art will be different. It has to be different to equal the old. It will be attuned to the moods of the modern mind. It will have new accents. It will bear the analytical and complex aspects of our time. It will be subtler, more fragile, perhaps, but it will drive deeper into our souls than the cold correctness of older forms and emblems."

Probably if the influence of the East is to touch us again, it would have come just the same, to the very day and hour, without Whistler, for nobody is indispensable and nothing happens until time is for it to be, and then no presence and no absence can stay it. Probably Whistler's own genius, like his part, is not so great as this author thinks, for his seems to have been a very exquisite minor genius, not supreme, but poignant and lovely. Let us, however, give thanks for Whistler and for this author. Such books do not drop on one's table every day.

William Blake. By G. K. Chesterton. London: Duckworth & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Mr. Chesterton has written a little book on Blake for the Duckworth-Dutton series. It is prettily printed, flimsily bound, and has thirty-two pictures. These are well chosen and few of them hackneyed, but very ill-reproduced. They mostly represent a leaf out of one of Blake's books, of which the text is entirely illegible and the values swamped in the half-tone. Line engravings, etchings, woodcuts, and paintings come out all alike. The whites are gray and the blacks are gray. The author who selected the pictures is not responsible for this, but the result is none the less deplorable.

Mr. Chesterton has added nothing to the sum of human knowledge—that was hardly to be expected. Blake has been carefully edited three times, and, although the final and right book is still unwritten, it would take a long time and an able interpreter to do it. Mr. Chesterton has not even added anything to the sum of human opinion; he has merely rearranged it. It is amazing, it is really touching, as one comes to the end of the volume to see how precisely it corresponds to the simple announcement

by the publishers of what they wanted: "The Popular Library of Art planned expressly for the General Public. The publishers do not hesitate in putting forward volumes on subjects which even if handled most convincingly before are worth repeated handling from new points of view, and they trust each volume will prove a fresh and stimulating appreciation of the subject it treats." Most people who studied Blake hitherto came to the conclusion that he was not mad any more than St. Paul or Swedenborg, S. Teresa or Mrs. Piper. But about the visions they did not dogmatize, leaving every man to account according to the faith that was in him, for the spirits that taught Blake, for their objectivity or their subjectivity. So Mr. Chesterton, casting over his material, argues, delightfully: (*a*) That Blake was mad; (*b*) that the spirits were real; (*c*) that they were devils; (*d*) that Blake was not a mystic, at least not a good mystic; but this is dropped later on and Blake reappears as a mystic as persistently as the child's toy that bobs up again whenever you turn it over. Furthermore, Mr. Chesterton treats himself to various digressions. (1) That in modern men still exist the three ancient powers of Christian, Roman, and Pagan; (2) a casual defense of the eighteenth century; (3) a definition of fads and faddists; (4) that mysticism means not obscure and confused, but very clear, precise, and definite; (5) that Aubrey Beardsley is decadent and why; (6) the difference between Asiatic and Occidental mysticism—a digression quite interesting and violently unfair; (7) that God is a person palpably, "the likeness of the appearance of a man." An eighth might be added that G. K. Chesterton is a Roman Catholic, but this runs so continuously and audibly through the book that it is, strictly speaking, the main theme and Blake only a rather frequent digression. There is little to say about the little book. One might refute the four arguments, but that would be unfair. One does not argue with the man on the platform while he is drawing rabbits out of his sleeve and reels of paper from under his hat. Besides, all the arguments are made to depend upon the eighth digression, and therefore whoever disagrees with that finds them already refuted. Or one might state the substance of the other seven digressions and argue about them, but what would that have to do with Blake? They are, moreover, not constructed for argument; most of them are indisputable and the rest untenable. They make diverting reading that gently stimulates the intellectual faculties without in the least straining them. To get a like sensation the last generation read Browning to feel how mean they were and how good it was to be big and brave. The present generation reads Chesterton and glows with intellectual agility.

On page 92 Mr. Chesterton offers a quotation in proof of Blake's lack of humor and proved madness. Mr. Chesterton finds the couplet intrinsically absurd.

> "He who the ox to wrath hath moved
> Shall never be by woman loved."

But the couplet is not absurd; it is direct and true. An ox is ridiculous to Mr. Chesterton, but surely an ox is not ridiculous to God. It is, on the contrary, patient, silent, strong, and meek. Whatever brute could torture that infinitely gentle creature into anger could not know love nor even become the base object of love that has sufficed so many wretched women. The couplet is no proof of madness, only of depth. It would almost seem

that not to understand that is proof of brutality. One is very sorry the author found Gilbertian absurdity here; such an accessibility to laughter is deplorable. Again, in the face of the *Man who Built the Pyramids,* Mr. Chesterton would conceive a face "swarthy and secret, ponderous, lowering, staring, or tropical or Apollonian (misspelled) and pure," and he does not like Blake's picture of him. But if it is true, as archæologists tell us, that the pyramids were built under the whip on bread and leaks, and that the king had an inexhaustible supply of time and human lives and, so far as he could, used up both, perhaps he did have the face of an evil idiot. Again, Blake may have thought longer and seen straighter than Mr. Chesterton.

THE NEW LAOKOON: AN ESSAY ON THE CONFUSION OF ARTS. By IRVING BABBITT. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1910.

"There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion," said Bacon, and the kernel of the nut is the whole world of romanticism. In the same brief essay on Beauty—it is just a page and a half long in Pickering's edition—he set another phrase even more pregnant and more surprising: "For no youth can be comely but by pardon and considering the youth so as to make up the comeliness." There are times when we try to consider a sort of youth so as to make up the pardon. Here comes a book called *The New Laokoon: an Essay on the Confusion of the Arts.* It is a curiously young book; despite the author's maturity, the book is young in its cocksureness, in its ingenuous display of a bit of out-of-the-way learning, in its employment of the question-begging and libelous epithet, in its naïve and rather silly contempt for women, its irrelevant apology for religion, its abuse of the logical devices, and its want of the essential logic of fair play. It is young to be so evidently more interested in oneself than in ideas. The subtitle begs the whole question. The main title must be a magnificent bit of effrontery, since it cannot stand for paucity of invention. The new Laokoon should be better than the old and Mr. Babbitt a bigger man than Lessing. But the book, though serious and earnest, is in no wise illuminated or stamped by genius. The author must have got up his seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century critics very carefully, but he has nothing to add to them by way of making them come alive, as criticism sometimes does. He has sorted out a little terminology to use, as the late Matthew Arnold said, "in my sense of the word"; but, unfortunately, the definitions are not indexed and not easy to find, and no one would accept the paragraph on page 110 as a just definition of romanticism, and for the curious and unlikely use of *humanism* one is referred to another of the author's books. Mr. Babbitt uses "lower" and "higher," "above" and "below" the reason, light-heartedly, but who is to determine the point from which the measurement is to be taken, himself or the genius who has stirred his spleen? He reasons in such terms as "wholesome," "subliminal," "evidence of hyperæsthesia," "the neurotic school." But thereby he commits *non sequitur.* Medicine and æsthetics cannot make a syllogism between them. He condemns by unmistakable implication (on page 12) the sort of man to whom *dago* and *chink* are epithets of contempt, not mere generalization of racial affinities wider than nationality, but he himself uses the word feminine to stand for an "integral corruption of the higher parts of human nature" (page 236).

The author is a well-meaning person who does not always see where he is going. If he saw he would not lay such doleful stress on his melancholy certainty that modern writing is all intended "for women and men in their unmasculine moods." He himself would stop writing, for one. If he had more of humor and more of that logic which underlies humor, he might have saved himself from misinterpreting the tender irony of Sainte-Beuve's line on Lamartine, and he would not assert so passionately that "man actually grows by moving in different directions simultaneously." Man cannot; nobody can. If he had but a little more of that masculine temper he so admires—though in truth the terms of sex have no more place in æsthetics than in cookery—he would find less unseemly epithets for those who instead of relegating the senses to the mire prefer to redeem them with the soul and make a sacrament according to the ancient definition: the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

But signs and correspondences are not to the author's taste. He wants *le genre tranché*. Everything else is an "intellectual muddle." Colored hearing, programme music, word-painting, are abnormal, irreligious, unhuman, and in a chapter apiece they are set beyond the pale. The case against them is not very clear: two arguments recur intermittently. One is formulated briefly in the Preface and is the old argument of abuse. "With the spread of impressionism, literature has lost standards and discipline, and at the same time virility and seriousness; it has fallen into the hands of æsthetes and dilettantes, the last effete representatives of romanticism." We have heard this before; Aristophanes said it and said it better. The other argument is just as old, the argument of the common level. In brief, it runs: Every one does not feel this way, therefore no one ought to feel this way. Incredible as it may seem, this is the entire thesis of Chapter V:—because an exact and pregnant epithet cannot arouse a picture in the ignorant and obtuse, therefore it should not be employed; because a musical phrase may evoke a different concrete image, though admittedly an identical mood of feeling, in two hearers, therefore it should not be employed; because to the scientist and philologist and man of business, tone-deaf to the music of words, any other phrase would do as well as "the innumerable murmur of all the sea," therefore it should not be employed. Suggestiveness is a matter, in part, of the reader. But some readers may miss and some misunderstand, therefore there should be no suggestion. Incredible as this may sound, it is to be found on pages 153-4, 168-9, 183. There is no mistaking the clear, downright English of it.

From all this it appears that Mr. Babbitt cannot get away with romanticism. That is his own affair! He may traduce Rénan and J. K. Huysmanns, and call Bacon and Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold into court, and vilify Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and Englishmen. The men are mostly dead or on the Continent and will never know. In a sense, however, it is not the author's own affair, but ours, for he drags Plato and Aristotle into the discussion, and undertakes to define the difference between classic and romantic art, as a love of the wonderful rather than the probable. This is no place for snipping out definitions or one might suggest the love of the great rather than the mediocre, or the individual rather than the common, or even the strange rather than the familiar. The author's wonderful-probable turn will hardly serve. Indeed, the whole paragraph in which it figures is neatly and accurately incompatible with the famous

passage in the Postscript to *Appreciations* where Walter Pater defined the romantic element in art as "strangeness in beauty." Our author called on Arnold, but a greater than Arnold said that. He summoned Bacon, but Bacon proves the prime witness for the defense. That "strangeness in proportion which Bacon noted in all excellent beauty does in our later days lead men rather than form to paint pure color; rather than tunes to compose difficult harmonies; rather than facts or platitudes to write phrases that shall mean more than they say and send the reader farther than they go. A neat mind is good in its way; an exact mind is comfortable; a limited mind has its advantages. The real trouble with the limited mind is that it wants to shut every one else into its own confines, to measure the universe with its tiny hand rule. The expansive temperament which so annoys our author, at least, lets every one else expand at will.

The New Laokoon utters several truths by the way. Its facts are usually correct. If the conclusion drawn is usually wrong that is not the fault of the minor premise. The book has the merit of being, to the limit of the author's appreciation, serious. But it takes a big man to preach restriction and an impassioned spirit to enforce the weight of law.

How to Know Architecture. By Frank E. Wallis, A.A.I.A. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

We have heard it objected to this book that "it has not much information for those who know architectural books," but as all teaching from the beginning has been with the purpose of transferring more people from the group of the ignorant to the group of the enlightened we can, even if a little perversely, look on this criticism as a recommendation.

Seriously, then, this is the very strength of Mr. Wallis's book—that it is for people who are not architects. Architects have books in plenty and have had for a long time; books of a size and a thickness to make this little volume seem to shrink in its covers. But such books lie dustily on office shelves, and the American public (from whom, nevertheless, clients are raised up) continue to feed on Baedeker or the more indigestible actualities of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. It would be well if one-hundredth part of the people that our census shows would read this book.

The development of architecture is only an expression of the development of civilization and its history is a large field. This fact is the first barrier that shuts out the general public occupied, as it is, with other things. Mr. Wallis has simplified it because he has gone at it simply. He has divided roughly the history of civilization into a few large periods, and you can see as you follow him how naturally the history of architecture follows these same divisions. "Architecture," he says, "is an accurate and readable human document."

After architecture was once established as a science and an art its development followed the development of trade and prosperity, and its great creative epochs were coeval either with great epochs of material development, as in Rome, France of the Valois and Bourbons, and America of to-day, or else with epochs of spiritual expansion, as the true Gothic in France. As to the styles themselves, the earlier ones were carried along the trade routes, varying as they went and developing or inspiring new movements where they settled; but the styles even in their earliest developments were

always only expressions of the needs or beliefs of the civilization of the time.

The book is fully illustrated and here appears a clever and sensible idea. In showing pictorially the different handlings that meant and that still mean the different styles, the author has given examples standing in America to-day as well as the real examples "of the moment." On one page will be seen the Parthenon defaced by its bombardment; on another our magnificent old Custom House in Wall Street, now also changed; then we see the porch of St. Trophime at Arles and beside it, the porch of Trinity Church at Boston; again, the library at Venice and the Tiffany Building on Fifth Avenue; or Bullfinch's State House in Boston yielding nothing in simple dignity and clearness of expression to the St. Paul's of Sir Christopher Wren in London. In this way the author has brought in many, perhaps fifty, examples of American work down to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, finished only two months since. This is of great value, for the main architectural styles are more readily fixed in the mind by examples that one knows familiarly than by the primal examples abroad which are so far out of reach as to represent a rather vague perfection to the inquiring mind.

The author does not hesitate to bring us to the present moment and to examine our conditions and possibilities. He sums up clearly and fairly the influence of the École des Beaux Arts on our present-day work and ends thus: "While the Beaux Arts is responsible for many of the best men in the profession, it must also accept the responsibility of producing a large number of half-trained, half-finished practitioners."

He rightly sees that the tall building, as an honest expression of an utterly new but honest construction, is the problem the solution of which future generations will see belonged to us; that the architect who accepts the new possibilities of iron as simply as the Gothic architects accepted the possibilities of the stone arch and who tries to express these possibilities is progressing, while he who is an archæologist will remain so. He realizes that in covering an iron skeleton we are subject to the codes of the building departments and the fire departments of various cities, but this does not excuse "the astounding incongruity of a Greek temple with all its niceties of detail elongated to an extraordinary height."

The book ends by citing the great work of the modern architectural guild, the American Institute of Architects, and its advocacy of the creation of a Federal Bureau of Fine Arts; and leaving the present behind, it closes with an expressed belief in the coming of a governmental Department of Fine Arts based in part on the effective systems in use in France, and other European countries.

"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER VII.—*(Continued)*

After delivering his message the journalist hurried down the drive. The *dame de compagnie* flew toward the house, and Peter Ivanovitch followed her hastily, looking uneasy. Miss Haldin found herself alone with the young man, who undoubtedly must have been the new arrival from Russia. She wondered whether her brother's friend had not already guessed who she was.

I am in a position to say that as a matter of fact he had guessed. It is clear to me that Peter Ivanovitch, for some reason or other, had refrained from alluding to these ladies' presence in Geneva. But Razumov had guessed. The trustful girl! Every word uttered by Haldin lived in Razumov's memory. They were like haunting shapes; they could not be exorcised. The most vivid amongst them was the mention of the sister. The girl had existed for him ever since. But he did not recognize her at once. Coming up with Peter Ivanovitch, he did not observe her; their eyes had met even. He had responded, as no one could help responding to the harmonious charm of her whole person, its strength, its grace, its tranquil frankness—and then he had turned his gaze away. He said to himself that all this was not for him; the beauty of women and the friendship of men were not for him. He accepted that feeling with a purposeful sternness and tried to pass on. It was only her outstretched hand which brought about the recognition. It stands recorded in the pages of his self-confession that it nearly suffocated him physically with an emotional reaction of hate and dismay, as though her appearance had been a piece of accomplished treachery.

He faced about. The considerable elevation of the terrace concealed them from any one lingering in the doorway of the house; and even from the up-stairs windows they could not have been seen. Through the thickets run wild, and the trees of the gently sloping grounds, he had cold, placid glimpses of the lake. A moment of perfect privacy had been vouchsafed to them at this juncture. I wondered to myself what use they had made of that fortunate circumstance.

"Did you have time for more than a few words?" I asked.

That animation with which she had related me the incidents of her visit to the Château Borel had left her completely. Strolling by my side, she looked straight before her; but I noticed a little color on her cheek. She did not answer me.

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After some little time I observed that they could not have hoped to remain forgotten for very long, unless the other two had discovered Madame de S—— swooning with fatigue perhaps, or in a state of morbid exaltation after the long interview. Either would require their devoted ministrations. I could depict to myself Peter Ivanovitch rushing busily out of the house again, bareheaded, perhaps, and on across the terrace with his swinging gait, the black skirts of the frock coat floating clear of his stout, light, gray legs. I confess to having looked upon these young people as the quarry of the "heroic fugitive." I had the notion that they would not be allowed to escape capture. But of that I said nothing to Miss Haldin, only as she still remained uncommunicative I pressed her a little.

"Well, but you can tell me at least your impression."

She turned her head to look at me and turned away again.

"Impression," she repeated, slowly, almost dreamily; then in a quicker tone:

"He seems to be a man who has suffered more from his thoughts than from evil fortune."

"From his thoughts, you say?"

"And that is natural enough in a Russian," she took me up. "In a young Russian; so many of them are unfit for action and yet unable to rest."

"And you think he is that sort of man?"

"No, I do not judge him. How could I, so suddenly? You asked for my impression—I explain my impression. I—I don't know the world, nor yet the people in it; I have been too solitary—I am too young to trust my own opinions."

"Trust your instinct," I advised her. "Most women trust to that and make no worse mistakes than men. In this case, you have your brother's letter to help you."

She drew a deep breath like a light sigh.

"Unstained, lofty and solitary existences," she quoted as if to herself. But I caught the wistful murmur distinctly.

"High praise," I whispered to her.

"The highest possible."

"So high that, like the award of happiness, it is more fit to come only at the end of a life. But still no common or altogether unworthy personality could have suggested such a confident exaggeration of praise and . . ."

"Ah!" She interrupted me ardently. "And if you had only known the heart from which that judgment has come!"

She ceased on that note, and for a space I reflected on the character of the words which I perceived very well must tip the scale of the girl's feelings in that young man's favor. They had not the sound of a casual utterance. Vague they were to my Western mind and to my Western sentiment, but I could not forget that standing by Miss Haldin's side I was like a traveler in a strange country. It had also become clear to me that Miss Haldin was unwilling to enter into the details of the only material part of her visit to the Château Borel. But I was not hurt. Somehow I didn't feel it to be a want of confidence. It was some other difficulty—a difficulty I could not resent. And it was without the slightest resentment that I said:

"Very well. But on that high ground which I will not dispute you, like any one else in such circumstances, you must have made for yourself a representation of that exceptional friend, a mental image of him, and—please tell me—you were not disappointed?"

"What do you mean? His personal appearance?"

"I don't mean precisely his good looks or otherwise."

We turned at the end of the alley and made a few steps without looking at each other.

"His appearance is not ordinary," said Miss Haldin at last.

"No, I should have thought not—from the little you've said of your first impression. After all, one has to fall back on that word. Impression! What I mean is that something indescribable which is likely to mark a 'not ordinary' person."

I perceived that she was not listening. There was no mistaking her expression; and once more I had the sense of being out of it—not because of my age, which, at any rate, could draw inferences—but altogether out of it, on another plane whence I could only watch her from afar. And so ceasing to speak, I watched her stepping out by my side.

"No," she exclaimed, suddenly, "I could not have been disappointed with a man of such strong feeling."

"Aha! Strong feeling," I muttered, thinking to myself, censoriously: like this, at once, all in a moment!

"What did you say?" inquired Miss Haldin, innocently.

"No, nothing. I beg your pardon. Strong feeling. I am not surprised."

"And you don't know how abruptly I behaved to him," she cried, remorsefully.

I suppose I must have appeared surprised, for, looking at me with a still more heightened color, she said she was ashamed to admit that she had not been sufficiently collected; she had failed to control her words and actions as the situation demanded. She lost the fortitude worthy of both the men, the dead and the living; the fortitude which should have been the note of the meeting of Victor Haldin's sister with Victor Haldin's only known friend. He was looking at her keenly, but said nothing, and she was—she confessed—painfully affected by his want of comprehension. All she could say was, "You are Mr. Razumov." At this a slight frown passed over his forehead. After a short, watchful pause he made a little bow of assent and waited.

At the thought that she had before her the man so highly regarded by her brother, the man who had known his value, spoken to him, understood him, had listened to his confidences, perhaps had encouraged him—her lips trembled, her eyes ran full of tears; she put out her hand, made a step toward him impulsively, saying, with an effort to restrain her emotion, "Can't you guess who I am?" He did not take the proffered hand. He even recoiled a pace and Miss Haldin imagined that he was unpleasantly affected. Miss Haldin excused him, directing her displeasure at herself. She had behaved unworthily, like an emotional French girl. A manifestation of that kind could not be welcomed by a man of stern, self-contained character.

He must have been stern indeed, or perhaps very timid with women, not to respond in a more human way to the advances of a girl like Natalia

Haldin—I thought to myself. Those lofty and solitary existences (I remembered the words suddenly) make a young man shy and an old man savage—often.

"Well?" I encouraged Miss Haldin to proceed.

She was still very dissatisfied with herself.

"I went from bad to worse," she said, with an air of discouragement very foreign to her. "I did everything foolish except actually bursting into tears. I am thankful to say I did not do that. But I was unable to speak for quite a long time."

She had stood before him speechless, swallowing her sobs, and when she managed at last to utter something it was only her brother's name—"Victor—Victor Haldin," she gasped out, and again her voice failed her.

"Of course," she commented to me, "this distressed him. He was quite overcome. I have told you my opinion that he is a man of deep feeling—it is impossible to doubt it. You should have seen his face. He positively reeled. He leaned against the wall of the terrace. Their friendship must have been a very brotherhood of souls. I was grateful to him for that emotion which made me feel ashamed of my own lack of self-control. Of course I had regained the power of speech at once, almost. All this lasted not more than a few seconds. 'I am his sister,' I said. 'Maybe you have heard of me.'"

"And had he?" I interrupted.

"I don't know. How could it have been otherwise? And yet . . . But what does that matter? I stood there before him, near enough to be touched and surely not looking like an impostor. All I know is that he put out both his hands then to me—I may say flung them out at me with the greatest readiness and warmth—and that I seized and pressed them, feeling that I was finding again a little of what I thought was lost to me forever with the loss of my brother—some of that hope, inspiration and support which I used to get from my dear dead. . . ."

I understood quite well what she meant. We strolled on slowly. I refrained from looking at her. And it was as if answering my own thoughts that I murmured:

"No doubt, it was a great friendship—as you say. And that young man ended by welcoming your name, so to speak, with both hands. After that, of course, you would understand each other. Yes, you would understand each other quickly."

It was a moment before I heard her voice.

"Mr. Razumov seems to be a man of few words. A reserved man—even when he is strongly moved."

Unable to forget—or even to forgive—the bass-toned expansiveness of Peter Ivanovitch, the arch-patron of revolutionary parties, I said that I took that for a favorable trait of character. It was associated with sincerity—in my mind.

"And, besides, we had not much time," she added.

"No, you would not have, of course." My suspicion and even dread of the feminist and his Egeria were so ineradicable that I could not help asking with real anxiety, which I made smiling:

"But you escaped all right?"

She understood me and smiled too at my uneasiness.

"Oh yes; I escaped, if you like to call it that. I walked away quickly.

There was no need to run. I am neither frightened nor yet fascinated, like that poor woman who received me so strangely."

"And Mr.—Mr. Razumov? . . ."

"He remained there, of course. I suppose he went into the house after I left him. You remember that he came here strongly recommended to Peter Ivanovitch—possibly intrusted with important messages for him."

"Ah! yes. From that priest who . . ."

"Father Zosim—yes. Or from others, perhaps."

"You left him, then. But have you seen him since, may I ask?"

For some time Miss Haldin made no answer to this very direct question; then:

"I have been expecting to see him here to-day," she said, quietly.

"You have! Do you meet, then, in this garden? In that case, I had better leave you at once."

"No. Why leave me? And we don't meet in this garden. I have not seen Mr. Razumov since that first time. Not once. But I have been expecting him. . . ."

She paused. I wondered to myself why that young revolutionist should show so little alacrity.

"Before we parted I told Mr. Razumov that I walked here for an hour every day at this time. I could not explain to him then why I did not ask him to come and see us at once. Mother must be prepared for such a visit. And then, you see, I do not know myself what Mr. Razumov has to tell us. He too must be told first how it is with poor mother. All these thoughts flashed through my mind at once. So I simply told him, hurriedly, that there was a reason why I could not ask him to see us at home, but that I was in the habit of walking here. . . . This is a public place, but there are never many people about at this hour. I thought it would do very well. And it is so near our apartments. I don't like to be very far away from mother. Our servant knows where I am in case I should be wanted suddenly."

"Yes; it is very convenient from that point of view," I agreed.

In fact, I thought the Bastions a very convenient place, since the girl did not think it prudent as yet to introduce that young man to her mother. It was here, then, I thought, looking round at that plot of ground of deplorable banality, that their acquaintance will begin and go on in the exchange of generous indignations and of extreme sentiments, too poignant, perhaps, for a non-Russian mind to conceive. I saw these two, escaped out of fourscore of millions of human beings, ground between the upper and nether millstone, walking under these trees, their young heads close together. Yes, an excellent place to stroll and talk in. It even occurred to me, while we turned once more away from the wide iron gates, where the tram-cars stop, that when tired they would have plenty of accommodation to rest themselves. There was a quantity of tables and chairs displayed between the restaurant chalet and the band-stand, a whole raft of painted deals spread out under the trees. In the very middle of it I observed a solitary Swiss couple whose fate was made secure from the cradle to the grave by the perfected mechanism of democratic institutions in a republic that could almost be held in the palm of one's hand. The man, colorlessly uncouth, was drinkink beer out of a glittering glass; the woman, rustic and placid, leaning back in the chair, gazed idly around.

There is little logic to be expected on this earth, not only in the matter of thought, but also of sentiment. I was surprised to discover myself displeased with that unknown young man—a week had gone by since they met. Was he callous or shy or very stupid? I could not make it out.

"Do you think," I asked Miss Haldin, after we had gone some distance up the great alley, "that Mr. Razumov understood your intention?"

"Understood what I mean?" she wondered. "He was greatly moved. That I know. In my own agitation I could see it. But I spoke distinctly. He heard me; he seemed indeed to hang on my words. . . ."

Unconsciously she had hastened her pace. Her utterance, too, became quicker.

I waited a little before I observed, thoughtfully:

"And yet he allowed all these days to pass."

"How can we tell what work he may have to do here? He is not an idler traveling for his pleasure. His time may not be his own—nor yet his thoughts, perhaps."

She slowed her pace suddenly and in a lowered voice added:

"Or his very life," then paused and stood still. "For all I know, he may have had to leave Geneva the very day he saw me."

"Without telling you!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"I did not give him time. I left him quite abruptly. I behaved emotionally to the end. I am sorry for it. Even if I had given him the opportunity he would have been justified in taking me for a person not to be trusted. An emotional, tearful girl is not a person to confide in. But even if he has left Geneva for a time I am confident that we shall meet again."

"Ah! You are confident. . . . I dare say. But on what ground?"

"Because I've told him that I was in great need of some one, a fellow countryman, a fellow believer to whom I could give my confidence in a certain matter."

"I see. I don't ask you what answer he made. I confess that this is good ground for your belief in Mr. Razumov's appearance before long. But he has not turned up to-day?"

"No," she said, quietly, "not to-day," and we stood for a time in silence, like people that have nothing more to say to each other and let their thoughts run widely asunder before their bodies go off their different ways. Miss Haldin glanced at the watch on her wrist and made a brusque movement. She had already overstayed her time, it seemed.

"I don't like to be away from mother," she murmured, shaking her head. "It is not that she is very ill now. But somehow when I am not with her I am more uneasy than ever."

Mrs. Haldin had not made the slightest allusion to her son for the last week or more. She sat, as usual, in the arm-chair by the window, looking out silently on that hopeless stretch of the Boulevard des Philosophes. When she spoke a few lifeless words it was of indifferent, trivial things.

"For any one who knows what the poor soul is thinking of, that sort of talk is more painful than her silence. But that is bad, too; I can hardly endure it and I dare not break it."

Miss Haldin sighed, refastening mechanically a button of her glove which had come undone. I knew well enough what a hard time of it she must be having. The stress, its causes, its nature, would have under-

mined the health of an Occidental girl; but Russian natures have a singular power of resistance against the unfair strains of life. Straight and supple, with a short jacket open on her black dress, which made her figure appear more slender and her fresh but colorless face more pale, she compelled my wonder and admiration.

"I can't stay a moment longer. You ought to come soon to see mother. You know how she calls you: *L'ami.* It is an excellent name and she really means it. And now *au revoir;* I must run."

She glanced vaguely down the broad walk—the hand she put out to me eluded my grasp by an unexpected upward movement and rested upon my shoulder. Her red lips, the only bit of color she had, were slightly parted; not in a smile, however, but expressing a sort of startled pleasure. She gazed toward the gates and said, quickly, with a gasp:

"There! I knew it! Here he comes!"

I understood that she must mean Mr. Razumov. A young man was walking up the alley without haste. His clothes were some dull shade of brown and he carried a stick. When my eyes first fell on him his head was hanging on his breast as if in deep thought. While I was looking at him he raised it sharply, saw us both in the distance, and at once stopped. I am certain he did, but that pause was nothing more perceptible than a faltering check in his gait instantaneously overcome. Then he continued his approach, looking at us steadily. Miss Haldin signed to me to remain and advanced a step or two to meet him.

I turned my head away from that meeting and did not look at them again till I heard Miss Haldin's voice uttering his name in the way of introduction. Mr. Razumov was informed in a warm, low tone that besides being a wonderful teacher, I was a good man and an invaluable friend whose sympathy had been a great support "in our sorrow and distress."

Of course I was described also as an Englishman. Miss Haldin spoke rapidly, faster than I have ever heard her speak, and that by contrast made the quietness of her eyes more expressive.

"I have given him my confidence," she added, looking all the time at Mr. Razumov. That young man did indeed rest his gaze on Miss Haldin, but certainly did not look into her eyes that were so ready for him. Afterward he glanced backward and forward at us both, while the faint commencement of a forced smile, followed by the suspicion of a frown, vanished one after another; I detected them, though neither could have been noticed by a person less intensely bent upon divining him than myself. I don't know what Natalia Haldin had observed, but my attention seized the very shades of these movements. The attempted smile was given up, the incipient frown was checked and smoothed so that there should be no sign; but I imagined him exclaiming, inwardly:

"Her confidence! To this elderly person—this foreigner!"

I imagined this because he looked foreign enough to me. I was upon the whole favorably impressed. He had an air of intelligence and even some distinction quite above the average of the students and other inhabitants of the *Petite Russie.* His features were more decided than in the generality of Russian faces; he had a line of the jaw, a clean-shaven, sallow cheek; his nose was a ridge and not a mere protuberance. His hat was well down over his eyes, his dark hair curled low on the nape of his neck; in the ill-fitting brown clothes there were sturdy limbs; a slight stoop

brought out a satisfactory breadth of shoulders. Upon the whole, I was not disappointed. Studious—robust—shy. . . .

Before Miss Haldin had ceased speaking I felt the grip of his hand on mine, a muscular, firm grip, but unexpectedly hot and dry. Not a word or even a mutter assisted this short and arid hand-shake.

I intended to leave them to themselves, but Miss Haldin touched me lightly on the forearm with a significant contact, conveying a distinct wish. Let him smile who likes, but I was only too ready to stay near Natalia Haldin, and I am not ashamed to say that it was no smiling matter to me. I stayed, not as a youth would have stayed, uplifted, as it were, poised in the air of exultation, but soberly, with my feet on the ground and my mind trying to penetrate her intention. She had turned to Mr. Razumov.

"Well, this is the place. Yes, it is here that I meant you to come. I have been walking every day. . . . Don't excuse yourself—I understand. I am grateful to you for coming here, but, all the same, I cannot stay now. It is impossible. I must hurry off home. Yes, even with you standing before me I must run off. I have been too long away. . . . You know how it is?"

These last words were addressed to me. I noticed that Mr. Razumov passed the tip of his tongue over his lips, just as a parched, feverish man might do. He took her hand in its black glove, which closed on his and held it—detained it quite visibly to me against a drawing-back movement.

"Thank you once more for—for understanding me," she went on, warmly. He interrupted her with a certain effect of roughness. I didn't like him speaking to this frank creature so much from under the brim of his hat, as it were. And he produced a faint, rasping voice quite like a man with a parched throat.

"What is there to thank me for? Understand you? . . . How did I understand you? . . . You had better know that I understand nothing. I was aware that you wanted to see me in this garden. I could not come before. I was hindered. And even to-day you see . . . late."

She still held his hand.

"I can, at any rate, thank you for not dismissing me from your mind as a weak, emotional girl. No doubt I want sustaining; I am very ignorant. But I can be trusted. Indeed I can."

"You are ignorant?" he repeated, thoughtfully. He had raised his head and was looking straight into her face now while she held his hand. They stood like this for a long moment. She released his hand.

"Yes, you did come late. It was good of you to come on the chance of me having loitered beyond my time. I was talking with this good friend here. I was talking of you. Yes, Kirylo Sidorovitch, of you. He was with me when I first heard of your being here in Geneva. He can tell you what comfort it was to my bewildered spirit to hear that news. He knew I meant to seek you out. It was the only object of my accepting the invitation of Peter Ivanovitch. . . ."

"Peter Ivanovitch talked to you of me?" he interrupted, in that wavering, hoarse voice which suggested a horribly dry throat.

"Very little. Just told me your name and that you had arrived here. Why should I have asked for more? What could he have told me that I did not know already from my brother's letter? Three lines! And how

much they meant to me! I will show them to you one day, Kirylo Sidorovitch. But now I must go. The first talk between us cannot be a matter of five minutes, so we had better not begin. . . ."

I had been standing a little aside seeing them both in profile. At that moment it occurred to me that Mr. Razumov's face was older than his age.

"If mother"—the girl had turned suddenly to me—"were to wake up in my absence (so much longer than usual) she would perhaps question me. She seems to miss me more, you know, of late. She would want to know what delayed me—and, you see, it would be painful for me to dissemble before her."

I understood the point very well. For the same reason she checked what seemed to be, on Mr. Razumov's part, a movement to accompany her.

"No, no; I go alone. But meet me here as soon as possible." Then to me in a lower significant tone:

"Mother may be sitting at the window at this moment, looking down the street. She must not know anything of Mr. Razumov's presence here till—till something is arranged." She paused before she added, a little louder, but still speaking to me, "Mr. Razumov does not quite understand my difficulty, but you know what it is."

CHAPTER VIII

With a quick inclination of the head for us both and an earnest, friendly glance at the young man, Miss Haldin left us covering our heads and looking after her straight, supple figure going away rapidly. Her walk was not that hybrid and uncertain gliding affected by some women, but a frank, strong, healthy movement forward. Rapidly she increased the distance—disappeared with suddenness at last. I discovered only then that Mr. Razumov, after ramming his hat well over his brow, was looking me over from head to foot. I dare say I was a very unexpected fact for that young Russian refugee to stumble upon. I caught in his physiognomy, in his whole bearing, an expression compounded of curiosity and scorn tempered by alarm—as though he had been holding his breath while I was not looking. But his eyes met mine with a gaze direct enough. I saw then, for the first time, that they were of a clear brown color fringed with thick, black eyelashes. They were the youngest feature of his face. Not at all unpleasant eyes. He swayed slightly, leaning on his stick and generally hung in the wind. It flashed upon me that in leaving us thus together Miss Haldin had an intention—that something was intrusted to me since by a strange accident I had found myself in the way. On this assumed ground I put all possible friendliness into my manner. Swiftly I cast about for some right thing to say, and suddenly in Miss Haldin's last words I perceived the clew to the nature of my mission.

"No," I said, gravely, if with a smile, "you cannot be expected to understand."

His clean-shaven lip quivered ever so little before he said, as if wickedly amused:

"But haven't you heard just now? I was thanked by that young lady for understanding so well?"

I looked at him rather hard. Was there a hidden and inexplicable sneer in this retort? No; it was not that. It might have been resentment. Yes; but what had he to resent? He looked as though he had not slept

very well of late. I could almost feel on me the weight of his unrefreshed, motionless stare, the stare of a man who lies unwinking in the dark angrily passive in the toils of disastrous thoughts. Now when I know how true it was, I can honestly affirm that this *was* the effect he produced on me. It was painful in a curiously indefinite way—for, of course, the definition comes to me now while I sit writing in the fulness of my knowledge. But that is what the effect was at that time of absolute ignorance. This new sort of uneasiness which he seemed to be forcing upon me I attempted to put down by assuming a conversational, easy familiarity.

"That extremely charming and essentially admirable young girl (I am —as you see—old enough to be frank in my expressions) was referring to her own feelings. Surely you must have understood that much?"

He made such a brusque movement that he even tottered a little.

"Must understand this. Not expected to understand that. I may have other things to do. And the girl is charming and admirable. Well—and if she is. I suppose I can see that for myself."

This sally would have been insulting if his voice had not been practically extinct, dried up in his throat; and the rustling effort of his speech too pathetic in its sincerity to give real offense.

I remained silent, checked between the obvious fact and the subtle impression. It was open to me to leave him there and then; but the sense of having been intrusted with a mission, the suggestion of Miss Haldin's last glance, was strong upon me. After a moment of reflection I said:

"Shall we walk together a little?"

He shrugged his shoulders so violently that he tottered again. I saw it out of the corner of my eyes as I moved on, with him at my elbow. He had fallen back a little and was practically out of my sight, unless I turned my head to look at him. I did not wish to indispose him still further by an appearance of marked curiosity. It might have been distasteful to such a young and secret refugee from under the pestilential shadow hiding the true, kindly face of his land. And the shadow, the attendant of his countrymen stretching across the middle Europe, was lying on him, too, darkening his figure to my mental vision. "Without doubt," I said to myself, listening to his heavy, unsteady footsteps, "he seems a sombre, even a desperate revolutionist; but he is young; he may be unselfish and humane, capable of compassion, of . . ."

I heard him clear, gratingly, his parched throat and became all attention.

"This is beyond everything," were his first words. "It is beyond everything! I find you here, for no reason that I can understand, in possession of something I cannot be expected to understand! A confidant! A foreigner! Talking about an admirable Russian girl! Is the admirable girl a fool, I begin to wonder! What are you at? What is your object?"

He was barely audible, as if his throat had no more resonance than a dry rag, a piece of tinder. It was so pitiful that I found it extremely easy to control my indignation.

"When you have lived a little longer, Mr. Razumov, you will discover that no woman is an absolute fool. I am not a feminist like that illustrious author, Peter Ivanovitch, who, to say the truth, is not a little suspect to me . . ."

He interrupted me in a surprising note of whispering astonishment.

"Suspect to you! Peter Ivanovitch suspect to you! To you! . . ."

"Yes, in a certain aspect he is," I said, dismissing my remark lightly. "As I was saying, Mr. Razumov, when you have lived long enough you will learn to discriminate between the noble trustfulness of a nature foreign to every meanness and the flattered credulity of some women; though even these last, silly as they may be, unhappy as they are sure to be, are never absolute fools. It is my belief that no woman is ever completely deceived. Those that are lost leap into the abyss with their eyes open, if all the truth were known."

"Upon my word," he cried at my elbow, "what is it to me whether women are fools or lunatics? I really don't care what you think of them. I—I am not interested in them. I let them be. I am not a young man in a novel. How do you know that I want to learn anything about women? . . . What is the meaning of all this?"

"The object, you mean, of this conversation which I admit I have forced upon you in a measure."

"Forced! Object!" he repeated, still keeping half a pace or so behind me. "You wanted to talk about women, apparently. That's a subject. But I don't care for it. I have never . . . in fact, I have had other subjects to think about."

"I am concerned here with one woman only. A young girl. The sister of your dead friend. Miss Haldin. Surely you can think a little of her. What I meant from the first was that there is a situation which you cannot be expected to understand."

I listened to his unsteady footfalls by my side for the space of several strides.

"I think that it will prepare the ground for your next interview with Miss Haldin if I tell you of it. I imagine that she might have had something of the kind in her mind when she left us together. I believe myself authorized to speak. The peculiar situation I have alluded to has arisen in the first grief and distress of Victor Haldin's execution. There was something peculiar in the circumstances of his arrest. You, no doubt, know the whole truth. . . ."

I felt my arm seized above the elbow and the next instant found myself swung so as to face Mr. Razumov.

"You spring up from the ground before me with this talk. Who the devil are you? This is not to be borne! Why? What for? What do you know of what is or is not peculiar? What have you to do with any confounded circumstances or with anything that happens in Russia, anyway?"

He leaned on his stick with his other hand heavily, and when he let go my arm I was certain in my mind that he was hardly able to keep on his feet.

"Let us sit down at one of these vacant tables," I proposed, disregarding this display of unexpectedly profound emotion. It was not without its effect on me, I confess. I was sorry for him.

"What tables? What are you talking about? Oh, the empty tables? The tables there. Certainly; I will sit at one of the empty tables."

I led him away from the path to the very centre of the raft of deals before the chalet. The Swiss couple were gone by that time. We were

alone on the raft, so to speak. Mr. Razumov dropped into a chair, let fall his stick, and, propped on his elbows, his head between his hands, stared at me persistently, openly and continuously, while I signaled the waiter and ordered some beer. I could not quarrel with this silent inspection very well, because, truth to tell, I felt somewhat guilty of having been sprung on him with some abruptness—of having "sprung from the ground," as he expressed it.

While waiting to be served I mentioned that, born from parents settled in St. Petersburg, I had acquired the language as a child. The town I did not remember, having left it for good as a boy of nine, but in later years I had renewed my acquaintance with the language. He listened, intent, without as much as moving his eyes the least little bit. He had to change his position when the beer came and the instant draining of his glass revived him. He leaned back in the chair and, folding his arms across his chest, continued to stare at me squarely. It occurred to me that his clean-shaven, almost swarthy face was really of the very mobile sort, and that the absolute stillness of it was the acquired habit of a revolutionist, of a conspirator everlastingly on his guard against self-betrayal in a world of secret spies.

"But you are an Englishman—a teacher of English literature," he murmured, in a voice that was no longer issuing from a parched throat. "I have heard of you. People told me you have lived here for years."

"Quite true. More than twenty years. And I have been assisting Miss Haldin with her English studies."

"You have been reading English poetry with her," he said, immovable now, like another man altogether, a complete stranger to the man of the heavy and uncertain footfalls a little while ago—at my elbow.

"Yes, English poetry," I said. "But the trouble of which I speak was caused by an English newspaper."

He continued to stare at me. I don't think he knew before that the story of the midnight arrest had been ferreted out by an English journalist and given to the world. When I explained this to him he muttered, contemptuously, "It may have been altogether a lie."

"I think you are the best judge of that," I retorted, a little disconcerted. "I must confess that to me it looks to be true in the main."

"How can you tell truth from lies?" he queried in his new, immovable manner.

"I don't know how you do it in Russia," I began, rather nettled by his attitude. He interrupted me.

"In Russia and in general everywhere—in a newspaper, for instance. The color of the ink and the shapes of the letters are the same."

"Well, there are other trifles one can go by. The character of the publication, the general verisimilitude of the news, the consideration of the motives, and so on. I don't trust blindly the accuracy of special correspondents — but why should this one have gone to the trouble of concocting a circumstantial falsehood on a matter of no importance to the world?"

"That's what it is," he grumbled. "What's going on with us is of no importance—a mere sensational story to amuse the readers of the papers —the superior contemptuous Europe. It is hateful to think of. But let them wait a bit."

He broke off on this sort of threat addressed to the Western world. Disregarding the anger in his stare, I pointed out that whether the journalist was well or ill informed the concern of the friends of these ladies was with the effect the few lines of print in question had produced—the effect alone. And surely he must be counted as one of the friends—if only for the sake of his late comrade and intimate fellow revolutionist. At that point I thought he was going to speak vehemently, but he only astounded me by the convulsive start of his whole body. He restrained himself, folded his loosened arms tighter across his chest, and sat back with a smile in which there was a twitch of scorn and malice.

"Yes, a comrade and an intimate. . . . Very well."

"I ventured to speak to you on that assumption. And I cannot be mistaken. I was present when Peter Ivanovitch announced your arrival here to Miss Haldin, and I saw her relief and thankfulness when your name was mentioned. Afterwards she showed me her brother's letter and read out the few words in which he alludes to you. What else but a friend could you have been?"

"Obviously. That's perfectly well known. A friend. Quite correct. . . . Go on. You were talking of some effect."

I said to myself: "He puts on the callousness of a stern revolutionist, the insensibility to common emotions of a man devoted to a destructive idea. He is young, and his sincerity assumes a pose before a stranger, a foreigner, an old man. Youth must assert itself." . . . As concisely as possible I exposed to him the state of mind poor Mrs. Haldin had been thrown into by the news of her son's untimely end.

He listened—I felt it—with profound attention. His level stare deflected gradually downwards, left my face and rested at last on the ground at his feet.

"You can enter into the daughter's feelings. As you said, I have only read a little English poetry with her, and I won't make myself ridiculous in your eyes by trying to speak of her. But you have seen her. She is one of those rare human beings that do not want explaining. At least, I think so. I am speaking now as a foreigner. But look at these ladies' retired life in the country, the estrangement from their connections and even from their class, brought about, I understand, by their liberal opinions. They had only that son, that brother, for a link with the wider world, with the future. The very groundwork of active existence for Natalia Haldin is gone with him. Can you wonder, then, that she turns with eagerness to the only man her brother mentions in his letter? Your name is a sort of legacy."

"What could he have written of me?" he cried in a low, exasperated tone.

"Only a few words. It is not for me to repeat them to you, Mr. Razumov; but you may believe my assertion that these words are forcible enough to make both his mother and his sister believe implicitly in the worth of your judgment and in the truth of anything you may have to say to them. It's impossible for you now to pass them by like strangers."

I paused and for a moment sat listening to the footsteps of the few people passing up and down the broad central walk. While I was speaking his head had sunk upon his breast above his folded arms. He raised it sharply.

"Must I go, then, and lie to that old woman?"

It was not anger; it was something else, something more poignant and not so simple. I was aware of it sympathetically, while I was profoundly concerned at the nature of that exclamation.

"Dear me! Won't the truth do, then? I hoped you could have told them something consoling. I am thinking of the poor mother now. Your Russia *is* a cruel country."

He moved a little in his chair.

"Yes," I repeated, "I thought you would have had something authentic to tell."

The twitching of his lips before he spoke was curious.

"What if it is not worth telling?"

"Not worth—from what point of view? I don't understand."

"From every point of view."

I spoke with some asperity.

"I should think that anything which could explain the circumstances of that midnight arrest . . ."

"Reported by a journalist for the amusement of the civilized Europe," he broke in, scornfully.

"Yes, reported. . . . But aren't they true? I can't make out your attitude in this. Either the man is a hero to you or . . ."

He approached his face with fiercely distended nostrils close to mine so suddenly that I had the greatest difficulty in not starting back.

"You ask me! I suppose it amuses you, all this. Look here! I am a worker. I studied. Yes, I studied very hard. There is intelligence here." He tapped his forehead with his finger tips. "Don't you think a Russian may have sane ambitions? Yes, I had even prospects. Certainly I had. And now you see me here, abroad, everything gone, lost, sacrificed. You see me here—and you ask! You see me, don't you—sitting before you?"

He threw himself back violently. I kept outwardly calm.

"Yes, I see you here; and, I assume, you are here on account of the Haldin affair?"

His manner changed.

"You call it the Haldin affair—do you?" he observed, indifferently.

"I have no right to ask you anything," I said; "I wouldn't presume. But in that case the mother and the sister of him who must be a hero in your eyes cannot be indifferent to you. The girl is a frank and generous creature, having the noblest—well, illusions. You will tell her nothing—or you will tell her everything. But speaking now of the object with which I've approached you: first, we have to deal with the morbid state of the mother. Perhaps something could be invented under your authority as a cure for a distracted and suffering soul filled with maternal affection."

His air of weary indifference was accentuated, I could not help thinking, wilfully.

"Oh yes. Something might."

He put his hand over his mouth as if to conceal a yawn. When he uncovered his lips they were smiling faintly.

"Pardon me. This has been a long conversation and I have not had much sleep the last two nights."

This unexpected, somewhat insolent, sort of apology had the merit of

being perfectly true. He had had no nightly rest, to speak of, since that day when, in the grounds of the Château Borel, the sister of Victor Haldin had appeared before him. The perplexities and the complex terrors—I may say—of this sleeplessness are recorded in the document I was to see later—the document which is the main source of this narrative. And at the moment he looked to me convincingly tired in his assumed nonchalance, gone slack all over, like a man who has passed through some sort of crisis.

"I have had a lot of urgent writing to do," he added in a careless mutter.

I rose from my chair at once and he followed my example without haste, a little heavily.

"I must apologize for detaining you so long," I said.

"Why apologize? One can't very well go to bed before night. And you did not detain me. I could have left you at any time."

I had not stayed with him to be offended.

"I am glad you have been sufficiently interested," I said, calmly. "No merit of mine, though—the commonest sort of regard for the mother of your friend was enough. . . . As to Miss Haldin herself, she at one time was disposed to think that her brother had been betrayed to the police in some way."

To my great surprise, Mr. Razumov sat down again suddenly. I stared at him, and I must say that he returned my stare without winking for quite a considerable time.

"In some way," he mumbled, as if he had not understood or could not believe his ears.

"Some unforeseen event, a sheer accident, might have done that," I went on. "Or, as she characteristically put it to me, the folly or weakness of some unhappy fellow revolutionist."

"Folly or weakness," he repeated, bitterly.

"She is a very generous creature," I observed, after a time.

The man admired by Victor Haldin fixed his eyes on the ground, seemed oblivious of my existence. I turned away and moved off, apparently unnoticed by him. I nourished no resentment of the moody brusqueness with which he had treated me. The sentiment I was carrying away from that conversation was that of hopelessness. Before I had got fairly clear of the raft of chairs and tables he had rejoined me.

"H'm, yes!" I heard him at my elbow again. "But what do you think?"

I did not look round even.

"I think that you people are under a curse."

He made no sound. It was only on the pavement outside the gate that I heard him again.

"I should like to walk with you a little."

After all, I preferred this unknown young man to his celebrated compatriot, the great Peter Ivanovitch. His enigmatic brusqueness had not irritated me so much as it might have done if I had not adopted a special view of him. But I saw no reason for being particularly gracious.

"I am going now to the railway station by the shortest way from here to meet a friend from England," I said for all answer to his unexpected proposal. I still hoped that something informing could come of it. As we stood on the curbstone waiting for a tram-car to pass he remarked:

"I like what you said just now."

"Do you?"

We stepped off the pavement together.

"The great problem," he went on, "is to understand thoroughly the nature of the curse."

"That's not very difficult, I think."

"I think so, too," he agreed with me, and his readiness, strangely enough, did not make him less enigmatical in the least.

"A curse is an evil spell," I tried him again. "And the important, the great problem is to find the means to break it."

"Yes; to find the means."

That was also an assent, but he seemed to be thinking of something else. We had crossed diagonally the open space before the theatre and began to descend a broad, sparely frequented street in the direction of one of the smaller bridges. He kept on by my side, without speaking, for a long time.

"You are not thinking of leaving Geneva soon?" I asked.

He was silent for so long that I began to think I had been indiscreet and should get no answer at all. Yes, on looking at him, I almost believed that my question had caused him something in the nature of positive anguish. I detected it mainly in the clasping of his hands, in which he put a great force stealthily. Once, however, he had overcome that sort of agonizing hesitation sufficiently to inform me that he had no such intention, he became rather communicative—at least, relatively to the former offhand curtness of his speeches. The tone, too, was more amiable. All it amounted to was that he intended to study and also to write. He went even so far as to tell me he had been to Stuttgart. Stuttgart, I was aware, was one of the revolutionary centres. The directing committee of one of the Russian parties (I can't tell now which) was located in that town. It was there that he got into touch with the active work of the revolutionists outside Russia.

"I had never been abroad before," he explained, in a rather inanimate voice now. Then after a slight hesitation, altogether different from the agonizing irresolution my first simple question "whether he meant to stay in Geneva" had aroused, he made me an unexpected confidence:

"The fact is, I have received a sort of mission from them."

"Which will keep you here in Geneva?"

"Yes, here. In this odious . . ."

I was satisfied with my faculty for putting two and two together when I drew the inference that the mission had something to do with the person of the great Peter Ivanovitch. But I kept that surmise to myself, naturally, and Mr. Razumov said nothing more for some considerable time. It was only when we were nearly on the bridge we had been making for that he opened his lips again abruptly:

"Could I see that precious article anywhere?"

I had to think for a moment before I saw what he was referring to.

"It has been reproduced in parts by the press here. There are files to be seen in various places. My copy of the English newspaper I have left with Miss Haldin, I remember, on the very day or the day it reached me. I was sufficiently worried by seeing it lying on a table by the side of the poor mother's chair for weeks. Then it disappeared. It was a relief."

He had stopped short.

"I trust," I continued, "that you will find time to see these ladies fairly often—that you will make time."

He stared at me so queerly that I hardly know how to define his aspect. I could not understand it in this connection at all. What ailed him, I asked myself. What strange thought had come into his head? What vision of all the horrors that can be seen in his hopeless country had come suddenly to haunt his brain? If it were anything connected with the fate of Victor Haldin, then I hoped earnestly he would keep it to himself forever. I was, to speak plainly, so shocked that I tried to conceal my impression by—Heaven forgive me—a smile and the assumption of a light manner.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "that needn't cost you a great effort."

He turned away from me and leaned over the parapet of the bridge. For a moment I waited, looking at his back. And yet, I assure you, I was not anxious just then to look at his face again. He did not move at all. He did not mean to move. I walked on slowly on my way towards the station. At the end of the bridge I glanced back, though. I could not refrain. No, he had not moved. He hung well over the parapet, as if captivated by the smooth rush of the blue water under the arch. The current there is swift, extremely swift indeed. It makes some people dizzy. I myself can never look at it for any length of time without experiencing a dread of being suddenly snatched away by its destructive force. Some brains cannot resist the suggestion of irresistible power and of headlong motion.

It apparently had a charm for Mr. Razumov. I left him hanging far over the parapet of the bridge. The way he had behaved to me could not be put down to mere boorishness. There was something else under his scorn and impatience, with glimpses of fear and almost of despair. Perhaps, I thought, with sudden approach to hidden truth, it was the same thing which had kept him over a week, nearly ten days indeed, from coming near Miss Haldin. But what it was I could not tell. Though he leaned dangerously far over the parapet, he had not the aspect of a man unduly fascinated by the suggestion of the running water.

CHAPTER IX

THE water under the bridge ran violent and profound. Its violent undulating rush seemed capable of scouring out a channel for itself through solid granite while you looked. But had it flowed through Razumov's breast, it could not have washed away the accumulated bitterness the wrecking of his life had deposited there.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he thought, staring downwards at the headlong river flowing so smooth and clean that only the passage of a faint air bubble or a thin, vanished streak of foam like a white hair disclosed its vertiginous rapidity, its terrible force. "Why has that meddlesome old Englishman blundered against me? And what is his silly tale of a crazy old woman?"

He was trying to think brutally on purpose, but he avoided any mental reference to the young girl. "A crazy old woman," he repeated to himself. "It is a fatality! Or ought I to despise all this as an absurdity? But no! I am wrong! I can afford to despise nothing. An absurdity may be the

starting-point of the most dangerous complications. How is one to guard against it? It puts to rout one's intelligence. The more intelligent one is the less one suspects an absurdity."

A wave of wrath choked his thoughts for a moment. It even made his body leaning over the parapet quiver, then he resumed his silent thinking like a secret dialogue with himself. And even in that privacy his thought had some reservations of which he was vaguely conscious.

"After all, this is not absurd perhaps. It is insignificant. It is absolutely insignificant. Absolutely. The craze of an old woman—the fussy officiousness of a blundering elderly Englishman. What devil put him in the way! Haven't I treated him cavalierly enough? No! Haven't I just? That's the way to treat these meddlesome persons. Is it possible that he still stands behind my back waiting?"

Razumov felt a faint chill run down his back. It was not fear. He was certain that it was not fear—not fear for himself—but it was, all the same, a sort of apprehension as if for another personality, for some one he knew without being able to put a name on the personality. But the recollection that the officious Englishman had a train to meet tranquillized him for a time. It was too stupid to suppose that he should be standing behind his back—waiting. It was unnecessary to look round and make sure.

But what did he mean by his extraordinary rigmarole about the newspaper and that crazy old woman, he thought, suddenly. It was a damnable presumption, anyhow, something that only an Englishman could be capable of. All that was a sort of sport for him—the sport of revolution—a game to look at from the height of his superiority. And what on earth did he mean by his exclamation, "Won't the truth do!"

Razumov pressed his folded arms to the stone coping over which he was leaning with force. "Won't the truth do? The truth for the crazy old mother of the . . ."

The young man shuddered again. "Yes, the truth would do. Apparently, it would do. Exactly. And receive thanks," he thought, formulating the unspoken words cynically. "Fall on my neck in gratitude, no doubt," he jeered, mentally. But this mood abandoned him at once. He felt sad, as if his heart had become empty suddenly. "Well, I must be cautious," he concluded, coming to himself as though his brain had been awakened from a trance. "There is nothing, no one too insignificant, too absurd to be disregarded," he thought, wearily. "I must be cautious."

Razumov pushed himself with his hand away from the balustrade, and retracing his steps along the bridge went straight to his lodgings, where for a few days he led a solitary and retired existence. He neglected Peter Ivanovitch, to whom he was accredited by the Stuttgart group; he never went near the refugee revolutionists to whom he had been introduced on his arrival. He kept out of that world altogether. And he felt that such conduct, causing surprise and arousing suspicion, contained an element of danger for himself.

This is not to say that during these few days he never went out. I met him several times in the streets, but he gave me no recognition. Once, going home after an evening call on the ladies Haldin, I thought I recognized him crossing the dark roadway of the Boulevard des Philosophes. The figure had a broad-brimmed soft hat and the collar of his coat turned

up. I watched him make straight for the house, but instead of going in the man, whoever he was, stopped opposite the still lighted windows, and after a time went away down a side street.

I knew that he had not been to see Mrs. Haldin yet. Miss Haldin told me he was reluctant; moreover, the mental condition of Mrs. Haldin had changed. She seemed to think now that her son was living and perhaps awaited his arrival. Her immobility in the great arm-chair in front of the window had an air of expectancy even when the blind was down and the lamps lighted.

For my part, I was convinced she had received her death stroke; Miss Haldin, to whom of course I said nothing of my forebodings, thought that no good would come from introducing Mr. Razumov just then, an opinion which I shared fully. I knew that she met the young man on the Bastions. Once or twice I saw them strolling slowly up the main alley. Perhaps they met every day. I don't know. I avoided passing that way during the hour when Miss Haldin took her exercise there. One day, however, in a fit of absent-mindedness I passed through the gates and came upon her walking alone. I stopped to exchange a few words. Mr. Razumov failed to turn up, and moving slowly up we began to talk about him—naturally.

(To be Continued)

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RELATION OF TREATIES AND ARMAMENT

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER, UNITED STATES ARMY.

A CONSIDERATION of the world's progress through half a dozen centuries, produces the conviction that security of commerce has been the controlling and predominating factor of diplomacy and that a vast proportion of treaties have been nothing more nor less than trade agreements. The greatest peril of the world's peace lies not so much in the mad contest for temporary supremacy of armament, but rather in the commercial policies and treaties of the great powers, for they serve to give warning that all must arm for possible conflict or sit without the influential circle of the warlike nations. The absence of guaranteed protection to trade was at the bottom of the League of Cambray, the Hanseatic League and of the organization of all the great commercial companies authorized during a long period to use land and sea forces in their exploitation of conquered lands.

Ever since Grotius undertook to embody the treaties and customs of nations into a world-governing code, and convinced the ruling bodies of modern States of the great advantage to civilization of common rules of action, there has been a progressive tendency to adjust methods of intercourse by entering into formal written agreements, and nations having diplomatic associations with other powers have generally undertaken to fulfil their treaty obligations,

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either by actual performance of stipulation or by payment of awards for damages arising from failure to enforce compliance with specific provisions. In the earlier days of modern European civilization, questions concerning human rights of citizens or subjects of the several countries concerned, required much time and attention on the part of diplomats and consuls. Under modern conditions there is rarely any misunderstanding of treaty stipulations in this regard, and it is only in fanatical outbreaks, such as that of the Chinese Boxers, that attention is directed to the fact that a common civilization does not yet pervade the entire world.

The vast amount of accumulated wrong which accompanies the march of civilization constantly turns the minds of men toward a more general resort to arbitration. International common sense and ordinary business judgment alike dictate that arbitration should be used in all cases involving minor disagreements, but the commerce and general welfare of nations, and not sentiment, will continue to govern policies and dictate the character of preparation for maintenance of supremacy. In all civilized countries questions affecting the honor and prestige of nations involve the war powers. A declaration of war is purely a political function, residing in monarchs and parliaments, or, as in America, constitutionally committed to the discretion of Congress. The functions of military and naval men in peace are confined to preparation within the limits of appropriations, and to giving professional advice when required.

That there is a real peril to the world's peace in existing treaties and policies is the wide-spread opinion of military students. The way to reduce the frequency of wars lies not so much in peace conferences and arbitration of minor commercial disputes arising over inequalities of the tariff, as in upbuilding a sentiment which shall insist upon fair and just treaties and forbid the existence of secret compacts or complaisant understandings of ministers and rulers.

There is nothing offensive from a diplomatic standpoint in treaties involving defensive alliances, but when the signatory nations are among the recognized great world powers the effect on the others is instantaneous, for having commerce of their own to extend and protect they are goaded to preparation for the possible contingencies of war. So long as the greatest maritime nation of the world holds as

the corner-stone of its policy that its war fleets shall be ten per cent. greater than the combined fleets of any two nations, it may be expected that the mad race for supremacy of armament on land and sea will go on.

The preservation of the balance of power, so called, among European governments has led to some agreements in the past which have worked in the interest of continued peace, but it would be difficult to convince the weaker people who have been sacrificed to this fetish that the end justified the means. The inevitable waste of life and property, and the many evils arising from campaigns of magnitude, always appeal strongly to the higher sentiments of mankind and the organized efforts for their amelioration are creditable to modern civilization, yet war is not an unmixed evil. History substantiates this statement so conclusively that it seems strange that peace-at-any-price societies are ever able to maintain a working membership.

A people possessed of little to tempt the cupidity of stronger nations need have no fear, but when their commercial and industrial development once approaches rivalry, there is certain to be dug up from dusty archives some allegation of broken faith, as a justification for protection of treaty rights, and thus are defeated the altruistic motives of those who dream of the honor of nations and of the days when armies and battle fleets shall be no more. Those whose presumption exceeds their preparedness are apt to find that their rivals lay more stress upon the mailed hand than upon superiority of morals and intellect.

The Japanese have given the world a magnificent exhibition of self-sacrificing patriotism, in their years of preparation as well as in their recent trials at arms. It is not in reason to presume that Japan desired to turn herself into an armed camp with all her people soldiers and man-of-war's-men, but the sign was hung before her that the price of a continuance of the simple life would be loss of prestige and perhaps of national integrity. From a purely military point of view the control of Korea and the transportation lines up that peninsula to Manchuria are necessary to Japan, regardless of the continuance or discontinuance of Korean sovereignty. In the Japan-China War of 1894, the Chinese fleet was quickly destroyed, and Korea and southern Manchuria, including Port Arthur, fairly won. Then followed the objections of Russia, Germany, and France to Japan's

harvesting the fruits of its victories on land and sea. Under diplomatic pressure of these nations, Japan, by an Imperial rescript of 1895, renounced its right, under the treaty with China, to the southern part of Manchuria, including Port Arthur. This rescript is of historic import, and thus it runs:

"Since then the governments of their majesties the Emperors of Russia and Germany and of the Republic of France have united in a recommendation to our government not to permanently possess the peninsula of Fengtien, our newly acquired territory, on the ground that such permanent possession would be detrimental to the lasting peace of the Orient.

"Devoted as we unalterably are and ever have been to the principles of peace, we were constrained to take up arms against China for no other reason than our desire to secure for the Orient an enduring peace.

"Now the friendly recommendation of the three Powers was equally prompted by the same desire. Consulting, therefore, the best interests of peace, and animated by a desire not to bring upon our people added hardship or to impede the progress of national destiny by creating new complications and thereby making the situation difficult and retarding the restoration of peace, we do not hesitate to accept such recommendation."

Within the following ten years one of the objecting nations had secured for itself control in Manchuria, was rapidly encroaching upon Korea, and had made of Port Arthur a presumably impregnable fortress. Thus was forged and welded that spirit of resentment in the heart of every Japanese that enabled their Emperor to count upon courageous and loyal service when the nation's patience had been exhausted. Nor is it to be wondered at that with their previous experience the Elder Statesmen of Japan hastened to effect an offensive-defensive alliance with England. This treaty has served well its purpose, for during its continuance Japan has secured many of the fruits of its series of victories, but at the cost of China and Korea rather than Russia. In every-day parlance, it is much the same as if two men with a dispute had proceeded to fight it out on a neighbor's land, then partitioned the property between them without reference to the rights of the owner.

The Anglo-Japanese treaty entered into at London, the 12th of August, 1905, contains a preamble, as to its object, comprised of three paragraphs, one of which is:

"(c) The maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India, and the defense of their special interests in the said regions."

The maintenance of spheres of influence, usually territory seized from helpless nations, has become one of the cant ex-

pressions, so common through repetition, in treaties that it no longer creates surprise or comment.

While international agreements are usually entered into for the purpose of avoiding causes of friction, no general peace movement can be made so effective as one looking to the elimination of treaty articles which directly provide for allied war whenever the indeterminate sphere of influence of either contracting party is interfered with.

In the body of the treaty, under Article II, appears this agreement:

> "If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, whenever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers, either contracting party should be involved in war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the preamble of this agreement, the other contracting party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with it."

It is inconceivable how Great Britain could accept the aid of Japan's army in the settlement of any trouble in India without fatal loss of prestige at home as well as abroad.

Whether blood be thicker than water when vested Oriental interests are at stake or not, there is no class or party in America that does not regard a misunderstanding and possible war with Great Britain with peculiar horror. To think that the peace and prosperity of a hundred and fifty millions of English-speaking people rest upon the question of whether or not the King and his Ministers shall execute the terms of an agreement intended for the Orient, in event of America being drawn into trouble with Japan, through alleged and possibly unjust provocation, is almost intolerable.

The general arbitration treaty agreed upon between America and Japan follows the lines laid down at the Hague Conference. All questions of a legal nature, or relating to the construction of existing treaties, are to be settled by arbitration, but those that affect the independence or honor of the contracting parties or the interests of other nations are excluded. The restriction accords with world-wide diplomatic practice.

It has been made clear by such affairs as that at San Francisco that America is not in an enviable position, so far as the power to make and execute treaties is concerned. Americans had long entertained a feeling of sincere friendship for Japan, and it was disappointing to have it made

plain that so small an affair as the seating of school-children, under local laws, could be lifted to the plane of world politics.

In his annual message to Congress, December 6, 1910, the President said:

> "With our increasing international intercourse, it becomes incumbent upon me to repeat more emphatically than ever the recommendation which I made in my inaugural address, that Congress shall at once give to the courts of the United States jurisdiction to punish as a crime the violation of the rights of aliens secured by treaty with the United States, in order that the general government of the United States shall be able, when called upon by a friendly nation, to redeem its solemn promise by treaty to secure to the citizens or subjects of that nation resident in the United States freedom from violence and due process of law in respect to their life, liberty, and property."

Oriental statesmen have long since learned that without armies, harbor defense, and battleships their fate is despoliation, under one pretext or another, limited only by the jealousies and greediness of covetous and stronger nations. China for the Chinese is no mean slogan, and is almost wholly due to the seizure, in the past, of various parts of her territory by arms or enforced concessions. It brings something of shame and regret that out of the commercial selfishness of modern civilization the teeming millions of the Orient must needs inject standing armies into their simple life or suffer territorial disruption.

The public is periodically informed through the press that we are destined to trouble over the Philippines, and that when it comes, the nation will suffer humiliation. The average American takes no particular pride in having our flag float over a thousand Oriental islands. They came under our jurisdiction as an unforeseen incident of war. Those in authority were called upon, by virtue of the responsible offices then held, to determine the course of the nation. They brought as much ability and patriotism to bear upon the subject as may be reasonably expected at any period of our national existence, upon like questions. The situation was without precedent and the responsibilities of menacing gravity. It is safe to assert that if those then responsible for the course of the nation had not believed that our continued control of the Philippines would lift the Filipinos to a higher plane of material prosperity and more rapidly fit them for at least partial self-government, they would have

recommended withdrawal from the islands. It is wholly gratuitous to predicate national loss of prestige in event that any powerful nation may see fit to attempt the seizure of the Philippines. It is true that Congress moves slowly in adjusting the problems involved in the administration of insular possessions, but under the assurance and conviction that real and permanent progress is being made, Americans may be trusted to work out solutions with as much fidelity and as little selfishness as would any other nation.

Notwithstanding all the safeguards that a higher civilization may provide, there will continue to come into the life of nations, at uncertain intervals, questions which will arouse so deeply the spirit of patriotism and the resentment of a whole people that those who continue the appeal for peace will be cast out as traitors, and those who lead armies and fleets to victory will be heralded as heroes and their deeds commemorated in bronze and marble. When deep-seated patriotism is aroused, men no longer consider the commercial elements of questions at issue, but, knowing full well the dangers of camp and battle, march forth to do or die, for the honor of the nation's flag, merely a bit of silk or bunting, but a sacred emblem around which are clustered memories of ancestors who have rallied in its defense. This reverent feeling of patriotism, immeasurable in a commercial way, is confined to no age or generation, but lingers in the atmosphere of homes from the frozen fiords of the Arctic north to those opposite regions of eternal ice down under the Southern Cross and constitutes one of the foundation stones of stable government. In the face of all theory and academic argument, this has been the history of progress, and out of gigantic struggles upon land and sea, civilization has come triumphant and individual liberty has been guaranteed to a greater degree than at any former period of the world's existence.

William H. Carter.

THE NEW STATEISM

BY JOHN M. MATHEWS

It is now possible to perceive that the gubernatorial elections of last November marked a turning-point in our recent political history in more respects than was at first supposed. The present trend of events shows that they set in motion certain forces which have hitherto escaped general recognition, but which are of far-reaching significance in their bearing upon the question of the relation between the Federal and the State governments. Those elections had the effect of throwing into at least temporary eclipse one whose strenuous advocacy of the exercise of national power to secure a "square deal" had given him a dominant position in the counsels of the nation, but whose erratic methods no longer appealed so strongly to the people. On the other hand, they brought from the shades of academic retirement into the limelight of the political arena one of the most virile, forceful, and inspiring personalities which this country has produced in a generation, one whose qualities of sane and constructive leadership in the field of State politics are now being amply demonstrated. But the result of those elections was more than the defeat of one man and the victory of another, more than a mere shifting of popular support from one leader to the other. Nevertheless, that result is, from one point of view, so closely connected with the principles for which these two men stand and the methods of political action which they have adopted that they cannot be wholly eliminated from consideration.

During recent years two important factors have loomed up prominently in the political situation: first, the glaring inefficiency of our State governments and, secondly, the unmistakable tendency toward nationalism. Between these two factors there exists an obvious causal connection. This has operated not through any formal change in the law, but

through a social pressure stronger than law itself. Government in a democracy should be largely, if not solely, a means for promoting the welfare of the individual and of society. The efficiency of government consists in the facility with which it lends itself to the attainment of this end. Under a dual form of government there may exist, through defect in organization or working, a very perceptible difference in the degree to which the two branches of the Government are adapted to the attainment of the beforementioned end. In this case a powerful social pressure is inevitably created which beats against the barriers of the law and imperiously demands that the task of promoting the individual and general welfare shall be intrusted to that branch of the Government best adapted for its effective execution. This is the cause of the tendency toward nationalism and of the demand that the National Government perform functions and exercise powers which it has not hitherto been supposed to possess.

In this situation at least three possible courses of action present themselves. The first is that amendments to the Federal Constitution be adopted or that a constitutional convention be called for effecting a thoroughgoing readjustment of the powers of the National and State governments. This course would at least possess the merit of frankness and would avoid the danger which now exists of lessening the reverence of the people for law. But no one supposes that such a radical method of increasing the legal powers of the National Government is now feasible. In the second place, Federal power may be increased without any formal change in the law, but by the more subtle method of executive practice and the gradually expanding force of judicial construction. Whatever the merits or demerits of this course may be, it has been advocated by many on the supposition that there is no other practicable escape from the difficulty. But the trend of recent events shows that there is still another solution of the problem. This is the reform of State governments along a new line so as to make them adequate and efficient instruments for the free expression of the will of the people and for the ready execution of that will when thus expressed. How this can be done without any formal constitutional change in the organization of those governments is beginning to become clear through the developments in New Jersey under the master-

ful leadership and statesmanlike policy of Governor Woodrow Wilson.

The recent gubernatorial elections did not indicate that the much-heralded progressive principles had received a setback, but that they had found a new and able champion who would now have an opportunity of working them out along a new line. Progressivism is now advancing toward the same goal, but by a different path. Both Roosevelt and Wilson stand for progressivism. But Roosevelt stands for progressivism through the "new nationalism," Wilson for progressivism through the "new stateism." Whether for weal or for woe, whether intentionally or blindly, the people at the recent elections chose to give the "new stateism" a trial. With the States lie great possibilities of an increase of collective action for the general benefit and of a decrease of the use of governmental machinery for private and special interests. These ends can be attained through the State governments with less violence to existing constitutional arrangements than through the National Government. The "new stateism" aims to effect a change in both these directions by rescuing the State governments from the political morass in which they have hitherto floundered. The working out of the methods by which this change is to be accomplished the people have left to Woodrow Wilson and Governors of his stamp.

The most conspicuously weak point in our State governments is the Legislature, considered both in itself and in its relation to the Governor. The great need in such governments, as in any other, is able and disinterested leadership. Such leadership cannot be found in the Legislature, for responsibility is too diffused and the course of legislative procedure is too complicated for popular comprehension. The people have, therefore, naturally turned to the Governor, and have saddled him with the responsibility for both the formulation and the execution of public policy, though in too many instances he has had little, if any, legal power to influence either. In this position the Governor has frequently used his power of patronage to secure votes for and to offset opposition against the laws which public opinion demands, and even the President of the United States has not disdained to wield this questionable weapon as a club to bring Congress into submission. But however laudable the aim, the use of this means of influencing legislation

sooner or later defeats itself. In the first place, it undermines the influence and "credit of the Executive with the people from whom his power comes."* Again, it creates a spirit of distrust and perhaps resentment among members of the Legislature against the Governor, which prevents efficient co-operation between them. Lastly, it is unnecessary because there is another more effective and less questionable weapon at hand. This instrument is the personal influence of the Governor, supported by the full force of "pitiless publicity." It seems a simple matter, but it is the most effective means yet devised whereby an able, upright, and fearless Governor may mould the formulation and the execution of public policy for the general interest. "Pitiless publicity" enables the force of popular opinion to operate almost automatically so as to create support for legislation framed in the general interest and to smoke out the opposition, actuated by motives that will not bear the full light of day. For no matter how jealous a Legislature may be of its own prerogatives, no matter how incapable it may be of being bulldozed, wheedled, or cajoled by threats or intimidation on the part of the Governor, it cannot withstand the force of "pitiless publicity" wielded by a vigorous, independent, and courageous Governor, supported by the pressure of intelligent and aroused public opinion. And it is the function of the Governor to keep it aroused by a continuous and unmerciful application of repeated doses of publicity throughout the whole course of legislation. Bills have been too frequently railroaded or sidetracked through the sinister influence of bosses and lobbyists. In his new rôle the Governor himself becomes the virtual boss and shapes the course of legislation for the general interest, instead of for private and special interests. There is no danger in such bossism, for the Governor can be held accountable by the people while the unofficial boss cannot. This does not imply that the Governor is in continual conflict with the legislators and wields the big stick of his personal influence over them. On the contrary, he works, so far as possible, in entire harmony and co-operation with them. But in the case of a recalcitrant Legislature the Governor's power of appealing directly to the people always remains in reserve, though its existence would usually render its

* Address of Governor Woodrow Wilson before the House of Governors, Frankfort, Kentucky, November 29th, 1910.

exercise unnecessary. The result of this development is that the people have found an efficient means of making their will felt through the open leadership of the Governor. The influence of wealth and " big business " no longer outweighs the interests of the people as a whole. Public opinion becomes articulate and effective.

The regeneration and transformation of State government in this entirely extra-legal manner is not an abstract theory nor a pious wish, but is being practically demonstrated in New Jersey and some other States. Under her present Governor, New Jersey has been kept continually rubbing her eyes with surprise. The State has been routed out of her staid and stolid conservatism and there has been a State-wide awakening of civic consciousness. Innovation has followed innovation. The Governor has broken all precedents by appearing at legislative hearings and by participating in meetings of members of the Legislature and discussing with them questions of public policy. He has urged before them the passage of so-called " administration bills " and has been ready to take the stump unless they are passed. But resort to this extreme measure has not been necessary, for public opinion is already sufficiently aroused, and in the face of his persuasive eloquence the opposition of disaffected legislators has melted away. The result of these tactics has been that measures designed solely in the general interest, which formerly would not have reached third reading, have been passed; while others drawn for the benefit of some special class or of " the interests," which formerly would have gone through as a matter of course, have been blocked. No Eastern State can show a record of the passage in a single legislative session of a larger number of important progressive measures for the reform of State government and politics than can New Jersey. In the face of the determined opposition of the machines of both political parties acts have been passed granting just compensation to working-men for injuries; reforming the election laws so as to enable the people to nominate and to elect candidates without the intervention of the party machines, and providing drastic punishment for corrupt practices at elections; constituting a public utilities commission with adequate powers for the regulation of public-service corporations; permitting cities to adopt the commission form of government; and reorganizing the admin-

istration of the public schools of the State. These measures will cause New Jersey to advance from one of the most backward to one of the most progressive States in the Union. It has been an amazing accomplishment, and the Governor as the " third house " of the Legislature has been the most potent factor in bringing about the enactment of this enlightened programme of reform. This result constitutes a most notable achievement for one man. It is also a signal triumph for an efficient principle of political management.

The power of the Governor to mould public policy in the interests of the people will be still further augmented under the Geran Elections Act just passed, which provides that a State convention of each party shall be held annually for the purpose of adopting and promulgating a party platform, which convention shall be composed of the party candidates who have been nominated at the party primaries for the office of member of the Assembly or State Senator, together with hold-over Senators, members of the State Committee, and

" the candidate of the party for Governor nominated at the said primaries in the year in which a Governor is elected, and in each year in which no Governor is elected the Governor of the State shall be a member of the convention of the political party to which he belongs."

This provision has been denounced on the ground that it makes the Governor a dictator. This is really a powerful argument in its favor. We have outgrown the notion that the concentration of power necessarily means tyranny. The course we ought to pursue is the adoption of means for securing the location of power in the hands of the most responsible authority. The above provision is directly in line with this purpose. Public policy and legislation must be dictated from some quarter, and it is undeniably better that this dictatorship should rest with the Governor, in close touch with the people and working for the interests of all, than with the lobbyists and the representatives of privilege and plutocracy.

The open leadership of an able, responsible, and fearless Governor is thus opening up to the people of New Jersey and other States an effective instrumentality for the control of public policy by public opinion, and is making of the machinery of State government a more efficient means for the free expression of the popular will. Much remains to be done, especially with respect to the administrative ma-

chinery of the State, in order that the power of the Governor may be fully commensurate with his responsibility. But the forces already operating are beginning to remove the inefficiency of the State governments, and when carried out to their logical development will, to a large extent, loosen the causal connection before mentioned and thus check the tendency toward nationalism. Not that the people will look less to the National Government, but they will expect more from the State governments and that expectation will stand a much better chance of realization.

When the feasibility of thus transforming the State governments along simpler lines has been demonstrated in any one State such State will become an object-lesson to others. In this connection it is probable that the "House of Governors" will prove to be an effective vehicle of progress. It will serve as a common organ for formulating a common programme of State reform, so far as a programme on similar lines is desirable, and as a clearing-house for ideas on increasing the efficiency of State governments.

Since the States still have a most important part to play in our system of government, a readjustment of political forces within them is clearly imperative in order that they may take a larger share in promoting the general welfare and in protecting the individual and society from irresponsible predatory power. While some Western States are adopting the initiative and the referendum under the mistaken impression that a more direct participation of the people in legislation will necessarily and, as it were, almost automatically produce a more democratic government, New Jersey is working out a truer conception of democratic government in which the powers of government are better adapted to the interests of the people through the closer contact of the Governor with the Legislature on the one hand and with the people themselves on the other. The true initiative of the people is not a legal initiative, but the originating and stimulating force of articulate public opinion acting through the effective instrumentality of responsible executive power.

The significance of the "new stateism" lies not in its past accomplishments, but in its present and future possibilities. If the Governor is now urging the passage of "administration bills" introduced by his adherents, who can say that he will not soon be introducing them directly?

If the Governor is now appearing before informal meetings of legislative committees, who can say that he will not soon be found on the floor of the legislative chambers addressing the members directly on behalf of the programme of reform demanded by the people whose mouthpiece he is? None but a man of proved rectitude and large caliber would be capable of playing effectively the rôle of Governor under the régime of the "new stateism." But to *create* the rôle in the first instance as well as to play it when created could be the achievement of none but a man of extraordinary ability, of marvelous powers of persuasion, and of magnificent qualities of leadership. New Jersey enjoys the good fortune of having found such a man in Woodrow Wilson. Let us hope that he may be able to place the "new stateism" upon a solid and enduring basis before he is called to a more exalted post and a wider field of action in the service of the nation.

JOHN M. MATHEWS.

THE NEW CHINESE CURRENCY

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THE chaotic condition of the Chinese currency has reached a point which is almost incredible. It has jeopardized the country's foreign trade and checked the development of her domestic commerce. The Chinese not only have suffered from it, but large numbers of foreigners as well. The Government itself has for some time felt the need of reform. Repeated attempts have been made to remedy the evil, but they have been barren of immediate results. Finally, upon the accession to the throne of the new Emperor, the Government began to take definite steps toward the reorganization of the whole monetary system. Soon after the recent change of administration the Throne commanded the Board of Finance to establish a special bureau to investigate currency conditions in China and to study the systems of other countries for the purpose of improving that at home. After more than a year's work, the Board of Finance memorialized the Throne, setting forth in detail their recommendations. They also submitted twenty-four regulations for the redemption of the old coins and the introduction of the new system. An imperial edict was issued on the 24th of May, 1910, which approved the whole plan as submitted by the Board and which said in part:

"It is commanded that the unit of the national currency shall be the 'Yuan,' or dollar, and the standard shall temporarily be silver. The dollar shall be the principal unit of currency and shall weigh seven mace and two candarenes. The subsidiary coins shall be as follows: Three of silver in denominations of fifty, twenty-five and ten cents, respectively; one nickel unit having the value of five cents; and four copper coins in denominations of two cents, one cent, five cash and one cash, respectively. The relative value of the dollar, the dime, the cent and the cash shall be in decimal proportion and be permanently fixed. It shall not be permitted to increase these relative values or to diminish them. The Board

of Finance shall direct the mints to mint the new coins according to the standard weight, fineness and design and to issue them gradually. . . .

"Let the viceroys and governors instruct the various mercantile and other organizations to inform the people that the purpose of this reform is to alleviate the chaos caused by the weighing and testing in the old currency, thereby to accommodate the people, to facilitate commerce and to lay the foundation of the financial reorganization of the empire."

It further ordered that, within one year from the date of the edict, all salaries and pensions of officials and other Government employees, together with all taxes, customs duties and other incomes and expenditures of the Government, as well as the contracts and payments of the people, should be converted into the terms of the new currency.*

In order to understand the significance of this reform, it is necessary to have a brief and concise idea of the old currency and of the existing conditions in China.

In theory, one may say China has maintained a bimetallic system or "even a trimetallic system"† since the seventh century, according to which one unit in gold is equivalent to ten in silver and one thousand in copper. In practice, however, the currency in use until lately has been entirely the "tiao" (a string of copper cash) or the tael. Since the beginning of intercourse with the West the dollar also has been used extensively.

These three kinds of "money" might have formed the basis of a practicable system of currency were each of them uniform in itself. The trouble is that none of them represent anything definite. For instance, there are over one hundred kinds of the tael in the country, and these kinds of tael not only differ from one another, but each kind itself varies in different places. Again, even if the tael were a definite unit, it could have been of little use so long as the

* "For the purpose of carrying out this and some other less important reforms, a loan of $50,000,000 was consummated in Peking, on April 15, 1911. The proposal for this loan was originally made to American bankers alone; but later was extended to financial groups of Great Britain, Germany, and France. The four Powers were to pay to China $5,000,000 immediately, $5,000,000 when the Powers have approved of the currency reforms and the Manchurian development schemes, and the remainder of the loan in instalments covering several months. At the suggestion of the United States, China has also agreed to appoint the representative of some uninterested country as financial adviser to assist in the currency reform."

† H. B. Morse: *Trade and Administration of the Chinese Empire*, p. 124.

fineness of the sycee silver is different and undetermined, as it always has been.

The tiao is no more definite than the tael. Through years of bad practice and on account of the customs of different places it to-day means numberless things. In one place it may mean 1,000 cash, in another place 960 and in a third only 160. In a word, the tiao, like the tael, carries with it no definite meaning, but is only a customary name used to represent different numbers of cash varying within the limits of 1,000 and 160, according to time, place and circumstances.

As already mentioned, the dollar also has been used recently. As a strange coincidence, the dollar likewise means a conglomeration of different kinds of money. To begin with, there are the Imperial Chinese dollar, the Mexican dollar, the French piastre, the Portuguese carolus, the Hongkong dollar and the different kinds of provincial dollars, each differing from all the rest in weight, fineness and value. Moreover, like the Spanish dollar during Colonial times, the market value of each kind is also different in different places. One kind of dollar may be used freely in one province and rejected in the next. Even in different parts of the same town, at one and the same time, there often exists a difference in the value of the same kind of dollar. It is well remarked by some Western observers that the way in which price of silver in terms of copper cash or of dollars, or *vice versa,* varies will tax even a veteran New York broker's understanding.

To this has been added the confusion caused by the unregulated manipulation of the different provincial mints. During the last twelve or fifteen years several provinces have been permitted to operate their own mints. These provinces in the operation of their mints usually had in view not the economic welfare of the whole country, but the immediate well-being of the local treasury. This, coupled with the lack of strict regulation by the central Government, led to the great oversupply of copper coins and to the coining of silver coins of varying fineness, all purporting to be of the same weight and fineness as the Government coins. The oversupply of copper cash has greatly enhanced the price of silver, a result of which has been the recent pronounced increase in the cost of living, especially in that of the laboring classes. These people, whose income is in terms

of the tiao, find their cost of living increased by leaps and bounds with the rising value of silver, while their income, which is governed not by union rules, but by custom, remains almost stationary. The hardship and misery caused by this state of affairs made it dangerous for the Government to postpone any longer the reorganization of the currency.

Moreover, China's treaty obligations, as well, require her to reform her currency. As stipulated in the commercial treaty of 1903 between China and the United States,* "China agrees to take the necessary steps to provide for a uniform national coinage which shall be legal tender in payment of all duties, taxes and other obligations throughout the Empire. . . ." Similar phrases are found in the commercial treaty between China and Japan of the same year and in that with Great Britain of the year before.

These circumstances help one to appreciate the significance of the reform more fully and to understand the discussions which led to the adoption of the programme. In the following pages I propose to discuss some of the questions arising in connection with the reform which have aroused a great deal of discussion in China as well as in other countries.

In this currency reform the adoption of a standard has been the first and most important question. All the discussion was largely centered upon the point as to whether China should adopt silver or gold. The opinion was about equally divided on this question. Those in favor of silver believe that a declining value of silver in terms of gold will favor China's export trade and hence is good for China. On account of the relatively low rate of exchange of silver, the prices of goods in China will appear lower than in those countries where gold is used. Conversely, the imported goods will appear higher in price. Hence if China adopts silver, her export trade will be stimulated while her imports will be somewhat diminished; and, therefore, the balance of trade will be in China's favor.

But those in favor of silver, as one high official has observed, failed to notice that the theory of this so-called balance of trade has been proven erroneous again and again; that what temporarily appears favorable under abnormal

* Article XIII of the Commercial treaty of October 8th, 1903. See House Documents, Vol. I, Fifty-eighth Congress, Second Session, 1903-1904.

conditions often becomes unfavorable in the long run; and that, above all, as the exports are mostly raw material, the increase of such export business will, in the end, not result in any real advantage to China. On the contrary, it will tend to exhaust the raw material in the country and thereby retard the development of manufactures. Should such export trade be excessively stimulated, it would jeopardize the root of the much-needed development of new industries —the only salvation of the large laboring populace.

Then the silver advocates advanced three other reasons which seemed more convincing. First, that China is poor; she has not gold enough even to start a gold system and cannot secure the necessary amount of gold without incurring a heavy debt at a great disadvantage. Second, even if she could secure the gold at the present time, it would not be possible for her to keep it, as the balance of trade is against her, and the gold would certainly be exported for the excess of imports over exports. Third, the standard of living and the habits of the people require silver as the standard. The silver advocates claim that, although silver is supposed to have been the standard in China, the copper cash has in reality been the currency of the people. Like the French housewife, the every-day Chinese is wont to calculate in sous, even to the point of "*une pièce de cent sous,*" rather than five francs. Therefore, a silver currency is better adapted for the standard of living and the ordinary trade customs of the country, while the sudden adoption of gold might entail serious hardship to the people.

On the other hand, the gold advocates maintain that the national finance demands the adoption of gold. All China's foreign debts and indemnities are in terms of gold, while her revenues are collected almost entirely in silver or in copper at some rate of exchange with silver. As the value of silver has of late been constantly and considerably depreciated with respect to that of gold the Government finds that the burden of its debts is increasing by leaps and bounds. There is no other way to relieve the situation except by the adoption of gold.

Again the commerce of China with other countries calls for the adoption of gold. Her merchants suffer a great deal from the use of silver. On account of the fluctuations of silver her international trade becomes highly speculative. While the merchants of other countries will need only to keep

in mind the commercial conditions in making their calculations, the Chinese merchant, in addition to what his foreign competitor has to do, must constantly bear in mind the rate of exchange. As the average Chinese merchant is neither so well experienced nor as shrewd as his foreign competitor, he has thus, with half the strength, been compelled to struggle against twice as many difficulties. In this age of extreme competition, the Chinese, placed against such odds, have always to face an up-hill struggle.

Moreover, the experience of other countries warrants the adoption of gold. Nearly all the civilized nations have adopted gold. If China remains a silver country she will have to suffer from practically all the evils resulting from the capricious speculations of the whole world.

Some also claim that the adoption of gold will strengthen the Chinese national credit. They claim that an Eastern financial agent residing in London once said that he had never been able to borrow money for the Government he was representing so cheaply as he was able to do after the introduction of the gold standard into the country. He remarked that the effect was immediate and unmistakable. Count Matsukata of Japan is also quoted as having attributed the friendliness and moderation of the money-market toward his country during recent years to the adoption of the gold standard.

There is hardly any doubt that the systematizing of a nation's currency will eventually strengthen that nation's credit. But whether this financial friendliness toward Japan is due simply to the adoption of the gold standard or to the introduction of uniformity into the currency seems open to question. The reason why the money-market became more favorably inclined toward Japan on her adoption of gold is more likely because it foresaw in that adoption a steady and uniform system of currency which meant strength in her national finance rather than simply because of the adoption of gold itself. If the market had felt that the adoption of gold was ill-fitted to Japanese conditions and would bring about disturbance and financial chaos, it would very likely have taken a different course. Therefore, the adoption of gold, if unsuitable, is not likely to strengthen a country's credit. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that such a change would prove injurious to her credit. At any rate, it appears that what

the foreign creditors want is only financial strength. Whether that strength is brought about by the use of silver or by that of gold does not seem likely to enter into their calculations. There is no reason to believe that a nation's credit shall not be good if her financial strength is great, even if silver is the standard. On the other hand, it is hardly conceivable that a nation's credit will become better simply because she uses gold. Psychologically, it might be that the money-lenders in the gold countries prefer to loan their money to the countries using gold rather than to those using silver, but this preference ought not to be very strong. Therefore, it seems that the gold advocates have taken a special coincidence as a formula for general application.

Finally, the matter settles down to two points: Is China to consider first the well-being of her people, who maintain their families on one dime a day and, through the existence of the mite of a mite, are enabled to maintain them in comfort; or shall she consider first the broader interests of her international exchanges and of the large body of merchants active in the trade of nations? Upon these questions hinged the final decision of the Government.

The advantages of a gold standard are so numerous—so far as the broader interests of the Government are concerned—and the experience of other countries is so convincing, that it was only in consideration of the standard of living of her people that China reluctantly decided to adopt silver temporarily, with the ultimate aim of adopting gold as soon as circumstances would permit. In making this decision, China believed that in the reform of currency, as well as in other reforms, she must go step by step. Moreover, she was also influenced by the experience of her neighbors. Nearly all the countries now having gold as standard used silver first and then gold. Should China adopt gold now, she would be jumping from copper, over silver, to gold; for although silver in different forms has been in use in China for centuries, the real currency, as observed before, is the copper cash. A great majority of the people to-day still think in the "tiao." In fact, it is safe to say that probably less than half of the people have ever used silver in their lives until very recently. Under such circumstances, China preferred to adopt silver for the present. As declared in the currency edict of two years ago, the Government recognized the "convenience" of a gold standard;

but, finding that "grave dangers" would be incurred in China by the adoption of gold, it concluded that "we should first standardize and render uniform the silver currency and then carefully proceed to take measures for a further advance, with a view to insuring the adoption of a gold standard in the future." In other words, the Government thought it better for China to systematize her currency first and only later to adopt gold rather than to attempt both reforms at the same time at the risk of failure in each.

Besides the silver and gold standards, the gold exchange basis, as recommended by the Commission on International Exchange,* was also considered at length, but was laid aside —at least, for the present—for the reason that in a country like China it is extremely hard to maintain the parity of the silver token coins, and it amounts almost to impossibility to prevent counterfeiting such token coins when the disparity between the face and the intrinsic value is so great.

The failure of the Government to adopt the gold exchange basis has been criticised by most of the Chinese newspapers and is regarded as a mistake by large numbers of the educated classes.

A great many of the educated people in the country think that in this age of world intercourse, to reorganize the finance of a country without due consideration of her relations with the other countries, is liable to be disastrously mistaken. Therefore, they believe that China ought to have given more consideration to her broader interests than to her internal conditions. Some even doubt that the standard of living really interferes much with the change of a nation's currency standard. They maintain that, although England adopted gold over a century ago, there are yet many "Englishmen" in the heart of London who have never used a sovereign in their lives, and that, although Japan has been using gold as standard over twelve years, there are yet many Japanese who have never seen a gold coin. Moreover, the same state of affairs has been existing in China. Nominally China has been using the sycee as a basis, yet those who have used any sycee in their business transactions number comparatively few. Therefore, they claim that China could have safely adopted the gold exchange basis to her advantage.

* For report of this Commission see House Documents 144, Fifty-eighth Congress, Second Session.

By looking at the situation from the outside one would likely be inclined to favor the gold exchange proposition. The clear arguments in favor of this basis as given by Professor Jenks* are, indeed, convincing, and the experience of India, the Philippine Islands and the Straits Settlements seems to warrant a trial of this basis by China. The enormous amount of profit† which may be easily gained by the Government by adopting this basis, more than anything else, was very tempting. Therefore, the question was held in the balance for a long time. It was only after careful examination of the whole situation that China forsook it. The Government vividly recalls its miserable experience with the Chao Piao (a kind of Government note issued some years ago) and the Hsien Feng notes. By having a great disparity between the legal value and the value in bullion as necessitated by the gold exchange basis, China knows that she can gain a very large profit, all of which is tempting at this time when her finances are in such a strained condition; but she also realizes that this very profit to the Government may create distrust among the people. In China, where things are in such an unsettled state, the least suspicion by the people—whose memory of the unfortunate experience with the former Government notes is still fresh —that the Government is seeking for gain from this reform is likely to defeat the whole programme. Therefore, the Government took the safer course even at a large financial loss to itself. The fact that the Government was able to overcome the temptation by foregoing the big profit seems to indicate its earnestness in this reform.

The new unit is the "yuan,"‡ which shall contain seven mace and two candarenes of ninety per cent. pure silver, with the figure of a coiling dragon stamped on one face and the words "one yuan" and "Imperial Chinese Currency," in Chinese, on the other.

This seems simple enough, but it was only after the hottest kind of discussion among those in charge of the reform that this was decided upon. Perhaps there has

* See *Chinese Students' Monthly* for November, 1909, and report of the Commission on International Exchange, U. S. House Documents 144, Fifty-eighth Congress, Second Session.

† Professor Jenks estimates that "scores of millions of dollars would be made by China if the gold exchange standard were adopted at once."

‡ The "yuan" equals about 46 cents in American money, and its purchasing power in China equals about $2 in the United States.

been more disagreement regarding the unit than upon any other point in the entire programme. The whole officialdom divided itself into two parties—one in favor of the tael and the other in favor of the dollar. Among the tael advocates, the late Grand Councillor Chang Chih-Tung was the most noted, while on the side of the dollar-advocates were mostly the younger but less influential officials. The tael advocates had so much more influence that for a while it seemed as if the tael would be adopted. In fact, a committee appointed through the influence of this party made a report two years ago in favor of the tael, and the report actually received the sanction of the Throne.

The advocates of the dollar, however, did not give up hope, in spite of the overwhelming power of their opponents. Even the imperial sanction did not dishearten them. So during the last two years they made continued efforts to reverse the decision of the Throne. As a result a most animated discussion ensued, during which both sides placed much emphasis upon the usage, or rather the habits, of the people. Those in favor of the dollar maintain that, since the people have become accustomed to the use of the Chinese and Mexican dollars, and since the weights of both of these are about seven mace and two candarenes, it would be more adaptable to the people if the new unit is to weigh seven mace two candarenes.

On the other hand, the tael advocates say that it is because of the fact that usage is an important factor in determining the new unit that the tael ought to be preferable to the dollar. For centuries all public incomes and expenditures, as well as all private accounts, have been kept in terms of the tael. Besides, the customs tariffs, which are connected with China's treaty obligations, are also calculated in terms of the tael. Hence, if the tael is adopted, it will save all the trouble of a wholesale change. Moreover, if the tael is used, it will prevent the confusion resulting from the mixture of the old and new coins, which would be inevitable in the case of the adoption of the dollar.

So far the arguments in favor of the tael seem very convincing. But the dollar advocates called attention to the fact that all these advantages in favor of the tael exist only in theory, while they have no foundation in reality. In the first place, no one knows what the tael really is. Besides the various principal kinds of taels, which number

no less than a hundred, there are the numberless commercial or local taels, all of which differ from one another and represent different weights in different places. Every "center," as observed a correspondent of the London *Times*, "possesses its own ideas of the value of the tael." In fact, the Government itself uses as many kinds of tael as there are names for it in the country. Therefore, it is necessary to make as complete a change of the old documents and accounts in the case of the adoption of the tael as it is in that of the dollar.

Again, the least connection of the new currency with the tael will at once bring back the idea of the old cumbrous sycee—the idea of the weighing and testing process which the reform especially aims to eradicate.

Moreover, the standard of living in China favors the dollar. In every-day life the cash must still be used as the smallest coin for the present. By making the cash the basing coin so that ten cash make one cent, ten cents one dime and ten dimes one dollar, the decimal system may be maintained throughout; while, on the other hand, if the tael is used, it will be necessary either to dispense with the decimal system or to make the smallest coin—the cash—comparatively higher in value than it is now, which latter fact is not desirable.

Thus, in spite of the opposition of the influential officials, the dollar advocates won the decision of the Throne at last. Not only are all the progressive classes throughout the Empire delighted with this action of the Government, but foreign authorities as well agree that China has taken a forward step. By the adoption of the dollar China will have the relative value between the unit and the copper currency fixed at the most convenient rate of 1 to 1,000, instead of such a cumbersome arrangement as something like 1,482 cash as the equivalent of the tael.

The currency, as mentioned, is based upon the decimal system. The principal subsidiary coins are the chiao, the fen and the cash, representing one-tenth, one-hundredth and one-thousandth part of the yuan in value, respectively. For convenience other coins have also been introduced. These are the fifty-cent and twenty-five-cent pieces in silver, the five-cent coin in nickel and the two-cent and five-cash coins in copper.

In order to maintain the ratio between the unit and the

subsidiary coins, which China has never succeeded in doing in the past, the Government adopted the first of the two methods mentioned by Mr. H. White in his book on money and banking—namely, to restrict the supply of the small coins. As stated in the memorial of the Board of Finance:

"since the purpose of coining the subsidiary coins is for making changes and small purchases and is not intended for general use, the supply of such coins must not be too large. Unless strict rules are adopted and enforced governing the coinage of such coins, we fear there is no other way of maintaining the decimal system."

The Government is likely to have much trouble in carrying out this provision. One of the foremost causes of the recent confusion of the Chinese currency has been the unregulated coinage of copper coins. Unless the central Government succeeds in taking away from the provinces the privilege of minting and conducts the coinage itself strictly in accordance with well-planned regulations, or proves able to enforce such regulations upon the provinces, both of which are hard to do, all its efforts for the reform will prove a failure. The Government seems to have recognized this difficulty and appears earnest in its determination to overcome it. If the Government succeeds in maintaining the decimal system, it will confer a great benefit upon the country. When the enormous population of China is taken into consideration, the economy resulting from a uniform decimal system in accounting alone must be considerable, to say nothing of the impetus to commerce.

In adopting her policy regarding abrasion, China evidently followed in the footsteps of her Eastern neighbor. The Chinese currency measure provides that if, in consequence of abrasion from circulation, any of the silver or nickel coins fall below the minimum circulating weight, the Government shall exchange such coins for new ones of the same face value without any charge. In adopting this policy, China, like Japan, proceeded on the assumption that it is possible to distinguish between abrasion caused by ordinary wear and fraudulent abrasion or "sweating." Although there has not been sufficient time as yet to decide as to the safety of the experiment, China thought it worth while to try the same side by side with her neighbor. It is especially gratifying to note in this regard that China, in spite of her financial difficulties, is willing to assume this loss herself, instead of throwing it upon her people as most of

the Western countries do. The justice for the Government to assume the loss due to ordinary abrasion is evident. Since such abrasion is caused by all subjects of the country in common, the consequent loss from it should fall upon the whole instead of the unfortunate few who happen to possess the coin last. Most of the Governments "have not been willing to assume this loss, lest such assumption should lead to systematic abrasion for purposes of gain."* This, however, neither conclusively proves that the assumption of the loss by the individual will prevent the danger of "sweating," nor justifies the Government in compelling the unfortunate few to bear the loss which the Government itself fears to assume. It is hoped that the experiment in the East may prove safe, so as to bring about its adoption by the West.

The disposal of old coins has been recognized as the most difficult problem. During the last two decades over 40,000,000 dollar coins and about $1,400,000,000 worth of the smaller silver coins have been poured into circulation. To redeem them and recoin them will cost the Government something like $20,000,000. At this time, when every source of the Chinese treasury is strained, it is difficult for China to meet this extra burden. The policy of suppressing the old coins, therefore, has frequently been advocated. It was feared, however, that such an abrupt suppression would result in a serious burden upon the people which would obstruct the carrying out of the currency programme. In trying to strike at a happy medium the Board of Finance decided that for the present the old coins should be permitted to circulate as heretofore according to their market values, side by side with the new coins which are to circulate at their legal value.

In this connection, it must be observed that, as there are four kinds of the new silver coin and about as many kinds of the old, and as the size and design of the two classes of the same denomination are very similar, the confusion resulting from the simultaneous circulation of the two will be unavoidable.

The edict also provides that as soon as one place is sufficiently supplied with the new coin a date shall be fixed after which the old coin shall cease to circulate. Unless this plan is carried out with extreme precaution and dex-

* H. White: *Money and Banking*, 2nd Edition, p. 25.

terity, it may bring about a serious depreciation of the old coins and a general disturbance of prices.

But the disposal of the old copper coins is likely to be even more difficult than the disposal of the silver coins. During the last decade or so over $100,000,000 worth of copper cash has been forced into circulation. To this must be added the quantity illegally coined, which is believed to be enormous. The southern provinces have been literally flooded with this copper cash. The harm done, especially to the working classes, can readily be understood.

Two propositions were advanced. One is to redeem all the old copper at " fixed low prices " so as to save the Government from the loss of redeeming and recoining; the other is to raise the value of the old copper to a fixed point so as to enable them to circulate as new subsidiary coins. Of course, to put one of these propositions into practice is as hard as the other. The officials must have realized that to raise the value of these old copper cash arbitrarily and keep them at that high level for any length of time is as hard as to raise the price of rice, unless they " corner " enough of it and stop further planting at the same time. They must also have seen that to redeem the copper cash at a low price, fixed arbitrarily, is likely to be either futile or dangerous.

After much deliberation, the Board decided that the different viceroys and governors be instructed to proclaim that during the first year from the date when the new coin is put into circulation in their provinces any single transaction not exceeding as a maximum three dollars in value according to the market exchange may be made with the copper, and that during the second year the maximum shall be reduced to one dollar. At the same time the Government shall gradually redeem such coins. It is hoped that after two or three years the quantity of such copper cash may be greatly reduced, after which the Board of Finance is to adopt a final way of disposal.

The importance of this currency reform can hardly be overestimated. The financial weakness of the country is the leading cause of China's precarious condition. To reorganize her finances is the only thing which will make any other reform possible. She cannot reorganize her finances, unless and until she has a uniform system of currency. All those who are interested in the matter agree that a uniform sys-

tem is what China needs. Therefore, China's efforts, as seen throughout her programme, have been largely directed toward that goal.

Another notable feature in connection with this reform is the special attention which the Government gave to the habits and well-being of the people. This is gratifying not only from the political point of view, but from that of the success of the reform as well. Without special regard to the habits of the people China could never carry out her currency or any other reform, and her recent edict and regulations would not meet with any better fate than the proclamation of Ann or the English currency law of 1707 as applied in the American colonies.

So far we have discussed what China has decided to do, or, in other words, what is still on paper, and so far nothing appears very difficult. But to carry out the programme is an entirely different problem. In China, as it is in many other countries, the "vested interests" are the worst foes of wholesome reforms. Therefore, it is very possible that China may find it too difficult to carry out her programme. The central Government is sincere and earnest and is cautious in each step it takes. It will also have at least the moral support of the foreign Powers and the large body of foreign residents in China in this undertaking which has so vast a national as well as an international importance. Moreover, there seems to be a general awakening among the people. Even the "powerful body of bankers," who have been suspected by some Western observers to be in opposition to the reform, have already shown signs of being ready to sacrifice personal interests for the advantage of the nation. According to the recent report of a correspondent of the London *Times*, the leading bankers in Peking have held a meeting at which they decided "to form an association with branches in the provinces to assist the carrying out of the currency reforms." "To accomplish this reform," as remarked the *North China Herald*, "will require the same motive power . . . that was available in the case of the suppression of opium in the face of official and popular apathy." It is pertinent to the question to note that China has been successful in her opium crusade.

CHING-CHUN WANG.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BATTLESHIP "MAINE"

BY REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE, U.S.N. (RETIRED).

PREFATORY NOTE

PROBABLY no act of the late Thomas B. Reed so commended itself to the judgment of the thoughtful and conservative element of the country as the determined stand taken by him as Speaker of the House of Representatives during the third session of the Fifty-fifth Congress in resisting the purpose of various interests to compel the Congress to direct President McKinley to use armed intervention, if necessary, in forcing the Spanish Government to effect immediate and important reforms as regards the colonial administration of the Island of Cuba.

Mr. Reed believed, and subsequent events confirmed this conviction, that the condition of affairs in Cuba had been exaggerated and that the Madrid authorities, realizing the deep sentiment in America concerning the question, would substantially yield every demand based upon humanity and justice.

The action of Mr. Reed was founded upon equity, common sense, and patriotism. He appreciated the fact that due to climatic, racial, and financial reasons the problem of administering the internal affairs of Cuba was an exceedingly complicated and difficult one. It was only by reason of the deplorable destruction of the *Maine* that Mr. Reed was prevented from helping to bring about a more satisfactory condition of affairs in Cuba and a better permanent understanding between Spain and the United States.

The suggestion that the cause of the destruction of the *Maine* could be attributable either directly or indirectly to the action of the Spanish authorities seemed incredible to a man of Mr. Reed's training and temperament. Viewed from a moral, diplomatic, or military standpoint, the countenancing by the Spanish authorities of the destruction of the vessel was incomprehensible, since such action could only result in the loss to Spain of all its American possessions. The theory that any individual or collection of men could have planted an explosive mine contiguous to the best berthing buoy in the harbor of Havana without the knowledge of either the military or naval authorities of the port seemed to him to be beyond the probability of successful accomplishment.

The investigation of the matter in such a manner that would commend itself to other nations appealed to him as a matter of justice. It was common rumor that he regarded the subject as one of international import, since it was his conviction that the explosion was due to causes inherent in the design, construction, and operation of a modern battleship.

In furtherance of a deep-seated purpose to undertake a closer study of the matter as an important public duty, Mr. Reed wrote to Rear-Admiral Melville, then Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy, concerning the latter's views as to the cause of the destruction of the *Maine*. The reply of Admiral Melville is contained in the following letter and is deemed of importance as representing the views of an exceedingly large contingent of thoughtful officers of the American navy. It was written about nine years ago and represents extended and thoughtful study of the matter by one whose official position permitted him to obtain all possible information upon the subject. —THE EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 29, 1902.*

DEAR MR. REED,—About a year ago a distinguished Admiral of our Navy, after traveling through Europe and interviewing the naval officials of several countries, declared that practically no experts on the Continent, and but few in England, believed that the *Maine* had been destroyed by the Spaniards. The conclusion that the explosion was due entirely to internal causes was held by many of our friends in Europe. As the opinions of neither Portuguese nor Spanish naval experts were sought, the above decision is that reached by comparatively disinterested parties.

Before giving my reasons why I believe the Spanish officials were guiltless of the charge of committing such a cruel deed, it may be pertinent to mention something about the comity existing between the personnel of the navies of the world. It is an invariable custom for naval officials to give a sincere, courteous, and cordial greeting to every war-ship that enters any of its ports. Once the anchor of any visiting war-ship is down, the stranger is regarded as a friend and particular care is taken that such a guest is not subjected to any indignity or treatment that might mar his pleasure. Even if the visit of the foreign ship had not been desired or previously encouraged by the officials of the port, all resentment ceases when the vessel enters harbor.

There always has been, and must necessarily be, a high standard of honor among the commissioned personnel of every naval service. The nature of their duties brings naval officers in contact with the most cultured and refined of every nation. The traditions of the service are such that even at an early age the commissioned personnel appreciate the fact that their official conduct, deportment, and bearing are under observation and that, by virtue of their position, all officers of the navy are expected to uphold the dignity and honor of the flag.

From the time a war-ship enters a harbor the naval officials of the port regard the ship's complement as guests and not as passing visitors. There is hardly an instance on record where there has been a failure to exchange official courtesies between ship and shore, and it is seldom the case where some personal hospitality has not been extended to the captain of the foreign ship. The spirit of friendship and respect, pervading every naval service, is such, that the visitor need never be told that the host holds himself personally responsible for his comfort and safety. There is probably no act that will so humiliate naval officials as the subjection of any of their guests to personal violence, even from irresponsible persons. In order to atone for such breaches of hospitality the naval officials of the port will make any sacrifice or expiation that can in honor be demanded.

For twenty years previous to the visit of the *Maine* the Spanish officials had substantially informed both our diplomatic and naval representatives that visits of our war-ships were not particularly desired. It became necessary at times, however, in the performance of duty, for our war-vessels to enter Spanish ports, and it should be said that whenever such visits were made it was the invariable experience that the Spanish officials tried in every honorable way to make their guests welcome. There were many reasons, however, for the friction which existed. Probably the leading cause was the Spanish belief that the Cuban revolutionists had for years been supplied with arms and ammunition by filibustering expeditions illegally fitted out in the United States. It may also be that the Spaniards had not forgotten our sympathy for the several South-American countries that by revolution had renounced their allegiance to Spain.

It will also be recalled to mind that in 1872 the Spanish cruiser *Numancia* entered the harbor of New York. Being in need of repairs, this vessel, through courtesy of our naval officials, was permitted to enter the stone dock at the navy-yard. Just about this time the unfortunate *Virginius* affair occurred. Providentially for us, a canal-boat with several hundred tons of coal sunk in front of the stone dock where the *Numancia* was on the blocks. The sinking of the coal-barge prevented the removal of the caisson, and thus the Spanish armored ship lay helpless in the dock for any destructive work against our ships and harbors.

It is a saying that all is fair in love and war. Probably every naval power would have also rejoiced if, under like circumstances, the most powerful vessel of a possible foe could have been tied up in some crucial hour in such an effective manner. There was not an officer in our service who did not personally sympathize with the commander and crew of the *Numancia* in being deprived of the opportunity to proceed immediately if required to a possible scene of action. Measures were taken to convince the Spanish Government that in no manner could the war-ship's crew be held responsible for her predicament. From the moment, therefore, that the *Numancia* was in position where she could not be used by the Spaniards all manner of courtesies were extended her officials, and the vessel was guarded as carefully as if she were our own. The *Numancia* incident illustrates the manner in which naval officers of every nation may countenance extending the stay of a foreign war-ship in port in times of emergency.

There is every reason to assume that in the winter of 1898 neither the Madrid nor the Havana authorities believed that war was imminent. In fact, to demonstrate its belief that war was not probable, the Spanish Government had ordered the *Viscaya* to proceed to New York. This was before the Spaniards had the slightest intimation that we intended sending a vessel to Havana. With the remembrance of the *Numancia* experience, and realizing that all things were possible to Yankee ingenuity, the Madrid authorities sent the *Viscaya* to an American port. If war had even been thought to have been probable, the Spanish Admiralty must have been convinced that the services of the *Viscaya* would have been lost to them and that in some way she would have followed the fate of the *Numancia.* The importance of this visit at the particular time cannot be too strongly dwelt upon. The official correspondence of both the civil and military Spanish officials, written prior to the *Maine* experience, conclusively shows that Spain did not regard herself as a match for us on the ocean. Her ablest men had almost a full comprehension of the ruin that awaited her, and therefore many of her best leaders were working strenuously to maintain peace and to avert war.

On January 24, 1898, the Havana authorities were unexpectedly told by Consul-General Lee that it was the wish of the Department of State that arrangements might be made

for the friendly visit of the *Maine* to Havana. It was hoped that an interchange of official calls between the commander of the *Maine* and the Spanish authorities would have a tendency to create good feeling. It is a matter of record that the Spanish officials thought otherwise and gave no encouragement to the suggestion. Eighteen hours from the time the request was made, and even before Captain-General Weyler had consented to welcome the visitor, the *Maine* steamed into Havana. The Spaniards were too proud and too courteous to show any expression of regret, but too humiliated to extend any other than the most formal of official courtesies.

The harbor of Havana is small. Its area, to a depth of eighteen feet, is only about one and one-eighth square miles. A small shoal encroaches upon this limited area. Vessels when discharging or loading cargo are compelled to go to wharves or tie to buoys. The entrance to the harbor is only a cable in width. The channel from the inner harbor to the open sea is eight cables in length. There is possibly no harbor in the world whose channel can be so easily and so simply mined as that of Havana. With the aid of the powerful forts on shore, and by mining the channel between the open sea and the inner harbor, the Spanish engineers must have known that the city could never be taken by a fleet and that any mining of the inner harbor was absolutely unnecessary. The Spaniards are great military engineers, and they could not have been ignorant of the fact that the explosion of a massive mine placed within the harbor would destroy the shipping slips and public buildings near the water's edge. Any mines planted by them would have been placed only in positions where they would have imperiled any ships attempting to force entrance into the harbor.

It is a matter of record that the buoy used by the *Maine* was a very desirable one and that Spanish merchant ships had been secured to it up to the time the *Maine* arrived. When this buoy was not in use the harbor master had taken many ships in close proximity to it, for the harbor is so small that he could not have done otherwise. All the lighterage work done in Havana harbor previous to and since the destruction of the *Maine* has been carried on by Cuban and West-Indian laborers. As only a massive mine could have blown up the *Maine*, some 'longshoremen's work would have been required to lay it down. If either soldiers or

sailors had done the work the undertaking would have attracted attention. It is remarkable that no evidence has ever been presented that any work of this nature was done either by laborers, soldiers or sailors around this buoy previous to the destruction of the *Maine*.

It is pertinent at this point to recall to mind the several powerful influences that were making for peace and that would have prevented any Spanish official from even planning the destruction of an American war-ship. The business of the island was practically in the hands of Spanish merchants, and heavy financial loss, if not absolute ruin, imperiled the commercial and maritime interests by a declaration of war. Both the military and naval leaders in Cuba recognized the fact that the island would be lost to Spain if hostilities commenced. The Spanish official correspondence of both civil and military leaders in Cuba proved that these men fully realized the inevitable outcome of any conflict with the United States and that they plainly presented to the Madrid authorities the disadvantages under which the Spanish forces would labor in attempting to hold the island. These officials had positions of honor and trust, and if no higher motives would prompt them to prevent war the loss of high salaries and substantial perquisites might have impelled them to continue existing conditions. The holders of the Cuban bonds were working for peace. Powerful financial forces were working upon the several Courts of Europe to offer their good services in bringing about amicable relations. In the United States nearly all in official authority were working strenuously for peace, and the Spanish Minister, Señor Dupuy de Lome, thus reported to his Government. The Speaker of the House held in check the extremists of both parties, and it was fully understood that no resolution which would have a tendency to provoke war would receive consideration at his hands. The Secretary of the Navy was an advocate for peace, and the disposition of the ships under his command was so arranged as to give the least offense to the Spanish authorities. The country believed that the policy of President McKinley was a very conservative one, and confidence was expressed that by discreet judgment and tactful diplomacy our Chief Executive would be able to arrange some compromise whereby the honor of both countries would be maintained.

The laying down of a great mine near one of the most im-

portant buoys in Havana harbor could only have been successfully accomplished by some military or naval expert possessing special knowledge of the power and effect of explosives. It is inconceivable why some participant who had knowledge of any guilty transaction has not given evidence upon this point long before this. For over three years the Government of Cuba has been practically administered by our military authorities, and the revenues of the island have been at the command of American officials to gather testimony as to whether or not Spanish officials were directly or indirectly concerned in the transaction. It is also important to note that the administration of affairs in Cuba has been severely attacked in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies. The opponents of General Weyler have been so anxious to secure his downfall that they would not have hesitated to show up the guilty parties who blew up the *Maine* if any evidence was within reach that would have implicated any of General Weyler's favorites.

The history of the world shows that amidst the gloom and bitterness of defeat men's tongues are loosened and that the populace who have suffered reverses are keen to seek charges against former rulers and administrators who have brought the country to disaster and humiliation. Not a single Spanish official has ever yet been specifically, or even indirectly, accused of this grave act. There were times, after the destruction of the *Maine,* when the Spanish soldiers were without pay and when they were on limited rations. While enduring even injustice and suffering, is it possible that subordinates would have kept quiet if they had known anything that would have condemned their leaders who were presumed to be living in luxury and ease while the rank and file were hungry and ill-clothed?

If the *Maine* was destroyed by a submarine mine, what became of the fragments of the shell of the mine? It is to be presumed that our divers received special instruction to look for such evidence. The morning after the explosion our flag was hoisted over the wreck and we maintained possession until a day or two before war was declared. Absolute respect for the extraterritorial rights of the United States as to the possession of the wreck was admitted by the Spanish authorities. Their naval experts were, therefore, prevented from examining the interior of the vessel until after General Lee vacated his post under instruction

from the Secretary of State. The recognition of our sovereignty under such circumstances is presumptive evidence of the Spanish belief that official investigation would acquit them of complicity in the affair.

As a matter of interest, if not of direct importance, it will not be amiss to tell something of the actual luck and success that the Spanish officials secured in laying down submarine mines in several of the Cuban ports. The channels leading to Santiago and Guantanamo were mined by the Spaniards, and the unreliability and worthlessness of these contact mines were absolutely and conclusively shown. Upon the capture of Santiago, the army engineers raised the mines protecting that harbor. An official report of these experts showed that the mines were about as capable of doing harm as so many cylinders of powder dropped into the bay. It was the army engineers who first raised these mines and they are the ones who ought to give the most convincing evidence as to their condition when found.

While cruising in Guantanamo Bay both the U.S.S. *Texas* and the U.S.S. *Marblehead* actually struck such mines with their screw propellers. Can better evidence be afforded as to the crudeness and worthlessness of such contrivance? It has been said that one of the mines thus struck by the screw propeller of one of our war-ships had only been planted a little over four weeks.

For the year succeeding the battle of Santiago our military and naval personnel came in close touch with the Spanish commanders and civil officials. It is the unanimous testimony of all our officials that during the war Spain had in Cuba a class of military and naval officers who were men of honor and who upheld the best traditions of a military service. The dignity of these men in defeat, their frankness in conference, their bravery in battle, and the manhood they displayed in the presence of their victors greatly impressed every one. The spirit and strength with which they bore adversity show that they were not only incapable of this crime, but that they would not have countenanced the act being done by any one else.

It will be remembered that the Spanish Commission of Inquiry made official application to both the commander of the *Maine* and to the American Court of Inquiry to make a joint investigation of the cause of the accident. This act showed at least an apparent desire to arrive at the truth.

In the light of after events it seems regrettable that a joint prosecution of the work of attempting to discover the cause was not carried on.

The more study and reflection I give to this question, the more convinced I am that the destruction of the *Maine* was due to an internal explosion. In giving this opinion there is no desire nor intention to reflect either upon the discipline or morale of the ship, nor upon the sincerity of the views of the Court of Inquiry. It is certain that in view of the peculiar condition under which the *Maine* entered the harbor of Havana that extra precautions were taken by her commander and that extreme vigilance was exercised by her crew. The Court of Inquiry pursued its investigation with a full knowledge of the great importance and terrible responsibility that rested upon the individual members. Additional light, however, has been thrown upon the question during the past three years, so that one is justified in now differing with the members of the Court as to the cause of the accident.

Extended investigations show that there have been explosions of magazines and coal-bunkers which have been inexplicable and which took place under circumstances that seemed impossible to account for. Such is probably the case with the *Maine*.

It is very significant that in the history of the American navy explosions on board war-ships have occurred in connection with remarkable events. The first steam-vessel for war purposes in the United States Navy, or in any navy for that matter, was the *Demologos* or *Fulton*. This vessel was designed by Robert Fulton and built under his supervision in New York in 1814 while the war with Great Britain was going on. On the 4th of July, 1815, the *Demologos* made a passage from New York City to the ocean and back, steaming fifty miles in all without any aid from her sails. Robert Fulton died in 1815 before the final touches were put on the vessel. With his death the interest in the vessel abated, and the *Demologos* was taken to the Brooklyn Navy-yard and used as a receiving-ship for many years. On the 4th day of June, 1829, her magazine, containing two and one-half barrels of *damaged* powder used for firing the morning and evening gun, blew up, entirely destroying the vessel, killing twenty-four persons and wounding nineteen others. The cause of the explosion has never been known, although there was a

tale current at the time that it was the deliberate act of a gunner's mate who had been flogged the morning of the day on which the catastrophe occurred. It is also said to have resulted from gross carelessness, survivors stating that the powder was kept in open bags. It was current rumor that a marine sergeant had a desk in the "bag-room," which room was separated from the magazine by a sliding door and that the sergeant used an open light to do his work. Whatever the cause, the destruction was complete and terminated the history of *the first steam-vessel of war ever built*. It would seem as if it ought to have been an easy matter to determine the cause of such an explosion.

It may be now interesting to tell something of the U.S.S. *Princeton, the first steam war-vessel fitted with screw propellers,* and of a gun explosion which took place on board that ship. The *Princeton* was designed by John Ericsson and was completed in 1844. She was exhibited as a marine wonder at various places along the coast. On February 28, 1844, the *Princeton* sailed from Washington on a pleasure and trial trip down the Potomac River, having on board President Tyler and his Cabinet. There was also on board a distinguished party of civil and military officials, invited by Captain Stockton to witness the performance of the vessel and her machinery. The trip down the river was a great success. On the return trip one of those irresponsible persons who are always doing something that ought not to be done, and whose names are never known afterward, wanted to have the big gun known as "Peacemaker" fired again "just for fun." Although Captain Stockton dissented at first, as the guns had been thoroughly exercised earlier in the day, he yielded, however, upon the good-natured wish expressed by the Secretary of the Navy to let the guests have all the sport that they wished. The gun was fired. It burst, injuring many people, among them Captain Stockton himself. The Hon. Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of State, and Hon. Thomas W. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, were killed, as were also other distinguished guests. It is to be expected that on board a man-of-war which was carrying such distinguished guests as the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of the Navy extra precautions would be taken in the firing of the gun, and there is no doubt that unusual care was exercised that day. Nevertheless, despite the special injunction of the officers to ex-

ercise care, the gun did explode. It may be incidentally stated in connection with this accident that fifty years ago a much poorer quality of gunpowder was manufactured and that the gun was probably designed to withstand about fifty times the pressure to which it was subjected. The incident proves that responsibility for explosions cannot be evaded by simply showing that unusual care had been taken to prevent any such accident.

The records of the navy show that we have had several ships which were absolutely and directly destroyed by torpedoes. In the battle of Mobile Bay the monitor *Tecumseh,* while the foremost vessel in line of attack and while advancing upon the Confederate ram *Tennessee,* was destroyed by a torpedo underneath her. The swiftness and character of her destruction may be comprehended from the following extract of a lecture delivered eight years ago by an eye-witness. This witness was Commander Harrie Webster, United States Navy, who, as an assistant engineer, was in the turret of the monitor *Manhattan* in charge of its turning-gear. The *Manhattan* at the time was only two hundred yards distant from the *Tecumseh.* Commander Webster thus tells of the explosion:

"A tiny white comber of froth curled around her bow, a tremendous shock ran through our ship *(Manhattan)* as though we had struck a rock, and as rapidly as these words flow from my lips the *Tecumseh* reeled a little to starboard, her bows settled beneath the surface, and while we looked her stern lifted high in the air with the propeller still revolving and the ship pitched out of sight like an arrow twanged from her bow."

Commander Webster delivered this lecture several years before the *Maine* was destroyed, and it will be noted that he says nothing of flames of fire and the hurling of débris. In the case of the *Tecumseh* the hull was simply ruptured and there was a mighty rush of water which caused the ship to sink almost immediately. Particular attention is called to the fact that the ship was destroyed by an external stationary mine or immovable torpedo.

The Confederate ram *Albemarle* and the U.S. gunboat *Housatonic* were sunk in 1864 by mobile torpedoes. In both cases the hull was ruptured, and the rush of water into the ship was so sudden that the magazines were flooded and thus the explosion of powder and shell was prevented.

In the case of the collier *Merrimac,* during the Spanish-American War, a number of special mines were placed on

the outside of the ship just opposite the machinery compartments. Unusual care was taken by Constructor Richmond P. Hobson in locating these explosives, for he had considerable time to settle upon the most desirable places. Although he attached them to places opposite the machinery compartments, there was no explosion of the boilers or steam-pipes, although steam was on the boilers at the time.

During the war between Peru and Chile in 1879, and again during the Brazilian troubles in 1896, ships were destroyed by mobile torpedoes. In several instances the crews of the war-ships simply deserted, leaving powder and shell in their magazines. Torpedoes were discharged at these abandoned ships or "derelicts." The vessels were sunk, but there is no evidence that there were any internal explosions following the one from without.

The destruction of the *Tecumseh, Albemarle,* and *Housatonic,* as well as the sinking of vessels of other navies, conclusively shows that where there is an explosion from without it is the hull that receives the force of the blow and that rupture is followed by the instantaneous flow of water into the magazines, thus preventing interior explosions.

In the history of explosives the whole weight of evidence goes to show that when a war-ship is destroyed either by a mobile or stationary torpedo the flow of water through the rupture is so rapid into the ship that it will be the rare exception when an internal explosion follows. From an engineering standpoint this phenomenon can be accounted for by the fact that there are linings to magazines and that boilers rest on saddles, thus giving just enough cushioning to prevent the shock from being directly transmitted.

In view of the experience of our own vessels, as well as from data secured from the series of five-hundred-pound gun-cotton discharge against Her Majesty's ship *Oberon,* conducted in 1875, it can be stated with a good deal of certainty that had the disaster to the *Maine* been caused by anything but an internal explosion the effects would have been absolutely different from those recorded.

War-ships have been destroyed by explosions from within, and a few comments in connection with such catastrophes may afford evidence that has an important relation to the *Maine* disaster. The British navy suffered the loss of the gunboat *Doterel* from an internal explosion. This vessel was lost in 1881 in the Straits of Magellan. The Admiralty

made an extended investigation of the loss of this ship, for it was believed that the disaster was due to an explosion in the coal-bunker. The final decision has been reached that the explosion resulted directly from the ignition of the fumes from a paint-locker which was adjacent to one of the magazines. Flame and débris were shot upward. The back of the vessel was broken. In fact, the results produced were similar in some respects to those that were observed on the *Maine*.

In November of the same year a mysterious explosion occurred in the paint-room of Her Majesty's ship *Triumph*, resulting in the death of two of the crew and the wounding of eight others.

In 1891 the U.S.S. *Atlanta*, when only one day out of port and during the fury of a gale, had an explosion in her paint-locker from which two men died. The Navy Department made a careful investigation of the affair, a chemist from the United States Torpedo Station at Newport being one of the Court of Inquiry. The evidence adduced showed that it was absolutely dangerous to keep certain shellacs and varnishes below decks. As a result of this accident special tanks are now kept on the hurricane or main decks of our war-ships for holding such dangerous liquids.

There have been numerous instances where the gasoline-tanks of steam-launches and pleasure-boats have exploded. Where these internal explosions occur flame arises and there is havoc within the boat. The result is absolutely different from that which takes place when torpedoes or submarine mines are used to destroy wrecks and hindrances to navigation.

It may be said that where there is an internal explosion masses of flames as well as smoke and débris shoot upward. Where a massive or powerful submarine mine is used columns of water are projected.

The resulting effects to vessels from external explosions have been summarized thus by Admiral Dupont of the French navy:

"Mobile torpedoes, whether launched from a tube, carried in a boat, or intrusted to the current when striking the object, such as a ship, produce a clean rent with slight dislocation. A water-spout is produced, accompanied by dull detonation. The ship remains relatively intact in all parts except those in the immediate vicinity of the explosion. In no case recorded have fire and flames followed."

In the case of the stationary torpedo or massive mine a large and deep hole is dug up. A waterspout is produced and there is a rise to the water that resolves itself into a long wave. To produce any substantial effect, however, the stationary mine must be very large. Time and patience are required to locate it in a definite place. It is hardly possible that such work could be done successfully except in daylight. In the case of the exterior explosion there is neither fire nor flame. It may also be stated that both in the case of the mobile torpedo and the stationary mine all fish in the water for some distance are killed and that the shock is transmitted for a considerable distance.

Where the explosion is within the ship the results are absolutely different from the case where the explosion takes place without the vessel. When the explosion is within, heavy flames arise, débris is scattered, and there is a great mass of smoke shot directly above the vessel. The rupture is great and irregular and havoc is general. When the explosion is from without, the damage is not local, the effect often being noted for miles distant from the scene.

In the destruction of the *Maine* Captain Sigsbee states that there was a bursting, rending, and crashing sound or roar of immense volume, largely metallic in its character. It was succeeded by a metallic sound — probably of falling débris—a trembling and lurching motion of the vessel. The passengers of the *City of Washington,* which vessel was only about three hundred feet distant on the *Maine's* port quarter, declare that a few seconds after hearing the report of the explosion there came forth from the center of the ship a terrible mass of fire and then things went over their heads. The flames were seen a few seconds after the explosion. These passengers were eye-witnesses of the affair, for they were on the deck of their steamer when the *Maine* blew up. One need not have a very deep knowledge of the theory of explosives to understand that since the *Maine* had quite a heavy protective deck, and the magazine was in the bottom of the ship, it required several seconds for the conversion and ignition of the explosives from a solid to a gaseous state. In some of the chemical reactions that were produced it probably required the oxygen of the air to complete combustion and produce flame. This is why the shock of the explosion would be heard at a short distance before the flames would be seen.

The terrible havoc that was wrought to the ship could only have been caused by an internal explosion. The ship, to all intents and purposes, was ready for battle and her magazines were well filled with explosives consisting of powder and shell. The powder and shell in her magazines were of the best character that we possessed. It must not be forgotten that the force of the new modern powders is from four to five times greater than that of the old powders. Although chemists have done much to make the new powders tractable and suitable for ballistic purposes, yet from the very fact that guncotton and nitroglycerine are used in combination in their manufacture, it is evident that there is always danger that the presence of some foreign agent may cause reaction that will produce explosions.

On June 5, 1901, the magazines at the Mare Island Navy-yard exploded. Three minutes after the report was heard a photograph was taken, and the camera caught the volume of smoke or vapor at least a mile high. The photograph distinctly showed that the volume of flame and débris was sent directly upward. The accident at Mare Island proves that the modern high explosive cannot be considered a tractable and safe compound.

It has been claimed that the explosion or shock from without produced a great explosion within the vessel. If shock from without will produce an explosion within, then it may be pertinent to ask why the magazines of war-ships do not explode when the war-vessels suddenly hit projecting rocks, butt into wharves, or crush against each other when colliding. In all these cases there is sudden and violent shock to the frames and plates of the hull. Wherein can the use of the ram be justified in warfare if shock to the hull of a battleship will detonate the high explosives in the magazines. If simple shock will produce detonation of the high explosives, how is it that the blowing-up of a war-ship is not of frequent occurrence?

Only a year previous to the destruction of the *Maine,* while that vessel was in the harbor of New York, she steamed at maximum speed into one of the city docks to prevent her colliding with a passenger-boat filled with people. High explosives within a vessel are not detonated by shock from without, for if they were the modern battleship would be more dangerous to her own crew than to any one else.

Although comparatively few battleships have been de-

stroyed from the explosion of their magazines, yet there is not a sea-going officer who, at some time within his own experience, has not believed that his vessel had been imperiled from such cause. By mentioning a few experiences in our own service we can get an idea of what is going on elsewhere. The magazines of the U.S.S. *Cincinnati* are located between some of her coal-bunkers. Upon one occasion, either from fire in the bunkers or from some other cause, the iron bulkheads of the magazines were heated to such an extent as to actually char and, in some cases, almost completely burn the pine boxes in which the shell were contained. Fortunately the condition of affairs was discovered in time to permit the flooding of the magazine. There is not an officer who was on board the ship at the time who does not believe that the flooding of the magazine compartment prevented the destruction of the *Cincinnati.* This danger has occurred also on two other ships of the American navy, for on board the flag-ships *Philadelphia* and *New York* the magazines were heated to a dangerous condition.

Shortly after war was declared against Spain one of the crew of the U.S.S. *Puritan* gained access in some mysterious manner to the magazine. The mind of this man was supposed to be affected, and as he had previously declared his intention to wreak vengeance upon the ship and her officers, the crew believed that he entered the magazine without authority to destroy himself and the vessel. When interrogated about his action he could give no satisfactory explanation for forcing his way into the magazine. The instances that could be mentioned of commanding officers being apprehensive as to the conditions of their magazines are exceedingly numerous.

One of the principal reasons ascribed for maintaining that the explosion of the *Maine* was due to a stationary mine was the upheaval of the keel. When one remembers that the after part of the ship was comparatively uninjured and the bow appears to be fairly whole the question arises: would it be possible for the fore part in sinking while the after part was water-borne to so bend the thin bottom as to force up part of the keel?

If the *Maine* is ever raised, it will be clearly established whether the bending of the plating was caused in this way or whether the distortion was due to a vertically acting force exerted from beneath the ship.

The wreckage of the *Maine* shows that the vessel was subjected to terrific and various forces tending to her destruction. There were not only direct, but reactionary forces, which tended to distort plates and frames. It has been said that the bow "sunk like a shot," and who can picture the effect of such a mass of material being disrupted from the main portions of the vessel? An explosion which would demolish a ship's sides, separate massive frames, tear loose the protective deck, and break a vessel in two must have been exerted in every direction. If it was an internal explosion, then it would also tend to drive the double bottom downward. As the mud was but a few feet beneath the keel there might have been a recoil of reaction when the ship struck the bottom, thus causing the keel and lower plates of the hull to buckle.

A point that will always militate against the submarine-mine theory is that no considerable body of water was thrown up by the explosion. It was no moderate charge of explosive which destroyed the battleship, and any excessive amount exploded in a harbor whose depth did not exceed thirty feet could not have failed to have sent forth great volumes of water. Is it not also possible that the explosion might have occurred in this wise? At first a small explosion or detonation would take place in part of the shell-room or in some corner of the magazine. The conversion of a great mass of solid explosive to a gaseous state would tend to exert pressure in all directions. That part of the pressure exerted downward might disrupt the hull and deliver the whole contents of the magazine to the opening. Then when the remainder of the powder and shell exploded a part might be exerted in throwing the ship up while the other part would tear up the whole interior arrangement.

In the several magazines of the *Maine* there were different size shell and various kinds of powder. It is possible that some of the shell had been loaded some months previous to the disaster. It therefore took variable times for the different kinds of powder to burn and explode, and no one is capable of telling or even imagining what did occur.

The harbor of Havana at this time was regarded by navigators as a very unhealthy and unclean one. The city refuse was not carried far enough to sea to prevent it being deposited in the harbor. The water was very much discolored and it was impossible for the divers working on the wreck

to distinguish objects except in a very indistinct manner. They therefore had to exercise their senses of touch in coming to conclusions. Expert testimony of this description requires confirmatory proof to establish its directness and completeness.

The divers at work beneath the wreck also testify that there was a confused mass of material and that the tangle of jagged plates and ship's fittings made it very difficult for them to prosecute their work. They maintained that it was dangerous for them to move amongst the wreckage, for the sharp edges of projecting plates and angles were liable to cut the life-lines and air-tubes. Extra precautions had to be taken to prevent their rubber suits from being punctured. The evidence upon material points cannot be regarded as positive and authentic, for the disadvantages under which the divers labored could easily cause them to be mistaken as to details.

The effect of boiler explosions ought to furnish some substantial evidence as to the cause of the blowing up of the *Maine*. The majority of boilers in use are simple cylinders, and it would seem that an explosion from internal causes would simply disrupt the plates, thus permitting the steam and water to escape. The practical results are quite different. Not only is the shell ruptured, but at times the plates are rolled over each other and all manner of contortions are produced. It is often the case that the boiler appears, after one of these explosions, as if some heavy weight had fallen upon it. The condition in which boilers are found after explosions cannot be accounted for by known laws. There are instances where the boiler has been blown through the roof of a building; there are other cases where the shell has gone through the sides of heavy walls. The boiler has even been projected downward until it has been imbedded to some extent in the earth. The effect of boiler explosions has been everything from the simple escape of steam to the complete destruction of massive buildings.

Experience shows that when an explosion occurs from within it is possible for the shell of the structure, whether it be a tunnel, building, tank, or boiler, to be so damaged that the cause could be ascribed to any number of possible combinations. When the explosion is from without, the breach is purely local and the wreck of the explosive can be definitely traced.

It has been stated that the bow of the wreck of the *Maine* has shifted its position very perceptibly. In view of this fact, it is possible that after the hull of the *Maine* was materially injured the bow broke off and as it sank it shifted its position due to the character of the bottom of the harbor at several points. The fact that the bow is at an angle with the stern may be accounted for by the fact that the tide had something to do with this change in position.

As this country officially disclaimed that war with Spain was waged on account of the blowing-up of the *Maine,* and as it is not possible even in the naval service to induce men and officers to use the cry of "Remember the *Maine,*" this nation can very consistently view the whole tragedy in the light of events that occurred before, during and since the war.

We now have a higher appreciation of the character and manhood of Spanish soldiery. The courage of Admiral Cervera and his officers and crews in going to inevitable defeat in an effort to uphold the honor of their flag conclusively shows that such men were not guilty of deliberate assassination. The Spaniards showed during the last war that they could die as soldiers should, and such men would neither countenance nor would they take part in any act that was unworthy of a true soldier in arms.

GEORGE W. MELVILLE.

NEW YORK AND ITS THREE LIBRARIES

BY RICHARD GARNETT

Four great principles, solemnly recognized by the French nation, meet the eye inscribed upon every public building in Paris. They are: "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, Défense d'afficher.*" With the two latter we are not here concerned, but of the two former it may be said that they are a pair very unequally yoked. The certain effect of Liberty is to destroy Equality in the sense in which it is understood by most philosophical theorists; if, on the other hand, their conceptions had prevailed, New York would not possess, nor could we discuss, an Astor, a Lenox, or a Tilden Library. Should they, therefore, ever place an inscription corresponding to the French epigraph upon any of their public buildings, it will be advisable to make it clear that the equality denoted is that contemplated by the framers of the Declaration of Independence, and so perversely misunderstood by the champions of privilege no less than by the champions of the unimpeded exercise of their faculties and opportunities, and the uncontrolled disposal, subject to a very few obviously necessary restrictions, of whatever is rightfully theirs. The mischief which would have been wrought by legislative endeavors to bring about, not equality of rights, but equality of social condition, would always be proportionate to the wealth and public spirit of the community in which they were made. They would be especially conspicuous in communities of Anglo-Saxon race, inasmuch as it is always observed that among these the most prosperous institutions owe their existence to the munificence, or at least the impulse, of private individuals. When, however, these have laid the foundation, the State or the local community may often profitably step in and develop what it might not have been able to create. No more remarkable instance, perhaps, can be given than the growth of the British Museum out

of the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, and the example may not be without profit to the city of New York, enriched as it has been by those similar benefactors—John Jacob Astor, who set the example; James Lenox, who followed it up; and Mr. Tilden, whose noble bequest, partly secured for the community after much legislation, has led to the fusion of the three libraries into one, which must be great if it is to be worthy of the Empire City.

It is remarkable that while the New York bequests, but for the element of fine art in Mr. Lenox's, are all library, the library was the weakest point in Sir Hans Sloane's. Though possessed of a most highly cultivated mind, Sir Hans was rather a man of science than a man of letters. He had been a great physician and a great naturalist. He had first signalized himself as a collector by returning from Jamaica in 1689 with specimens of eight hundred species of plants. He was then twenty-nine, and during the whole remainder of a life prolonged to ninety-two he was diligent in amassing not merely specimens of natural history, but books and manuscripts relating to them, as well as to his own professional pursuit of medicine. The Sloane MSS. in particular comprise not merely medical and scientific treatises, but correspondence with the leading physicians of the age and papers of the preceding generation which together, says Dr. Norman Moore, render it "one of the main sources of medical history in England from the time of Charles the Second to that of George the Second." The very completeness, however, of the Sloane collections in these respects shows how greatly, as was indeed inevitable, scientific interests predominated in the mind of the collector. Had Parliament forborne to take the matter up in an enlightened spirit the Museum might have become a kind of appendix to the College of Surgeons, to which, indeed, a portion of its contents ultimately did gravitate. It would have been a plausible contention that respect to Sir Hans Sloane's memory would be best evinced and his wishes most accurately interpreted by carrying out the objects to which his life had been devoted. It is probable, however, that he knew as well as the present distinguished head of the New York United Libraries knows, that while medicine and natural history have at least as good a claim as any other departments of human knowledge to be represented in the general library special collections of medical and zoological, geo-

logical or botanical treatises, are of all such collections the least profitable when a century old. Virtue has gone out of them, or rather it resides in their relation to the general progress of the human mind, which requires to be studied in libraries comprising every department of knowledge, and history and philosophy above all.

When, therefore, Sir Hans Sloane's collections did at length (1753) become public property by the will of the Collector, Government and Parliament had to consider whether they would simply preserve them in the state in which they came into their hands or whether they would engraft upon them a germ of growth and development. They adopted the latter course. They were not satisfied with having probably the best medical library that the age could produce, but took steps to strengthen it, so far as circumstances allowed, in the departments in which it was admittedly deficient and to provide for its future progress in these and all others. The Kings of England possessed a noble library formed originally by Henry VIII and augmented by every succeeding sovereign until Charles II, after whom their Majesties seem to have left off reading. Parting from his books, therefore, was not altogether so grievous a trial to George the Second as to William Roscoe; nevertheless, it is to his honor that he gave up to the nation the Old Royal Library, which, down to the death of James I at least, had been formed with great liberality and discrimination. There was a splendid collection of manuscripts, formerly the property of Sir Robert Cotton, at the time belonging to the nation; and another, formed by the two Harleys, earls of Oxford, was in the market. The Cottonian was transferred to the new library; the Harleian was bought for presentation. Not long afterward George the Third acquired the unequaled collection of Civil War and Commonwealth tracts formed by the bookseller, Thomason, between 1641 and 1660 and gave them to the nation. By these various additions Sir Hans Sloane's library was at once promoted from a condition of poverty in all branches of human attainment, except medicine and natural history, to a highly respectable position in most departments; and since the Kings as collectors had in a manner represented the nation, buying much the same books as a public librarian would have bought, it acquired something of a national character. So much was the character of the entire Sloane

bequest modified by these measures that when within a year or two it came to be organized as the British Museum it had two Keepers of literary departments (Printed Books and Manuscripts) against one only of science; and, although the first head of the institution was a man of science, this has never been the case with any of his successors.

The problem of the augmentation and general administration of the three libraries contrived at New York into a universal library may be thought to be simplified by the circumstance that while one, as yet represented solely by Mr. Tilden's bequest, has but a potential, though an assured, existence, thus permitting absolute freedom of development, the other two have had their course marked out for them by their founders. The funds available for the Astor Library became public property upon the death of Mr. Astor in 1848 and was incorporated in 1849. Its formation was intrusted in the first instance to Dr. Cogswell, an eminent scholar and bibliographer, who traced the lines on which it has been ever since maintained. Nor could they have been traced more wisely. Looking to the special needs of the great community of New York, Dr. Cogswell and the Trustees decided that the most judicious expenditure would be on Technology, Philology, and Natural Science, in all of which the Library has ever since maintained a leading position. Dr. Cogswell's munificent gift of his own library of bibliographical literature, comprising five thousand volumes, also gave the institution a character for wealth in this department. So well has the impress thus imparted been maintained that the Astor Library is said to contain hardly any "light and frivolous" books. On the other hand, it is subject to deterioration from the cause at which we have already glanced—namely, that a considerable proportion of the technological, philological, and scientific books so properly and, indeed, inevitably acquired tend to diminish in value year by year. If, therefore, the library is not to lose its character it must be kept abreast with the most recent advances in knowledge at any cost, and a large portion of its revenues may be described as mortgaged to particular branches of literature. It is, therefore, most fortunate that it should have been reinforced by another institution planned on different lines and bringing to the partnership a literary stock in no respect less suitable for a great, and more especially a great American library, but lying outside the

peculiar range of the Astor. The fusion of the Astor and the Lenox libraries into a single institution was indeed a stroke of the highest wisdom.

Mr. Astor created and richly endowed his great institution, but did little to stamp his own personality upon it. The Lenox Library, on the other hand, reflects in a very marked degree the idiosyncrasy of its founder. A most lively account of Mr. Lenox may be met with in the *Recollections of Mr. James Lenox,* by the late Henry Stevens, of Vermont, bookseller and bibliographer, who purveyed American and much other rare literature for the British Museum and steadily built up the Lenox Library by buying rarities for Mr. Lenox in Europe. Mr. Lenox was a shy recluse bachelor whose natural disposition to solitude was intensified by the memory of an unhappy affection. Born to a wealthy inheritance, he had, like Astor, increased his fortune by successful investments in land. The ordinary ostentations of wealth had no charm for him; he shunned society, except when fulfilling what his strong religious feelings led him to consider the duty of presiding over the New York Bible Society, but noiselessly and imperceptibly picked up, one after the other, the book or manuscript, or picture, or engraving, or gem that had attracted his fancy. A man so secretive and fastidious must be an amateur; and Mr. Lenox's library is the reflection of exquisite taste displayed in particular directions, but with as many blanks as prizes.

Mr. Stevens says:

"Mr. Lenox excelled all men I ever knew for seizing ideas and perseveringly running them out to the end. His first absorbing *penchant* was for collecting early editions of the Bible and parts thereof in all languages. Then he took to books relating to North and South America, including all the great collections of voyages and travels, as well as the original editions of which they were composed. Besides these he took very early to his favorite author, John Bunyan, and undertook to collect all editions and translations.* In the same manner he undertook to bring into his net all the editions of Milton, and his collection of Miltons excels that of the British Museum and that of the Bodleian put together. This mode of collecting has certainly its advantages, but it can hardly be denied that it is attended with serious disadvantages. The result of all Mr. Lenox's enormous study and labor, to say nothing of his vast expenditure, it must be confessed, is 'a patchy library' as he left it. His favorite subjects and authors he rendered astonishingly rich, but the subjects and authors he neglected at the same time are also astonishingly numerous."

* Mr. Lenox possessed the first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress* long before the British Museum had it.

He would also appear to have been highly capricious in dealing with books of the classes which he did collect. It seems almost incredible that a special collector of books relating to America, with boundless resources and who had proved his determination as a purchaser times without number, should have refused to acquire the inestimable drawings by Captain John White, attached to Raleigh's expedition in 1585-86, which the British Museum was in consequence enabled to buy for no more than £235, or little more than three pounds apiece. More amazing still is Mr. Stevens's assertion, in which he cannot well be mistaken, that he vainly sought to induce Mr. Lenox to buy an original printed copy of the Bull by which Pope Alexander VI divided the world between Spain and Portugal, which one would have thought, after Columbus's letters, the most tempting publication in the world for an American collector. These instances, alike of Mr. Lenox's spirit and enlightenment as a collector and of his occasional wrong-headedness, prove the extreme advantage of the step which has been actually taken of uniting the Lenox Library with another formed on a different principle. Its Bibles, Shakespeares, Bunyans, Izaak Waltons, De Brys, Art Books, Spanish MSS., though not in themselves sufficient to constitute the pith and substance of a great library, would enhance the riches of any library in the world and supply a number of fulcra or starting-points for future progress. It should be the constant endeavor of Mr. Lenox's successors to perfect everything commenced by him, but a large and liberal interpretation should be given to this maxim. It appears, for instance, from Mr. Stevens's account, that Mr. Lenox, after making a brilliant purchase of early Shakespearian quartos, seemed to feel that he had done enough in this line and could never be tempted to buy another. As a private individual he, perhaps, had done enough: as a trustee for the public he had not, and now that his library has emerged from its ambiguous condition as a semi-private institution only accessible under severe restrictions and become merged in the great popular institution which Mr. Tilden's munificence has allowed to be created, it may be expected that the managers will feel it their business to go on where Mr. Lenox stopped, and will consider that the same reasons which justify the acquisition of early Shakespeares equally justify the purchase of the works of Shakespeare's dramatic and

poetical contemporaries, and no less so that of any works of Shelley, Landor, Tennyson, or any modern author which rank as bibliographical treasures. Supposing all the funds emanating from Mr. Lenox's bequest to be dedicated to this end, Mr. Tilden's bequest and the public liberality must be invoked to fill the voids alike beyond the purview of Mr. Lenox and Mr. Astor.

If, then, the directors of the great New York library of the future address themselves especially to the task of remedying the defects which at present prevent the libraries out of which it is formed, even when united as a whole, from taking rank among the world's chief libraries, they will probably find that an enlargement of aim is not so much required either in the department of bibliographical rarities or that of standard treatises, as in that of fugitive literature. The problem, in fact, will be to metamorphose libraries reflecting individual predilections and professional objects into a library in which every interest of a great community is equally considered in the proportion of its importance, just as the library of Sir Hans Sloane became the nucleus of that of the British nation. It would be improper and superfluous to prescribe to so intelligent a body of men as the managers are certain to be, aided, moreover, by the advice of so distinguished a librarian as the present chief director, the line which it becomes them to take, dependent as this must be upon many considerations not obvious to a foreigner. Two propositions, nevertheless, may almost be taken for granted. The library will be above all things American, one in which American literature, history, politics, and social life will hold the first place. The second object will be to remedy as far as possible the disadvantage under which the American citizen labors by his exclusion from the intellectual resources of Europe.

The formation of a national American library involves that close attention to the collection of fugitive literature which has already been pointed out as a principal object in the conduct of the new institution. National life paints itself more vividly in the literature of the hour than in that which aims at permanence. The latter is most commonly only the verdict of the morrow upon the doings of the day: the former is the authentic self-portrayal of the day itself. This fugitive literature is, moreover, deserving of special care for the same reason as that which Goethe gives for

preferring the culture of the Beautiful to that of the Useful. "We should encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself." Literature aiming at permanence takes steps to make itself permanent: it advertises and reviews itself and soon makes its way from the counter of the bookseller to the shelf of the library, where indeed it often remains. But the literature which only aims at supplying the passing want requires to be appraised while it is yet existent; and secured while it is yet within reach.

In speaking, however, of the value of fugitive literature to the student of national development and national manners, and hence to the librarian intrusted with the interests of these classes, we must not overlook the wide distinction between the literature of this class which aims simply at amusements than that whose avowed purpose in actual effect is to instruct. Of the former it may be truly said that a little will go a great way. No library with any pretensions to first-class rank would be content with less than a complete representation of contemporary writers of admitted genius, such as a Rudyard Kipling or a Pierre Lôti, but it is by no means necessary to import every "decadent" novel from France to prove that *fin de siècle* threatens to become synonymous with *fin de la littérature*. The titles of the books alone might be held to establish the assertion, reinforced by the critical notices of them which must find their way into the library in better company. But the fugitive literature which aims at conveying information is of a very different class. Strictly speaking, it is in general not literature at all; poorly written, limited in interest, and frequently most untrustworthy. Nevertheless, it paints the daily life of the community as nothing else could and not only provides the future historian with material, but subjects his work to the revision of a later generation. Apart from the great importance which a particular pamphlet may acquire, should its appearance at an especial crisis render it historical, or should it prove to have been written or inspired by a celebrated man, there are periods and persons which would have passed without a trace but for the existence of a pamphlet literature. Who, for example, would have known anything about the internal history of the Presidency of Madras previous to the introduction of newspapers, or of Sir John Franklin's adventures as Governor of Tasmania, but for the pamphlets evoked by injured feelings

and damaged pockets? It is, indeed, true that the extent and importance of pamphlet literature has been greatly restricted by the development of the periodical press. Yet the bibliography of the Dreyfus affair, for example, reveals what an important part the pamphlet can still perform; and if the statesmen and men of letters of the first class who would in former days have been pamphleteers now, to the grief of minor contributors, send their lucubrations to the principal reviews the pamphlet is still the great medium for the discussion of issues of a local or national or merely personal character. To it are largely confided proposals for minor reforms and municipal improvements, denunciations of real or supposed abuses, ecclesiastical and academical disputes, rectifications of erroneous assertions, the pretensions of claimants from the King of the Cannibal Islands downward, golden visions of ages of vegetarianism, projects for the fructification of the Great Sahara and a more accurate survey of the Mountains of the Moon. If it is deemed anywhere that this class of literature is unsuited for the public library we differ; it is the *private* library for which it is of little use. Since the development of the newspaper press, pamphlet literature can no longer be termed, as it might have been at one time, the mirror of the age, but the enormous extent of newspaper literature with which, in Anglo-Saxon countries at least, no library can hope to deal adequately that is not created, constructed, and maintained for the especial purpose renders the insulation of special subjects in a pamphlet form extremely acceptable. The question of the expediency of collecting fugitive literature at all admits of an easy criterion. Is the scope of your library limited? Then have nothing to do with pamphlets, except in so far as they illustrate your own specialty. Is it general? Then give all the attention to fugitive literature you can afford, except in those cases, such as that of the decadent French literature alluded to above, where a handful is a sufficient sample of the sack. This can never be the case with publications dealing with actualities, for there must be something peculiar and original in every man's manner of contemplating a public question, a private quarrel, or a moral problem. Nor should it be forgotten that the library of the first class does not seek to compete with the free public library in its mission of furnishing the community with what the community chiefly wants to read,

but rather aims at amassing what would not be easily found outside of it. This principle applies just as much to useful literature as to the literature of mere curiosity. The Astor Library, intent on the encouragement of science, has done much by collecting important scientific papers involving the acquisition of the long and costly sets of academical publications in which these originally appeared and which, perhaps, were not to be found in any other American public library. The same principle applies equally to the collection of fugitive literature. Let not him who resorts to the library for any good purpose be disappointed if it can be helped. It would be needless to insist upon a consideration so obvious as that in the collection of general literature the first place is due to that of the United States themselves; the second to that of the nations with which they are connected by blood—that is, Great Britain with her Colonial Empire or by neighborhood, like the South-American States; the third to that of the rest of the world in the general order of its importance to humanity, though special circumstances might arise justifying a departure from this rule.

These remarks have reference to the current literature of the present age and of periods yet in the future. It is hardly probable that any one will dispute the proposition that one of the most obvious duties of a library designed for permanence is to arrest the semblance of itself cast by passing time upon the mirror of its literature and to preserve it for the contemplation of time to come. But the question whether the librarian's zeal should carry him back into the past, save in the case of acknowledged classics and bibliographical rarities, may give occasion for controversy. It is hardly probable, indeed, that any American will object to the collection of literature relating to his own country. But in America, as elsewhere, there are doubtless large classes incurious about foreign lands and unable to conceive that the history of any country can have an interest except for its own citizens. It might suffice to reply that when the Venezuela question came up the British Museum authorities were delighted to find that their Government could hardly ask them for anything which they had not got; and that when the Spanish War broke out those United States libraries were doubtless most esteemed which proved to be best equipped with books on Cuba and the Philippines. But we would take higher ground, and insist that the citizen has

a right to be provided with the means of efficient study in any and every department of knowledge without being compelled to cross the ocean to find it. The principle is admitted as regards scientific books; no one would think of sending a mathematical student to Italy to imbibe Cremona or to Russia to digest Lobatschewsky. Strangely enough, it is as regards history and literature that opposition has been audible. The theory has been enunciated that it is the duty of every country to form as comprehensive a collection as it can of books relating to its own history and other matters peculiar to itself and leave other nations to do the same; so that a scholar like Lord Acton, who, when superintending a universal history of modern Europe, did not need to visit more than nineteen European libraries in quest of his materials. If this view is sound, no institution in Europe has wasted so much money as the British Museum, nor is there such another monstrosity as the grand collection of French Revolutionary Tracts which has hitherto been esteemed one of its greatest glories. The extreme narrowness of such a theory speaks for itself, but it may be pointed out in addition that its very practicability depends upon an amount of co-operation among libraries very unlikely to be obtained and that it overlooks the fact that no literature and no history can be profitably studied by itself. It is to be hoped that New York will take care that the serious inquirer within her precincts into any department of human knowledge shall, so far as may be, find the materials ready to his hand. That such a conception makes a heavy demand upon the resources and public spirit of even such a community as that of New York is evident: but New York is not only a wealthy and enlightened but a highly cosmopolitan city, with a population to which all civilized countries have contributed some element and a host of crowding and jostling interests, religious, political, commercial, financial, scientific, and literary. It will probably be found that none of these tastes and pursuits of a myriad-minded community can with justice be neglected or postponed to the others, and that the logical outcome of the situation created by the union of the three libraries will be the ultimate formation of such a library out of the bequests of Astor, Lenox, and Tilden, as the British nation has built up out of the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane.

Richard Garnett.

THE POWERS IN THE PACIFIC

(From a British Point of View)

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

A PERCEPTION of the important part the Pacific Ocean must play in the future as the arena for international rivalries has been growing for the last thirty years, ever since it became apparent that Japan was a force to be reckoned with. The sensational developments of the early twentieth century as regards sea power, while altering some of the conditions on which calculations were based, have focussed attention still more on a region which, when the Panama Canal is completed, will inevitably lose its present character of comparative remoteness and be covered with ocean highways. The geographical characteristics of the Pacific littoral, while too familiar to need any detailed description here, must be briefly recalled in order that we may visualize the situation. On the American littoral we have a stretch of 12,000 miles, and from Vancouver on the north to Valparaiso on the south—a distance of 8,000 miles—there are only some eight or nine good natural harbors, by no means all first class. Of these three are in Peru, one in Ecuador, and two in Mexico (including the artificial harbor of Salina Cruz at the terminus of the Tehuantepec railway). Chile, whose coast line is 2,500 miles, has one, and the United States can only point to three—Seattle, San Francisco, and San Diego —as their share. The peculiar character of this littoral lies, of course, in the close proximity of the Andes and its continuations to the coast, so that there are few rivers of any importance emptying themselves into the ocean. At the same time an almost complete lack of islands in immediate proximity to the littoral is a marked geographical feature. The exact opposite is found on the Asiatic side. Not only is the southwest of the Pacific one vast maze of small island groups, but the greatest islands in the world—New Zealand,

New Guinea, Borneo, Celebes, the Philippines, Formosa, and Japan — are grouped like outposts on the flanks of the Australian and Asiatic continents. The Asiatic littoral, too, sees the empyting of vast rivers and has a number of natural harbors besides those found on the island formations.

With all the natural advantages for the development of sea power afforded by the Asiatic side of the Pacific, it is a singular fact that the strategy of that ocean until recently reckoned only with detachments of fleets having their main bases at a considerable distance. The development of the Japanese navy, which places for the first time a strong fleet, concentrated in its own waters on the Pacific, naturally created an entirely different situation. A modification of a less obvious kind has been effected by the growth of the German navy and its effect on British naval policy. There is now no secret made of the fact that the naval strategy of Great Britain in the future will have as its leading feature the concentration of her forces in such a way as to prevent the German navy from issuing out of the narrow seas in which it is confined. The first line of defense of the world-wide British Empire is that which is drawn as a cordon across the path of the German navy should it attempt to sally forth. There is a school in Great Britain which appears to be perfectly satisfied that under these conditions the Empire is adequately protected. From the point of view of Pacific strategy the result has been to remove from that distant ocean the immediate pressure of a strong British naval contingent. Concentration in the North Sea has meant weakening our force elsewhere, but the contention has been that we were still covered, first, by the envelopment of the German navy and, second, by our political agreements. As Admiral Mahan has pointed out, the sequence of cause and effect is not quite so clear as it should be to justify this contention. Our treaty with Japan may have enabled us with safety to concentrate on the North Sea, but it was also partly responsible for the defeat of Russia, to which Germany undoubtedly owes the freedom to devote herself to naval aspirations, of which she is making such good use. In other words, by helping Japan against Russia we have helped Germany against ourselves. In any case we have to reckon with the diminution of our own power in the Pacific and with the destruction of the Russian fleet, both tending to increase enormously the importance of the Japanese navy.

At the present time there is no British battleship, even of the third class, on the China station, but only three armored and three other cruisers and five destroyers, while the Australian station has merely nine cruisers.

An interesting development of the situation must, however, be expected from the awakened national self-consciousness of the Australasian dominions. At the Imperial Conference, which will shortly meet in London, the discussion on defense, which has already occupied one conference, will be continued and will certainly include some proposals for strengthening the British force in the Pacific. It is hardly to be expected, in the present state of public opinion in Great Britain, that the Mother Country would initiate any such scheme, and the hopes of those to whom Imperial defense means more than the mere safeguarding of our shores from invasion centers on the Overseas Dominions themselves. Australasia, as the first English-speaking State to adopt universal military service, has vindicated her claim to be heard in the matter. Already some discussion has taken place as to the best base for a new center of British naval power. Hong-Kong is at once too remote from the regions to be protected and too near to the home waters of a possibly hostile force. Ceylon, Singapore, or Port Darwin are variously advocated, the idea being to develop, with one or other of these as a base, a central naval force in connection with the military expeditionary forces which Australasia and South Africa will be able to furnish. The defense of India is another Imperial problem which ought to be interwoven with our Pacific policy, and probably the selection of Ceylon as the naval center (favored by Admiral Mahan) would insure the most effective distribution of force. The expense of a large military force, it is suggested, might be saved to India, and the money expended in maintaining a naval center in the Indian Ocean in close connection with Australasia and South Africa, both of which could be defended from this base and could in return furnish expeditionary forces if necessary. A special interest attaches to such proposals as these, which foreshadow the forging of new links of empire by binding together the tropical and self-governing regions. It is almost inconceivable that where defense is concerned so rich an Empire as ours should be found calculating meticulously the cost of maintaining an adequate system, but the burden imposed on the taxpayer

of the Mother Country is certainly enormous, and the lack of elasticity in the methods of raising revenue has actually brought us to the pass of wondering how we can continue to meet this heavy competition. The solution cannot be found in any single line of policy, but the appreciation by the Overseas Dominions of the fact that Imperial defense can no longer rest on the shoulders of Great Britain alone is undoubtedly the first step in the right direction. At the same time it is obvious that the dominions will not be satisfied with a scheme of defense in which Germany is regarded as the only possible enemy and which concentrates the naval force of the Empire in the North Sea. The nucleus of a naval establishment in Australasia is provided in the two battleship cruisers of the *Indefatigable* type now laid down for New Zealand and Australia, respectively, supplemented by five small cruisers and three destroyers for New Zealand and six for Australia for work in the Far East, while under agreement with the Imperial Government one Dreadnought from the Imperial navy will be despatched for service in the Far East. The All-British Pacific cable (from Vancouver to Australasia) is an important feature in the situation as regards British interests, just as the cable from San Francisco (*viâ* Honolulu and Guam) to the Philippines is for the United States. Both these lines are, of course, strategic rather than commercial, and the British line has the advantage of being laid in very deep water and off the ordinary routes of traffic. Australia's naval policy, if still in its infancy, is sound and vigorous and is not complicated to anything like the same extent as in Canada by the jarring of the two forces of Nationalism and Imperialism. At the same time the smallness of the Australian population and the comparative slowness of its increase are serious difficulties in the way of building up in the sub-continent a formidable power, either military or naval, to adequately balance that of Japan.

Under these conditions the really crucial question in Pacific strategy is how far the United States is prepared to go in building up a navy and whether the logic of circumstances will not force her to base that navy on the Pacific rather than the Atlantic. Among some of the wilder statements in connection with the Panama Canal one used to hear that it would "double the power of the United States navy." This is only true in the sense that the canal will double the power

of concentrating on either coast when necessary, but for the purposes of efficient control in the Pacific it is more than doubtful whether this advantage would be sufficient. It would not do away with the obvious handicap suffered by any Power in conducting operations at the end of an extended line. Since the naval policy of Great Britain constitutes a very effective safeguard in the Atlantic, practically the whole of her navy being concentrated in close proximity to that ocean, there is certainly a good deal to be said for transferring the naval power of the United States to the ocean where it can be effective. Although international relations can never be certainly predicted, yet, so far as it is possible to foresee anything, there can be no reason for supposing that the British and American fleets would ever be hostile to each other. The British Prime Minister has deliberately ruled the United States out of his calculations as to the possible strength of any combination which might be brought to bear on the British navy. On the contrary, every portent goes to show that, while war may happily be averted, the relations between East and West will need a great deal of adjustment before they can be considered as settled on anything like a permanent basis. The present writer has always considered as inevitable a great impetus to American shipping of all kinds on the opening of the Panama Canal. The enormous outlay on that great work will be in itself an incentive, for if the United States is to recoup herself in any way it cannot be by providing merely a path for the traffic of other nations. By shipping subsidies and other methods such an anticlimax will be averted. Then comes the question of that great market of eastern Asia which has been the objective of so many struggles. The successive steps whereby the United States crossed the Pacific, until she is now established close to the shores of Asia and in the heart of the arena of the future struggle, may have had a fortuitous appearance, may not have been the direct outcome of a conscious national policy, but they were nevertheless a logical sequence of events growing out of the United States' organic evolution as a world-power. To protect these possessions and to insure a free and open share of the eastern Asiatic trade is the natural and by no means aggressive function of the North-American navy. More fortunate in her situation than Great Britain, she may reasonably hope to accomplish this without interfering with

the legitimate ambitions of other Powers. Whether or no she crosses their illegitimate ambitions is another question, but it is certain that in international relations, now as ever, points of contact may at any moment develop into points of friction, and peace can only be assured by maintaining, through balance of armaments and diplomatic engagements, a due proportion in the power of possible rivals.

Besides the two great protagonists—the United States and Japan—and the probable new centers of British naval power in the Australasian orbit, there is also to be considered a possible development in British Columbia and an already existing naval power of a minor kind in Chile. The field is not quite an open one. Complications exist in the Japanese population of Hawaii and the possible stream of Japanese emigration to South America, especially into Ecuador and Peru. The policy of Asiatic exclusion, which unites the Pacific coast of North America and Australasia, must reckon with the rapid increase of Japan's population and the certainty that it must spill over somewhere. The United States has been the gainer in the past from the backward character of the South-American communities. One wonders what the course of her history would have been had the Spanish-American colonies been the homes of a more virile race with a more effective political organization. As it is, the big Republic has been steadily gaining in ascendancy over the little ones during the past decades, but an Asiatic immigration, for instance, into Ecuador, Peru, and Chile, where population is badly wanted, might in a generation effect a great alteration in the outlook of those countries. Their naval future would then be a matter for serious consideration. The Panama Canal will undoubtedly affect them favorably, and bring them into the line of world traffic.

The absence of islands on the Pacific littoral is a great disadvantage to the United States. On the eastern mouth of her canal she has already secured a chain of posts, most valuable whether from a strategic or a commercial point of view. Practically the only situation approximating to these in value on the Pacific side is found in the Galapagos Islands, which belong to the republic of Ecuador and are about one thousand miles from Panama and rather less from Guayquil. Negotiations for their purchase have now been proceeding for some time between the United States and Ecuador, and the latter has always been inclined to cultivate friendly re-

lations with her big neighbor, probably as a "set-off" to her long-standing feuds with her other neighbor, Peru. The small republics are not likely openly or individually to array themselves against the large one, but they are by no means averse to any arrangements which would strengthen the southern as against the northern continent.

In considering the position of the Powers in the Pacific the navy of Russia is for the moment ruled out, but it is becoming obvious that the influence of Russia is by no means a negligible quantity. China, now as ever, is the objective of the trading powers. In the past the spectacle of Russia impinging more and more on northern China and eating into the heart of that Empire was the nightmare of the Powers to whom the integrity of China was necessary in order to secure equal trading privileges. Dispelled for a time, the Russian shadow has been succeeded by a far more insidious force. Japan is not anxious that China should break up, still less does she intend that foreign nations shall parcel her out, but at the same time she has no altruistic theories as to the Open Door. Having annexed Korea and established herself firmly in Manchuria, she is able in a variety of ways to influence her neighbor, and Japan's influence on China is distinctly anti-foreign. The rise of so-called national feeling in China is largely composed of Japan-fomented anti-foreign feeling. In the last few years the railway policy has illustrated very well the diminution, in a territory nominally pledged to the Open Door, of the opportunities for European and American enterprise. One annot blame the Chinese, but one feels that by their suspicion of the genuine trading powers and curtailment of their privileges they are, in fact, playing into the hands of others whose ambitions are by no means merely commercial. The latest phase is to be seen in the *rapprochement* between Russia and Japan, whereby they are once more closing rank to bear down on the inefficient and unsteady Chinese Government. If the integrity of China and the opening of her markets on equal terms are a *sine qua non* in the development of American trade, then it must not be supposed that she has practically only commercial rivalry to fear. The political game, in which northern China was so long the pivot, has entered on a new stage, and the chief protagonists of the struggle are the United States, Japan, and Russia. Great Britain, with as large a stake as any, is not at present in a position to

wield an equivalent force. China, not dead or dying, but full of vitality, is herself an almost incalculable quantity in the case, but one fact stands out clearly in the possible conflict of interests. China and Japan are Oriental countries, Russia is half Oriental and therefore nearer to them than any other, while the United States and the British Empire in the Pacific are agreed on a policy of excluding the Oriental from their shores. Here, then, is a natural line of cleavage which at any moment may have a decisive effect on the history of the Pacific.

The commercial treaty between America and Japan which, at the time of writing, has just been ratified omits the clause relating to immigration of laborers from either country which temporarily adjusted this difficult question in the last treaty. It will, therefore, be unpopular in the Western States. The problem of Asiatic immigration is undoubtedly of crucial importance in the evolution of world affairs in the Pacific area. Sooner or later it must come up for solution. The people of New Zealand and Australia have displayed conspicuous forethought in this matter. Having decided to keep their countries white at all costs, they are prepared to a man to defend that ideal, and, realizing that an untrained nation is a mob, they are now securing that each man shall not only be prepared to fight, but shall be trained for that purpose. Is the United States equally determined and equally logical? She has not, of course, the immense handicap of a tiny population with a huge area, but she has a very extended and undefended coast-line, and her military preparations have recently been subjected to scathing criticism by those well qualified to judge. The hostages which she has given to fortune in Alaska, Hawaii, Samoa, and the Philippines are of twofold significance in the Pacific question. They may be points of strength or weakness, according as they are utilized. At the present time the United States is devoting all available resources (by no means adequate) to the completion of the defenses of Manila Bay, Subig Bay, Pearl Harbor, and Honolulu. As was pointed out in the annual report of the Secretary of War, the only practicable way to deal with the question is to have well-fortified bases in these insular possessions, thus freeing the navy for effective mobilization and action. The necessity for coaling-stations and harbors suitable for large battleships is a vital question and one much complicated by the

evolution of the latest type of war-ship. So far we have no experience of the behavior of these gigantic armored vessels in warfare, but their consumption of coal is a factor of supreme importance, and in the provision of a series of coaling-stations America has the initial advantage. On the other hand, Japan, with her Dreadnought docks, refitting facilities, and all her *matériél* concentrated in the Pacific, has a very advantageous position, and this is especially the case should her objective be not the United States themselves, but Alaska, as an outlying territory of that Power. Alaska is a country of healthy climate and great resources. It is practically defenseless, and it lies nearer to Japan than any other part of the American continent. The Aleutian Islands are a bridge across the north Pacific which breaks off not very far from the Kurile Islands and Japanese home waters. Should Canada decide to develop, under the specially favorable conditions provided by her splendid Pacific coast, a naval power adequate to her national aspirations, the desired counterpoise to Japan in the North Pacific might be secured, but this cannot be done in a few years. Meanwhile Japan actually has a navy in being, has a large mercantile marine suitable for transportation service, and has a system of automatic conversion from peace to war establishment. Moreover, being a nation in arms, she has an ample reserve of men upon which to draw.

The fact which seems to emerge most clearly from the consideration of present conditions in the Pacific is the vital importance of the creation of at least two fresh bases of naval power in that ocean if the balance is to be maintained. So long as the British navy by its absolute supremacy could be counted on as a decisive factor in any part of the world where British interests might be involved the development of smaller navies was likely to proceed on more measured lines. They had no prospect of securing a permanent advantage. The situation we have to face at present is that Great Britain is actually occupied in keeping a predominance in European waters, and unless she makes a supreme effort she can hardly hope to do that. Therefore the ambitions and rivalries which her unquestioned supremacy has kept in check must be expected to assert themselves with augmented force in non-European waters. Until 1915 she has an agreement with Japan which nominally secures the *status quo* in the Far East. As a matter of fact, the *status*

quo is altering all the time and not to the benefit of the British trader or of the British Dominions in the Pacific. The absolute necessity of augmenting British naval power in the Pacific by some means will be urged at our next Imperial Conference and Americans must watch the result with considerable anxiety, for the decision must largely affect their own future policy. As a continental self-contained nation they once dreamed of avoiding all outside complications either through alliances or disputes, but the whole course of their recent history demonstrates the futility of such hopes. As far as the Pacific is concerned the security of the great sea-borne trade which is bound to develop there would be sufficient to demand the provision of adequate sea power. The distance between the United States and her markets in eastern Asia, added to the fact that her best strategic points (in Hawaii and the Philippines) are also a long way from their bases, makes it essential that she should find support in the southern Pacific from a friendly naval power whose ambitions and ideals run parallel with her own.

There is no intention in this article of attributing a bellicose attitude to any Power. Japan is as little likely to force a war for inadequate reasons as is the United States. There are few instances in history, as a matter of fact, of nations starting out deliberately to make or provoke a war. On the contrary, there are a vast number of instances of nations, which have developed either sea or land power, feeling compelled by their conception of their own national destiny to appeal to the arbitrament of arms to settle points which were not in the opinion of others actually vital. The only way to insure peace in the Pacific Ocean is to maintain a proper balance of power between East and West, and unless the British Empire and the United States are prepared to co-operate the task will be almost impossible.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

THE LORIMER CASE

BY JAMES H. BLOUNT

THIS is an attempt upon the part of one who has never seen Mr. Lorimer, nor ever read a copy of the Chicago *Tribune*, to throw some light upon the difference which unquestionably exists between the Senate and the country at large concerning the validity of Mr. Lorimer's election as a Senator of the United States.

The testimony adduced before the Burrows subcommittee which sat at Chicago in September and October, 1910, failed to connect Senator Lorimer himself with any bribery, and therefore the question narrowed down in the open Senate as to whether or not bribery was practised by others in his behalf to influence votes for him.

The La Follette resolution of April 6, 1911, seeks to reopen the verdict rendered by the Committee on Privileges and Elections December 21st, 1910,* and affirmed by the Senate by a vote of 46 to 40 March 1st, 1911, upon the following ground:

"Whereas, it appears from the published reports of the proceedings of the said Illinois State Senate committee that witnesses who were not called and sworn by the committee of this Senate appointed to investigate said charges have appeared before the said committee of the Illinois State Senate, and upon being interrogated have given important material testimony tending to prove that one hundred thousand dollars was corruptly expended to secure the election of William Lorimer to the United States Senate."

The resolution nominates five newly elected Senators: Messrs. Works (California), Townsend (Michigan), McLean (Connecticut), Kern (Indiana), and Pomerene (Ohio), a special committee

"to investigate and report to the Senate whether in the election of William Lorimer as a Senator of the United States from the State of Illinois there were used and employed corrupt methods and practices."

The caption of the resolution recites that it was "ordered

* Senate Report No. 942, Sixty-first Congress, Third Session.

to lie on the table subject to call." It is still there, presumably, pending the proceedings of the Illinois State Senate committee.

It is neither practicable nor desirable to review here all the 748 pages of the proceedings before the Burrows subcommittee in respect of whose findings the La Follette resolution is in the nature of a motion for new trial, but a careful reading thereof, together with the several contributions to the great debate in the Senate thereon in January and February last, brings out in bold relief one or two salient features, intimate studies of which, if thrown on the screen in connection with a bird's-eye view of the whole, may serve to point the truth.

There was much evidence tending to show that more than seven members of the Assembly were bribed, but the minority report of Senator Frazier (Cong. Rec., Jan. 30th, 1911, p. 1713), the only member of the Senate subcommittee which saw and heard the witnesses who was for unseating Mr. Lorimer, held the evidence of corruption clear only as to seven, and it was on this issue that the great parliamentary battle was really fought.

There were 202 votes cast, of which Mr. Lorimer received 108, among them the seven votes alleged to have been corruptly cast. Senator Bailey contended (Cong. Rec., Feb. 17th, 1911, p. 2824) that, admitting for the sake of the argument that the seven were corrupt, yet:

> "Deducting those 7 votes from Lorimer's 108 would leave him 101, and deducting those 7 votes from the total of 202 would leave 195, of which the 101 votes received by Lorimer would constitute a clear legal majority."

Senators Cummins, Borah, and others contended that the seven should be deducted from the 108, but not from the 202, which would leave Mr. Lorimer's uncorrupt vote 101 out of 202, and therefore not a majority; in other words, that 202 votes were, in fact, cast, and therefore the successful candidate must have a majority of that number, but that as Lorimer got only 101 legal votes he was only entitled to count 101. The debate on the law of the case will not be discussed in detail here. The whole matter is to come up again. But as rules of law are the slow growth of experience from facts, the facts are peculiarly a legitimate subject for review at this time.

The real question before the Senate was just what and how much proof it takes to establish bribery. Senators Bever-

idge, Owen, Crawford, and others stood squarely on the proposition that:

"a single act of bribery in behalf of a successful candidate to a seat in the United States Senate destroys the legality of that Senatorial election";

a rule which would seem free from all the objections offered if coupled with a proviso:

"Unless the successful candidate shows to the satisfaction of the Senate that he and his friends had nothing to do with such bribery and are in no way responsible for it."

The Beveridge-Owen-Crawford rule has long been the rule in England. The rule of the United States Senate has heretofore been to throw out the bribed votes, and if the successful candidate still has a majority left to give him his seat.

The report of the subcommittee distinctly failed to meet the main question in the case—*viz.*, whether or not, if three members did, in fact, bribe four others to vote for Mr. Lorimer, such seven corrupt votes were in law sufficient to destroy the validity of the election. As to the three alleged bribe-givers: "The committee can find no warrant in the testimony for believing that either one of said legislators was moved by any corrupt influence" (p. 14 of their report). As to the notorious "jack-pot" in the Illinois Assembly and the alleged payment of money to members therefrom by the gentleman whom Senator Beveridge called "Jack-pot" Wilson (one of the three alleged bribe-givers) "the committee are not prepared to find that the fact is established." In short, the committee held, in effect, that general corruption in the Illinois Assembly had nothing to do with the probability or improbability of specific corruption in the Lorimer matter, or, to state their allusion to the "jack-pot" in their own words, it had "no relevancy to the matter the committee was appointed to investigate." Senator Frazier's minority report *(supra)* expressed the belief that the three did, *in fact,* bribe the four and that these seven corrupt votes did *in law* destroy the validity of the election. Senator Frazier said:

"The testimony taken by the committee satisfies me that four members of the Legislature were paid money for voting for, or in consequence of having voted for, Senator Lorimer. One Senator and three Representatives admitted under oath before the committee that they were paid money."

But the next paragraph of his report contained the real crux of the issue:

"The four self-confessed bribe-takers implicate three other members of the Legislature, who voted for Mr. Lorimer, as the persons who bribed them."

Of the three alleged bribe-givers one was a member of the State Senate and the other two were members of the House. Of the four bribe-takers one was a member of the Senate and the other three were members of the House. The bribing of Senator Holtshaw is alleged to have been done by Senator Broderick. Let us consider this last first. Senator Holstlaw was a country banker at Iuka, Illinois, and well-to-do. As a member of a committee charged with purchasing furniture for the State House—the State, anyway—he did some frugal dickering with the vendor of the furniture as to the amount to which, under the unwritten "law merchant" of Illinois legislative custom in like cases, he was entitled relatively to the amount to be allowed his colleagues on the committee. When the State's Attorney of Sangamon County indicted him in this connection, and later offered to quash the indictment if he would tell what he knew about the use of money in connection with the election of the United States Senator, he owned up to the furniture deal and also to getting $2,500 in connection with the Lorimer election, stating from whom he got it—*viz.,* John Broderick. Thereupon he was allowed to go, subject to be called as a witness later. Is there anything improbable *on the face of* that story? The attack made by Senator Bailey on the "methods" of the State's Attorney's office at Chicago, in his remarkable speech in behalf of Mr. Lorimer, bears no application to the State's Attorney's office of Sangamon County. Nowhere in the 748 pages of testimony is there anything suggesting the use of "third-degree" methods in that County. Yet the subcommittee (p. 13 of their report) speak of Holstlaw as having been "driven to making this statement by certain proceedings in Sangamon County." Holstlaw's own account of the confession he signed follows:

"*Q.* What did they tell you, if anything, as to what would be done if you did not sign it? *A.* Well, I don't remember that they said anything about that. *Q.* Did they say the indictment for perjury would be quashed if you signed? *A.* They said if I testified to the truth the indictment would be quashed . . . [p. 218]. *Q.* Why did you sign the paper? *A.* Because it was a statement I had made and it was a true one" (p. 220).

The election of Mr. Lorimer occurred May 26th, 1909. Holtslaw says he came to Chicago June 16th thereafter in response to a letter from Broderick. When asked about this, Broderick "refused to answer" whether he had written

such a letter or not, on the ground of his constitutional right of silence as to what might incriminate him.

Pursuant to this letter, Holstlaw declares that he went to Chicago June 16th, 1909, and Senator Broderick did then and there keep his word given the night before the Lorimer vote by handing to him, the said Holstlaw, $2,500 in bills enclosed in an envelope.

Holstlaw says he took the $2,500 to the State Bank of Chicago, as soon as he left Broderick's place, and deposited it in said bank. The bank officials corroborated this, and the bank deposit slip was duly produced showing a deposit by Holstlaw of $2,500 on the day under consideration, June 16th, 1909. Mr. Bailey called attention (Cong. Rec., Jan. 17th, 1911, p. 2823, to the fact that the name Holstlaw was misspelled on the slip, and therefore urged that Holstlaw could not have made the deposit—*i. e.*, made out the slip. The answer was that the clerk at the window had made out the slip. Jarvis O. Newton, chief clerk of the bank, identified the deposit slip and testified that Holstlaw had personally deposited the money on the date named on the slip and that the books of the bank so show, and that he, Newton, personally received the money and made out the slip. Because in his judgment the chirography of Newton's signature did not look like that of the writing on the deposit slip "Holstlaw Bank," etc., Senator Bailey "put into the records of Congress . . . a reflection upon a great financial institution. The subcommittee also dismissed Holstlaw's story as unworthy of consideration with this comment:

"This witness was also driven to making this statement by certain proceedings taken before a grand jury of Sangamon County, Illinois, and in many respects the story told by this witness seemed to the subcommittee a highly improbable one" (p. 13 of their report).

Let us turn now to the House. Did Browne and Wilson bribe White, Beckmeyer, and Link, the other three self-confessed bribe-takers of the Lower House, to vote for Mr. Lorimer?

White, the man whose story the Chicago *Tribune* bought and published April 30th, 1910, said Lorimer's manager Browne paid him $1,000 to vote for Lorimer and promised him about that much more out of the "jack-pot"; and that he received $900 out of the "jack-pot" from Wilson, Browne's lieutenant. Of course what White says amounts to nothing unless corroborated. There was abundant disinter-

ested testimony of his fellow-villagers tending to show sordid poverty prior to the time he claimed to have been bribed and sudden affluence afterward. Whether Browne and Wilson bribed Link and Beckmeyer to vote for Lorimer, no one can doubt that they received money from somebody for something. The defense insisted all along the line that, if they were bribed at all it was with money from the time-honored "jack-pot," or general corruption fund for "the strangling of legislation, or the killing of legislation, or the passing of legislation," distributed at the St. Louis meeting by Wilson, Browne's lieutenant, and that this had nothing to do with the Lorimer campaign. Each confessed that he received $1,000 from Browne and $900 from Wilson, but each claimed that he was for Lorimer in any event and did not know where the money came from. All this has been so thoroughly thrashed out in the Senate and in the press on the question of the sufficiency of the corroborations of the confessions that it may be passed over here. Both the subcommittee and the Senate were undoubtedly influenced by the alleged *animus* of the Chicago *Tribune* toward Mr. Lorimer and by the alleged "third-degree methods" of the State's Attorney's Office of Cook County in obtaining the confessions. But the great question in the case whose solution is the key to everything else is: Was Browne, the minority leader, Mr. Lorimer's campaign manager, acting corruptly or is he an innocent victim of the alleged set purpose of the Chicago *Tribune* to ruin Mr. Lorimer?

An indication is afforded by the Meyers incident, which occurred during the tense moments before the final roll-call which resulted in Mr. Lorimer's election.

Senator Bailey states the incident thus:

"Mr. Meyers swore that just before the roll-call on which Lorimer was elected Lee O'Neill Browne sent for him, that he went to Browne's seat, and that Browne urged him to vote for Lorimer. Meyers swears that Browne said to him that 'there are some good State jobs to give away and *the ready necessary.*' Meyers further swears that he understood 'the ready necessary' to mean that there was money for him if he would vote for Lorimer."

Upon this Senator Bailey's comment was:

"Mr. President, I do not believe what Meyers says, for two reasons. In the first place, it is wholly incredible that Browne would call a member of the Legislature to his desk and there in full view of everybody attempt to bribe him. The joint assembly was in open session, and if Meyers could

hear the offer of a bribe, so could all those about him. That, sir, is not the way a corruptionist would operate."

Senator Root said:

"At the time these votes were cast the air of Springfield was *murky* with *suspicion* of corruption." (His speech of February 3, 1911, p. 10.)

It clearly appears that Browne and Meyers were friends, at least up to the time of the incident under consideration. Browne describes a confidential talk he had with his friend Meyers a week or so before the election in which he urged Meyers to vote for Lorimer and Meyers replied:

"Lee, I could not do it and go home to my people; my people would not stand for it."

To which Browne replied:

"George, every man must look out for himself in these matters," (p. 648).

And in denying the incident narrated by Meyers he said:

"I have no recollection of having sent for Mr. Meyers at any time" (p. 647).

Alschuler, a member of the Browne faction in the House, testified as follows:

"I sat right back of Lee O'Neill Browne . . . three seats to the right. . . . My eyes were on him naturally [p. 471].

"*Q.* Did you consider Mr. Meyers a man of integrity and believableness? *A.* I always thought so. . . . He must be mistaken, because he did not come (and speak to Browne) [p. 474].

"*Q.* Was there any money down at Springfield for the election of United States Senator? *A.* Not that I know of. *Q.* Do you say there was? *A.* I will say there was not. *Q.* And you don't believe there was, do you? *A. I don't believe there was; no*" (pp. 475-6).

"After twelve o'clock, when the vote was being taken, my eyes were on Mr. Browne. . . . When the Senate came in they took their seats and from that time on I was watching Browne."

The witness evidently thought the crucial time inquired about was *when the vote was being taken—i. e., during* the roll-call. For the next question and answer are:

"*Q.* And immediately before that they (the Alschulerian eyes) were on him (Browne) too? *A.* Not particularly."

Meyers had not claimed that his conversation with Browne occurred *during the roll-call,* but "before the taking of the vote . . . fifteen or twenty minutes" (p. 312):

"*Q.* You want to say that during the entire roll-call and immediately before the roll-call—immediately before— *A.* Yes, sir, [he does not wait for the question to be finished]. *Q.*—. . . that you watched Browne? *A.* Yes, sir, I did. *Q.* And Meyers did not go over and talk to Browne? *A.* Absolutely not" (p. 476).

The point the writer desires to emphasize is not so much the eagerness of Alschuler's swearing, which is obvious enough, but the character of testimony used in behalf of Mr. Lorimer to break down the testimony of a reputable gentleman in the only instance where corrupt methods and practices were actually brought directly home to Mr. Lorimer's campaign manager and confidential agent, Browne, the minority leader. The one-armed page, Paul McCann, was then put on the stand for the purpose of contradicting Meyers and covered all the necessary time with many "Absolutely no's," except five minutes of the crucial time, though admitting he never gave the matter any thought one way or another until asked about it fifteen months afterward:

"*Q.* Now where were you for fifteen or twenty minutes before the roll-call began? *A.* Well, I was at Mr. Browne's desk, and about five minutes before the Senate came in I went down and got a couple of roll-calls" (p. 489).

In attacking Meyers's testimony Senator Bailey speaks of "a page assigned to duty at Browne's desk and who stood there *during* a roll-call recording the vote," apparently overlooking the testimony last above quoted; speaks of the worthy Alschuler as "watching Browne at that critical moment" and concludes thus:

"I would not believe him or any other man on earth whose only answer to an attempt to bribe him was 'I can't go with you.'"

But turn to the book of the testimony, consider the whole situation and read again the straightforward testimony of Meyers, a reputable banker who was *County Treasurer of his county.*

"I went down to his desk and sat down on a chair right beside him (Browne) and he says, 'We are going to put this over to-day and I would like you to go with us.' I says, 'Lee, I can't do it.' Then he says that there are some good State jobs to give away *and the ready necessary.* I says, 'I can't help it; I can't go with you'" (p. 312).

If a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, the chain by which Mr. Lorimer is anchored to his seat in the United States Senate is indeed shamefully weak, for, unless perjury on the part of Meyers be admitted, the crookedness of Browne is clear.

JAMES H. BLOUNT.

SOME LAST DROPS IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE healing springs of Great Britain are so abundant and so widely dispersed that nothing in the sad variety of pain incident to its inhabitants can well fail of relief. Except very signally at Strathpeffer, Scottish ground does not much contribute to the beneficent flow. It is mainly England that yields the waters which the Britons drank before the Romans, and the Romans before the Saxons, and the Danes before the Normans; but Wales also has her wells from which the Saxons may drink with physical improvement comparable to the political advantage which the British Constitution has lately been deriving from Welsh sources. In its smaller Cambrian way, for instance, Llandrindod advances with Harrogate in public favor, and though not commended by the faculty for so many virtues as its Yorkshire superior, or resorted to in anything like the same measure, it takes its part in diverting the island suffering from the German Spas. In their patriotic efficacy both resorts may be regarded as militating against the German invasion, for we may be sure that those subtle Teutonic intelligences, which spy out the inferiority of the English liver, stomach, nerves, and muscles, will not fail to turn their knowledge to military account when the Kaiser's armies make their landing through the cordon of Dreadnoughts guarding the white cliffs of Albion.

At Buxton we had already somewhat seen the revival of an English watering-place; and years before last year we had witnessed the resuscitation of Bath from the secular lapse of her importance as the resort of the afflicted, though it was apparent that the fashionable world would never again throng her Pump Room. Bath must always remain

of a unique charm for the sympathetic visitor, but for an atmosphere of faded gentility and a perfume of eighteenth-century literature Tunbridge Wells may meekly emulate the claims of Bath, as certainly she may more than halve the neglect of medicine with that mother of English Spas. No great London doctor will now say, "You must go to Bath," as he will say, "You must go to Harrogate," instantly, decisively, finally, or even with the same promptitude that he will say, "You must go to Llandrindod." He will not even dream of saying, "You must go to Tunbridge Wells," and I may as well relieve the reader's anxiety at once by owning that we went to Tunbridge Wells for our pleasure and not for our pain.

We had been a month in London and everybody we knew in her seven millions had risen with the Houses and hurried away to kill pheasants or grouse. But we should have been very sorry, if we had been able, to kill either, and we arrived on an August afternoon when it had forgotten to rain in Tunbridge Wells with the pacific wish to find ourselves in the best hotel of the place with the least delay. It had not occurred to us that Tunbridge Wells could be full of anything but phantoms of the past, and we had not bespoken our rooms, trusting the memories of Dr. Samuel Johnson and Mr. Samuel Richardson not to keep us out of the newer houses on Mount Ephraim, however inhospitably they might behave in the ancient inns on and about The Pantiles. That region has long been abandoned to the relaxing influences which now beset all low grounds in the English health resorts, though it must once have been thought bracing enough, for apparently there were no public houses on Mount Ephraim until the water of the place had practically ceased to compete with its air.

The tale of Tunbridge Wells is soon told in that course from infirmity to fashion which all healing waters run. They were, to be sure, discovered by a dissipated nobleman and so were destined to social distinction from the beginning; but the Romans had omitted to drink of them, and the unwashing Saxons, Danes, and Normans had left the ferruginous pools untroubled by bathing. Their genteel as well as their medical celebrity began in 1606 with the cure of Lord North, and may be supposed to have waned after the visits of George IV in the first third of the last century, though the young Princess Victoria who was after-

ward the Queen spent much of her youth there. In the mean time, Queen Henrietta of Charles I had visited the Wells, and the Queen of Charles II, that poor Catherine of Braganza whom her blackguard husband made suffer ills beyond the potency of their properties, abode their six weeks in "about forty tents" pitched on a neighboring down. Queen Anne, when Princess Anne of Denmark, gave a stone basin for the fount she frequented at Tunbridge and caused the walks to be paved with tiles, and so established them in the name of The Pantiles forever.

I suppose it was the mystery of this name which determined us for Tunbridge Wells other than for some other watering-place when we were to leave London, for after we had once read Fanny Burney's *Camilla* we vowed ourselves to go some day and see what The Pantiles were and why. Not to leave the reader in overlong curiosity, I will say that the name relates to the complete tiling of the walks, as we might have imagined without coming. We could equally have imagined without coming all those presences of fact and fiction with which The Pantiles were haunted. The great Dr. Johnson and the good Mr. Richardson; *Camilla* herself and her dear authoress, with that amusing buck in the book or blade who always profaned in "O hang it, O curse it," and declared if he did not like a thing that he "could not patronize it"; the Duchess of Queensbury and the several female adorers of the lexicographer and the novelist as you see them in the well-known print, swelling down upon their idols in vast hoops and towering headdresses; Mr. Harry Warrington out of the Virginians coming from play with the several wicked noblemen who had not much ado to mislead him, or going to the rooms of that worldly old wicked woman in whom the beautiful Beatrice Esmond had eventuated; the nameless notorieties of the earlier time observed by Count Hamilton when "all that is considered handsome and gallant in either sex resorts here in the water season . . . and everything breathes pleasure and joy; constraint is banished; intimacy is established at the first acquaintance": we did really imagine something of all this, but I must own we were a whole week at the Wells and many times at The Pantiles without establishing a single intimacy.

It might have been our fault; I do not say it was not, for

that confidence in the emptiness of the place which we had so rashly indulged had well-nigh left us to camp on the neighboring downs without Queen Catherine's provision of "about forty tents." To be turned away from a succession of hotels is really not personal, but when it continues indefinitely one begins to fancy demerit in one's self. When we came to the last hotel in Tunbridge Wells we suffered this shame the more keenly because we could not understand how a resort long since so abandoned should be so thronged that we could nowhere find shelter in it. But I have noted, in the course of many journeys and sojourns, that it is almost impossible not to arrive in places at the height of some other season when they are in the depths of their own season. Tunbridge Wells, which is no longer the refuge of the ailing, is largely that of the ageing, who qualify for it, not by disease, but by financial competence, by sex, by celibacy or widowhood, and by the frequentation of many years. The superabundance of these amiably senescent ladies ought to have been fully notified even to our careless intelligences by the succession of Bath chairs lining the streets, but we rather took the chairs for a sign of emptiness and disoccupation. However, when our rejection from the hotels convinced us of error, we set about the search for lodgings. We promptly found one apartment which we would not have, and another which would not have us; but a third with some hesitation and self-counsel accepted us, and in a moment almost we were settled in rooms.

Our house was one of a stately half-score so familiarly swell-front that it seemed as if they must be facing on Louisburg Square in Boston, or on the Common in a stretch of Beacon Street. We tried to kindle the imagination of our landlady by citing this fact to her, but, though she was a landlady of unusual intelligence and had been educated to the scientific care of invalids, we failed to interest her in it. She so far conceived our mental make-up, however, as to show us the large drawing-room in which the Duchess of Wellington, then lodging in the house, heard the news of Waterloo; and what would we like for dinner, or as there was a very fine boiled ham coming off, would not we prefer meat-tea? Meat-tea we preferred, and while it was taking its time to come to the table we explored that widely sloping expanse of gorse and heather which stretches between Mount Ephraim and the main town at Tunbridge Wells.

It is a type of the patrimonial lands which once belonged to the English people in a vastness collectively equalling that of some ducal estate, if not surpassing the least of that sort. The practice of openly or clandestinely encroaching upon such lands has immensely reduced their extent. The owners of adjacent private holdings have fenced in large areas of the commons, and when this was done there was formerly no recourse for the people who were too poor or too timid to contest the spoliation; but within the last fifty years it has been arrested by the Commons Preservation Society. If the reader cares to know how, in what outright English fashion both as to the robbing and from the robber rending his prey, he may learn from Lord Eversley's "Story of the Battle during the last forty-five years for Public Rights over the Commons, Forests, and Foot-paths of England and Wales." It is a most interesting story, and I hope all Americans will feel a special pleasure in realizing that the founder of the society and the historian of it is the statesman who, when he was not yet Lord Eversley, but Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, carried through the House of Commons the vote for the arbitration of the *Alabama* Claims, and so saved two kindred peoples from the bitterest war that could have been. Every part of the story is important, and if that part which records the struggle of the people's friends to help them hold their own in Berkhampsted Common from the invasion of Lord Brownlow is the most dramatic, it is no more important than others. It can concern us here only through my wish that any tourist I send to Tunbridge Wells may feel the human interest, as well as the natural beauty of that stretch of gorse and heather of Tunbridge Wells which invited us away from the fine boiled ham just coming off.

Gorse and heather I have said because it is safe to assign those tough growths to well-nigh any wild place in Britain, though on the Common at Tunbridge Wells it may have been neither that shrubbed the rugged ground and frayed out in the slanting and curving paths which our feet soon learned to know. The Common slopes irregularly between the whole upper and lower town, as I have said, and we climbed up or down whenever we went shopping or sight-seeing in the little city. It is actively illustrative both of the communal ownership and of the aggressions of private ownership which have mostly alienated the earth's children from

their natural home. Here and there in, say, half a dozen places the land-robbing has gone on till the robbers have intrenched themselves too strongly to be ousted. They probably began by pitching their tents on the Common, but by subtle degrees the tents have changed to stone till one of the least is so formidable as to call itself Gibraltar. This is said to be garrisoned by invalid old ladies of a temperament too stormy for an ordinary environment, and it is impregnable to the hardiest small boy of those that roam the Common in adventurous bands. The successors of other land-pirates are less defiantly lodged, and I suppose the spaces set off for tennis and cricket are appropriated to those pastimes by popular consent. On the borders of the Common is at least one tea-house which we found open on Sunday and responsive to our wish to have tea in its damp little garden.

I judged from some small gatherings at night that the people's demesne was used for religious and political purposes. One night a minute socialist meeting overcame my after-dinner reluctance, and I went out to listen to the mildest arguments for collectivism by nothing redder than the flare of kerosene torches. One of the listeners asked some courteous questions of the speaker, who answered in the gentlest terms; he promised to recur to the same points on the morrow evening, and then with his fellow-conspirators against society (another young man and a young woman) he struck his lurid flambeau and went away, perhaps more explicitly to plot the ruin of capitalism in secret.

We were very prompt the morning after our arrival in visiting the famous wells and to verifying The Pantiles. We found them both at the foot of a pleasant street of shops, which we reached by a path over the Common, in the shelter of so many spreading sycamores (I hope sycamores, for it is a favorite tree of mine and is so characteristic of Old World promenades) that the tiles were in perfect preservation against the ardent sun which consumes so many things exposed to it in England. The Pantiles were obvious to the most casual glance, but we had some difficulty in identifying the Wells. At last we made out one of them in the keeping of the solitary dipper left of those required by the rules to ladle up the ferruginous fluid till every invalid was filled with the gallon or so of it advised by the science of the

time for his cure. She was an aged dipper wholly unlike the spry little *Mädchen* who minister to your ills at the German Spas; and she was not to blame if her habitual disoccupation had tended to a bulk which we should have been loath to disturb. We exchanged with her a glance of question and self-denial and then we passed on and left her to thronging ghosts in hoops and bag-wigs, out of society and fiction, who were waiting to repair the waste of a night of cards and wine. Then we pressed on over the Pantiles past the rows of glittering little shops, and under the leaves of the sycamores to the spread of penny, tuppeny, and thruppenny chairs beyond the band-stand. Other days we stayed to hear the band, but now we were going to see the exhibition of Tunbridge Wells pictures and antiques which had lately been opened over the forsaken Pump Room by something less than the usual allowance of local gentry. To be quite frank with that amiable exhibition, it was not so important as its well-wisher could have desired, but I do not say it was not worth the shilling (or was it sixpence?) admission fee. It is only fair to own that any civilization or condition of it comes to very little in the collections representing it to posterity. Greece and Rome, indeed, have done surprisingly well in antiquities, but that is because their life was so largely plastic; the commercial life, the business life of the modern world, has had no time for the creation and accumulation of monuments.

After twenty minutes in the exhibition at Tunbridge Wells nothing remained for us but to loiter back over the Pantiles and yet more lingeringly climb the Common by one of its many wandering footways. The breath of Mount Ephraim restored us and made us glad that in the relaxing air of the lower town we had had the courage to " book " seats on the char-à-banc for the beautiful ruin of Bayhem Abbey, some fourteen or fifteen miles away. It is only one of the many alluring excursions from Tunbridge Wells, and it was rather by chance than by choice that we took it; the booking-office, with the char-à-banc standing outside, determined us, and not a specific interest in that ruin above another. But we were never sorry that we chanced it; no lovelier drive could have rewarded far greater merit; the driver himself was indefinitely beyond our desert, which I tried to enhance at the end by a tip representing American prodigality. His white top-hat and his purple face were of the type dear to

stage-coaching fiction; his aspirates were exactly in the wrong places, and his manners, at once courteous and commanding, were of the best period. Mostly he was silent, but at moments he exploded in unexpected praise of the scenery. A wave of his whip indicated a signal bit of landscape; the fact that the fields bordering our way for ten or twelve miles were the property of a single nobleman seemed addressed to the Americans, who perhaps, more keenly than all his other passengers, felt the wrongs which the wicked Lloyd-George's budget was then about to inflict upon the holders of such vast tracts by making them pay their just share of the common taxes. If the nobleman's possessions had been ugly we could have borne it better, but the very beauty of this twelve or fourteen mile stretch of landscape made the justice of the tax appear more monstrous. When we came to the exquisite ruin of Bayhem Abbey, which with miles around it belonged to a martyred marquis, we should have had no words for our sympathy if we had thought of the marquis. But our thoughts were all for the Abbey, with its Gothic frame so tidily kept from decay, with its towering fragments of arch and clustering columns and bits of long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, its breadths of devised greensward scrupulously clipped between the sinking or sunken walls of the cloister and the many offices which pertained to abbeys. It is no such ruin as Netley Abbey, and it is far from the vast glory of Fountains or the melancholy of Melrose, but it is a ruin full of self-respectful charm, and no friend of decay can afford to omit it from his affectionate resort.

We were dismissed from our char-à-banc at the gate of the grounds and left to find our way to the Abbey on foot by a road rather long and over meadows rather wide. But we made bold to cross the pastures by a cow-path, and our example so far corrupted the rest of our company that everybody came back by the cow-path. They were a friendly lot who had nothing to say to us on the drive after some first civilities in letting us to our places, and I suppose they were as middle or as lower middle class as ourselves. We found our char-à-banc yet farther away than we had left it, for it had withdrawn to the village inn, through whose windows we could see many villagers sitting at colloquial ease behind mugs of beer. No reader of Hardy or of Phillpotts but must have wished to overhear their talk; it probably re-

lated to the game of cricket going on outside on the village green, ranked round with the leisure of both sexes and offering to the alien spectator an image of the Merrie England which in these days is restoring itself in so many games and dances and other pastimes under the threatening shadow of German invasion.

We were so full of good-will to it all that it was hard, at our tea-table in the garden of the inn, to have one of our companions seemingly less than worthy of our sympathy. Deceived, no doubt, by the perfection of my English accent, he said he wondered that so many precious relics were left lying about in show-places exposed to hordes of sight-seeing Yankees. I could not accept the implied flattery to myself at the cost of my country, and "Were we so predatory?" I asked, and then our companion was willing to hedge from the only aggression my patriotism ever suffered in England. He said he supposed he would not have felt as he did if he had not fallen into inhospitable Irish hands when he went to find work once in the States at a time of general adversity. He was not an unkind man, and he tacitly allowed us to make our peace with him; one of his fingers had gone wrong (I hoped not in the States), and the arched and hooked nail was of the likeness of a fierce hawk beak; he was not very well manicured, to tell the truth.

We were the more susceptible to this unmeant incivility from our fraternization of the day before with the driver of the fly which we took for an excursion to Groombridge. The day was of a sunniness reflected in his shining face and cheery speech, and "You are Irish," I said, and he consented in gay tones that belied his sorrowful terms, "I come from that unfortunate country." I thought he would like my answering in like temper and I said, "We came from that other unfortunate country, America!" and he blithely rejoined, "The two runs together; what one says the other says," and in this recognition of our international solidarity we set off like step-brothers.

But we were not very bitter about the English, who, we allowed, lived in a beautiful land, housed charmingly behind neat hedges and shining lawns or glowing bits of garden, or went harmlessly holidaying by us on bicycles or in motors. They are great pleasurers, those English, and as the alien idler sees them they seem to be always going on some joyous

jaunt, with eating and drinking at the end of it. They have a climate that invites them to their outings; Providence seems unfailingly to watch over them with waterproofs and umbrellas, and their charming mansions and cottages are so bleak within that their shelter is to be shunned except in the wildest storm or the coldest frost.

I am always carping at the cold of those houses, but there was scarcely one on the way to Groombridge which I did not covet. A good many of them were for sale and I negotiated for all such, arranging to put in hot-air furnaces and steam-heating as a preliminary to possession. But when we reached Groombridge I instantly bought the whole place without condition, so sweetly did the little shops and houses irregularly fencing in the village green entreat one. As it was Bank Holiday, the shops were shut, but our driver knocked at the door of one, and the reluctant mother who came out softened more and more to our enthusiasm and would have sold us in the end more post-cards of Groombridge than we wanted; our driver even presented us with a colored one at his own expense.

Our purchase of the place included not only the village and the club-house of the local hunt, but also the chapel built in 1625 and dedicated "to the happy return" of Charles I, then Prince of Wales, from his unsuccessful wooing of the Infanta of Spain; and I was the more insistent upon this because James Howell, a putative literary ancestor, was secretary to the Prince's expedition and wrote delightfully of his courtship in Madrid. After that I had barely enough left to buy the supreme attraction of Groombridge, namely, the sympathetic prison in which the Duke of Orleans, taken at Agincourt, built himself during his sojourn in the manor-house of Richard Waller, the valiant English knight who had captured him under a heap of slaughtered Frenchmen.

What this manor-house was like no post-card of Henry V's time records, but one of Edward VII's gives a good notion of the edifice with which the captive duke supplanted it. It is not apparent from the guide-book (with two maps and illustrations, 9*d.*) why the duke was permitted to indulge in this architectural pastime, but the English knight may have felt it implied in Henry's charge to "take care of his prisoner," and it is certain he could not have done better than let the duke build that beautiful mansion. The sun-

shine seemed to melt upon the walls and roof and become part of their mellowness, and the pigeons that swelled and cooed up and down on the steep tiles were of one life with the flowers in the walled gardens below. The house is like many another English country-seat, I suppose, but with the precipitous slant of its roof it is also like a French château, and doubtless the captive duke solaced his homesick heart in studying that form. The moat that surrounds it may be of a charm common to the architecture of both countries; it took the sunshine like the house and garden, and it was without the suggestion of mosquitoes which would qualify the charm if the place were reproduced entire on Long Island or New Jersey, as it may very well be some day. Our guide-book advised us, with other visitors, to "note the peacocks on the lawn before the house," and we tried to do so while scrupulously forbearing to "stray from the public way," but the peacocks were taking a holiday with the rest of us. We were richly recompensed for their absence by the presence of two young ladies who faltered in the garden path while two young men approached with lifting hats and apparently put some question justificative of their having "strayed from the public way." The inaudible but prettily visible parley lasted a few moments; then the young men backed away with lifting hats again, and the ladies went, not hurriedly, into the house. Presently the young men came out near us, where we had tried so hard to eavesdrop their encounter with the ladies, and unlimbered each an easel under an oak beside the moat and began to sketch the house; they must have been asking leave to do so. Happy youths they looked and enviable, and yet we had the better of them, for they could not put themselves into their pictures, and if they put the ladies alone it would want the poetry of the dramatic encounter which our memory of the scene would always keep.

That was the supreme moment of our visit to Groombridge, and yet it was sweet, turning back to the point where we had left our fly, to pause by the shore of the stream which supplied the moat and share the patient disappointment of the anglers fishing its loath waters. They were men and boys who looked as though they were there by sufferance rather than by right and would have enjoyed their sport if they had caught anything. I hope that as it was they enjoyed their holiday; the fish in those sluggish depths

must have liked it. The sun came through the trees and was of such a tender English warmth that the anglers could bask without baking in it, and we could make our return through the shady avenue in that agreeable languor which is so much more compatible with self-respect than the effect of our sweltering American heat.

I do not offer excuses for not making any of the several other excursions from Tunbridge Wells which the guide-book suggested, but perhaps the reader will be able to forgive me if I allege the relaxing air of the place and the sufficiency of the local charm to our small enterprise. It was for us enough to go down into the pleasant town with its irregularly sloping and branching streets of shops and its neat rows of dwellings, with now and then its statelier mansions showing their garden foliage above their guardian walls. Quiet tramways purled through the principal avenues, and at nightfall the Salvation Army mustered its forces and held the Enemy at bay with fife and drum and with the shouting of the captains of both sexes in song. It seems always an odd way of winning heaven, but of course there were other days in Tunbridge Wells which were apparently so adequate to its people's material as well as spiritual wants.

It is one of the hundreds of comely towns in England which seem designed by Providence for the declining years of half-pay and pensions of all sorts, and various types of small income. There are always a good many houses to let in such places, but there is no other sign of adversity. The houses which are occupied are scarcely more scrupulously kept, and if one were in any wise superannuated one could not wish for anything better than immediate possession. The circumstances are those in which widows and maidens grow older and older indefinitely, and share in the mild amusements and amiable facilities without open envy or rivalry. I dare say they have both; that there are distinctions among them which are effaced among the men at their club. But to the stranger all appears one amicable color; to be quite honest, he scarcely sees any sign of life to judge the fact from. Do such people come out of their houses only after nightfall? The streets are busy with the people who are no people, tradesmen, and strangers like himself; cabs dearer than London cabs, butcher's carts, beasts and vehi-

cles of burden, and more rarely a private carriage hurrying from publicity or standing before one of the competent shops which in every sort abound and even superabound. The amount of disoccupation in all ages and sexes which is the basis of the local prosperity is scarcely to be estimated; the members of the unemployed with adequate incomes in these English towns must far exceed that of the unemployed without incomes in the hardest of the hard times. Yet where do they keep themselves, hide themselves from the prying, yet not antipathetic American eye, those half-paid, those pensioned, those superannuated, those gently related, those cultivated recluses?

If it was our hope to take some of them unawares in the tasteful new theater which would not be a tight fit for the gaiety of Tunbridge Wells at the height of the season, whenever that was, our hope was disappointed. At the season when we were there, whether it was in or out of the season, the theater hung loosely about a score of people in the orchestra and a hundred in the orchestra circle and the balcony; but the gallery swarmed with enthusiasts for the patriotic American drama which it was our curious chance to have come unknowingly to see. Few of us elect in the four-shilling seats were in evening dress, though some of the ladies had undressed into it in that duteous excess of *décolleté* which is the mark of breeding in Great Britain, and there was no dress elsewhere any more than if it were at Saratoga. A more robustly fearless American melodrama than that which so strangely happened that night at Tunbridge Wells could not have been given at Saratoga. There were moments of Revolutionary and Republican excess in that play which ought logically to have made the heavens fall through the roof upon us, but they only brought down the house in the gallery and the orchestra circle in storms of applause. The scene was in Phillipse Manor on the Hudson, and from first to last the daughter of the house, very beautiful, but a burning loyalist, was employed in promoting the American cause with every violence and artifice as applied to the discomfort of her Tory *fiancé*. This miscreant, sometimes boldly wearing a red coat, in the midst of alarms from the American infantry or cavalry tramping or galloping to the door of the manor-house and more or less beating it in, was not nearly so offensive personally to us

as the patriot lover whom the maiden of the manor secretly preferred and whom, when wounded, she held captive, but preserved from death that he might effect the triumph of our arms and marry her. All the treasonable sentiments, all the expressions of loyalty to General Washington and disloyalty to King George, roused the gallery to mad approval and left the orchestra in a torpid neutrality. For ourselves, we remained conscious and ashamed, with a guilty feeling that we ought to explain to those sympathizers with rebellion that they were innocently abetting our separation from the mother country, but we had not the courage. We remained silent; we shared for different reasons the joy of the gallery in the butler of Phillipse Manor who played an elderly darky in pure Cockney throughout and unremittingly abetted the establishment of American independence.

W. D. Howells.

A JOYOUS MYSTIC

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

In the entire history of literature Thomas Traherne, perhaps, furnishes the only example of a writer whose manuscripts were discovered and first published two hundred and twenty-five years after his death and whose work immediately took place among the classics. The story of the discovery of the Traherne manuscripts, although now quite widely known, is too arresting and romantic to omit. Late in 1896 or early in 1897 Mr. William T. Brooke, of the British Museum, while turning over some old volumes on a bookstall in Vigo Street found two little blue manuscript volumes containing poems. Mr. Brooke, an acknowledged authority on sacred poetry and hymnology who has made some valuable garners from our early English religious poetry, saw at a glance that he had fallen upon something at once rare and unknown. He called the late Dr. Grosart into consultation, and he, deeply interested, purchased the manuscripts, and, after careful examination and some wavering, attributed the poems first to Theophilus Gale, then to Thomas Vaughan, and finally to the Silurian himself. So convinced was he finally that he had discovered hitherto unpublished poems by Henry Vaughan that he prepared for the press a new and elaborate edition of Vaughan's works, including the works of Traherne. While Dr. Grosart was still seeking a publisher willing to undertake his new edition of Vaughan he died and his entire library was purchased by Mr. Charles Higham, the well-known bookseller of Farringdon. Meanwhile Bertram Dobell, that literary knight of all lost causes, whose sense for the really beautiful and worthy never fails him, bought the Traherne manuscripts, and tracing a third manuscript to Sotheby's, acquired that. Mr. Bertram Dobell, it will be remembered, is the publisher who discovered James Thomson and published his *City of*

Dreadful Night. While no one could actually save that fated genius, his publisher at least did all that could be done toward upholding him; and undoubtedly among his noble services to English literature is his careful publication of Thomson's works. But Mr. Dobell's literary sense and keen discrimination have done the literature he loves a still greater service; for once the Traherne manuscripts fell in his hands, scholars were saved the hopeless confusion that would have resulted from the Vaughan attribution.

Now that the mistake is corrected it is easy to wonder how it could ever have been made. Both poets abound in defective rhymes. Vaughan dwelt occasionally upon "the edges and the bordering light" of childhood, Traherne rarely left that realm. Both poets were mystical in temperament and both had a strong sense of the divine in nature; both also felt strongly the contradiction between nature's restful acquiescence and man's wayward restlessness; both might have drawn sustenance and inspiration from Lao-tsze's *Tao*, so firmly do they stand by the doctrines of quiescence. But here the likeness ends and their differences are more striking than their kinship. It is Mr. Dobell's opinion that Traherne far excels Vaughan in fervor of thought and ardor of enthusiasm. "Restrained emotion expressed in verse which moves slowly and not without effort," writes Mr. Dobell, "is, it seems to me, the leading characteristic of Vaughan's poetry; emotion in full flood expressed in lively and energetic diction is that of Traherne's." At any rate, Mr. Dobell felt he had adequate reason to dismiss the Vaughan attribution, and the next light thrown upon the subject was a little poem entitled "The Ways of Wisdom" discovered in a volume called *A Serious and Patheticall Contemplation of the Mercies of God in several most Devout and Sublime Thanksgivings for the Same.* The poem referred to and one or two others contained in the *Sublime Thanksgivings* proved beyond a doubt to Mr. Dobell that the author of the book found, and of the manuscript poems in his hands, were one and the same person. In the preface of the published volume the author declares himself to be private Chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgeman. This clew was patiently followed, until finally from Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis* the information was obtained that the author's name was Thomas Traherne (1634 (?)-1676), and that he was the author of two books, *Roman Forgeries* and

Christian Ethicks. In the *Christian Ethicks* one of the poems of the manuscript book recurred—namely, the one beginning:

> "As in a clock 'tis hindered force doth bring
> The wheels to ordered motion by a spring."

With this evidence Mr. Dobell brought out by subscription in the year 1903 his beautiful edition of *The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, B.D.*, containing all the manuscript poems, except one marked for suppression; an introduction by the publisher, and a very valuable appendix pointing out the strange and interesting likeness between the work of Traherne, Wordsworth, and Walt Whitman. The reception of Traherne's poems was such that five years later Mr. Dobell reprinted the even more wonderful volume of Traherne's prose, *Centuries of Meditations.* But even then the story had not come to an end. Somewhat more than a year ago a letter from Mr. Dobell brought me the confidence that more Traherne poems had been discovered and would be published in a short time; alas! not under his imprint. In 1910 came the publication from the Clarendon Press of Traherne's *Poems of Felicity.* In a note to his introduction to the *Poetical Works,* Mr. Dobell had already said that he had indications from the folio manuscript that a considerable quantity of Traherne's verse had not yet been recovered. Ten years after Mr. Dobell's startling and valuable discovery Mr. I. H. Bell discovered while hunting for something else in the British Museum the Burney MSS. 392, duly catalogued as follows: "*392—Paper, small octavo, pp. 133, XVII Cent. Poems of Felicity containing divine reflections on the native objects of an Infant's Eye, by Tho. Traheron, B.D., author of the Roman Forgeries and Christian Ethicks.*" The published volume is an exact reproduction of the Burney manuscript and consists of sixty-three poems, twenty-three of them already in the Dobell edition and the remainder new. This in short outline is the story of the discovery of Traherne's work.

Of Traherne's life and character very little can, of course, be known except his soul history which he himself tells minutely in the third and fourth centuries of the *Meditations.* Mr. Dobell's untiring researches have ascertained for us that he was the son of a shoemaker, John Traherne, in Hereford, and a brother of one Philip Traherne, one time perpetual curate of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate. In 1652

Thomas Traherne became a commoner of Brasenose College, Oxford, was made Bachelor of Arts October, 1656, Master of Arts in 1661, and a Bachelor of Divinity 1669. Finally his will is given in full in one of the appendices of the Dobell edition and proves him to have been a man of small property, having "not so much but that I can dispose of it by word of mouth." He willed away about fifteen pounds sterling, two rings, his "best hatt," to his brother Philipp, with the desire that his wife would "keepe it for him"; likewise to his brother such clothes as were worth his acceptance and all his books. The rest of his clothes and his "old hatt" to Phillipp Landman. This seems to have been the extent of his worldly goods.

Traherne's position as a poet and a writer can, of course, only be decided by the passage of time and the verdict of many generations. Mr. Dobell, with the natural prejudice of a discoverer, tends to set his new old poet above Vaughan and in a class with Herbert. Such rating is always difficult, and a more fruitful and valuable study is that of Traherne's strange forecast of ideas and modes of thought which we are accustomed to think of as belonging to later poets. It would hardly seem that Traherne rivals Vaughan in felicity of phrase or in melodious cadence. It would be difficult to find anything in Traherne of as lovely singing quality as Vaughan's:

"They are all gone into the world of light";

or

"My soul, there is a country,"

or as finished and as perfect as "The World," as rich and splendid in imagery as "The Night." Again comparison is naturally invited by similarity of subject between Vaughan's "Childhood" and Traherne's "Wonder" and "Innocence." In form Vaughan, with his simple couplet, has the advantage; nor do I find any single lines in the Traherne poems quite so beautiful and so moving as Vaughan's:

"How do I study now and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O, for thy center and midday
For sure that is the narrow way!"

On the other hand, it is difficult to find anywhere a passage in English prose which shall surpass in magnificence the first few passages in the Third Book of Traherne's *Meditations;* those meditations in which he describes the world as it appeared to the untarnished eye of the child:

"The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap and almost mad with ectasy; they were such strange and wonderful things! The men! Oh, what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange, seraphic, pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street and playing were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared which talked with my expectation and desire," etc., etc.

This majestic and lovely bit of prose contains the germ of the main matter Traherne had to impart. Like Blake, like Whitman and Wordsworth, none of whom could possibly have seen his work, he believed the world to be altogether beautiful and life-giving and only a failure when convention had ruined man's vision. Over and over in his poetry he returns to this theme and the same imagery, the same words, constantly recur to him:

"For so when first I in the summer fields
Saw golden corn
The earth adorn
(This day that sight its pleasure yields)
No rubies could more take mine eye."

Again he repeats in his verse:

"The streets were paved with golden stones
The boys and girls all mine;
To me how did their lovely faces shine!" etc.

Like Blake, he resented all "churlish proprieties, bounds, and divisions," mentioning the evil effects of these in both prose and poetry. Indeed, might not these following lines easily be mistaken for Blake's own:

"Cursed and devised proprieties
With Envy, Avarice
And Fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes.

And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds
I dreamed not aught of these,
But wandered over all men's grounds
And found repose," etc.

Or might not Traherne have written:

"The sky is an immortal tent built by the sons of Los,
And every space that a man views around his dwelling-place,
Standing on his own roof, or in his garden on a mount
Of twenty-five cubits in height, such space is his universe,
And on its verse the sun rises and sets, the clouds bow
To meet the flat earth and the sea in such an ordered space:
The starry heavens reach no farther, but here bend and set
On all sides, and two poles turn on their valves of gold."

One may also note in Traherne and the mystical poet born almost a century after his death that both have a preoccupation with jewels, pearls, and rubies in especial and a very similar list of favorite objects in nature. Both express indignation at walls and ditches and love rills, runnels, skies, stars, fountains, oceans. Traherne's vision of these things was nearly always abstract and symbolic, and he never brought to bear upon natural objects the artist's sense of substantial reality and beauty of outline as did Blake. One might hunt through Traherne in vain for such a bit of exquisite perception as Blake's address to the Evening Star:

"Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes
And wash the dusk with silver—"

or,

"The Moon like a flower
In Heaven's high bower
With silent delight
Looks down on the Night."

Both have angels much in mind and frequently find men more beautiful.

The likeness between Wordsworth's great Ode and Traherne's general thought has been mentioned by Mr. Dobell in his preface, but it remains for another to point out the passages which show the parallel tendency of mind. Set, for example, the opening of Wordsworth's "Ode" beside Traherne's "Wonder":

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,—
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whersoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I see no more."

as against:

"How like an Angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among his works I did appear,
O, how their glory did me crown!
The world resembled his Eternity
In which my soul did walk
And everything that I did see
Did with me talk."

Again in "Eden" Traherne says:

"Joy, pleasure, beauty, kindness, glory, love,
Sleep, day, life, light,
Peace, melody, my sight,
My ears and heart did fill and freely move,
All that I saw did me delight.
The universe was then a world of treasure,
To me an universal world of pleasure."

And later he regrets that he had to recapture by a painful and arduous training of the reason the gift from heaven which had been tarnished and spoiled by human valuations.

Again in "The Salutation" we find the thought which is so frequently quoted from Wordsworth's "Ode," "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." Traherne exclaims:

"These little limbs,
These eyes and hands which here I find,
This panting heart wherewith my life begins;
Where have ye been? Behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long!
Where was, in what Abyss, my new-found tongue?"

Very Wordsworthian, too, is the older poet's insistence that:

"'Tis not the object, but the Light
That maketh Heav'n. 'Tis a clearer Sight.
Felicity
Appears to none but them that purely see."

Nor can Traherne ever cease to wonder at the thought which Wordsworth, too, expresses in the lines:

"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
Haunted forever by the eternal mind."

It would be, perhaps, too forced and fantastic to point out all the parallels of Platonic doctrine in the two poets, since all men are supposed to be born Aristotelians or Platonists, and no one could question to which school these two writers belong.

A resemblance more curious and even more striking is that to Walt Whitman. If ever a poet might be looked upon as a sort of natural sport, unaccounted for, untutored, untrained, uninfluenced, that poet was Walt Whitman. What can we say, then, when we find not only most of his doctrine, but a great deal of his form and diction, forecast by this writer of the seventeenth century?

First, Traherne sets his faith utterly in the substance of his work and disparages form. "An easy Stile drawn from a native vein," he assures us, "is a clearer stream than that which poets were wont to feign." To say what you have to say in clear and straightforward words is the way to win esteem; the naked truth, he says, brings "highest mysteries to sense." Again with Walt Whitman and Carlyle he disparages the outer clothings of life:

> "I cannot imitat their vulgar Sense
> Who Cloaths admire, but not the Man they fence
> Against the Cold; and while they wonder at
> His rings, his precious Stones, his Gold and Plate;
> The middle piece, his Body and his Mind,
> They overlook; no beauty in them find."

Like Whitman, he loves to enumerate and praise the several parts of the body:

> "Their useful Hands, their Tongues and Ruby Lips,
> Their polisht Flesh, where whitest Lillies mix
> With blushing Roses, and with saphire Veins,
> The bones, the Joints," etc.

In the same poem, "The Preface," the author speaks of the various limbs "that living Engins be of glorious worth," reminding us equally of Wordsworth's line in "She was a phantom of delight":

> "And now I see with eye serene
> The very pulse of the *machine*," etc.

And Whitman's:

> "I sing of the body electric."

Both Traherne and Whitman speak of the "expression of the joints":

"But the expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face,
It is in his limbs and joints also; it is curiously in the joints of his hips
and wrists."

Traherne's insistence that nature is pure and custom only vicious is very like Whitman's sudden and delightful outburst of longing to live with animals because:

"They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning
things."

The matter of ownership is another common theme, and both poets lay stress on the fact that to enjoy is to get the best out of a thing and that possession of things is literally a temptation of the devil:

"The earth, the seas, the light, the lofty skies,
The sun and stars are mine; if these I prize."

Of ownership Walt Whitman says: "As if one fit to own things could not at pleasure enter upon all and incorporate them into himself." Still one more point of resemblance as far as subject-matter goes is that mystical sense of identity with all creation. It recurs constantly in Whitman. In the "Carol of Occupations" he sums up all the things done and said and preached and made in the world, and then says:

"All architecture is what you do when you look upon it."

Or again:

"All music is what awakes from you when you
Are reminded by the instruments."

Both poets insist that nothing is greater and no enumeration of numbers of things can possibly amount to anything greater than the soul which not only perceives and notes the greatest numbers and farthest distances, but has a dim sense of being identified with everything and of being infinitely greater than itself can know. "My essence was Capacity," says Traherne, "and this made me present evermore with whatso'er I saw."

In matters of form these two poets both have the habit of cataloguing and enumerating. It is, so far as I know, peculiar to these two poets. It is unnecessary to quote from Whitman; the "Carol of Occupations" has pages of mere

enumeration; likewise the poems "Walt Whitman," "American Feuillage," "Thoughts," "Song of the Broad Axe," and many other poems. Whitman often gets his effect of largeness, of grandeur, by mere heaping up long lists of things. Although he uses the method infinitely less than Whitman, Traherne too has passages where the effect is gained by just such means; as, for example:

> "O Lord!
> Thou hast given me a body,
> Wherein the glory of Thy Power shineth
> Wonderfully composed above the beasts;
> Within distinguished into useful parts,
> Beautiful without with many ornaments;
> Limbs rarely poised,
> And made for Heaven;
> Arteries filled
> With celestial spirits;
> Veins wherein blood floweth
> Refreshing all my flesh;
> Sinews like rivers
> Fraught with mystery
> Of wonderful strength;
> Stability,
> Feeling.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "A Treasury of Wonders,
> Fit for its several Ages,
> For dissections
> For sculptures in brass,
> For draughts in anatomy,
> For the contemplation of the Sages."

It is hardly fair to point to the use of the long irregular line and stanza as being a trait which these two poets held in common, for Traherne took his irregular meter from his precursors; the long wavering line with the short truncated line following had been handed down in English literature from the days of Skelton and Hawes, who doubtless drew it from Marot and Allimani in France; as earlier than Skelton the accepted meters had no less than eight syllables to a line.

To sum up, Traherne stands, perhaps, not quite so high as Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw as a singer; as a metaphysician and a mystic he ranks higher; is more profoundly interesting, vital, and rewarding.

Centuries of Meditations is finer as prose than the poems

are as poetry. The prose has charming fluidity and grace, and in the age in which he wrote it must have been distinguished for its natural ease and simplicity. Set beside the prose of Milton it immediately seems more modern. The sentence rarely reaches the stately, periodic march of the Miltonic sentence. The style is simpler than Sir Thomas Browne's and is never as quaint and curious as his. One might more nearly compare it with the prose of Sir Isaac Walton or Gilbert White, having something of the same straightforward desire to impart thought.

The *Centuries* was written in a blank book which was the gift of a lady whom Traherne evidently much admired and loved. It consists of five books, each of the first four containing one hundred reflections, usually about the length of a paragraph of some twenty to fifty lines. The first and least attractive book is doctrinal. He tells the lady first that "an empty book is like an infant's soul in which anything may be written." He promises to try to fill it with those truths which the lady loves "but knows not"; and the mystic note is struck when he adds in the second meditation: "For though it be a maxim of schools that there is no love of a thing unknown, yet I have found that things unknown have a secret influence on the soul, and like the center of the earth unseen violently attract it." Shortly his own personal doctrine is introduced:

"All things were made to be yours, and you were made to prize them according to their value; which is your office and duty, the end for which you were created and the means whereby you enjoy. . . . When things are ours in their proper places, nothing is needful but prizing to enjoy them."

Two of the more beautiful meditations in the first book are these:

"28. Your enjoyment of the world is never right till every morning you awake in heaven; see yourself in your Father's palace; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as celestial joys: having such a reverend esteem of all, as if you were among the angels. The bride of a monarch, in her husband's chamber, hath no such causes of delight as you."

"29. You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins; till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars; and perceive yourself to be sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world."

An odd little contradiction is contained in the first volume. Traherne says: "Till you delight in God for being good to all, you never enjoy the world," but only a page or two farther on he warns us to beware of those whose infatuated fancies are poisonous and who walk in darkness, and adds: "A mercy it is that we should be rejoicing in the temple of heaven while they are toiling and lamenting in hell." This is, perhaps, just a little concession to the modes of thought of his day, for Traherne at his best is a very different thinker. Take the opening sentence of Meditation 44 in Book I: "You must want like a God, that you may be satisfied like a God," and what a glorious text it is!

Book I of the *Centuries* might be named the Book of Doctrine, for herein Traherne states and develops his mystical thesis. Book II is the Book of Love, and III and IV, being chiefly autobiographical, are the Books of Life. Book V, which one might call the Book of the Doors of Death, was, alas! cut short by the author's death while the tenth meditation was writing.

To do justice to Traherne's philosophy in small space were impossible, and all one can do is to point out a newly discovered mystic as interesting as Boehme and more readable.

The chief service of Traherne is to brighten the whole world with a large celestial mirth and to increase, as artists and creators do, our joy and delight in the universe.

Louise Collier Willcox.

THE ENGLISH LADY IN POLITICAL LIFE

BY EDWARD PORRITT

From the beginning of the nineteenth century to the end of the first decade of the twentieth England had twenty-three Prime Ministers. All except Pitt and Balfour were married. No country can possibly be richer in political memoirs than England. Its history for the nineteenth century could be written from memoirs, diaries, and correspondence if no other material were available. Women's part and interest in politics are discernible in the last half of the eighteenth century when quite a number of women of wealth or high degree nominated members to the House of Commons, and when Fox was quite willing to accept this kind of hospitality from the Countess of Sutherland who controlled the election of a member from Kirkwall Burghs. All through the nineteenth century women had a larger part—direct and indirect—in the political life of England than in any other country. Yet, notwithstanding these two facts—the wealth of England as regards political memoirs and the large part that women of the upper classes have so long had in political life—there was, until the *Memoir of Lady John Russell** was published, no biography of the wife of a Prime Minister, and no single book that adequately portrayed the part of Englishwomen of the governing class in that phase of life in England.

Spencer Walpole, in his *Life of Lord John Russell,* gives some account of Lady John Russell's keen interest in the questions and policies in which her husband was directly concerned. Ashley, in his life of Lord Palmerston, devotes a page to the influence of Lady Palmerston; and Morley, in his exhaustive life of Gladstone, embodies Lord Rosebery's tribute to Mrs. Gladstone,

* *Lady John Russell: A Memoir with Selections from her Diaries and Correspondence.* Edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. New York: John Lane Company, 1911.

"who for sixty years shared all the sorrows and the joys of Mr. Gladstone's life, who received his confidences and every aspiration, who shared his triumphs with him and cheered him under his defeats, who by her tender vigilance sustained and prolonged his years."

Mr. Monypenny, as the first volume shows, is planning his life of Beaconsfield in a spirit and on a scale that insure some attention to the Countess of Beaconsfield. But the tributes to the wives of Prime Ministers in the pages of Walpole, Ashley, and Morley that I have mentioned were about all in English political biography until this excellently edited and revealing memoir of Lady John Russell came from the press. Up to this time, moreover, there were not more than three or four volumes in which the continuous interest of Englishwomen in politics could be fully traced. There was, of course, Princess Lieven's correspondence with Grey at the time of the struggle over the reform bills of 1831 and 1832, and also her letters to her brother between 1812 and 1834. These letters are almost wholly political; and the correspondence with Grey ranks high among the sources for the history of the epoch-making reform of 1832. But Princess Lieven was not an Englishwoman, notwithstanding her remarkable insight into English political conditions in the decade that preceded the first reform act. Queen Victoria's Letters stand in a class by themselves; and leaving aside the Queen's Letters and Princess Lieven's correspondence, there were, until the memoir of Lady John Russell was added to the wealth of English political biography, not more than three or four volumes of memoirs or letters from which the Englishwoman's part in politics in the nineteenth century could be adequately traced.

Glimpses there are of women's interest in politics in Earl Dudley's *Letters to Ivy,* in Malmesbury's *Memoirs of an ex-Minister,* in Stanmore's *Sidney Herbert,* in Churchill's *Lord Randolph Churchill,* and in Fitzmaurice's *Lord Granville.* In these, and in a few other memoirs that might be named, there are glimpses of women's interest in politics, but not much more than glimpses. *Lord Beaconsfield's Correspondence with His Sister* and *Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone* afford more than glimpses of women's interest; but about the only books that preceded Lady John Russell's memoir, in which are to be found long series of letters on politics written by nineteenth-century Englishwomen of the governing class, were the *Letters of Harriet,*

Countess of Granville, which cover the period from 1810 to 1845, and the *Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland.* The Westmorland letters begin in 1812 and extend to 1855; and until the letters of Lady John Russell were made public they easily ranked as the most interesting contribution by a woman to English political biography. For the years of the Crimean War there are few collections of letters of more value than those of the Countess of Westmorland; and this volume, which was edited by Lady Rose Weigall, must long hold a high place in English political memoirs. If it is now outranked in political interest by Lady John Russell's memoir, it will be due to the fact that Lady John Russell was the wife of a Prime Minister, and that her letters are almost continuous from 1841 to 1897, while the Countess of Westmorland was the wife of an ambassador and was abroad for the most part of the time from 1842 to 1856.

Lady Fanny Elliot, who was the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto—the Mintos of Elliot, one of the few Whig territorial families of Scotland—became Lady John Russell in July, 1841. She was then in her twenty-sixth year. Russell was in his forty-ninth year—a widower with four stepchildren and two children of his first marriage in 1835 with the widow of Lord Ribblesdale. The first Lady Russell died in 1838. Lord John Russell had been of the House of Commons since 1813. He had had a prominent part in carrying the reform act of 1832, and in freeing the Roman Catholics from their political disabilities, and the Dissenters from religious tests that had so long hampered their education and excluded them from the civil service and from municipal life. He had by 1841 more reforms to his credit than any other Whig statesman of the nineteenth century. He had been of Whig cabinets since Grey's reform administration of 1831-32; and, at the time of his second marriage in 1841, he had recently been re-elected for the city of London and was Secretary of State for the Colonies in Melbourne's administration.

The political education of Lady John Russell had not to begin when she became the wife of a member of the cabinet. There is little in the memoir concerning her general education. The inference is that she was educated at home by governesses and tutors; and as the Mintos were a large family—five daughters and five sons—and as Lady Fanny

was the second daughter, on her had fallen some part of the education of the younger children. Though there is little concerning her general education, her political education is traceable from the time she was in her teens. In a country home like Minto, which was in close communication with the statesmen of the time, political discussion was frequent and keen, and particularly keen from 1828 onward, when great political reforms were in agitation or in progress. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, in his admirable narrative which connects the diaries and letters, writes:

"The guests were often important politicians; and long before Lady Fanny saw her future husband she frequently heard his name as one whom those she admired looked up to as a leader. In a girl, by nature very susceptible to the appeal of great causes, whose active brain made her delight in the arguments of her elders, these surroundings were likely to foster a passionate interest in public affairs."

Lady Russell's diaries were begun when she was fifteen; and from 1830 to her marriage in 1841 they show her keen interest in politics. One of the early entries—November 2nd, 1831—is of a demonstration in honor of her father as a friend of the reform bill by the working-people of Langham; and after 1835, when Lord Minto became First Lord of the Admiralty and the Minto family was housed in the official residence of the First Lord, political entries became more frequent and show an increasingly intelligent interest in politics. For Lady Fanny Elliot at this time there were visits to Bowood, the Wiltshire home of the Marquis of Lansdowne, breakfasts with Rogers, luncheons at Holland House, and dinner parties at which all the leading Whig politicians were present.

After the dissolution of Parliament in 1837, due to the death of William IV, there was an election at Hawick, where her uncle, John Elliot, was the successful Whig candidate. Lady Fanny wrote in her diary:

"Hawick has done her duty well, indeed—in all ways; for the sheriff's terrible riots have been nothing at all. Some men were ducked and the clothes of some torn off. We all felt so confused with joy that we did not know what to do all the evening."

This was in August, 1837, when the Elliots were at Minto. For the winter they were back at the Admiralty; and the government of which Lord Minto was a member had on its hands the Papineau and Mackenzie rebellions in Quebec and

Ontario due to Family Compact rule. Lady Fanny Elliot was at this time surprisingly democratic, in spite of her Whig connections; and the democratic sympathies which she expressed in her diaries at the time of the rebellion in Canada were characteristic of her to the end of her life in 1898. She wrote, under date of December 27th, 1837:

"People all seem pleased with the news from Canada because we are beating the poor patriots. . . . Let people say what they will, I must wish them success with all my heart."

Ministerial crises and the strain and unsettlement they involved for members of the cabinet were of Lady Fanny's experiences before she became Lady John Russell. There was a coalition of the Radicals and Conservatives against the Melbourne administration in May, 1839, on the Jamaica bill. The bill was defeated in the House of Commons and defeat brought a crisis for the Government. The entries in Lady Fanny's diary for May 7th, 10th, and 14th—the week over which the crisis extended—were:

"May 7th, 1839.—We are all out! ! ! ! Papa was summoned to a cabinet at twelve this morning. Mama and I in the meantime drove to some shops, and when we came home found him anxiously expecting us with this overpowering news. We bore and are still bearing it with tolerable fortitude, but we are all very very sorry, and every moment find something new to regret. Mama, notwithstanding all she has said, is not better pleased than the rest of us. Papa looks grave or else tries to joke it off.

"Friday, May 10th, 1839, Admiralty.—Agitating morning—one report following another every hour. Sir Robert Peel refused to form a ministry unless the Queen would part with some of her household. To this she would not consent. To-day she sent for Lord Melbourne. . . . We went to the first Queen's ball, very anxious to see how she and other people looked, and to try and foresee coming events by the expression of faces. . . . I spoke to scarcely one Tory, but our Whig friends were in excellent spirits—the Queen also seemed to be so.

"Tuesday, May 14th, 1839, Admiralty.—Papa and Bill (her brother, Lord Melgund) came from the House of Lords quite delighted with Lord Melbourne's speech in explanation of what had passed—manner, matter, everything perfect."

It was an administration if not exactly a political courtship that preceded the marriage of Russell and Lady Fanny Elliot in 1841. It was during the summer of 1840 that Russell's attachment became noticeable. Lady Fanny had met him a good many times at what she describes as "rather solemn dinner-parties" and Russell had stayed at Minto. She had known him well enough to feel distress and the

greatest sympathy for him when his wife died in 1838, leaving Russell with two young families to look after. Lord John was nearly forty-eight; and hitherto he had been a political hero in her eyes rather than a friend of her own. From June, 1840, however, as the diary tells, Lady Fanny Elliot began to realize Russell from another side. Russell and his sister-in-law, Miss Lister, were at Putney House, the suburban home of the Mintos, on the 3rd of June, and "all the little Listers came." "All very merry," continues the diary. "Lord John played with us and the children at trap-ball and shooting." The next time they met was at the Admiralty. "Little unexpected cabinet meeting after dinner," reads the diary. "Lords John Russell and Palmerston talked war with France till bedtime. I hope Papa tells the truth as to its improbability."

Two days later Lady Fanny wrote: "Lord John Russell again surprised us by coming in to tea. How much I like him!" The next evening she dined at his house, and as the diary records, "sat between Lord John and Mr. E. Villiers." By November, 1840, there were paragraphs in the London newspapers that Lord John was to marry Lady Fanny Elliot—all unauthorized, for no such announcements could have been otherwise than premature earlier than June 8th, 1841. Then Russell was accepted; and on July 20th they were married — Scotch fashion — in the drawing-room at Minto.

Walpole's is a good and sympathetic biography of Russell, for Walpole had Russell's correspondence to draw upon at will. But from 1841 to 1866, when Russell retired from the leadership of the Liberal party and was succeeded as leader by Gladstone, it is possible to follow the vicissitudes of Russell's career in Lady Russell's diary and letters without the aid of Walpole. Its successes and its triumphs, as well as its failures and disappointments, are all told in either the letters or the diary; and it is possible to learn at first hand how much Russell owed in the last half of his long Parliamentary life to the Scotchwoman, who even in her teens developed, as Mr. MacCarthy tells us, "a passionate interest in public affairs."

The Melbourne administration in which Russell was Secretary of State for the Colonies came to an end in September, 1841 — within two months after Russell's marriage — and Peel and the Conservatives came into power. The Corn

Law League was pushing its propaganda with much energy at this time; and in February, 1842, Peel in the House of Commons brought forward a scheme, ultimately carried in that session, for a sliding scale of duties on wheat. Lord John Russell proposed an amendment in favor of a fixed duty at eight shillings a quarter. Lady Russell was in the Ladies' Gallery for the debate, which she described in her diary:

"Chesham Palace, February 14th, 1842.—Beginning of corn-law debate. Went to hear Lord John. He began—excellent speech—attacked the measure as founded on the same bad principle as the present corn laws; showed the absurdity of any corn laws to make us independent of foreign countries; the cruelty of doing nothing to relieve the distress of the manufacturing districts; the different results of a sliding scale and a fixed duty; the advantages of free trade, even with all countries, especially with the United States, etc., etc.; was much cheered. Answered by Mr. Gladstone, beside whose wife I was sitting."

Peel's sliding scale of duties—the compromise of 1842—did not settle the great question of the corn laws. The distress of the poorer classes in the autumn of 1845 was terrible. It has been described as unparalleled since the Middle Ages. Parliament had to do something; and it was at this crisis that Russell wrote his famous free-trade letter to his constituents of the city of London, urging them to demand the only permanent remedy and to

"unite to put an end to a system which has proved to be the blight of commerce, the bane of agriculture, the source of bitter division among classes, the cause of penury, fever, mortality, and crime among the people."

Early in December Peel, thoroughly alarmed at the distress in England and the famine in Ireland, called a cabinet council to consider the repeal of the corn laws. Several of Peel's colleagues refused to support him in repeal. Peel was thus compelled to resign; and on December 9th Lord John Russell, then with his family in Edinburgh, was summoned by the Queen to Osborne House to form an administration to repeal the corn laws. Russell's unsuccessful efforts to form an administration were continuous from December 10th to December 20th. He wrote each day to Lady Russell in Edinburgh and there were as many letters from Edinburgh to London.

Lord John to Lady John Russell—Osborne House, December 11th, 1845:

"Well, I am here, and have seen Her Majesty. It is proposed to me to form a government; and nothing can be more gracious than the manner in which this has been done. Likewise Sir Robert Peel has placed his views on paper, and they are such as very much to facilitate my task. Can I do so wild a thing? For this purpose and to know whether it is wild or not I must consult my friends. . . . There end politics. . . ."

Lady John to Lord John Russell, Edinburgh, December 13th, 1845:

"I have just read your note which I so anxiously expected from Osborne House. No, my dearest, it is not a wild thing. It is a great duty which you will nobly perform; and with all my regrets—with the conviction that private happiness to the degree we have enjoyed is at an end if you are Prime Minister—still I sincerely hope that no timid friend will dissuade you from at least trying what you have yourself called upon the country to help you in. If I liked it better I should feel less certain that it was a duty."

She wrote again on the 14th:

"I am as eager and anxious lying here on my sofa—a broken-down, useless bit of rubbish—as if I were well and strong, and in the midst of the turmoil. And I am proud to find that even the prospect of what you too truly call the 'desolation of our domestic prospects,' though the words go to my very heart of hearts, cannot shake my wish that you should make the attempt. My mind is made up. My ambition is that you should be the head of the most moral and religious government the country has ever had."

Earl Grey refused to serve in the Russell cabinet if Palmerston were Foreign Secretary. Russell wrote to his wife on December 20th:

"I could not make a cabinet without Lord Grey; and I have, therefore, been to Windsor this morning to resign my hard task."

And on December 24th Lady John Russell told the story of the breakdown of Russell's attempts to form an administration in a letter to her elder sister, Lady Mary Abercromby, to whom many of the letters from 1840 to 1858 are addressed:

"MINTO, *December 24th, 1845.*

"You will see by the *Times* what the cause of the failure is: Lord Grey's refusal to belong to the ministry if Lord Palmerston was at the Foreign Office—a most unfortunate cause, we must all agree, but in the opinion of Papa and many other wise people, a most fortunate occurrence on the whole, as they considered it next to impossible that such a ministry as John could have formed would have been strong enough to be of use to the country. My husband, who is no coward, sees it differently, and thinks that with a united cabinet he might have gone on successfully, and carried not only corn-law repeal, but other great questions; though the probability

was that they would only have carried that and then gone out. But even that would have been something worth doing, and better and more naturally done by Whigs than Tories."

Lady John Russell remained at Edinburgh during the session of Parliament in which Peel, who had resumed office, carried the repeal of the corn laws; and the letters from London to Edinburgh and from Edinburgh to London are as enlightening politically as those of the crisis of December, 1845. And it is the same as regards every great political development or crisis from 1845 to 1866, when Russell retired from active political life. At such times when there are no letters from Lady John to Russell there is the diary and Lady Russell's letters to Lady Mary Abercromby or to other intimate correspondents—all, like Lady Russell, keenly interested in politics and most of them with political sympathies in harmony with those of the Russells. Letters of political interest did not end with Russell's retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party in 1866. The letters and the diary continue until Russell's death in 1878.

One incidental value of these later glimpses is that they show that Russell's Liberalism did not weaken with advancing years, for he was more Liberal than either Gladstone or Forster at the time of the struggle in Parliament over the education bill of 1870. Advancing years also brought no weakening in the political convictions of Lady John Russell. Her sympathies were to the end much those to which she gave expression in 1837, at the time of the rebellion in Canada; and none of the letters in the whole of the memoir shows better Lady John Russell's insight into politics than those which were written at the time of the historic split in the Liberal party over Home Rule in 1886, and of the second crisis in the Liberal party due to Parnell's appearance in the divorce court in 1890. Rosebery's tribute to Mrs. Gladstone might well have been written of Lady John Russell; and there are other wives of Prime Ministers and of great leaders in English political life who, by their sympathy with their husbands and their keen interest in politics, have earned a similar eulogy.

EDWARD PORRITT.

THE LEAVES OF THE TREE*

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

V—HENRY BRADSHAW

Henry Bradshaw was born in 1831. He came of an interesting stock. His father was a Quaker, and he was descended from the great banking family of the Hoares. His direct ancestor was a near blood-relative of the famous Regicide; "but my mother was a Stewart," he used humorously to add. He was educated at Eton, where he was known as a good-humored indolent boy, of high moral character, and with his own clearly defined pursuits. At Cambridge he did not distinguish himself in the prescribed studies, but succeeded to a King's Fellowship, and went for a time to be a master in St. Columba's School, near Dublin. The work was uncongenial to him, and affected his health prejudicially. He came back to Cambridge, took a College office, and held a subordinate post in the Library. In the course of the next twenty years he made himself one of the most erudite of bibliographical authorities, and in 1867 accepted the Librarianship. This post he held with marked success for twenty years. He took few holidays, and most of his work was done in helping other scholars. He died suddenly in his rooms in 1886, at the early age of fifty-five.

Such is the bare biographical outline of a life that would seem at first sight to be not only destitute of events, but of most of the possibilities of human interest; to resemble, indeed, the career of a worm that burrows in a dusty folio, measuring its progress not even by pages traversed, but by pages pierced, and leaving no trace of its passage from volume to volume but a little sprinkling of outpoured excavation. Yet, as a matter of fact, it would be hard to find a life more widely and firmly knit with other lives. Not only was Henry Bradshaw one who by a sort of genius of friendship established direct relations with a constant and in-

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creasing succession of friends of all ages, but even his very pursuits, narrow and academical as they sound, formed both the scene and material for the same multiplication of intimacies. In fact, his studies were mainly attractive to him because of the links which they afforded him with the personalities of the past, or for the sake of those in the present on whom he might lavish the most unsparing help. His life, indeed, suffused as it was with tranquil charm and romantic affection, casts a vivid light upon all those mysterious figures of the past whose effect upon their contemporaries seems wholly out of proportion to the slender materials with which they worked or the quality of their actual performance. It may safely be said that of all the Cambridge men of his time there was no one who was regarded with a more loving respect, or whose death made a more sharply felt gap in so many generations. There was no one on whom his friends more depended for a certain unchangeable regard, an affection which was both ardent and restrained, and a perfect loyalty which never shrank from absolute candor, and yet never failed to make the fullest allowance for temperament. Bradshaw was not a faultless man: he was indolent, fastidious, even whimsical; but he had a depth and a force of nature which is more than rare, a magnanimity which was wholly unaffected and instinctive. He was sensitive without jealousy, and though he loved details, he never lost sight of the great outlines and mainsprings of humanity.

I fear that I am not in the least degree capable of appreciating and still less of criticising the value of his bibliographical and archæological work. It is certain that he held a foremost position in the bibliographical world. Much of his erudition was buried in his note-book, in scattered jottings and phrases, and much of it is embodied in the completed researches of other scholars. He was constitutionally incapable of finishing work on his own account, but he had not the least particle of jealousy or personal ambition in him. He was only too ready to give away the results of his investigation, and he did not care for recognition. In bibliography he was a sort of Sherlock Holmes, with an amazing instinct for seeing the drift of a problem, and of balancing and applying details in the right place. Everything that he observed in the course of his researches threw light on some other problem that was floating in his mind.

This is hardly the place to amass instances of his amazing delicacy of observation and the incredible "coincidences" which assisted his efforts. He had the faculty of keeping an enormous number of small points in his mind, and of focussing them all upon the detail under consideration. He knew the history of a book or a manuscript at a glance, and eyes, ears, and nose alike contributed their share of information. He extracted out of the bindings of books fragments of manuscript glosses which extended philological knowledge; he had a genius for discovering in libraries books that had been supposed to be missing for many decades, and were masquerading in new bindings and under erroneous titles. He did this mostly by the not very recondite process of looking at the insides of books instead of the outsides, which seems to be the habit of librarians; and his marvelous luck came to the assistance of his skill, his patience, and his knowledge. I have never myself been able to rate the *value* of bibliographical exploration very highly from the point of view of its services to literature or history. It seems to me to be the exercise of a highly delicate and artistic gift, and the pleasure derivable from it to be on a par with the pleasure derivable from any other kind of fine connoisseurship. Bradshaw was, I think, a very subtle and a very fortunate connoisseur. He himself admitted that bibliographical work was dry and tedious; but it amused him, and he confessed that it was his greatest pleasure; while it was the human element in it which throughout attracted him. "My province," he once wrote, "is to give help on certain details which most people don't care about." And again he said: "The most interesting thing to me is not so much finding particular books, as tracing the history—the individuality of great libraries which have come down to the present time."

But what is the most remarkable fact about a man who accomplished so large an amount of erudite work, in addition to much administrative and deliberative business, both in his College and in the University, is that what he did was almost entirely done without effort, and because he liked it. It was so all through his life: as a boy and as an undergraduate he could not do the prescribed work. At Eton, instead of preparing a lesson, he would spend the time in tracing a word in the dictionary through its derivations. At Cambridge, as an undergraduate, he would for days read

nothing but novels. Later in life there were several great subjects which he had more or less constantly in hand—the editing of Chaucer, the history of typography, early Irish literature, medieval liturgiology. Yet he completed nothing. He could not work under compulsion; when he ought to have been doing one thing he took up another. He could not make himself do anything. He was often approached by editors to write them special articles, and he sometimes undertook to provide them. But it generally proved almost impossible to get the work out of him. It was partly an extreme fastidiousness and a dislike of coming to any conclusion unless he had ransacked all possible records; but it was partly a constitutional indolence, and an inability to force himself to drudgery. He was well aware of this failing. He often confessed it, and never condoned it. He once deplored his inability to write French, saying that he was one who had a supreme love for the literature and language of France, but not enough energy to master the simplest elements of grammar. "It has been my curse all through life," he once wrote, "that I want the power or gift, or whatever you like to call it, of *finishing* what I work at, and all the minute research in the world is only rendered more hopeless by this one failing." But it was this consciousness of a stubborn weakness which made him so tolerant of others' faults. He knew exactly what moral effort could do and what it could not do. He said once frankly that he had never been able to work at anything which did not amuse him; but this must not be held to apply to his administrative work, which was always faithfully done. Indeed, it is curious to find that this indolence of temperament and incapability of finishing coexisted in him with an extraordinary instinct for method —for seeing the way in which an institution ought to be organized, a set of complicated accounts kept, a statute or a set of regulations drafted. And it is the fact that he left his mark—and an indelible one—on both his University and his College in such matters, and that his influence as a counselor and administrator was real and wide.

The same fact comes out, strangely enough, in his relations with his friends and family. He used to give pain and cause misunderstanding by his inability to answer letters; indeed, he sacrificed one of his tenderest and most emotional friendships to this habit, sending no reply to reiterated letters of the most affectionate entreaty and re-

monstrance. It seems impossible to analyze exactly his feeling on the point. He suffered acutely, he confessed, under the idea of the unanswered inquiry, the slighted affection; but this could not make him act. In one so tender, so faithful, so laborious, it is impossible to think of this as a mere perversity; it must have been almost a malady of will, some mechanical suspension of volition. No one ever accused him of any lack of love or failure of dutifulness; and yet this strange fiber of impotence lies across his character, as a thing which he pathetically deplored but seemed unable to alter.

Henry Bradshaw's name was familiar enough to me as a small boy. He was my youngest brother's godfather and the donor, in that capacity, of an envied silver cup. Of the ten friends of my father who were sponsors to his children, he was the only one who was not a clergyman.

I remember well his first appearance in our circle. He arrived at Lincoln, where my father was then a canon, on a sudden visit, I should think in 1874. He was then about forty-three years old. He arrived late one evening, when we children had all gone to bed. We were full of curiosity about him, and on coming down to breakfast we saw, observed, and instantly approved.

There came into the room, solidly, quietly, and imperturbably, a short, stoutly built, plump, clean-shaven man, in a serviceable suit of gray. His hair, cut very short, bristled over his big round cranium. I fancy that he had small side-whiskers. His head was set rather low on his shoulders and thrown slightly backward by his upright carriage. Everything about him was solid and comfortable; he filled his clothes sturdily, and his neat short-fingered hand was a pleasant one to grasp. His small eyes were half closed, and a smile half-tender, half-humorous, seemed to ripple secretly over his face, without any movement of his small but expressive lips. We were presented to him, and he held our hands for a moment in his own, repeating our names in a way which gave us a pleasing sense of immediate and permanent relationship to him. My father's delight in his company was as obvious and patent as his respect for his guest. I understood from that moment that he was a man of dignity and importance, and though the allusiveness of his talk was beyond our comprehension, dealing much with undergraduate reminiscences, yet it was plain that he was

not a mere pomposity. His humor had something darting, subtle, charmingly malicious about it, and yet all the time his tenderness and his emotion were obvious and visible.

I saw him again some years later, when I was an Eton boy. It was in the summer of 1878 that I was coming up from the playing-fields, and near the gateway into the cloisters, under Lupton's Tower, I saw my old friend standing with the present Vice-Provost of Eton, Mr. Cornish, then one of the masters. I saluted him, and was too shy to claim Bradshaw's acquaintance; but Mr. Cornish called to me, and said to Bradshaw, "Here is a friend of yours, I think—Benson." Bradshaw gave me a quick radiant smile and held out his hand, saying, "Of course—Martin!" This was the name of my elder brother, who had died at Winchester earlier in the same year. I did not speak, and I suppose I looked confused. Bradshaw himself at once recognized the mistake, and I could see that he was extremely distressed at what he had inadvertently done. He put his arm through mine, and presently took me off to the College Library with him, where he was at work, talking quietly and affectionately about my father and mother, and then showing me some interesting things in the Library, as if to obliterate the painful impression of his involuntary mistake.

When I came to go up to King's as an undergraduate in 1881, my father took me to see him in his rooms. They were on the first floor in the front court, just beyond the Hall, and had a private back staircase, which came down into the kitchen passage. He greeted me very warmly and kindly, holding my hand for a minute in his, and giving it a little flick with his fingers as he did so, which came to be so characteristic a greeting. "Mind," he said to me as I went away, "I want you to be at home in these rooms, and to come to see me at any time: you will be always welcome, for your father's sake"—and then he gave me a little smile, darting a quick and kindly glance at me, and added, "and for your own!" They were great big rooms, with two large parlors, looking north and south, and a bedroom. They were heterogeneously furnished, without any attempt at taste or indeed of comfort, with books and papers all about —a strange mixture of order and disorder. Most of the pictures and ornaments had some association connected with them, which he could generally be induced to relate. On Sunday evenings he was usually at home, and held quiet,

vague receptions, people coming and going and joining the circle, where the talk was of the easiest. But better still were the times when one found him alone. I remember one summer day his meeting me in the court. It was very hot weather, and I was in flannels. "What are you doing?" he said... "Are you supposed to be working? Why not come and work in my rooms?—I shall not interrupt you." I took a book and ensconced myself on his sofa, while he sate writing at the table, every now and then glancing up with a smile, as if pleased to have me with him. Then he sent for some luncheon, and we lunched together. Then we decided it was too hot to go out, so we read and talked until tea-time, when he gave me tea, and we strolled afterward to the Fellows' Garden and sate there in the dusk. I do not know how he established, as he did, the peculiar feeling of intimacy and affection. It was done by manner and look rather than by speech, and by establishing little absurd secrets, such as children might have, which he never forgot. For instance, he used to have hanging on his watch-chain a charm in the shape of a tiny silver tankard. I once made some silly objection to the incongruity of this, and he seldom failed, in talking to me, to cover it with one hand, saying, "I mustn't forget you think this degrading!" He had a way, too, of leading one on to tell him all about one's home-doings and domestic incidents, so that it became natural to inform him of anything that happened, and to consult him if there was any friction. I remember that my father once objected to my accepting some invitation to a circle of which he did not approve. I took the letter—a long, anxious, and tender document—to Bradshaw, and told him the story. He read the letter and said: "Of course, you think that your liberty is being interfered with. Don't you see, you goose, that it is worth anything to have a father who cares about you like that?" I did see it, in a flash, and felt a goose indeed!

When I had a disappointment in my Tripos, and took a lower place than I had expected, he came in to see me. "I know—I understand," he said. "Of course, you are disappointed, and so am I. But depend upon it, these things mean something, and it is our business to find out what they mean. They don't happen merely to annoy us."

I got into the way, with the easy egotism of youth, of referring all sorts of trivial matters to him—squabbles, mis-

understandings, worries, fears, as well as hopes, pleasures, new friendships, successes. It was very tempting, because he always seemed, and indeed was, so much interested in the details, and his comments were not professional or hortatory, but purely sympathetic. He was tolerant, I used to think, of everything but coarseness, meanness, and intellectual pride. He could not bear airs of superiority; and I have seen him pour cold water in public on priggishness with a liberal hand. He had a way, if I made any remark to him savoring of contemptuous judgment of another, of pushing up the tip of his nose with his finger to indicate the *nasus aduncus*. I would hasten to explain, covered with ingenuous confusion, that I was the most tolerant of human beings. "Oh, of course, of course. That's the misfortune of having a high standard. Poor So-and-so is not quite . . . quite correct? He hasn't the advantage of being an Etonian, like you and me!"

One of the most curious things about him was his habits, or rather his absence of habits. Sometimes for days together he would be secluded in his rooms, only going to and from the Library, and eating a meal, generally of tea and bread and butter, at any hour of the day or night. Sometimes he would be up early, sometimes lie in bed half the morning. He took, in my time, very little exercise, but occasionally he would tricycle or go for long walks. He seemed to have no settled occupations and no fixed hours for work; but he hardly ever took a holiday, and his series of notebooks, in which he wrote down every kind of miscellaneous facts, grew steadily. He was always ready to undertake any amount of congenial investigation for other people, while he could seldom bring himself to attend to any work of his own. One most characteristic thing about him was, that if one ever consulted him on a point of antiquity or erudition, he had always just stumbled upon the answer in the course of some other investigation. These "coincidences," which were always happening, filled him with extreme delight. The reason was that he had an immense and varied stock of knowledge in his mind, and never forgot anything, so that any question extracted illustrative facts. I once traveled up to London with him, and pointed out a big house on the outskirts of London, with a large garden, which was being demolished to make room for some suburban houses. "Yes," he said, "I used often to go and play there

when I was a child." A few minutes later we passed an old church, the tower of which rose from a weltering mass of new streets. I called his attention to it. "Yes," he said, "I was christened there. What a coincidence!"

He was a familiar figure on Sundays in King's Chapel. He sate in the Senior Fellows' stalls on the right of the choir, his big head poised on his shoulders, enveloped in a full surplice. He always wore the old non-regent M.A. hood of black silk, with the white lining removed, which is now used by holders of the B.D. degree. He had a trick of taking off his hood in the court after Chapel, and carefully folding it up into a neat package. But the most familiar impression of him is as he walked in the morning in cap and gown with slow leisurely steps to the Library, along the front of the Fellows' Building and round the west end of the Chapel, with his note-book clasped to his chest. He suffered from long fits of what he called "grumpiness." "It's no use—I won't stop to talk; I am grumpy to-day." I used to inquire what was the matter. "Oh, I don't know" (with a sigh). "*People* are so tiresome; it's my own sinfulness, no doubt!" But, as a rule, he was extraordinarily equable and cheerful, and kept his moods and his ailments to himself. He was very variable about correspondence. On one occasion, when he was traveling in France, he wrote to me two or three times a week. At another time nothing would extract an answer from him. He was unable at times to return any answer to an invitation, and it is a well-known anecdote how a friend of his, who had invited him to dinner and could get no reply, sent him two post-cards, addressed to himself, on one of which was "Yes" and on the other "No." Bradshaw posted them both. But he was forgiven everything and allowed to do exactly as he pleased. If he did come, people were delighted to see him; and if he did not, it was Bradshaw, and he was privileged.

His personal influence was extraordinary. It was not gained by any arts, nor did he ever manifest the slightest wish to interfere or to exercise influence. One just knew him to be a man of guileless life, laborious, high-principled, incapable of any sort of meanness or malice. To love is to understand everything, says the French proverb. It is not easy really to improve people by scolding them or lecturing them, but if one knows that a generous, unsuspicious, high-minded man has a real affection for one, it is impossible not

to be restrained by the thought from acting in a way that he would disapprove. Bradshaw's influence over the men he knew was stronger than the influence of any man at Cambridge. But his affection was sisterly—if one can use the word—rather than paternal. He was fond of little demonstrations of affection, would pat and stroke one's hand as he talked, and yet there was never the least shadow of sentimentality about it. I remember that a friend of mine told me that he had once kissed Bradshaw's hand when he said good-by to him, on an occasion when Bradshaw had shown him even more than his usual kindness. "I am not the Pope," he said, bluffly, but the offender felt that he was pleased. He had a way of picking a flower, if one was with him, and sticking it into one's buttonhole, which had something gently caressing about it. Indeed, his affection for his friends had something really romantic about it. There is a letter in his *Life* which says to an undergraduate friend that he is tempted to think about him continually, and to write him too often. And yet I have never heard any one suggest that there was anything weak or unmanly about his tenderness. It was preserved from that by his critical judgment, his excellent sense, his power of saying the most incisive things, and the irony which, however lambent, had got a very clear cutting-edge, and which he was always ready to use if there was occasion. If any one traded on the affection of Bradshaw or counted on indulgence, he was sure to be instantly and kindly snubbed. It was more that there was an atmosphere of intimacy and confidence in one's relations with him, which pervaded the time spent in his company as with fragrant summer air.

He loved directness in everything. He spoke again and again of his admiration of the men who used their energy on doing the best work they could, rather than on decrying the work of others, which he believed to be a disabling fault of Cambridge. He hated intrigues and manœuvers, and maintained that the best and most effectual form of diplomacy was to tell your opponents your reasons for disagreeing with them. So, too, in his handling of life he detested casuistry, and believed that if things went wrong, the truest and manliest solution was to be ready to believe it was your own fault rather than the guile of others. It may be thought that this arose from fearlessness and freedom from morbidity. Fearless he certainly was, but, on the other hand,

he was almost morbidly sensitive. He could not bear hostility or even coldness. He once did an elaborate and voluntary piece of work with reference to the Bodleian. The then Librarian, Mr. Coxe, received the results with what Bradshaw thought was ungracious indifference. Bradshaw threw the papers he had prepared into the fire, and confessed that he never took any real pleasure in the Bodleian again.

But it remains a very difficult matter to analyze the charm of a life which had so little that was calculated or dramatic about it. It is very hard to say what it is which makes a man what may be called a *figure,* a distinction which appears to fall so fortuitously on men of no brilliance or predominance, and to miss so completely and unquestionably men of far higher powers and attainments. Some men achieve that particular prestige by an unconsciously artistic handling of their materials, some by an innate picturesqueness, some by a kind of secret fragrance of spirit, a balanced consistency of life. There is a charm about the exhibition of simplicity in a great position, but there is a still more potent charm about the exhibition of greatness in a simple position. There have been famous bibliographers who have had their reward, and there have been men of deeply emotional nature who have been faithfully loved by their friends; but the remarkable thing about Bradshaw is to note the passionate desire on the part of his friends to acclaim his greatness on grounds which, in the case of an ordinary personality, would only justify a moderate degree of eminence in a small and limited sphere of technical knowledge. I do not at all wish to belittle the excellence of Bradshaw's work—its range was considerable, its quality was supreme; but no man can be heroic in bibliography, and we must look elsewhere for the secret of the ineffaceable impression he made upon his friends. The secret lies in the quality of the man's soul. In the region of affection he had a natural kingship. To put one's own petty heart in touch with his was to feel oneself enveloped by something deep and pure and lasting. If the individualities of men do indeed survive, and if, in the world that lies beyond our limited perceptions, personal intercourse, however transformed and enlarged, is possible, then I feel for myself, and I do not doubt that other friends of Bradshaw feel it too, that one will be met and welcomed and received by that sweet and gentle spirit with the same

tenacity and tranquillity of affection which he so often gave us in the old unforgotten days. I do not exaggerate when I say that to be with him on one of those quiet evenings in the scented dusk of the College garden, with its screening foliage and its winding ways, with the flowers glimmering in the bordered turf, was like floating in a boat on a silent moving tide. The man was always there, behind his labors and anxieties, and infinitely greater than them. I am not attributing to him any close intellectual grasp of intricate problems, any vast mental horizon; but what he had was an immense vitality of affection, a power of loving—not selfishly or desirously, not for any comfort or luxury of emotion that he might gain, but simply because his heart was deep and wide. He did not condone one's faults or weakly overlook them; he simply took you as you were, and because you were just that and nothing else, and dear to him so. He did not appraise or justify, remember or forget. He simply loved his friend as the father in the parable loved his prodigal son, because he loved him, and for no better reason.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

DRAMA AND POETRY

THE THEORY OF THE THEATER. By CLAYTON HAMILTON. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1910.

AN eminently readable and practical guide to play-writing is Mr. Clayton Hamilton's *Theory of the Theater;* well composed and to the point. In all his advice as to method and manner he follows the maxim of George Ade: "In uplifting, get underneath." Whether this is the highest reach of wisdom or not remains to be seen. In no other department of literature would it hold good. It was not what Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius, or Epictetus, or Ruskin, or Emerson, or Carlyle did. They went up ahead and pulled. It is Mr. Hamilton's contention that what America needs is one great dramatist who understands the crowd, and he argues that the crowd always understands and goes to hear Shakespeare. Never once does he mention that the crowd is influenced by the name and fame of Shakespeare and that the people really interested in the play are few and far between. The people are largely interested in a new interpretation of a well-known character. "In so far as he was a dramatist," says Mr. Hamilton, "Shakespeare wrote for the crowd; in so far as he was a lyric poet he wrote for himself; in so far as he was a sage and a stylist he wrote for the individual." But Mr. Hamilton never ceases to urge that the would-be dramatist must earn the attention of the many. Of course the theory is in line with the democratization of all modern life, letters, philosophy, art. But there are still those who hold out that all really great work makes appeal first to the few, who explain it to the many, and that only by just that process of the advance-guard who understand and explain is any good work allowed to live at all in the world. But for them the theater would be nothing but a few comic songs and vaudeville stunts.

Allowing for the fundamental difference of opinion as to whether dramatic art gains by being lowered to the level of the lowest intelligence or not, Mr. Hamilton's book is full of able, clear ideas lucidly set down. The chapter on "Modern Social Drama" is a good disquisition on the theme of what is permissible subject-matter for a play. "To make us pity his characters when they are vile or love them when they are noxious," he says, "invent excuses for them in situations where they cannot be excused —that is for the dramatist the one unpardonable sin."

The most amusing chapter in Mr. Hamilton's book is that on the "Actor and the Dramatist" with its fund of anecdote and illuminating illustrations. The book, on the whole, is full of good advice to the would-be play-

writer. It is not subtle, not profound, not comprehensive, not far-seeing, but it is clear-sighted, moderate, and expresses the average taste of the average man.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, GETTING MARRIED, THE SHOWING-UP OF BLANCO POSNETT. By BERNARD SHAW. New York: Brentano's, 1911.

Here is the delightful Mr. Shaw again, quite after his usual manner, taking up with lost causes and moral reforms and progressive ideas with all his usual satire, joviality, and good-humor. He has said himself that to be famous meant to be held in the mid-channel of abuse, and the present volume is certainly not likely to lessen his own share of abuse. In the first play he makes not only a strong plea for anti-vivisection,—perhaps the strongest that has yet been made,—but makes a strong plea for anti-vaccination and for anti-operation. Indeed, the whole trade of the surgeon comes under Mr. Shaw's ban. In his delightful preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma* he gives much good advice. One bit is, "Of all the anti-social vested interests the worst is the vested interest in ill health." Another, "Remember that an illness is a misdemeanor and treat the doctor as an accessory, unless he notifies every case to the public health authority." Again: "Do not try to live forever; you will not succeed." "Use your health even to the point of wearing it out. That is what it is for." "Spend all you have before you die and do not outlive yourself."

The strongest play in the volume is "Getting Married," and as usual Mr. Shaw gives us more preface than play on the subject of the revolt against marriage, with chapters on the Inevitability of Marriage, Survival of Sex Slavery, Too Much of a Good Thing (meaning too much family life), Why Statesmen Shirk the Marriage Question, What is to Become of Children, etc.

For those who are interested in Mr. Shaw's theory of social reform the prefaces are invaluable; and those who wish to read a very amusing play, a play that toward the last degenerates into sheer farce, may get a good deal of fun out of "Getting Married." Lesbia, one of Bernard Shaw's typical heroines, is a delightful character, and gains no little sympathy when she replies to the general who asks her if she would not be happier if married to some one, "I dare say I should in a frowsy sort of way, but I prefer my dignity and independence; I am afraid I think this rage for happiness rather vulgar."

The seriousness of Mr. Shaw's convictions does not come out in the play itself, but doubtless he means something, and a century or so from now he will be looked upon as an advance-guard of the new school.

The "Showing-up of Blanco Posnett" is not much of a play, and exists largely to give Mr. Shaw an opportunity to write a long preface on the censorship. This preface is as amusing and delightful as any play Mr. Shaw has ever written. It is futile to condemn Mr. Shaw because he insists on showing up the truth of matters which we prefer, as a rule, to keep hidden. Wise or unwise, he is a moral reformer. He has convictions and a philosophy of life, and he deserves the honor that any serious thinker upon social problems earns. He is as serious as Ibsen, in spite of all the satire, humor, and laughter to which he treats us.

THE NEW INFERNO. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

PIETRO OF SIENNA: A DRAMA. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

Mr. Stephen Phillips began his career as poet by lecturing upon the older poets. He is said to have a personality of exceeding charm and tact, and out of this and a reputation for high learning he seems to have made his reputation as a poet. Certainly his endowment is distinctly second rank.

In *The New Inferno* we have, of course, first the unfortunate title to fall foul of. There has been one Inferno written in the world and no man else can use the title without inviting a comparison which shall reduce him to derision. *The New Inferno* does not follow the Dantesque rhyme scheme, but uses a quatrain of ten syllabled lines without any rhyme at all. The poem consists of nine cantos, two being devoted to the damnation of Napoleon and his affair with Josephine; two more to people in general; one to a morphine-eating lady; one to a Laodicean, a sort of Tomlinson character fit neither for Heaven nor Hell; one to the Jesuits and one to suicides.

As is usual in all Mr. Phillips's work, we find reminiscent passages. The "Porches of the Ear," for example, belongs to Dante.

"How sweet to cease, how beautiful to die"

is far too reminiscent of Keats's "Nightingale" and the line,

"To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

Again the stanza:

"That the discarding of the body of earth,
Sends not to sudden pain, or sudden joy,
But the loosed spirit the lone journey takes,
Perhaps for æons to work out its fate,"

reminds us of Tennyson's:

"No sudden Heaven or sudden Hell for man,
But through æonian evolution," etc.

This reminiscence is the more marked that Mr. Phillips also uses the word "æonian" in his next line. There are lines that one cannot scan, as for example:

"Wraps him from those whom on earth he slew,"

and there are those bits of trite anticlimax from which Mr. Phillips is never safe, such as:

"Places can kill, the very streets can slay,
And sad conditions wear away the soul."

Pietro of Sienna is the head of the ancient and exiled house of Tornielli; he overthrows Luigi, head of the rival house of Gonzaga. Luigi is imprisoned and his sister is summoned by Pietro, who has a *penchant* for

beautiful women, to plead for her brother. Her honor is declared to be the price of her brother's life. The dramatic situation is not new. Gemma assures Pietro that she prefers death, and Pietro is so overwhelmed by this combination of beauty and virtue that he offers to marry her and free her brother. Although Gemma has looked upon Pietro with contempt and loathing, the offer of a ceremony quite calms her spirit. She is not in the least loath to accept as a lifelong companion and husband the man she despises. Luigi is freed and Pietro proclaims his intention of marrying Gemma. The final speech in which Pietro states his intention runs thus:

"But here I make
A holy oath, before all saints of heaven,
That she, this lady, stands by me untouched,
That she is pure as ever without spot.
Rather would she have killed me or herself
Than so submitted even for such a cause;
But I, who have so played the game of love,
Am won to something nobler at the last:
To-day I make this lady my true wife."

Really, one would have to turn to the laureate himself to find a parallel in trite commonplace. Thought in this play is either absent or lingers still in the dark ages; the language is dull whenever it is not reminiscent. How completely Mr. Phillips is captured by the great stanza in Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" is again proven by his echo of the line:

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die."

In this line:

"And now than ever more impossible
It seems to die."

How utterly Mr. Phillips can drop into the dull and commonplace is instanced in the following description of early morning in the city:

"The shopman takes the shutter from the shop,
And in the window carefully displays
His wares; the trim girl into market trips."

When one strikes a fine line one immediately asks: "Where have I read this line before?" Such lines as:

"While all her deep heart murmurs in its ear,"

"And many a memory stares up at the sun"

recall at once the general feeling of Rossetti's last sonnet lines. But good lines are few and far between, and the general trend is trite and dull. It would be a matter of profound psychological interest to find out how Mr. Stephen Phillips built up a reputation as a poet.

In Chains. By Paul Hervieu. Boston: The Poet-Lore Publishing Company, 1910.

The service which the Poet-Lore Publishing Company has done in introducing foreign plays to America can hardly be overestimated. It has

garnered far and wide, and picked out the best plays that have been published in France, Ireland, Russia, and Germany, and given them in translation to the American public.

The present play of Hervieu's can be classed as one of the matrimonial problem plays, melodramatic in the extreme, and valuable only as attesting the wide-spread opinion that the chains of matrimony are frequently galling. The translation in this instance does much to mar the value of the play. It is done by one Ysidor Asckenasy, a writer certainly very unfamiliar with English. The play reads like a halting and careless transcript by one totally uninitiated into the idiom of the English language. It would really have been more of a service to have published the play in French, since any one who had reached an adequate degree of culture to read it at all would be able to read it in that language; and the strange, foreign English really takes away much of the sense of reality that the play might otherwise have had. None the less, it is a powerful play in the general style of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler."

THE MARRIAGE. By DOUGLAS HYDE. Boston: The Poet-Lore Publishing Company, 1910.

No greater dramatic talent has arisen among the young Irishmen of the late Celtic Renaissance than that of Douglas Hyde. His little dramas are closer to the earth than those of William Butler Yeats and nearer to the life of the people, while in characterization, charm of imagery, and tenderness of conception they outrank his.

We are in sad need in this country of a greater number of lyrical plays. and in their absence we are grateful to this eclectic publishing-house for giving us one now and then from foreign lands.

In *The Marriage* Hyde brings together Martin and his newly married wife, who, because they have no belongings, must separate immediately after the marriage; she to go back into service, he to go elsewhere to work. They are having their wedding breakfast of eggs and bread in a deserted cottage when a blind fiddler comes begging. It is needless to say that the fiddler turns out to be Rafferty, the great poet, and all home-comers from the fair drop in to hear him sing, each leaving his gift, so that the young married couple are well established, and it is only after Rafferty leaves that they find he has been dead a week. Then the married couple know that the great poet who had served and saved them was a man sent by God.

HUSBAND and THE FORBIDDEN GUESTS: TWO PLAYS. By JOHN CORBIN. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1910.

Mr. Corbin shares Colonel Roosevelt's anxiety as to the future of the race. The first play, "Husband," is an amusing satire upon the overridden, overworked, indulgent American husband. It is entertaining enough, though not very deep, and there is some sense in the interesting preface which gives Mr. Corbin's views of women under the title "Wife."

The "Forbidden Guests" is hardly more than a single scene. Dealing, as it does, with race-suicide, and coming perilously near to the historic step from the sublime, it holds its own fairly well. One never laughs until an hour or so after one has laid the book aside.

In content as in structure these plays impress one as just a little superficial, a little vague and ill-digested. Compared with the work doing in England to-day by such men as Galsworthy, Besier, Masefield, Granville-Barker, they seem very rough and very slight.

THE POEMS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited with an Introduction by JOHN DRINKWATER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1911.

No edition of the older English poets has proved more valuable to the student than that of "The Muses's Library," compact and well printed, easy to hold, and scholarly in editing, it proves the perfect edition. The present volume of Sir Philip Sidney's poems contains a short prefatory note by Mr. Drinkwater explaining his aims and omissions, a good biographical introduction, and a moderately good critical introduction. Mr. Drinkwater, like all editors who hold a brief for their client, protests too much; he pleads for the spontaneity of Sidney's sonnets. To those who are well acquainted with the work of the *Pléiade* in France, it is difficult to admit as much originality as the editor wishes. Sidney's sonnets owe a great deal metrically to Continental influence, and the verve and vitality of such sonnet-writers in France as Ronsard, Desportes, Du Bellay, could not but affect the Astrophel and Stella sequence. Indeed, according to Mr. Sidney Lee, it is in Sidney's work that French influence becomes full-fledged. The sonnet allows a more artificial production than any other form in poetry, and it is difficult to grant to these sonnets the fire and inspiration that their editor demands. No one conversant with English poetry would question the beauty of the opening lines of sonnet *XXXI:*

"With how sad steps, oh moon, thou climbest the skies,
How silently and with how wan a face."

These lines are as beautiful as Shelley's:

"And like a dying lady lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil," etc.

The sonnets *XXVIII* and *XXIX*, "To Sleeplessness," again bear marks of inward inspiration; and sonnet *CX* is, of course, one of the great sonnets of the English language and must undoubtedly have inspired Drummond's song:

"O leave that love that reaches but to dust."

"The Arcadian" is not given entire in the small volume, but the extracts made from it are in the main excellent. The beautiful passage beginning:

"My sheep are thoughts which I both guide and serve"

is given entire, and also the well-known song:

"My true love hath my heart and I have his."

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1911.

The present little volume of selections, originally published by Chatto & Windus in London, is said to have been practically made by Mr. Swinburne himself. It contains forty-two poems—principally nature-poems—

the great philosophic poem "Hertha," and, as a concession to the demands of the public, "The Triumph of Time."

An excellent little preface by the poet's lifelong friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and a dedicatory epistle to the collected edition of Swinburne's Poems from the same friend form the introduction. The book has the advantage of omitting whatever might be objectionable or disagreeable to the most conservative of thinkers, and for this reason it can hardly be said to be a representative collection. Mr. Swinburne was a revolutionist in politics and in morals, and what he had to say was exceedingly shocking to the conservative, to those who think of life as being entirely satisfactory as it is and who desire no very decided changes of form or doctrine. As a volume that might be put into the hands of any young girl or boy, without hesitation, it is exceedingly able. There is still room for the student's selection of Swinburne's poems, a selection which will hold more of the revolutionary poems from the "Songs before Sunrise" and a great deal more of the representative metrical work from the poet's first series of "Poems and Ballads," the whole of "Tristrem," and fuller selections from the dramas.

A Poet's Anthology of Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The Baker Taylor Publishing Company, 1911.

When a poet makes an anthology one expects a good deal from it, and in the present case one is distinctly disappointed. The volume is small, has no author's index with poem titles, so that there is no quick way of seeing at a glance just what has been included. The other fault we have to complain of is that there is not a single unexpected poem in the volume or a single poem that any one else could not have chosen just as well as Mr. Noyes himself. How perfectly matter-of-fact the selections are may be judged from the fact that a young child of sixteen years, hearing the first lines of the poems read, recognized every poem in the book and gave the author. The divisions of the volume are fanciful and the contents slight. Take division *VI*, for example, entitled "Of such as these" (meaning, of course, children), and we have Blake's "Piper" and the little fifteenth-century carol, "He came all so still" (with modernized spelling), Blake's "Little Lamb," Wordsworth's sonnet, "It is a beauteous evening calm and free," and the whole of "Pippa Passes": this latter poem takes up seventy-nine pages out of a book which contains only three hundred and ninety.

One may say in its favor that there is nothing in the volume that one objects to, but there is nothing that is difficult to come at elsewhere; except one or two of Mrs. Meynell's later poems and two or three selections from Francis Thompson's last poems, there is nothing not included in other anthologies. On the whole, the volume as coming from Mr. Noyes is distinctly disappointing.

Optimos. By Horace Traubell. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1910.

Mr. Horace Traubell is well known as the literary executor of Walt Whitman, as editor, publisher, and printer of the Socialistic journal *The Conservator* and as a very prolific poet. If many of the poets we speak of have manner without matter, Mr. Traubell has matter without manner, or manners, or grammar, or diction, or restraint, or anything but riotous

good-humor and a really deep, well-reasoned, and beautiful attitude toward life. Most of the poems contained in this collected volume have appeared from time to time in *The Conservator*.

Mr. Traubell says that he doesn't like "full-dress writing," but there is a large class of readers who do not like "undressed writing," and Mr. Traubell's work is utterly undressed. He has not the poet's instinct which makes even the roughest of Whitman's work beautiful, and a good deal of his work is nothing but prose cut up into lines, often lines of exceedingly ungrammatical and slangy prose at that. But what he has to say is right and true and penetrating and sometimes beautiful.

We are told that Germany has several Traubell societies, and we have ourselves read many of his poems that have appeared in German translations. They are improved by translation. When another language puts clothes on Mr. Traubell's thought it is quite amazing how noble it appears. It is too late for Mr. Traubell to learn to write poetry in any other way than his own, and doubtless the matter of his work will keep it in circulation for some long time; and, indeed, it may come to be a curious historic relic of the first riotous era of the democratization of letters and art.

MY THREE LOVES. By BEVERLEY DANDRIDGE TUCKER, Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Virginia. New York: The Neale Publishing Company, 1910.

Beverley Dandridge Tucker is a Virginian, a grandson of Judge Henry St. George Tucker and a grandnephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He served through the Civil War in the army of northern Virginia, and the poems here collected belong, in large part, to Virginians, to their sentiment of State loyalty and pride. The *Three Loves* are literally the cause of the South, Eros, and the Sanctuary. In the first division the ablest poem is the "Salutation to Robert E. Lee," stirring and touching at once. Several of these poems commemorate battles such as Gettysburg, Hampton Roads, Appomattox, etc. Several more are Confederate memorial verses read on special occasions. Of these again the same inspiration brings the sweetest singing, and there is something very sincere and touching in the song "The Days When We Followed Robert Lee." There are also poems in memory of the two Southern singers, Father Ryan and James Barron Hope; and the poem to John R. Thompson gives, apart from melody and feeling, a very valuable picture of the culture of the South.

The second division of the poems evidently belongs to an early period of Bishop Tucker's life, and, though there is melody in "The Rhone and the Arve," we find more to praise in the last third of the book which holds the religious poems. "Consecration," "Increase Our Faith," and "Love Divine" are beautiful poems, and we feel sure that some of them will ultimately find their way into the hymnal and be a consolation and strength to many souls.

ÆNEAS AND OTHER VERSES AND VERSIONS. By D. A. SLATER. London: Oxford University Press, 1910.

This is a little book for the few. It is the work of a scholar and its appeal is to poets and other scholars. Three of the poems are Latin renderings of English poems. The "Non Omnis Moriar" is a spirited and

fine transcription of Browning's "Epilogue to Asolando." The single flaw in the volume is the rather piteous "Perdrix, Toujours Perdrix," amusing enough for a moment's play, but hardly worth print and binding. In so light a poem as the invitation to the "Clerk of Oxenforde" the poet has such magic lines as these:

"Still the moor her gold is minting, wilding heather, lusty ling,
Bracken-spear and beech-leaf tinting with the magic hues of Spring;

"On her rivers 'Lydian laughter,' in her woods a whispering breeze,
Swallows flash by roof and rafter.—Quick, my friend, the moment seize;

"Quick and come to royal Devon, to the combes of Bearle and Exe,
Where Earth rivals highest Heaven, Hell has lost her power to vex."

The opening poem, "Æneas," although the longest and most sustained and full of wonderful and haunting lines, is no more exquisite than the short songs, the "Laus Philosophiæ," "Epicurus," "Ariadne's Lament," "Still Night," and "There's a Place upon the Mountain." "To Sleep" chiefly suggests the writer's debt to Swinburne. The three sonnets, "Dann Kommt der Schluss," "Ovid," "In Memoriam Amici, J. W.," are eloquent and noble.

This little volume, slight as it is, is real poetry; such poetry as could only be written by a poet and a classical scholar.

The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring. New York: John Lane Company, 1911.

When the great question of the value of the classics is mooted, might not one plea in favor of them be that without them the world's poetry must die? In these "Poems" of the Hon. Maurice Baring we have again the work of a classical scholar; the feeling for diction, the restraint and nobility of the poems bespeak an arduous youth spent beneath the sponsorship of Greek and Latin writers.

If, as Pater says, "love and all joyful states of mind are self-expressive" so also are wistfulness and noble sorrow. And it is such notes that are oftenest sounded in this all too slight volume of exquisite verse. The word "collected" in the title would seem to imply that the poet had finished his work; but Maurice Baring is, if we mistake not, still short of the forty-year turn, and why should such noble scenes as the fragments of the "Black Prince" not be built up into a great drama? We have a right to demand more of such a poet, for it is the quality as he gives us here that the world needs.

"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER IX.—*(Continued)*

"Did Mr. Razumov tell you anything definite about your brother's activities—his end?" I ventured to ask.

"No," admitted Miss Haldin, with some hesitation. "Nothing definite."

But I understood well enough that all their conversations must have been referred mentally to that dead man who had brought them together. That was unavoidable. But it was in the living man that she was interested. That was unavoidable too, I suppose. And as I pushed my inquiries I discovered that he had disclosed himself to her as a by no means conventional revolutionist contemptuous of watchwords, of theories, of men, too. I was rather pleased at that, but I was a little puzzled.

"His mind goes forward, far ahead of the struggle," Miss Haldin explained. "Of course he is an actual worker, too," she added.

"And do you understand him?" I inquired point-blank.

She hesitated again. "Not altogether," she murmured.

I perceived that he had fascinated her by an assumption of an enigmatical superiority.

"Do you know what I think?" she went on, breaking through her reserved, almost reluctant attitude. "I think that he is observing, studying me, to discover whether I am worthy of his trust. . . ."

"And that pleases you?"

She kept mysteriously silent for a moment. Then with energy, but in a confidential tone, "I am convinced," she declared, "that this extraordinary man is meditating some vast plan, some great undertaking; he is possessed by it—he suffers from it . . . and from being alone in the world."

"And so he's looking for helpers?" I commented, turning away my head.

Again there was a silence.

"Why not?" she said at last.

The dead brother, the dying mother, the foreign friend, had fallen into a distant background. But at the same time Peter Ivanovitch was absolutely nowhere now. And this thought consoled me. Yet, I saw the gigantic shadow of Russian life deepening around her like the darkness of an advancing night. It would devour her presently. I inquired after Mrs. Haldin—that other victim of the deadly shade.

A remorseful uneasiness appeared in her frank eyes. "Mother seemed no worse, but if I only knew what strange fancies she had sometimes!"

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Then Miss Haldin, glancing at her watch, declared that she could not stay a moment longer, and with a hasty hand-shake ran off lightly.

Decidedly Mr. Razumov was not to turn up that day. Enigmatical youth! . . .

But less than an hour afterward, while crossing the Place Mollard, I caught sight of him boarding a South Shore tram-car.

"He's going to the Château Borel," I thought.

After depositing Razumov at the gates of the Château Borel, some half a mile or so from the town, the car continued its journey between two straight lines of shady trees. Across the roadway in the sunshine a short wooden pier jutted into the shallow pale water which farther out had an intense blue tint contrasting unpleasantly with the green orderly slopes on the opposite shore. The whole view, with the harbor jetties of crudely white stone underlining the dark front of the town to the left, and the expanding space of water to the right with jutting promontories of no particular character, had the uninspiring, glittering surface of a very fresh oleograph. Razumov turned his back on it with contempt. He thought it odious—oppressively odious in its unsuggestive finish, the very perfection of mediocrity attained at last after centuries of toil and culture. And turning his back on it, he faced the entrance to the grounds of the Château Borel.

The bars of the central way and the wrought-iron arch between the dark weather-stained stone piers were very rusty; and, though fresh tracks of wheels ran under it, the gate looked as if it had not been opened for a very long time. But close against the lodge built of the same gray stone as the piers (its windows were all boarded) there was a small side entrance. The bars of that were rusty, too; it stood ajar and looked as though it had not been closed for a long time. In fact, Razumov, trying to push it open a little wider, discovered it was immovable.

"Democratic virtue. There are no thieves here, apparently," he muttered to himself, with displeasure. Before advancing into the grounds he looked back sourly at an idle working-man lounging on the stone bench in the clean, broad avenue. The fellow had thrown his feet up; one of his arms hung over the low back of the public seat; he was taking a day off in lordly repose, as if everything in sight belonged to him.

"Elector! Eligible! Enlightened!" Razumov muttered to himself. "A brute, all the same!"

Razumov entered the grounds and walked fast up the wide sweep of the drive, trying to think of nothing—to rest his head, to rest his emotions, too. But arriving at the foot of the terrace before the house, he faltered, affected physically by some invisible interference. The mysteriousness of his quickened heart-beats startled him. He stopped short and looked at the brick wall of the terrace, faced with shallow arches, meagerly clothed by the shoots of a few unthriving creepers, with a neglected narrow flower-bed along its foot.

"It is here," he thought, with a sort of awe. "It is here—on this very spot."

He was tempted to flight at the mere recollection of his first meeting with Natalia Haldin. He confessed it to himself; but he did not move, and that not because he wished to resist an unworthy weakness, but be-

cause he knew that he had no place to fly to. Moreover, he could not leave Geneva. He recognized, even without thinking, that it was impossible. It would have been a fatal admission, an act of moral suicide. It would have been also physically dangerous. Slowly he ascended the stairs of the terrace flanked by two stained greenish stone urns of funereal aspect.

Across the broad platform where a few blades of grass sprouted from the discolored gravel the door of the house, with its ground-floor windows shuttered, faced him wide open. He believed that his approach had been noted, because framed in the doorway, without his tall hat, Peter Ivanovitch seemed to be waiting for him.

The ceremonious black frock-coat and the bared head of Europe's greatest feminist accentuated the dubiousness of his status in relation to the house rented by Madame de S——, his Egeria. His aspect combined the formality of the caller with the freedom of the proprietor. Florid and thickly hirsute and masked by the dark-blue glasses, he met the visitor and at once took him familiarly under the arm.

Razumov suppressed every sign of repugnance by an effort which the constant necessity of repression had rendered almost mechanical. And this effort had settled his expression in a cast of austere, almost fanatical aloofness. The "heroic fugitive," impressed afresh by the severe detachment of this new arrival from the revolutionary Russia, took a conciliatory, even a confidential tone. Madame de S—— was resting after a bad night. She often had bad nights. He had left his hat up-stairs on the landing and had come down to suggest to his young friend a stroll and a good, open-hearted talk in one of the shady alleys behind the house. After voicing this proposal, the great man glanced at the unmoved scornful face by his side and could not restrain himself from exclaiming:

"On my word, young man, you are an extraordinary person."

"I fancy you are mistaken, Peter Ivanovitch. If I were really an extraordinary person, I would not be here walking with you in a garden in Switzerland, Canton of Geneva, Commune of— What's the name of the commune this place belongs to? . . . Never mind—the heart of democracy, anyhow. A fit heart for it; no bigger than a parched pea and about as much value. I am no more extraordinary than the rest of us Russians wandering abroad."

But Peter Ivanovitch protested, emphatically:

"No, no! You are not ordinary. I have some experience of Russians who are—well—living abroad. You appear to me and to others too a marked personality."

"What does he mean by this?" Razumov asked himself, turning his eyes fully on his companion. The face of Peter Ivanovitch expressed a meditative seriousness.

"You don't suppose, Kirylo Sidorovitch, that I have not heard of you from various points where you made yourself known on your way here. I have had letters."

"Oh, we are great in talking about each other," interjected Razumov, who was listening with great attention. "Gossip, tales, suspicions and all that sort of thing we know how to deal in to perfection. Calumny even. . . ."

In indulging in this sally, Razumov managed very well to conceal the feeling of anxiety that came over him. At the same time, he was saying

to himself that there could be no earthly reason for anxiety. He was relieved by the evident sincerity of the protesting voice.

"Heavens!" cried Peter Ivanovitch. "What are you talking about! What reason can *you* have to . . ."

The great exile flung up his arms as if words had failed him in sober truth. Razumov was satisfied. Yet he was moved to continue in the same vein.

"I am talking of the poisonous plants which flourish in the world of conspirators like evil mushrooms in a dark cellar."

"You are casting aspersions," remonstrated Peter Ivanovitch, "which as far as you are concerned . . ."

"No," Razumov interrupted, without heat. "Indeed, I don't want to cast aspersions, but it's just as well to have no illusions."

Peter Ivanovitch gave him an inscrutable glance of his dark spectacles, accompanied by a faint smile.

"The man who says that he has no illusions has at least that one," he said in a very friendly tone. "But I see how it is, Kirylo Sidorovitch. You aim at stoicism."

"Stoicism! That's a pose of the Greeks and the Romans. Let's leave it to them. We are Russians, that is—children—that is—sincere; that is —cynical, if you like. But that's not a pose."

A long silence ensued. They strolled slowly under the lime-trees. Peter Ivanovitch had put his hands behind his back. Razumov felt the ungraveled ground of the deeply shadowed walk damp and as if slippery under his feet. He asked himself, with uneasiness, if he were saying the right things. The direction of the conversation ought to have been more under his control, he reflected. The great man appeared to be reflecting on his side, too. He cleared his throat slightly, and Razumov felt at once a painful reawakening of his scorn and his suspicion.

"I am astonished," began Peter Ivanovitch, gently. "Supposing you are right in your indictment, how can you raise any question of calumny or gossip in your case? It is unreasonable. The fact is, Kirylo Sidorovitch, there is not enough known of you to give hold to gossip or even calumny. Just now you are a man who had a part in doing a great deed in something that had been hoped for, and tried for, too, without success. People have perished for attempting that which you and Haldin have done at last. You come to us out of Russia with that prestige. But you cannot deny that you have not been communicative, Kirylo Sidorovitch. People you have met imparted their impressions to me; one wrote this, another that, but I form my own opinions. I waited to see you first. You are a man out of the common. That's positively so. You are close, very close. This taciturnity, this severe brow, this something inflexible and secret in you, inspires hopes and a little wonder as to what you may mean. There is something of a Brutus . . ."

"Pray spare me those classical allusions," burst out Razumov, nervously. "What comes Junius Brutus to do here? It is ridiculous! Do you mean to say," he added, sarcastically, but lowering his voice, "that the Russian revolutionists are all patricians and that I am an aristocrat?"

Peter Ivanovitch, who had been helping himself with a few gestures, clasped his hands again behind his back and made a few steps pondering.

"Not all patricians," he muttered, vaguely. "But you are one of *us*."

Razumov smiled bitterly.

"To be sure, my name is not Guggenheimer," he said in a low, vibrating voice. "I am not a democratic Jew. How can I help it? Not everybody has such luck. I have no name, I have no . . ."

The European celebrity showed a great concern. He stepped back a pace and his arms flew in front of his person, extended, deprecatory, almost entreating. His deep bass voice was full of pain.

"But my dear young friend!" he cried. "My dear Kirylo Sidorovitch . . ."

Razumov shook his head.

"The very patronimic you are so civil as to use when addressing me I have no legal right to—but what of that? I don't wish to claim it. I have no father. So much the better. But I will tell you what: my mother's grandfather was a peasant—a serf. See how much I am one of *you*. I don't want any one to claim me. But Russia *can't* disown me. She cannot!"

Razumov struck his breast with his fist.

"I am *it*."

Peter Ivanovitch walked on slowly, his head lowered. Razumov followed, vexed with himself. That was not the right sort of talk. All sincerity was an imprudence. Yet one could not renounce truth altogether—he thought, with a touch of despair. Peter Ivanovitch meditating behind his dark glasses became to him suddenly so odious that if he had had a knife he fancied he could have stabbed him not only without compunction, but with a horrible, triumphant satisfaction. His imagination dwelt on that atrocity in spite of himself. It was as if he were becoming light-headed. "It is not what is expected of me," he repeated to himself. "It is not what is. . . . I could get away by breaking the fastening on the little gate I see there in the back wall. It is a flimsy lock. Nobody in the house seems to know he is here with me. Oh yes, the hat! These women shall presently discover the hat he has left on the landing. They would come upon him lying dead in this damp, gloomy shade, but I would be gone and no one could ever . . . Lord! am I going mad?" he asked himself in a fright.

The deep bass of the great man was heard—musing in an undertone.

"H'm, yes! That . . . no doubt . . . in a certain sense . . ." he raised his voice—"there is a deal of pride about you. . . ."

The intonation of Peter Ivanovitch took on a homely familiar ring, acknowledging, in a way, Razumov's claim to peasant descent.

"A great deal of pride, brother Kirylo. And I don't say that you have no justification for it. I have admitted you had. I have ventured to allude to the facts of your birth simply because I attach no mean importance to it. You are one of us—*un des nôtres*. I reflect on that with satisfaction."

"I attach some importance to it too," said Razumov, quietly. "I won't even deny that it may have some importance for you too," he continued, after a slight pause and with a touch of grimness of which he was himself aware, with some annoyance, but which, he hoped, had escaped the perception of Peter Ivanovitch. "But suppose we talk no more about it?"

"Well, we shall not—not after this one time, Kirylo Sidorovitch," per-

sisted the noble archpriest of revolution. "This shall be the last occasion. You cannot believe for a moment that I had the slightest idea of wounding your feelings. You are clearly a superior nature—that's how I read you. Quite above the common—h'm—susceptibilities. But the fact is, Kirylo Sidorovitch, I don't know your susceptibilities. Nobody out of Russia knows much of you—as yet."

"You have been watching me," suggested Razumov.

"Yes."

The great man had spoken in a tone of perfect frankness, but as they turned their faces to each other Razumov felt baffled by the dark spectacles. Under their cover, Peter Ivanovitch hinted that he had felt for some time the need of meeting a man of energy and character, in view of a certain project. He said nothing more precise, however; and after some critical remarks upon the personalities of the various members of the Committee of Revolutionary action in Stuttgart he let the conversation lapse for quite a long time. They paced the alley from end to end. Razumov, silent too, raised his eyes from time to time to cast a glance at the back of the house. It offered no sign of being inhabited. With its grimy weather-stained walls and all the windows shuttered from top to bottom, it looked damp and gloomy and deserted. It might very well have been haunted in traditional style by some doleful, groaning, futile ghost of a middle-class order. The shades evoked, as wordly rumor had it, by Madame de S—— to meet statesmen, diplomatists, deputies of various European parliaments, must have been of another sort. Razumov had never seen Madame de S—— but in the carriage.

Peter Ivanovitch came out of his abstraction.

"Two things I may say to you at once. I believe, first, that neither a leader nor any decisive action can come out of the dregs of a people. Now if you ask me what are the dregs of a people—h'm—it would take too long to tell. You would be surprised at the variety of ingredients that for me go to the making up of these dregs—of that which ought to, must remain at the bottom. Moreover, such a statement might be subject to discussion. But I can tell you what is *not* the dregs. On that it is impossible for us to disagree. The peasantry of a people is not the dregs; neither is its highest class—well—the nobility. Reflect on that, Kirylo Sidorovitch. I believe you are well fitted for reflection. Everything in a people that is not genuine, not its own by origin or development, is—well—dirt. Intelligence in the wrong place is that. Foreign-bred doctrines are that. Dirt! Dregs! The second thing I would offer to your meditation is this: that for us at this moment there yawns a chasm between the past and the future. It will never be bridged by foreign liberalism. All attempts at it are either folly or cheating. Bridged it can never be. It has to be filled up."

A sort of sinister jocularity had crept into the tones of the burly feminist. He seized Razumov's arm above the elbow and gave it a slight shake.

"Do you understand, enigmatical young man? It has got to be just filled up."

Razumov kept an unmoved countenance.

"Don't you think that I have already gone beyond meditation on that subject?" he said, freeing his arm by a quiet movement which increased

the distance a little between himself and Peter Ivanovitch as they went on strolling abreast. And he added that surely whole cart-loads of words and theories could never fill that chasm. The abruptness of his tone was caused by his contempt for the celebrated man at his side. No mediation was necessary. A sacrifice of many lives could alone . . . He fell silent without finishing the phrase.

Peter Ivanovitch inclined his big hairy head slowly and proposed that they should go and see if Madame de S—— was now visible.

"We shall get some tea," he said, turning out of the shaded gloomy walk with a brisker step.

The lady companion had been on the lookout. Her dark skirt whisked out of the doorway as the two men came in sight round the corner. She ran off somewhere altogether and had disappeared when they entered the hall. In the crude light falling from the dusty glass skylight in the roof upon the black and white tessellated floor, covered with muddy tracks, their footsteps echoed faintly. The great feminist led the way up. On the balustrade of the first-floor landing a shiny, tall hat reposed, rim upwards, opposite a double door of the drawing-room haunted, it was said, by evoked ghosts, and frequented, it was to be supposed, by fugitive revolutionists. The cracked white paint of the panels, the tarnished gilt of the mouldings, permitted one to imagine nothing but dust and emptiness within. Before turning the massive brass handle Peter Ivanovitch gave his young companion a sharp, partly critical, partly preparatory glance.

"No one is perfect," he murmured, discreetly. Thus the possessor of a rare jewel might before opening the casket warn the profane that no gem, perhaps, is flawless.

He remained with his hand on the door-handle so long that Razumov assented by a moody "No."

"Perfection itself would not produce that effect," pursued Peter Ivanovitch—"in a world not meant for it. But you will find there a mind—no! —the quintessence of feminine intuition which will understand any perplexity you may be suffering from—by the irresistible, enlightening force of sympathy. Nothing can remain obscure before that, that—inspired—yes, inspired penetration, this true light of feminity."

The gaze of the dark spectacles in its glassy steadfastness gave his face an air of absolute conviction. Razumov felt a momentary shrinking before that mysterious door.

"Light," he stammered out. "Do you mean some sort of thought-reading?"

"I mean something utterly different," he retorted. A faint pitying smile succeeded this tart declaration.

Razumov began to feel angry, very much against his wish.

"This is very mysterious," he muttered through his teeth.

"You don't object to being understood, to being guided?" queried the great feminist.

Razumov exploded in a fierce whisper.

"In what sense? Be pleased to understand that I am a serious person. Whom do you take me for?"

They looked at each other very closely. Razumov's temper was cooled by the impenetrable earnestness of the blue glasses meeting his stare. Peter Ivanovitch turned the handle at last.

"You shall hear directly," he said, pushing the door open.

A low-pitched but harsh voice was heard within the room.

"*Enfin. Vous voilà.*"

In the doorway, his black-coated bulk blocking the view, Peter Ivanovitch had a hearty tone with something boastful in it.

"Yes; here I am!"

He glanced over his shoulder at Razumov, who waited for him to move on.

"And I am bringing you a proved conspirator—a real one this time. *Un vrai celui-là.*"

This pause in the doorway gave the "proved conspirator" time to make sure that his face did not betray either his angry curiosity or his mental disgust.

These sentiments stand confessed in Mr. Razumov's memorandum of his first interview with Madame de S——. The very words I use in my narrative are written where their sincerity cannot be suspected. At any rate, the sincerity of their self-revealing intention cannot be. Out of those pages, summarizing months here, detailing days there, with an almost incredible precision, out of neat record of contradictory, incoherent thoughts, emerges a personality struggling for existence against both truth and falsehood; a personality rising to a symbolic significance on account of the revealing nature of its individual fate. The record which could not have been meant for any one's eyes but his own was not, I think, the outcome of that strange impulse of indiscretion common to men who lead secret lives, which accounts for the invariable existence of "compromising documents" in all the plots and conspiracies of history. He looked at it, I suppose, as a man looks at himself in a mirror with wonder, perhaps with anguish, with anger or despair. Yes, as a threatened man may look fearfully at his own face in the glass, formulating to himself reassuring excuses for his appearance marked by the taint of some insidious hereditary disease.

CHAPTER X

THE Egeria of the "Russian Mazzini" produced, at first view, a strong effect by the striking, motionless character of her malevolent expression, a death-like immobility of an obviously painted face. The slightly sunken cheeks were faintly rouged, the lips touched with carmine, the eyebrows accentuated artificially—the very eyelashes had been made to look blacker than Nature had made them. The eyes, the only feature that moved, appeared extraordinarily brilliant. The figure, in a close-fitting dress admirably made, but by no means fresh, had an elegant stiffness. The harsh voice inviting him to sit down; the rigidity of the upright attitude, with one arm extended along the back of the sofa; the white gleam of the big eyeballs setting off the black, fathomless stare of the enlarged pupils—impressed Razumov more than anything he had seen since his hasty and secret departure from St. Petersburg. A witch in Parisian clothes, he thought. A portent! He actually hesitated in his advance and did not even comprehend at first what the harsh voice was saying.

"Sit down. Draw your chair nearer me. There. . . ."

He sat down. At close quarters the pink cheek-bones, the wrinkles, the fine lines on each side of the vivid lips, astounded him. He was being received graciously with a smile which made him think of a grinning skull.

"We have been hearing about you for some time."

He did not know what to say and murmured some disconnected words. The grinning skull effect vanished.

"And do you know that the general complaint is that you have shown yourself very reserved everywhere."

Razumov remained silent for a time, thinking of his answer.

"I, don't you see, am a man of action," he said, huskily, glancing upward.

Peter Ivanovitch stood in portentous expectant silence by the side of his chair, his spectacles devotedly directed at the painted and plastered woman on the sofa. A slight feeling of nausea came over Razumov. What could be the relations of these two people to each other? She like a galvanized corpse out of some Hoffman's tale, he the preacher of feminist gospels for all the world and a super-revolutionist besides. This ancient painted mummy with unfathomable eyes and this burly, bull-necked, deferential . . . what was it? Witchcraft, fascination. . . . It's for her money," he thought. "She has millions."

The walls, the floor of the room, were bare like a barn. The few pieces of furniture had been discovered in the garrets and dragged down into service without having been properly dusted even. It was the refuse the banker's widow had left behind her. The windows without curtains had an indigent, sleepless look. In two the dirty yellowy-white blinds had been pulled down. All this spoke, not of poverty, but of sordid penuriousness.

The hoarse voice on the sofa spoke angrily.

"You are looking round, Kirylo Sidorovitch. I have been shamefully robbed, positively ruined."

A dry rattling laugh, which seemed beyond her control, interrupted her for a moment.

"A slavish nature would find consolation in the fact that the principal robber was an exalted and almost a sacrosanct person—a Grand-Duke, in fact. Do you understand, Mr. Razumov, a Grand-Duke—no! You have no idea what thieves those people are! Downright thieves!"

Her bosom heaved, but the arm remained rigidly extended along the back of the couch.

"You will only upset yourself," breathed out a deep voice, which to Razumov's startled glance seemed to proceed from under the steady spectacles of Peter Ivanovitch rather than from his lips, which had hardly moved.

"What of that? I say thieves! *Voleurs! Voleurs!*"

Razumov was quite confounded by this unexpected vicious clamor, which had in it something of wailing and creaking and more than a suspicion of hysteria.

"*Voleurs! Voleurs! Vol . . .*"

"No power on earth can rob you of your genius," shouted Peter Ivanovitch in an overpowering bass, but without stirring, without attempting a gesture of any kind. A profound silence fell.

Razumov remained outwardly impassive. "What is the meaning of this performance?" he was asking himself. But with a preliminary sound of bumping outside some door behind him the lady companion, in a threadbare black skirt and frayed blouse, came in rapidly, walking on her heels

and carrying in both hands a big Russian samovar, obviously too heavy for her. Razumov made an instinctive movement to help, which startled her so much that she nearly dropped her hissing burden. She managed, however, to land it on the table and looked so frightened that Razumov hastened to sit down. She produced then from an adjacent room four glass tumblers, a teapot and a sugar-basin on a black iron tray.

The harsh voice spoke from the sofa abruptly.

"*Les gâteaux?* Have you remembered to bring the cakes?"

Peter Ivanovitch, without a word, marched out on to the landing and returned instantly with a parcel wrapped up in white glazed paper which he must have extracted from the interior of his hat. With imperturbable gravity he undid the string and smoothed the paper open on a part of the table within reach of Madame de S——'s hand. The lady companion poured out the tea, then retired into a distant corner out of everybody's sight and a conversation began. From time to time Madame de S—— extended a claw-like hand glittering with costly rings toward the paper of cakes, took up one and devoured it, displaying her big false teeth ghoulishly. Later on Razumov acquired grounds for the belief that this was the most substantial meal of the day for the Egeria of the Russian Mazzini. Meantime she talked harshly of the political situation in the Balkans. She built great hopes on some complication in the peninsula for arousing a great movement of national indignation in Russia against "these thieves—thieves—thieves."

"You will only upset yourself," Peter Ivanovitch interposed, raising his glassy gaze. He smoked cigarettes and drank tea in silence continuously. When he had finished a glass, he flourished his hand in a beckoning manner above his shoulder. At that signal the lady companion ensconced and still in her corner, with round eyes like a watchful animal, would dart out to the table and pour him out another tumblerful.

Razumov looked at her once or twice. She was anxious, tremulous, though neither Madame de S—— nor Peter Ivanovitch paid the slightest attention to her. "What have they done between them to that forlorn creature?" Razumov asked himself. "Have they terrified her out of her senses with ghosts or simply have they only been beating her?" When she gave him his second glass of tea he noticed that her lips trembled in the manner of a scared person about to burst into speech. But, of course, she said nothing and retired into her corner as if hugging to herself the smile of thanks he gave her.

"She may be worth cultivating," thought Razumov, suddenly.

He was calming down, getting hold of the actuality into which he had been thrown—for the first time, perhaps, since Victor Haldin had entered his room . . . and had gone out again. He was aware of being the object of the famous—or notorious—Madame de S——'s ghastly graciousness.

Madame de S—— was pleased to discover that this young man was different from the other types of revolutionist members of committees, secret emissaries, vulgar and unmannerly fugitive professors, rough students, ex-cobblers with apostolic faces, consumptive and ragged enthusiasts, Jewish youths, common fellows of all sorts that used to come and go around Peter Ivanovitch—fanatics, pedants, proletarians all. It was possible to talk to this young man of notably good appearance, for Madame de S—— was not always in a mystical state of mind. Razumov's taciturn-

ity only excited her to a quicker, more voluble utterance. It still dealt with the Balkans. She knew all the statesmen of that region—Turks, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Roumanians, Greeks, Armenians and nondescripts, young and old, the living and the dead. With some money an intrigue could be started which would set the peninsula in a blaze and outrage the sentiment of the Russian people. A cry of abandoned brothers could be raised, and then with the nation seething with indignation a couple of regiments or so would be enough to begin a military revolution in St. Petersburg and make an end of these thieves. . . .

"Apparently I've got only to sit still and listen," the silent Razumov thought to himself. "As to that hairy and obscene brute" (in such terms did Mr. Razumov refer mentally to the popular expounder of a feministic conception of social state), "as to him, for all his cunning, he too shall speak out at last."

Razumov ceased to think for a moment. Then a somber-toned reflection formulated itself to his mind, ironical and bitter. "I have the gift of inspiring confidence." He heard himself laughing aloud. It was like a goad to the painted, shiny-eyed harridan on a sofa.

"You may well laugh!" she burst out, hoarsely. "What else can one do? Perfect swindlers, and what base swindlers at that! Cheap Germans —Holstein-Gottorps! Though, indeed, it's hardly safe to say who and what they are. A family that counts a creature like Catherine the Great in its ancestry—you understand!"

"You are only upsetting yourself," said Peter Ivanovitch, patiently, but in a firm tone. This admonition had its usual effect on the Egeria. She dropped her thick discolored eyelids on the permanent excitement of her eyes and changed her position on the sofa. All her movements, angular and lifeless, seemed completely automatic, now that her eyes were nearly closed. Presently she opened them very full. Peter Ivanovitch drank tea steadily without haste.

"Well, I declare!" She addressed Razumov directly. "The people who have seen you on your way here are right. You are reserved. You haven't spoken twenty words altogether since you came in. You let nothing of your thoughts be seen in your face, either."

"I have been listening, Madame," said Razumov, using French for the first time hesitatingly, not being certain of his accent. But it seemed to produce an excellent impression. Madame de S—— looked meaningly into Peter Ivanovitch's spectacles as if to convey her conviction of this young man's merit. She even nodded the least bit in his direction, and Razumov heard her murmur under her breath the words, "Later on in the diplomatic service," which could not but refer to the favorable impression he had made. The fantastic absurdity of it revolted him, because it seemed to outrage his ruined hopes with the vision of a mock career. Peter Ivanovitch, impassive as though he were deaf, drank some more tea. Razumov felt that he must say something.

"Yes," he began, deliberately, as if uttering a meditated opinion, "clearly. Even in planning a purely military revolution the temper of the people should be taken into account."

"You have understood me perfectly. The discontent should be spiritualized. That is what the ordinary head of revolutionary committees will not understand. They aren't capable of it. For instance, Mordatiev

was in Geneva last month. Peter Ivanovitch brought him here. You know Mordatiev? Well, yes—you have heard. They call him an eagle—a hero! He has never done half as much as you have. Never attempted—not half. . . ."

Madame de S—— agitated herself angularly on the sofa.

"We, of course, talked to him. And do you know what he said to me? 'What have we to do with Balkan intrigues? We must simply extirpate the scoundrels.' Extirpate is all very well—but what then? The imbecile! I screamed at him, 'But you must spiritualize—don't you understand?—spiritualize the discontent. . . ."

She felt nervously in her pocket for a handkerchief; she pressed it to her lips.

"Spiritualize?" said Razumov, interrogatively, watching her heaving breast. The long ends of an old black lace scarf she wore over her head slipped off and hung down on each side of her ghastly rosy cheeks.

"An odious creature," she burst out again. "Imagine a man who takes five lumps of sugar in his tea. . . . Yes, I said spiritualize! How else can you make discontent effective and universal?"

"Listen to this young man," Peter Ivanovitch made himself heard, solemnly.

Razumov looked at him suspiciously.

"Some say hunger will do that," he remarked.

"Yes, I know. Our people are starving in heaps. But you can't make famine universal. And it is not despair that we want to create. There is no moral support to be got out of that. It is indignation. . . ."

Madame de S—— let her thin extended arm sink on her knees.

"I am not a Mordatiev," began Razumov.

"*Bien sûr*," murmured Madame de S——.

"Though I too am ready to say extirpate, extirpate. But, in my ignorance of political work, permit me to ask: a Balkan—well—intrigue, wouldn't that take a very long time?"

Peter Ivanovitch got up and moved off quietly to stand with his face to the window. Razumov heard a door close; he turned his head and perceived that the lady companion had scuttled out of the room.

"In matters of politics I am a supernaturalist," Madame de S—— broke the silence, harshly.

Peter Ivanovitch moved away from the window and struck Razumov lightly on the shoulder. This was a signal for leaving, but at the same time he addressed Madame de S—— in a peculiar reminding tone:

"Eleonor!"

Whatever it meant, she disregarded the ejaculation. She leaned back in the corner of the sofa like a wooden figure. The brazen peevishness of the face framed in the limp rusty lace had a character of cruelty.

"As to extirpating," she croaked at the attentive Razumov, "there is only one class in Russia which must be extirpated. Only one. And that class consists of only one family. That one family must be extirpated."

Her rigidity was frightful, like the rigor of a corpse galvanized into harsh speech and glittering stare by the force of murderous hate. The sight fascinated Razumov—yet he felt more self-possessed at that moment than at any other since he had entered that weirdly bare room. He was interested. But the great feminist by his side again uttered his appeal:

"Eleonor!"

She disregarded it. Her carmine lips moved with an extraordinary rapidity. The liberating spirit would use arms before which rivers would part like Jordan and ramparts fall down like the walls of Jericho. The deliverance from bondage would be effected by plagues and by signs, by wonders and by war. The women . . .

"Eleonor!"

She ceased; she had heard him at last. She pressed her open hand to her forehead.

"What is it? Ah, yes. That girl—the sister of. . . ."

It was Miss Haldin that she meant. That young girl and her mother had been leading a very retired life. They were provincial ladies—were they not? The mother had been very beautiful—traces were left yet. Peter Ivanovitch, when he called there for the first time, was greatly struck. . . . But the cold way they received him was really surprising.

"He is one of our national glories," Madame de S—— cried out, with sudden vehemence. "All the world listens to him."

"I don't know these ladies," said Razumov, loudly, rising from his chair.

"What are you saying, Kirylo Sidorovitch? I understand that she was talking to you here in the garden the other day."

"Yes, in the garden," said Razumov, gloomily. Then with an effort, "She made herself known to me."

"And then ran away from us all," Madame de S—— continued, with ghastly vivacity. "After coming to the very door! What a peculiar proceeding! Well, I have been a shy little provincial girl at one time. Yes, Razumov." She fell into this familiarity intentionally with an appalling grimace of graciousness. Razumov gave a perceptible start. "Yes, that's my origin. A simple provincial family."

"You are wonderful," Peter Ivanovitch uttered in his deepest voice.

But it was to Razumov that she gave her death's-head smile. Her tone was quite imperious.

"You must bring the young wild thing here. She is wanted. I reckon upon your success—mind!"

"She is not a wild young thing," muttered Razumov in a surly voice.

"Well, then—that's all the same. She may be one of these young conceited democrats. Do you know what I think? I think she is very much like you in character. There is a smouldering fire of scorn in you. You are darkly self-sufficient, but I can see your very soul."

Her shiny eyes had a dry intense stare which, missing Razumov, gave him an absurd notion that she was looking at something behind him. He cursed himself for an impressionable fool and spoke with forced calmness.

"What is it you see? Anything resembling me?"

She moved her rigidly set face from left to right. It was impossible somehow to meet her eyes, to capture that stare.

"Some sort of phantom in my image?" pursued Razumov, slowly. "For, I suppose, a soul when it is seen is just that. A vain thing. There are phantoms of the living as well as of the dead."

The tenseness of Madame de S——'s stare had relaxed, and now she looked at Razumov in a silence which became disconcerting.

"I myself have had an experience," he stammered out, as if compelled. "I've seen a phantom."

The unnaturally red lips moved to frame a question harshly.

"Of a dead person?"

"No; living."

"A friend?"

"No."

"An enemy?"

"I hated him."

"Ah! It was not a woman, then?"

"A woman," repeated Razumov, his eyes looking straight into the eyes of Madame de S——. "Why should it have been a woman? But why this conclusion? Why should I not have been able to hate a woman?"

As a matter of fact, the idea of hating a woman was new to him. At that moment he hated Madame de S——. But it was not exactly that. It was more like the abhorrence that may be caused by a wooden or plaster figure of a repulsive kind. And she moved no more than if she were such a figure; even her eyes, whose unwinking stare plunged into his own, though shining, were lifeless as though they were as artificial as her teeth. The red lips were like the lips of an idol. For the first time Razumov became aware of a faint perfume; but faint as it was, it nauseated him exceedingly. Peter Ivanovitch tapped him slightly on the shoulder. Thereupon he bowed and was about to turn away without any other leave-taking, when he received the unexpected favor of a bony, inanimate hand extended to him with the two words in hoarse French:

"*Au revoir!*"

He bowed over the skeleton hand and left the room, escorted by the great man, who made him go out first. The voice from the sofa cried, harshly:

"You remain here, Pierre."

"Certainly—*ma chère amie.*"

But he left the room with Razumov, shutting the door behind him. The landing was prolonged into a bare, unfurnished corridor, right and left, desolate perspectives of white and gold decoration without a strip of carpet or wisp of a curtain. The very light pouring through the many undraped windows seemed dusty; and a solitary speck in all this crude whiteness reposing on the balustrade of white marble—the silk top-hat of the great feminist asserted itself extremely in the black glossiness of a raven's plumage.

Peter Ivanovitch escorted the visitor to the very head of the stairs without opening his lips. Even when they had reached the head of the stairs Peter Ivanovitch did not break the silence. He simply stopped there. Razumov's impulse to continue down the flight and out of the house without as much as a nod abandoned him suddenly. He stopped on the first step and leaned his back against the wall. Below him the great hall, with its checkered floor of black and white, seemed absurdly large and like some public place where a great power of resonance awaits the provocation of footfalls and voices. It was as if afraid of awakening the loud echoes of that empty house that Razumov adopted a low tone.

"I really have no mind to turn into a dilettante spiritualist."

Peter Ivanovitch shook his head slightly, very serious.

"Or spend my time in spiritual ecstasies or sublime meditations upon the gospel of feminism," continued Razumov in the same low voice. "I

made my way here for my share of action—action, most respected Peter Ivanovitch! It was not the great European writer who attracted me here to this odious town of liberty. It was somebody much greater. It was the idea of the chief which attracted me. There are starving young men in Russia who believe in it so much that it seems the only thing that keeps them alive in their misery. Think of that, Peter Ivanovitch! No! But only think of that!"

The great man thus entreated, perfectly motionless and silent, was the very image of patient, placid respectability.

"Of course I don't speak of the people. They are brutes," added Razumov in the same subdued but forcible tone. At this a protesting murmur issued from the "heroic fugitive's" beard. A murmur of authority.

"Say—children."

"No; brutes," Razumov insisted, bluntly.

"But they are sound, they are innocent," the great man pleaded in a whisper.

"As far as that goes a brute is sound enough." Razumov raised his voice at last. "And you don't deny the natural innocence of a brute. But what's the use of disputing about names. You just try to give to children the power and stature of men and see what they will be like. You just give it to them and see. . . . But never mind that; I tell you, Peter Ivanovitch, that half a dozen young men do not come together nowadays in a shabby student's room without your name being whispered, not as a leader of thought, but as a center of revolutionary energies—the center of action. What else has drawn me near you, do you think? It is not what all the world knows of you, surely. It's precisely what the world at large does not know. I was irresistibly drawn—let us say impelled, yes, impelled; or rather compelled, driven—driven," repeated Razumov, explosively, and ceased as if startled by the hollow reverberation of the word "driven" along two bare corridors and down in the great empty hall.

Peter Ivanovitch did not seem startled in the least. The young man could not control a dry, nervous laugh. Before that, too, the great revolutionist remained unmoved, with an effect of commonplace superiority.

"Curse him," said Razumov to himself, "he is waiting behind his spectacles for me to give myself away." Then aloud, with a Satanic enjoyment of the scorn prompting him to play with the greatness of the great man:

"Ah, Peter Ivanovitch, if you only knew the force which drew—no, which *drove* me toward you; the irresistible force."

He did not feel any desire to laugh now. This time Peter Ivanovitch moved his head sideways knowingly, as much as to say, "Don't I?" This expressive movement was almost imperceptible. Razumov went on with an effort:

"All these days you have been trying to read me, Peter Ivanovitch. That is natural. I have perceived it and I have been frank. Perhaps you may think I have not been very expansive? But with a man like you it was not needed; it would have looked like an impertinence perhaps. And, besides, we Russians are prone to talk too much, as a rule. I have always felt that. And yet as a nation we are dumb. I assure you that I am not likely to talk to you so much again. Ha! ha!"

Razumov, still keeping on the lower step, came a little nearer to the great man.

"You have been condescending enough. I quite understood it was to lead me on. You must render me the justice that I have not tried to please. Your silence now is another ordeal I have to pass through. What more can I say? I have been impelled, compelled, or rather sent—let us say sent—toward you for a work that no one but myself can do. You would call it a harmless delusion, a ridiculous delusion perhaps. See! I am too frank to keep it from you—this delusion at which you don't even smile. It is absurd of me to talk like this, yet some day you shall remember these very words, I hope. Enough of this. Here I stand before you—confessed. But one thing more I must add to complete it: a mere blind tool I can never consent to be."

Whatever acknowledgment Razumov was prepared for, he was not prepared to have both his hands seized in the great man's grasp. The swiftness of the movement was aggressive enough to startle. The burly feminist could not have been quicker had his purpose been to jerk Razumov treacherously up on the landing and bundle him behind one of the numerous closed doors near by. This idea occurred actually to Razumov; but he had made up his mind not to be disconcerted, and his hands being released after a darkly eloquent squeeze, he smiled with a beating heart straight at the beard and the spectacles hiding the impenetrable man.

He thought to himself (it stands confessed in his handwriting): "I won't move from here till he either speaks or turns away. This is a duel." Many seconds passed without a sign or a sound.

"Yes, yes," the great man said, hurriedly, in subdued tones, as if the whole thing had been a stolen, breathless interview. "Exactly. Come to see us here in a few days. This must be gone into deeply—deeply, between you and me. Quite to the bottom. To the . . . and by the bye, you must bring along Natalia Victorovna; you know? The Haldin girl . . ."

"Am I to take this as my first instruction from you?" inquired Razumov, stiffly.

Peter Ivanovitch seemed perplexed by this new attitude.

"Ah! h'm! You are naturally the proper person—*la personne indiquée.* Every one shall be wanted presently. Every one."

He bent down from the landing over Razumov, who had lowered his eyes.

"The moment approaches," he murmured.

Razumov did not look up. He did not move till he heard the door of the drawing-room close behind the greatest of feminists returning to his painted Egeria. Then he walked down slowly into the hall. The door stood open and the shadow of the house was lying aslant over the greatest part of the terrace. While crossing it slowly he lifted his hat and wiped his damp forehead as if after a great bodily exertion. Half-way across he stopped to pull himself together, expelling his breath with force to get rid of the last vestiges of the air he had been breathing inside. He looked at the palms of his hands and, moving on again, rubbed them gently against his thighs.

He felt, bizarre as it may seem, as though another self, an independent sharer of his mind, had been able to view his whole person very distinctly indeed. "This is curious," he thought. After a while he formulated his opinion of it in the mental ejaculation, "Beastly!" This disgust vanished before a marked uneasiness. "It is an effect of nervous exhaustion," he

reflected, with weary sagacity. "How am I to go on day after day if I have no more power of resistance—moral resistance."

He was following now the path at the foot of the terrace. "Moral resistance, moral resistance." He kept on repeating these words mentally. Moral endurance. Yes, that was the necessity of the situation. An immense longing to make his way out of these grounds and to the other end of the town, of throwing himself on his bed and going to sleep for hours, swept everything clean out of his mind for a moment. "Is it possible that I am but a weak creature, after all?" he asked himself in sudden alarm. "Eh! What's that?"

He gave a start as if awakened from a dream. He even swayed a little before recovering himself.

"Ah! You stole away from us quietly to walk about here," he said.

The lady companion stood before him, but how she came there he had not the slightest idea. Her folded arms were closely cherishing the furry cat.

"I have been unconscious as I walked; it's a positive fact," said Razumov to himself in wonder. He raised his hat with marked civility.

The sallow woman blushed duskily. She had her invariably scared, uncertain expression, as if somebody had just disclosed to her some terrible news. But she held her ground, Razumov noticed, without timidity. "She is incredibly shabby," he thought. In the sunlight her black costume looked greenish, with here and there threadbare patches where the stuff seemed decomposed by age into a velvety, black, furry state. Her very hair and eyebrows looked worn out. Razumov wondered whether she were sixty years old. Her figure, though, was young enough. He observed that she did not appear starved, but rather as though she had been fed on unwholesome scraps and leavings of plates.

Razumov smiled amiably and moved out of her way. She only turned her head to keep her scared eyes on him.

"I know what you have been told in there," she affirmed, without preliminaries. Her tone, by contrast, no doubt, had an unexpectedly assured character which put Razumov at his ease.

"Do you? You must have heard all sorts of talk on many occasions in there."

She varied her phrase with the same incongruous effect of positiveness. "I know to a certainty what you have been told to do."

"Really?" Razumov shrugged his shoulders a little. He was about to pass on with a bow, when a sudden thought struck him. "Yes, to be sure. In your confidential position you are aware of many things," he suggested, looking at the cat.

The animal got a momentary convulsive hug from the lady companion.

"Everything was disclosed to me a long time ago," she said.

"Everything," Razumov repeated, absently.

"Peter Ivanovitch is an awful despot," she jerked out.

Razumov went on studying the stripes on the gray fur of the cat.

"An iron will is an integral part of such a temperament. How else could he be a leader? And I think that you are mistaken in—"

"There!" she cried. "He tells me that I am mistaken. But I tell you, all the same, that he cares for no one." She jerked her head up with the scared, staring eyes. "Don't you bring that girl here. That's what you

have been told to do—to bring that girl here. Listen to me; you had better tie a stone round her neck and throw her into the lake."

Razumov had a sensation of chill and gloom, as if a heavy cloud had passed over the sun.

"The girl," he said. "What have I to do with her?"

"But you have been told to bring Natalia Haldin here. Am I not right? Of course I am right. I was not in the room, but I know. I know Peter Ivanovitch sufficiently well. He is a great man. Great men are horrible. Well, that's it. Have nothing to do with her. That's the best you can do, unless you want her to become like me."

"Like you," repeated Razumov, glaring at her face as devoid of all comeliness of feature and complexion as the most miserable beggar is of money.

He smiled, still feeling chilly in the back, a peculiar sensation which annoyed him.

"Disillusioned as to Peter Ivanovitch. Is that all you have lost?"

She declared, looking frightened, but with immense conviction, "Peter Ivanovitch stands for everything." Then she added in another tone, "Keep the girl away from this house."

"And are you absolutely inciting me to disobey Peter Ivanovitch just because—because you are disillusioned?"

She began to blink.

"Directly I saw you for the first time I was comforted. You took your hat off to me. You looked as if one could trust you. Oh!"

She shrank before Razumov's savage snarl.

"I have heard something like this before."

She was so confounded that she could do nothing but blink for a long time.

"It was your humane manner," she stammered, plaintively. "I have been starving for, I won't say kindness, but just for a little civility, for I don't know how long. And now you . . ."

"But no; on the contrary," he protested. "I am very glad you trust me. It's possible that later on I may . . ."

"Yes, if you were to get ill," she interrupted, eagerly, "or meet some bitter trouble, you would find I am not a useless fool. You have only to let me know. I will come to you. I will indeed. And I will stick to you. Misery and I are old acquaintances, but this life here is worse than starving."

She paused anxiously, then in a voice for the first time sounding really timid she added:

"Or if you were engaged in some dangerous work. Sometimes a humble companion—I would not want to know anything. I would follow you with joy. I could carry out orders. I have the courage."

Razumov looked attentively at the scared round eyes, at the withered, sallow, round cheeks. They were quivering about the corners of the mouth.

"She wants to escape from here," he thought.

"Suppose I were to tell you that I am engaged in dangerous work," he uttered, slowly.

She pressed the cat to her threadbare bosom with a breathless exclamation.

"Ah!" Then not much above a whisper, "Under Peter Ivanovitch?"

"No, not under Peter Ivanovitch."

He read a scared admiration in her eyes and made an effort to smile.

"Then—alone?"

He held up his closed hand with the index raised.

"Like this finger," he said.

She was trembling slightly. But it occurred to Razumov that they might have been observed from the house holding this long converse, and he became anxious to be gone. She blinked, raising up to him her puckered face, and seemed to beg mutely to be told something more, to be given a word of encouragement for her starving, grotesque and pathetic devotion.

"Can we be seen from the house where we are?" asked Razumov, confidentially.

She answered without showing the slightest surprise at the question:

"No, we can't, on account of this end of the stables." And she added, with an acuteness which surprised Razumov, "But anybody looking out of an up-stairs window would know that you have not passed through the gates yet."

"Who's likely to spy out of the window?" queried Razumov. "Peter Ivanovitch?"

She nodded.

"Why should he trouble his head?"

"He expects somebody this afternoon."

"You know the person?"

"There's more than one."

She lowered her eyelids. Razumov looked at her curiously.

"Of course. You hear everything they say."

She murmured without animosity.

"So do the tables and chairs."

He understood that the bitterness accumulated in the heart of that helpless creature had got into her veins and like some subtle poison had decomposed her fidelity to that hateful pair. It was a great piece of luck for him, he reflected, because women are seldom venal after the manner of men who can be bought for material considerations. She would be a good ally, though it was not likely that she was allowed to hear as much as the tables and chairs of the Château Borel. That could not be expected. But still . . . And at any rate, she could be made to talk.

When she looked up her eyes met the fixed stare of Razumov, who began to speak at once.

"Well, well, dear . . . but upon my word, I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name yet. Isn't it strange?"

For the first time she made a movement of the shoulders.

"Is it strange? No one is told my name. No one cares. No one talks to me. No one writes to me. My parents don't even know if I am alive. I have no use for a name and I have almost forgotten it myself."

Razumov murmured, gravely, "Yes, but still . . ."

She went on much slower and as if with indifference:

"You may call me Tekla, then. My poor Andrei called me so. I was devoted to him. He lived in wretchedness and suffering and died in misery. That is the lot of all us Russians, nameless Russians. There is nothing else for us and no hope anywhere, unless . . ."

"Unless what?"

"Unless all these people with names are done away with," she finished, blinking and pursing up her lips.

"It will be easier to call you Tekla, as you direct me," said Razumov, "if you consent to call me Kirylo when we are talking like this—quietly —only you and me."

And he said to himself, "Here's a being who must be terribly afraid of the world, else she would have run away from this situation before." Then he reflected that the mere fact of leaving the great man abruptly would make her suspect. She could expect no support or countenance from any one. This revolutionist was not fit for an independent existence.

She moved with him a few steps, blinking and nursing the cat with a small balancing movement of her arms.

"Yes—only you and I. That's how I was with my poor Andrei, only he was dying, killed by these official brutes—while you, you are strong, You kill the monsters. You have done a great deed. Peter Ivanovitch himself must consider you. Well—don't forget me—especially if you were going back to work in Russia. I could follow you, carrying anything that was wanted—at a distance, you know. Or I could watch for hours at the corner of a street, if necessary, in wet or snow—yes, I could—all day long. Or I could write for you dangerous documents, lists of instructions, so that in case of mischance the handwriting could not compromise you. And you need not be afraid if they were to catch me. I would know how to keep dumb. We women are not so easily daunted by pain. I heard Peter Ivanovitch say it is our blunt nerves or something. We can stand it better. And it's true; I would just as soon bite my tongue out and throw it at them as not. What's the good of speech to me? Who would ever want to hear what I could say? Ever since I closed the eyes of my poor Andrei I haven't ever met a man who seemed to care for the sound of my voice. I would never have spoken to you if the very first time you appeared here you had not taken notice of me so nicely. I could not help speaking of you to that charming dear girl. Oh, the sweet creature! And strong! One can see that at once. If you have a heart don't let her ever set her foot in here. Good-by."

Razumov caught her by the arm. Her emotion at being thus seized manifested itself by a short struggle, after which she stood still, not looking at him.

"But you can tell me," he spoke in her ear, "why they—these people in that house there—are so anxious to get hold of her?"

She freed herself to turn upon him as if infuriated.

"Don't you understand that Peter Ivanovitch must direct, inspire, influence? It is the breath of his life. There can be never too many disciples. He can't bear thinking of any one escaping him. And a woman, too. There is nothing to be done without women, he says. He has written it. He—"

The young man was staring at her passion, when she broke off suddenly and ran away behind the stable.

(To be Continued)

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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